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CONTENTS.

	Page
RINUCCINI IN IRELAND	127
STRAY LEAFLETS FROM THE GERMAN OAK. SEVENTH DRIFT.—THE LAST WORDS OF THE PASTOR OF DROTNING, IN ZEALAND—THE CONQUEROR AND THE CAPTIVE—THE TREASURE OF TREASURES—SCHILL—THE WAYFARING TREE	145
O'GORMAN'S PRACTICE OF ANGLING	153
RECOLLECTIONS OF THE GIFTED	160
WILLS'S POETICAL WORKS	168
MISCELLANEA MYSTICA. I. BROTHER KLAUS—II. ECSTASY—III. HOW TH DEVIL SPOKE TRUTH, AND SHAMED A PRIEST	175
ITALIAN POETS. NO. IV.—ARIOSTO	186
THE TWO MAIDENS	201
OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY. NO. XXXVII.—DR. WHITLEY STONES. <i>With an Etching</i>	202
POETICAL REMAINS OF THE LATE MRS. JAMES GRAY. NO. III.—THE PRO- GRESS OF A SOUL—A TALE OF TRUE LOVE—TO A YOUNG FRIEND—THE WHITE ROSE—A SONG—SONNET; TO ISABEL—FRAGMENT—WITHERED TREES— TO THE GREEN ISLE FAREWELL—THE BRIDEGROOM TO HIS BRIDE—A SCENE FROM REAL LIFE—TO DEATH	211
MONEY MATTERS: OR, STORIES OF GOLD. NO. I.—THE TREASURE BOX	223
KHIDDER	236
SONGS FROM BERANGER.—LE TAILLEUR ET LA FEE—ADIEU CHANSONS	240
SONNET	242
IRELAND—"THE QUARTERLY REVIEW"	243



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SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

A WORD AT PARTING—FROM THE EDITOR.

KIND PUBLIC—

I believe it is Mr. Puff who expresses his dismay, "that there is no getting people off, on their knees." Such is precisely my difficulty at this moment. I am about to take leave of you, and most anxious to know how best and most suitably to express the sense I entertain of *your* favour and my own unworthiness.

It is—happily for us both—unnecessary to enter into any explanation of the reasons which induce me to take the step. Enough if I say, that no diminished interest in the success of the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE—no abated desire for the advancement of the principles it has always so ably upheld and defended—enter into these causes. Neither can I gratify private gossip, by a hint that any disagreement with my publishers has its share in this determination. I abdicate at good-will with all my fellow-labourers, and for reasons so purely personal, that I feel to obtrude them on public notice, would be merely an act of egotism. I should have left the boards in silence—as I do without a farewell benefit—if I did not feel that one who has so largely enjoyed your favour could not so depart, without some stain of ingratitude for kindnesses which, he is not ashamed to own, contributed so much to his happiness at the time, and which are so dear to his memory at this moment.

I am, your very grateful and devoted servant,

CHARLES LEVER.

Bruxelles, June, 1845.

[This notice should have appeared in our last Number, but was not received in time.—A. P.]

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RINUCCINI IN IRELAND.*

FLORENCE has made Ireland her debtor, by the publication of this instructive and interesting volume. It is a most valuable contribution to our materials for a national history. The revelations it makes throw light on a very uncertain, and perhaps the most disputed, portion of our annals. The Cardinal Rinuccini is the witness whom, beyond all others of his party, we should earnestly desire to question; and in furnishing us with his unstudied letters and memoranda, the editor has rendered us the service next best to the calling him up from the tomb, and indulging us with (if it savour not too strongly of nationality to use such an expression when speaking of the dead) a *viva voce* examination of him.

Our obligation, it is true, would be greater, had the editor been less select. There are lapses in the correspondence which we should rather see the "written letter" fill up, than supply by our own speculations. But we must not be too exacting. We are bound to remember that there may be much in a correspondence like that of Rinuccini which his editor would find it inconvenient, even to the degree of danger, to disclose. We are bound to remember that an Italian ecclesiastic has to think for his church, with at least as much concern as he can bestow on the curiosity of that somewhat problematical existence, an Irish reader. We accept his offering, subject to these little drawbacks, with

sincere thankfulness, acquitting him of all superfluous desire to be secret in what he has withheld, and duly grateful for the liberality with which he has opened up for our use, to a considerable extent, a treasure of most valuable testimony.

The epoch at which Rinuccini arrived in Ireland was one of the most absorbing interest. Whether we consider the great controversy then pending, or the consequences with which it was fraught, the parties at issue, or the causes they respectively advocated by their genius and their swords, it is scarcely possible for human imagination to exaggerate the importance of the struggle. The forces of the English parliament fighting for republicanism, under the name of liberty, and threatening the extermination of Roman Catholics as a duty enjoined by pure religion. The Roman Catholics of English and Irish descent now for the first time confederated in war, contending for the ascendancy of Romanism, under the cry of religious freedom and equality—adherents to the persecuted cause of monarchy, sustained in sore extremity by the great mind and chivalrous spirit of the loyal and noble Ormond—characterise a state of things unexampled perhaps in the fortunes of the human race—a state of things to which history could not give adequate expression, without becoming animated with a spirit resembling that of poetry or romance. It may be of the most vital

* *Nunziatura in Irlanda* Di Monsignor Gio Battista Rinuccini, Arcivescovo Di Fermo. Negli anni 1645 a 1649, pubblicata per la prima volta su' MSS. originali della Rinucciniana, &c. &c. Firenze, 1844.

importance that the publication of Rinuccini's letters illustrates the controverted story of such a period, enables us to pronounce, with something like authority, where the truth lies, and suggests the political moral to be derived from calamities of which it teaches us to understand the instruments and the causes.

The volume in which these revelations are made, extends to more than five hundred closely printed pages. It contains letters and memoranda of Rinuccini during the period of his nunciature for Ireland—a period extending from the early part of the year 1645 to the close of 1649. It contains documents illustrative of the history of his office, the instructions prepared for his guidance, and the commission assigning and limiting the authority he was to exercise. It contains also a brief address to the reader, and a biographical notice of the "Nuncio Rinuccini," supplied by the editor.

John Baptist Rinuccini was born on September 15, 1592, in the city of Rome. He was the son of the senator Camillus, a patrician of Florence, and of Virginia de Pier Antonio Bandini, sister of the Cardinal Octavius. Having at an early age declared his desire to enter into the ecclesiastical state, he received his education in a Roman seminary, conducted by Jesuits, and under the care of these reverend instructors, made a rapid and considerable proficiency in his studies. In his seventeenth year he removed to Bologna, and thence to Perugia, where he prosecuted the study of law, and in this, as in his preliminary studies, attained high distinction. His health, however, suffered, and, although after a compulsory intermission, he was able to resume his intellectual labours, he never recovered that robustness of constitution of which severe mental exercise had deprived him. Recommended by connections, talents, and reputation, it was natural that he should attract the favourable notice of the Roman see ;

and, accordingly, we find him selected for office or advancement by three pontiffs in succession—by Gregory XV., who made him chamberlain of honour, and secretary of the congregation of rites ; by Urban VIII., who created him civil lieutenant of the cardinal war, and afterwards archbishop of Fermo ; and by Innocent X., who named him to the arduous and honourable post of his nuncio for Ireland.

"For twenty years this good shepherd had watched over the flock confided to him. when in 1645, serious and bloody opposition to the English, from religious causes, having arisen in Ireland, the people implored, from the wisdom and paternal feeling of Innocent VIII., that a nuncio extraordinary should be sent to assist them by his counsels and his works, to strengthen them in their Catholic faith, and, at the same time, to mediate with the irritated English, so as to tranquillise, if it were possible, these two people ; or, at least, to obtain for unhappy Ireland, which had only risen for the liberty of the orthodox faith, and to maintain its loyalty to the Roman See, that it might be treated by its fellow-countrymen with less rigour, and not with the haughty severity suited to an enemy or a slave. Distasteful was the employment, perilous and arduous the enterprise ; and to the mind of the pontiff, penetrated as it was with the sense of its gravity and importance, no one seemed so gifted for success as Rinuccini,* who, seeing a large field opened for the exercise of the apostolic ministry, willingly accepted such a laborious office, and forgetful of his advanced age and languishing health, set himself to the long and perilous journey. I have not proposed to myself to narrate the pains and the labours he endured in the journey, the snares he eluded, the privations he underwent, the bitter and calumnious persecutions which the enemies of the Catholic religion launched against him. Suffice it to say, that he, a peaceful teacher of humane and religious doctrines, abhorring by inclination and his vow, all political contests, vulgar or popular tumults, and the din of arms, found himself, solely through zeal to

* There had been first chosen to this office Monsignor Louis Omodei, a Milanese, then Clerk of the closet (3) "Chierico di camera," afterwards Cardinal ; but, as he was a subject of Spain, to avoid the suspicion of partiality, he was put aside, and Monsignor Rinuccini, a subject of Tuscany, a neutral power, was destined to this mission.

serve the cause of Christ's Church, entangled in the civil discussions of an exasperated people, in their religious convocations, in their warlike counsels, in their sieges, their fury of fight; and wherever the duty to which he had consecrated himself called him, exposing his own life many and many a time to certain danger. And if in the too unequal struggle he did not bear away the complete victory which the justice of his cause appeared to merit, it is because such was not the will of Providence, who wished to put the faith of this devoted people to severer trials which are not even yet terminated. At length having put religious matters into the best state in his power, and employed the thunders of the Vatican against those who openly opposed themselves to the measures necessary for the re-establishing of Catholicism, as also against those who acted secretly and underhand in the opposition, he departed, accompanied by the tears and the blessings of all the good Catholics to the French coast, and having arrived there, after a few days of rest and repose, he pursued his journey towards Rome, to account to the sovereign pontiff for his labours in the vineyard of the Lord. Innocent, who had meantime been aware, both from letters addressed to him by the nuncio himself, and also by very many of the bishops, and other respectable Catholic personages in Ireland, of the negotiations, the labours, and the vigorous struggle he had maintained against the enemies of the holy See, received him with tokens of paternal tenderness, and of the amplest satisfaction; and highly commended his prudence, zeal, and apostolic disinterestedness, and subsequently desired to retain him near him as pontifical preacher: but Rinuccini respectfully declined such an honour, alleging the decay of his health and the need of repose; but, in truth, because he was desirous of returning to his Cathedral, and of personally attending to the affairs of his long-loved diocese, which equally sighed to see again its much-loved pastor. In the month of June, 1650, he re-entered Fermo, where the voluntary pride of preparation, the joy, the exultation of the people, the festal arches, the fire works, the public thanksgiving, and the manifold demonstrations of love and respect towards Giovanbattista, was a real and affecting triumph. But as human happiness is shortlived, and is closely followed by grief and tears, it was not long till this best prelate had an apoplectic fit, which threatened instantly to deprive him of life;

however the anxious care of the physicians succeeded in saving him from immediate peril, though not in restoring him to a satisfactory state of health, and after some months, being newly attacked in the same way, in the month of December, 1653, he placidly ceased to exist."†

Such was the end of this ardent champion of the papacy. We have cited the passage at length, for the purpose of showing, on testimony so authoritative and unsuspicious, that to the last, Rinuccini retained the favour of the master who had sent him into Ireland. Whether he exasperated or appeased feuds and dissensions in our unhappy country, it appears certain that he conducted himself in such a manner as to procure the approbation of the pope, and hence we may reasonably infer that he had not swerved culpably from the line of duty prescribed for him. We shall proceed to show, as they are detailed by the nuncio, himself, what were the merits for which he was so highly honoured.

The point of time at which Rinuccini arrived in Ireland was extremely critical. It was at the moment when a peace was about to be concluded between the Marquis of Ormond, on the part of the King, and the Roman Catholic confederates. We do not purpose to detain the reader with statements or speculations respecting the first outbreak of the rebellion in 1641. On this subject we content ourselves with citing the opening sentences of Signor Aiazzi's address to the reader, adopting, for the occasion, the neutrality or indecision in which they appear to be written.

"It must ever remain uncertain whether in the struggle, which for more than two centuries has continued with varied success between Ireland and England; the former was the provoked, or the provoker, of the serious disturbances which injured both. At all events it is certain, that in the year 1641, Ireland, becoming weary of longer submitting to the domination of England, like a wild beast which having broken its chain, rushes to spread destruction among the large flocks, rose suddenly against the English, not leaving a town or a district in the island unstained by their blood; that blood excited all

† Biographical Notice, pp. 11, 12, &c.

England to vengeance, and extermination of the Catholic Irish, who, being on all sides environed by the arms and the fury of their exasperated masters, paid dearly the price of their intolerance, and were reduced, if possible, to a worse condition than at first."—p. 1.

Such is the statement of the editor of the volume before us. We shall not, in our own names, pronounce at this moment a more decided opinion as to the parties whose guilt was deeper in provoking the sanguinary struggle. We shall merely observe that we adopt this neutral course, because we do not feel called upon to examine the causes of the insurrection, and are unwilling to enter upon such an investigation unnecessarily.

The reader is, no doubt, aware, that, before the close of the year 1641, the Roman Catholic noblemen of the Pale entered into a confederacy for the defence, as they alleged, of themselves and their religion. In the following year the confederacy took shape and order, established a government, adopted a form of oath, and set forth a declaration of the justice of their cause, and the objects for which they were embodied. They professed allegiance to the king, and alleged that the great aim of their confederacy was to achieve religious liberty. "Freedom to worship God" was a gathering cry of power, and may naturally be supposed to have enlisted strong sympathies in the cause of the confederated chiefs. It aroused and swayed the feelings of their co-religionists at home—and it ensured a favourable audience to them in the courts of Roman Catholic monarchs. Among the courts, or rather before all other courts, where they looked for succour, that of Rome was solicited to lend them aid, and was not deaf to their supplication. The great Roman Satirist of the empire had arrived at a knowledge of the truth, that man has but a confused and imperfect knowledge of the ends which it is desirable he should pray for—that even in their indulgence to earnest prayer the gods have overwhelmed rash petitioners in calamity and ruin. Of this disastrous result the poet gives many signal instances, but none more striking than—could he have anticipated the negotiation of the Irish confederates with the pope, and its pernicious consequences—

his eloquence would have rectified that fatal error. This party, although one in name, was not one in feelings or interests. The lords of the Pale, English by descent, and in habits, had little sympathy, and, indeed, little community of interest with the native Irish party, or with those, who, having adopted the customs of the people among whom they lived, were regarded as degenerate English. The Roman Catholic lords of the Pale, although they united with the natives for a common object, were far from willing that they should be identified with their confederates, or absorbed among them. They had for a long period constituted the strength of the English government in Ireland—they were but recently, as the policy of England became more comprehensive, deprived of this invidious monopoly. It may be doubted whether their first factious efforts, in union with the natives, were not made in a spirit of discontent, that they could no longer exclude their newly adopted associates from all share of power—and it is certain, that, being taught by painful experience to dread the issues of a war, verging into, if not constituting, rebellion, they became earnestly desirous of entering into terms of accommodation with the royalists. They were opposed by the ecclesiastical and old Irish party, and when they had, by argument and influence, succeeded in neutralising the opposition, or so weakened it, that their efforts to arrange terms of peace were likely to prove successful, the interposition of an emissary from Rome, Scarampi, retarded their success, and disconcerted their projects. A cessation of arms was, however, agreed upon, and it was in the pause of this cessation the nuncio Rinuccini arrived in Ireland. The war between king and parliament was now raging in Ireland, as well as in England. A junction between the royal forces and the armies of the confederates would have enabled Ormond to defeat the forces of parliament, and send effectual succour to his royal master. The importance of having terms of peace and alliance speedily adjusted was well understood by all parties, and was felt as it ought to be by some among the confederates. *A spirit of mutual forbearance, accommodation, and concession was beginning to manifest itself,

and to prevail. The peace was about to be signed, and we may add, the monarchy to be rescued from destruction, when John Baptisto Rinuccini, duly accredited as a papal nuncio, presented himself to the confederated Roman Catholics, at the council in Kilkenny. He appears to have been a man of graceful appearance, engaging manners, and ready eloquence—but he was also a man of extreme views, and much personal vanity. His religious convictions were deep and sincere—the aggrandisement and exaltation of his church appears to have been the great aim and end of his exertions—and the means, whatever they were, by which this holy end could be attained, seem to have been, in his judgment, admissible.

Before entering into any details of the conduct he pursued in his ministerial capacity in Ireland, it will not be amiss to lay before the reader some passages from the instructions prepared at Rome to guide him in the mission with which he was entrusted. The great object of his mission, he was instructed, was to restore and establish the public exercise of the Roman Catholic religion, and bring the people of Ireland, if not to their old dependence on the papal see, at least under submission to the pope in spiritual matters. The island, he was informed, had been originally under the dominion of the pope, had continued in this state of subjection until it was invaded by the Northmen and Danes, who introduced into certain parts of the country their foul idolatries, while in the other parts, where true religion was still maintained, no other sovereign than the pope was acknowledged. In virtue of this sovereignty, and on settled conditions, Adrian IV. had commissioned Henry II. to invade and conquer Ireland, and to reduce the whole country to a conformity with the religion of Rome. The troubles attendant on the Reformation commencing with the times of Henry VIII., and the severities inflicted on the Roman Catholics, were not overlooked in the instructions prepared for the nuncio; nor was he left uninformed as to the character and causes of the movement to which Charles I. owed finally the

loss of his crown and life; and here, a tribute was paid to the memory of Strafford, which, in consideration of the source from which it proceeds, we permit ourselves to transcribe:—

“The Earl of Strafford (Trasforth) was the first butt for their fury, because that, as being the most faithful, constant, and able minister of the king, they saw him, unwillingly, so near the throne, and wished in casting down so favoured and so important a subject, to make a trial of the king's spirit, for in yielding to the first attempt, he could more easily and speedily be brought to the second.

“For this cause the accusations against the earl were of the gravest character, and the greatest diligence was used to show him guilty of treason; the most extraordinary artifices were employed for convicting him, so that neither his innocence, nor the wondrous eloquence with which he was gifted, and with which he had so often defended himself, nor the arguments in his favour, so ably brought forward by Lord Digby, could avert the sentence of death which the House of Lords passed upon him. The king made every exertion to save the innocent; prayers, menaces, the intervention of the Prince of Wales in his favour; but none of his exertions availed anything, and in order to escape the fury of the people, he was obliged to sign the impious sentence. This victim being sacrificed to the popular fury, the parliament hastened at full speed to upset at one shock the royal authority, and the Catholic religion.”

Such is the character drawn by a cotemporary, writing under the highest authority in the Church of Rome, of the statesman whom modern Roman Catholics, of Mr. O'Connell's stamp, pronounce, “a consummate political villain.”†

After an outline of Irish history traced by a papal hand, there follows a description of the state in which Rinuccini would find his church when he arrived in Ireland. This, as a sketch given on so high authority, the reader may not be unwilling to glance at:—

“But after the revolt and the driving out of the heretics from all parts of the

* *Nunziatura*, &c. p. 40.

† *Ireland and the Irish*, p. 228.

provinces of Munster, Leinster, and Connaught, and from many parts of Ulster, the profaned churches were opened for Catholic worship, their altars were again raised, the sacred images replaced in them with the greatest rejoicings of the faithful, and divine service performed by the four archbishops in the island, that is to say, Armagh, Dublin, Tuam, and Cashel—these two last have re-consecrated their metropolitan churches, and have entered again into the possession of their episcopal benefices. At Armagh and at Dublin they have hope of being able very soon to regain their churches, seeing that already parts of the dioceses are in their power, and a portion of the income collected. The suffragan bishops* are re-established in their dioceses and revenues. Many secular parishes no longer desire rectors as they formerly did, and by degrees give in the tithes and an adequate maintenance—many even enjoy them fully. The regulars, who formerly, while scattered through the towns and in private houses, were not distinguishable from the secular clergy, are now collected in large numbers into their monasteries, and in wearing the costume of their respective orders, occasion not only comfort but surprise to the people, unaccustomed to see their distinctive religious habiliments. Among them the reformed Franciscans exceed in numbers the Dominicans; the Augustinians, the Carmelites, shod and discalciate, the Capucins and the Jesuits, all of them now to be found in Ireland; and here, too, after the recent disturbances, have betaken themselves, some Benedictine and Cistercian monks; and the remonstrants and the regular canons, who of old time had monasteries in the island, prepare to follow. Although for the present, by a particular decree of the Holy See, they are forbidden, for the avoiding of disturbances, to possess themselves of the revenues of the churches and monasteries of their orders, without first obtaining permission from Rome, yet the monks dispersed in various places, and in private houses, are collected together, in good numbers, observing claustral seclusion, according to the rule of St. Clair, which they formerly professed. Public processions of the holy sacrament have been made with an innumerable concourse of people, and amazement of the heretics. Provincial

chapters of the orders of St. Francis, St. Dominick, and of the discalciate Carmelites, have been convoked. In these are holden public disputations and other proceedings most edifying and full of consolation to the people. Ecclesiastical causes, although at present discussed in the supreme council, where the archbishops again take their seats, will nevertheless, by degrees, be brought to their tribunals, when these same archbishops and bishops shall be able to reside in their dioceses, the council feeling it does not risk any censure while the ecclesiastics themselves are the judges; but it will be the business of your eminence to procure, at your convenience, the establishment of the same ecclesiastical tribunals. And having almost imperceptibly arrived at the fourth point, still more necessary than the others, I will say that the establishment in Ireland of the public exercise of the Catholic religion should be the principal object and care of your eminence. To this your labours and your thoughts should be directed."†

We should be at a loss to understand what Rinuccini and the confederates could have meant, by *demanding* the open exercise of their religion, in a state of affairs which seemed to render such a demand superfluous, had not other parts of the "Instructions" afforded an explanation of the difficulty. The free exercise of the Roman Catholic religion, it was considered to involve, of necessity, the concession that the lieutenant of Ireland should be a Roman Catholic,‡ that the Council of Trent should be received, and ecclesiastical immunity secured against infringement or invasion. The nuncio is warned against heartless or timid ecclesiastics, who would be contented to waive the demand for a lieutenant of their persuasion, if the exercise of their religion under a heretical viceroy were assured to them, and he is advised to use his best diligence and dexterity in effecting the changes which such persons, or any who fear a rigid reformation would deprecate and prevent.

To those who are unacquainted with the character of the Tridentine decrees, it may seem a matter of ordinary and un-

* "Vescovi suffraganei quasi tutti riconoscono liberamente con le Diocesi il loro popolo e le loro rendite."

† Nunsiatura, p. 43.

‡ P. 45, 46, &c.

objectionable character, that the Council of Trent should be received where the religion of the Church of Rome was recognised; but those who are acquainted with the proceedings of that council will be of a different opinion. The decrees of Trent respecting points of faith were, we must suppose, received in France, but the decrees regarding discipline were peremptorily rejected. They were opposed to the rights of the Gallican Church, and subversive of the authority of the government.

"The reasons," says Dupin, "for which the kings would never receive the decrees of the Council of Trent, may be reduced to two heads; first, the attempt upon the jurisdiction of princes and magistrates; secondly, upon the liberties of the Gallican Church. Of the former class, the following decrees, among others, are enumerated by that writer:—

"That bishops may punish the authors and printers of prohibited books.

"That they may force the laity to repair places of worship.

"That they may change the wills of testators.

"That an appeal from the temporal judge of a bishop shall be cognizable before the archbishop.

"That all clerks who have received the license, although married, (provided they have not more than one wife) shall be exempt from lay jurisdiction.

"That marriages of minors, contracted without the consent of the parents, are valid.

"That bishops may punish those who marry clandestinely, and all who assist at such marriages.

"That ecclesiastical judges may enforce their sentences against laymen, by seizing their estates, and even by imprisonment."*

Where the free exercise of religion implied of necessity the recognition of principles like these, it is not wonderful, that there should be Protestants who would refuse, and Roman Catholics who would not insist upon it.

The "secret instructions," of which the nuncio's biographer professes to give a copy, would teach us to place upon some circumstances of Rinuccini's

career, an interpretation different from that which is ordinarily given them. It was among the complaints made by the confederates, that Rinuccini "arrived at Paris, where he shut himself up for many months; he never vouchsafed (I will not say) to participate with the Queen of England, anything touching his nunciature; but not, in the least degree, to reverence or visit her majesty, (save only one time upon the score of courtesy,) as if he had been sent to her capital enemy, and not to her own subjects."†

Such was one of the complaints against which Rinuccini was called upon to defend himself at the papal tribunal. Leland acquits him of the disrespect towards her majesty the Queen of England, of which it accuses him, and accounts for his seeming neglect, by an explanation, which, were it correct, could scarcely fail to be held satisfactory.

"It was justly dreaded by the king's friends, that the presence of the nuncio and his practices with the Irish clergy, would prove a dangerous embarrassment to a treaty too long protracted, and suspend, if not prevent, the success expected from the confederates. The Queen of England would gladly have detained him at Paris until the Irish treaty should be concluded. *He had intimated a desire of attending her with the usual solemnity, and presenting his credentials in a public audience. But the law of England did not allow of the admission of a foreign minister without the consent of the king and council. The nuncio was too tenacious of the honour of the holy see, to accept a private audience; so that their correspondence was carried on by the intervention of the attendants on each side, Sir Dudley Wyatt and Dominic Spinola.*"‡

The "secret instructions" by which the conduct of Rinuccini was governed, would afford a very different explanation from that assigned or imagined by the confederates. In the directions given him as to the audiences he was to solicit from the queen, they were to be for the most part secret.

"5. These conferences with the queen

* Digest of Evidence on Ireland, Vol. II. p. 116.

† Clarendon's History of the Revolution, Vol. VIII. p. 69.

‡ Hist. of Ireland, Vol. III. p. 260.

are to be few and very secret, to the end that her court may not take up suspicions, surrounded as she is by heretics, Protestant and Puritan, who are so distrustful of the most trivial things, that they fear their very shadows.”*

Rinuccini confirms, in his Memorial to the Pope, Leland's intimation that he had not been honoured with a public audience by the queen. He acknowledges also that the dignity conferred on him did not recommend his mission to some of the Irish party. “Her majesty,” he says, “alleged the laws of her country, and respect for her husband, as reasons why she declined viewing him in his public capacity.” Of the confederates he speaks thus:—

“Bellings, secretary of the confederates, who at this time came to Rome, to solicit pecuniary aid, understanding that my election was made, remained in a state of stupor for some days, in which he could not speak. But the most certain testimony of all was that of the aforesaid Father Scarampi, who having given notice of my distinction to the supreme council, received from the noble lords, evidently confused by it, this brief answer, that they had never solicited a nuncio, or thought one necessary, inasmuch as he was himself competent to all that circumstances might demand of him; that they had simply solicited succour and pecuniary aid from the pope, and that it was such assistance they expected.”†

Hence it would appear that the nuncio was intruded into Ireland, contrary to the wish of the confederates, as well as to those of the queen and king. His office was, as it were, a tribute and an honour to the ecclesiastical section of the Roman Catholic party. It may not be amiss to offer a brief notice of some of the “Secret Instructions” by which he was to be guided.

“1. Affirmed the necessity of his departure on his mission as speedily as possible.

“2. He was to remove all suspicions from the French nation, and was to assure the Queen of England, and her powerful favourite, Signor Gernon, of his perfect good will towards the throne of England, and that he had no other

duty to discharge than that of propagating the Catholic faith in the kingdom, and to re-unite it in the bonds of one religion, which would bring much advantage, and increase security to the crown.”

“4. It would be useful to discover with dexterity who had influence or authority with the Marques of Ormond, and if he were dependent on the queen, to procure from her secretly some letter or private paper, or countersign, to the end that, if he would not openly give up Dublin and Ulster to the Catholics, at least he should assist them by his connivance and secret councils.

“6. He must be on his guard against English Catholics at the court, whose faith is not ardent enough to overcome their national prejudices.

“10. He must fix his residence as near as possible to the supreme council, and gain over its leading men, such as Malachy, Archbishop of Tuam and the Bishop of Clogher, taking good care that he did not excite suspicion in the minds of other members of the council devoted to Ormond.

“15. To stimulate Catholics to concord, and the prosecution of the enterprise, he shall assure all those who possess ecclesiastical property, that it shall not be taken from them.

“18. He shall cultivate with her (the queen ‘*con essa*,’ not with ‘her majesty,’ in these secret instructions the language is not ceremoniously respectful) secret conferences, and for such purpose shall make use of prudent and faithful persons, but not of such distinction as might induce suspicions.

“19. He shall exert himself to defeat, with subtle industry and vigilance, the machinations of certain, who are desirous that the queen shall proceed to Ireland; such a measure would have an injurious effect on the progress of the Catholics—the more zealous taking offence at the train of heretics by which she would be surrounded—the lukewarm finding it easy to disembarass themselves of (or to free themselves from) opinions or counsels which heretics had given.

“20. It will be very expedient to find out if the Marques of Ormond has any particular predilection. He has a brother, named Richard Butler, an excellent Catholic. Viscount Mountgarret and the Bishop of Ossory have, also, much influence with him,” &c. —p. 21.

In addition to these instructions, a memorandum was prepared for the

* *Nunziatura*, &c. p. 54

† *Nunziatura*, p. 395.

nuncio, containing advice by which he was to be guided in his negotiations for peace, when he arrived in Ireland. It is couched in what might be regarded as a moderate and judicious temper—recommending, whenever demands were made on behalf of the Roman Catholics, the observance of a due mean between inadequacy and excess. More should not be insisted on, and less should not be accepted, than was necessary to effect the purposes of his mission. He was to guard against the risk of forcing the royal party to make terms with parliament, as well as against concessions prejudicial to the cause of the confederates. Moderate, however, as is the tone of this document, it is peremptory enough in its demands, and one of them it might appear, would be of itself sufficient to render accommodation impossible. It was, that “all the fortresses in Ireland were to be put into the hands of English or Irish Catholics ;* a condition, on which Rinuccini was directed to insist, and which it is difficult to believe any rational man could propose, with the faintest expectation that it would be granted.

Fortified by such counsels and instructions as these, the nuncio set forward on his mission, and after some delays, and some diplomacy by the way, arrived in Ireland. We pass over the incidents of his continental travelling and sojourns, and content ourselves with greeting him on his arrival on our own coast, and on what seemed to be, certainly, not the most inviting or hospitable part of it. On the 16th of October, old style, in the year 1645, after many discomforts at sea, and after having marvellously escaped from a frigate, commanded by a Puritan, which held long in chase the vessel which bore Rinuccini and his fortunes, the nuncio sailed up the river Kenmare, then Kilmare, and found some rest from his sufferings in a shepherd's hut in the village, if it was a village, of Ardtully.

Rinuccini was not of the spirit on which wonders are lost, and he appears to have accepted proofs, which might have escaped the observation of colder men, that his mission and his person

were under the special protection of God, or the saints. In one of his letters, written in the shepherd's hut at Ardtully, and addressed to the Cardinal Pamfili, he enumerates proofs of this description. His escape from the frigate he naturally ascribes to a superior power, but accounts for this pious persuasion in a manner which has something peculiar in it.

“It was observed,” he writes, “when I provided the frigate, at Nantes, that the vessel was dedicated to St. Peter, of whom it had on the poop a gilded image, and from the fact that this, in a certain sense, offered itself to me, it was augured that the head of the church, on which all missions depend, and which the sanctity of our Lord inspires to establish and ordain this of mine, had wished also to conduct it to an end, and to show, on the fitting occasions, how weak are the forces of hell, in comparison with the authority of the keys.”†

This was not the only notification to the nuncio of favour from above.

“I will not decline making known to your eminence another sign of divine providence—and it is, that, having discovered and touched land on the 21st and 22d inst., it appears that those days were purposely chosen for an archbishop of Fermo—inasmuch as, on the 21st my church celebrates the feast of St. Mabilia, one of the eleven thousand virgins, whose head we have at Fermo, and we believe, on conjectures not lightly grounded, that the saint was a native of Ireland. On the day after, the 22d, the martyrdom of St. Philip, bishop of Fermo, is celebrated—and hence, it is reasonable to conclude that this, my great predecessor, deigned to conduct me, himself, to the place designed for me as vicar of God.”‡

The store of wonders is not yet exhausted. Still higher honour is offered to the nuncio.

“My first lodging was at a shepherd's hut, where the animals also repaired, and here, for the space of two days, I took not so much repose as the highest consolations. The secretary and the others regretted that we had not been able to reach Waterford, where they

* Nunziatura, &c., p. 62.

† Nunziatura, p. 65.

‡ Ibid, p. 67.

said I would have been received with suitable demonstrations, and with the discharge of all the artillery—but I rejoiced so much the more that fortune had conveyed me into a region sterile and unknown, into which no apostolic minister had ever entered—being persuaded that the Lord God had wished to signalize this new nunciature with some resemblance to the great work of redemption, in permitting that the first announcement of it should be made to shepherds, and a commencement given to the apostolic work within the walls of a stable.”*

Such was the nuncio's belief before he had entered on the duties of his office in Ireland; when he was laying the office down, he would have expressed himself, perhaps, more modestly—although we can hardly imagine he would have adopted the language of the Roman Catholic peer who spoke thus of his escape at sea, and of its consequences:—

“Now, by way of digression, I must tell you, that about this time, (midsummer, 1645,) there arrived in the west of Ireland, Rinucciui, archbishop and prince of Fermo, in quality of nuncio, sent by Pope Innocent the Tenth to the confederate Catholics, and coming near the coast, was chased by a parliament frigate, commanded by one Plunkett, but as he was ready to board him, he saw his kitchen chimney on fire, which, to quench, he was forced to lie by, and so gave the nuncio an opportunity of gaining the shore, to the great misfortune of the confederate Catholics, and many other good and valuable interests.”†

At the time of Rinuccini's arrival the cessation of arms previously agreed upon between Ormond and the confederates was about to be merged into a peace, a change which the nuncio must have all the honour, or the blame, of preventing. One of his letters shows how far the spirit of enterprise would carry him, in his zeal for the cause he had undertaken to maintain. When Glamorgan, from whom it would appear, Rinuccini had obtained large concessions, was arrested in Dub-

lin, much discontent was expressed towards the government.

“The intelligence of his imprisonment,” writes Leland,‡ “was received at Kilkenny with indignation and rage. The more violent clamoured for arms, and were for instantly demanding him at the walls of Dublin. The supreme council laboured to allay this flame, but were obliged to summon a new general assembly;” § &c.

The explanation given by Rinuccini of this affair is extremely curious and instructive. “The more violent,” said Leland, “were for demanding Glamorgan at the walls of Dublin.” Let us hear the nuncio, and learn from him who it was by whom “the violent” were instigated, and what was the real end at which they aimed. In a letter addressed to the Cardinal Pamfili, bearing date, Kilkenny, January 1, 1646, the nuncio writes:—

“I have diligently informed myself that this would be the time and the readiest opportunity to become master of Dublin, and with all the dexterity I possess, I endeavour to insinuate this to the well-affected; but from the partiality of many, and the ill will borne to the ecclesiastics, who depend voluntarily on me, it is necessary that I proceed with infinite circumspection. Already I see that they will take excuse from the truce which is to continue until the 17th instant—that they will allege as a ground of fear, the belief that the Marquess will unite with the Puritans, and that, finally, for the sake of a postponement, they will propose the convocation of an assembly. And yet it is true that, with the soldiers dispersed in Leinster, Dublin could be besieged, the city, (which is almost open) won in eight days, and in three more the castle could be taken.” §

The seeming simplicity and unconsciousness of evil in this passage would disguise, were it possible, the perfidy it discloses. The nuncio desires, not to set Glamorgan free, but to bring Dublin under subjection to the confederates. He insinuates his purpose with all the dexterity he possesses. He ap-

* Nunziatura, p. 67.

† Castlehaven's Memoirs, p. 89.

‡ History of Ireland, vol. iii, p. 272.

§ Nunn. p. 87.

prehends that he will have scruples to overcome, and fears to manage. There was a truce in existence, which must be violated to effect his purpose, and the confederates will, some of them, shrink from the crime and shame of breaking it. Ormond might be driven to desperation, and might accept terms of accommodation from the Puritans. Rinuccini's answer is simple; it is the same for the moral as for the prudential objection to his scheme: his answer is the prospect of success. He seems to discern rather stupidity in the confederates, than a sense of honour, when he glances at their anticipated objection to the becoming "truce-breakers." Rinuccini, it is evident, has no indisposition to become one, provided only that the treachery can ensure success. If any thing was required to heighten the effect of such speculations, it would be heightened by a letter addressed to the Queen of England, printed on the very page which contains the nuncio's most perfidious counsel, and breathing out a spirit of fidelity to the sovereign whom he had been just proposing to rob of a city and a fortress, and against whom he hoped to succeed, by taking foul advantage of the unguardedness which rested for security on the obligations of honour and conscience—on the cessation of arms, to which soldiers had pledged themselves, and which a solemn oath had rendered sacred. The soldiers are bent on keeping their engagement; and it is the representative of the pope who "dexterously" counsels treachery, because an opportunity has offered in which, if perjury and violence unite, their combined power may be successful.

But this incident brings another thing to light which ought not to be disregarded—namely, that, proud and self-opinionated as the nuncio is said to have been, he did not overrate his own dexterity. We have shown how imperfect was the knowledge acquired by Leland respecting the whole transaction. Carte, with all his diligence, we find to have been equally in the dark.

"The news of that event" (Glamorgan's imprisonment) put every body in Kilkenny into a terrible consternation;

some cried out 'To arms,' and were for immediately besieging Dublin, to free him."^{*}

Thus far extended the discoveries of able Protestant historians. They learned that there was a troubled and angry movement; but they knew not what its drift was, neither had they any idea who was the secret mover. And yet, perhaps, they knew as much as was known to the great mass of the impatient confederates themselves. Rinuccini knew whom he could trust—he and his confederates knew how secrecy and enterprize are to be reconciled. The masses were to be excited by them to take up arms—were to be led to the walls of Dublin, for the purpose, as they imagined, of liberating Glamorgan; but once in the field, in battle array, they were to be taught that a purpose of greater moment had called them out, and the real designs of the nuncio were to be disclosed only in the moment of their execution. We were not rash or wrong in calling this an instructive piece of history. Our only fear is, that it may be too late to make use of it. Rome keeps her secrets so well, that we doubt whether she would have permitted these Rinuccini-revelations to be made, unless she were satisfied that the warnings they utter to Protestant states are tardy enough to prove unserviceable.

The proceedings of the nuncio, so far as they are matter of known history, form no direct part of our present subject. We pass over the events of the period at which his scheme of surprising Dublin was insinuated. It is known that the confederates adopted a less discreditable policy—that Glamorgan was liberated—a peace concluded, and a revolution effected in the Roman Catholic party, by the intrigues of the ecclesiastics, and the excommunications fulminated by the nuncio. To the interposition of Rinuccini all this evil and the calamities which followed in its train, must be attributed. His letters instruct us that his labours to prevent and disturb the peace were arduous and incessant. Originally there were opposed to his views the great Anglican-Irish body,

* Carte's Ormond, Vol. I. p. 562.

crown—he is said to have engaged in clandestine correspondence, even with the Puritan party. All this is credible—all is intelligible—on the supposition that he thought it would be serviceable to his cause that the royal cause should be ruined. Carte and O'Connor both assert the fact, that he had tempted Ormond. The former says:—

“He told Cardinal Pamfili, in his letter of May 3, the only way of applying to a person, who, by the humanity of his temper, the winning manner of his address, and his exquisite talents of insinuation, gained an ascendancy over all that knew him, was, by offering him the assistance of all the Roman Catholic powers *for what purposes he pleased*, and to any ambitious views that might be suggested to him, upon the ruins of the royal family.”*

The letter alluded to here we have not found in the collection published by Aiazzi—but in another paper, which appears in the collection, entitled, “*Relazione del Regno d'Irlanda, 1 Marzo, 1646*,” there is a strong confirmation of Carte's statement. In this “*Relazione*,” after speaking of Ormond's great and engaging qualities, and imputing his courtesies and kindnesses to a purpose of engaging the adherents, thus attached to him, in an enterprize for the crown, the nuncio proceeds:—

“I have not ceased to urge earnestly with those who can report my words to him, how much better it would be for him to declare himself Catholic, than to pass over, as the rumour runs, to the Puritan party. By adopting this last resolution, he never can escape the infamy which follows degenerating in religion, nor the other of showing to the world, by entering into accommodation with the king's enemies, that he had never been faithful to his Majesty. Whereas, on the contrary, by declaring himself Catholic, independently of the merit of turning to the true faith, he would gain the favour of the sovereign pontiff, and of all the other princes, and could secure himself of adherents in this kingdom, for his ends, of what kind soever they were, on titles

much more legitimate and honoured. Let it not cause surprize to your eminence that I seek to insinuate to the marquis a holy resolution, by arguments founded on interest, because it appears certain to me, that, *without the especial grace of God*, his mind cannot be gained by another mode of access.”†

The nuncio might have pleaded precedent in favour of his method of conversion, and of the economy with which he would have reserved his temporal offers, if the spiritual influences at his command were likely to prove effectual. In that great model of temptation which the Scriptures have preserved for us, we find Rinuccini was anticipated. It was at his last temptation the Devil said, “All these will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship.” But in truth, the nuncio did not “know his man.” We remember the reply of an Irish witness, a poor old woman, to her cross-examiner, who was, we believe, Mr. O'Connell—“You can understand the roguery well enough, but you can't understand the honesty.” Rinuccini seems to have laboured under a similar deficiency. He could penetrate, with a keen and searching spirit, the minds and views of men of his own mould and temper; but he had no sympathies with Ormond—disinterestedness and purity of character like that great man's was a mystery to him. O'Connor's notice of the disgraceful offer and its effects should not be omitted—

“One of these vile transactions which disgusted him (Ormond) and inspired him with a degree of hatred to many of the professors of our religion, was, that the nuncio offered him a *bribe* if he would become a Catholic—he offered him *the Crown of Ireland*, and the assistance of all the Catholic powers of Europe.”‡

Beside the revelations made by the nuncio in his own person, the “*Nunziatura*” contains, in an appendix, some remarkable communications from Rome. We shall cite a few passages from them. In one of the papers addressed to the nuncio, in which the thought of an alliance with the Scot-

* Carte's Ormond, vol. i., p. 559.

† Nunziatura, p. 106.

‡ Columbanus, No. II. p. 236.

tish army in Ireland is presented to him, there is reasoning on the proposition. It is to the following effect—

"Your highness will see that the French treaties all tend to strengthen the Scottish party, with a view to the keeping up a continued war in England; and although in one respect it would seem that this may be of much service to the movements in Ireland, yet it is necessary to consider whether it would be expedient to unite the arms of the Catholics with those of the Scotch who are in the island, so long as there is a probable hope of being able to chase them out of the places they now occupy, and of liberating the whole kingdom from heretics."b

What an illustration of the well-known note in the Rheinish Testament on the text of rooting up the tares! And what an unsuspecting testimony to the policy said to have been pursued in the French Cabinet, by the two Cardinal ministers in succession, by Richelieu, who stirred up Scotland to war, and encouraged O'Neil to rise in rebellion in Ireland, and by Mazariu, who appears to follow out the plans of his predecessor, in strengthening the arms of Scotland, if he did not also, through the Pope and Rinuccini, tamper with the Roman Catholics of Ireland.

We must content ourselves with one extract more from these papal documents. It is one which may serve to show the jealousy with which Rome guards its rights. In one of the declarations made by the ecclesiastics in Ireland, it was that in which the authors and favourers of the peace of 1646 were pronounced perjurers, the words "*pro rege et pro patria*" were detected. Although the conduct of affairs in Ireland, and the success attendant on the nuncio's exertions, had given much satisfaction to the Pope, and induced him to grant a supply of money, yet the indiscretion of acknowledging that exertions were made "*for king and country*" was not to be overlooked. Accordingly, the document, in which the unhappy expression was found was brought before a council, held in the presence of his holiness, and the nuncio was thus mildly reprimanded—

"This paper is subscribed by your

eminence, and the archbishops, bishops, and ecclesiastics of the island, and it has appeared to his holiness, &c., that you have thus departed from your instructions, because that, although there was here no intention to maintain Irish rebels against the king, but simply to assist in securing the free exercise of the Catholic religion in Ireland, whilst it seems also that the maintenance of the royal power can be of profit to the Catholic religion; yet following up the uniform and uninterrupted stile of the apostolic see, it has not seemed well that nuncios or other ministers apostolic should make or consent to public declarations from which it should or might appear that the apostolic see lauds or assents to declarations of Catholic subjects respecting the defence or conservation of the state, or the person, of a heretic king. Your eminence, therefore, has to guard against similar writings, declarations, and acts, to the end that the enemies of the apostolic see, or those who have little love for it, do not take occasion to calumniate it, and to pronounce it estranged from the maxims it has ever invariably followed."

A calumny to say that Rome would not disapprove of Catholics expressing their resolution to make war or peace for the interests of the Catholic faith and "*for king and country!*" The reader may remember a case of recent occurrence, which proves very decidedly that Rome has not altered her tone since the days of Rinuccini. We allude to the affair of the Bishop of Malta, and his negotiations with the papal see on the subject of the Roman Catholic qualification oath. The result was, that, acting by advices from Rome, the bishop declined taking the oath, and thus forfeited his place in the privy council.

We must return to Rinuccini. His sanguine expectations at first setting out on his mission seem heightened by the circumstances of his arrival on our coast, but appear to have lost something of their florid character after he had his introductory interview with the confederates at Kilkenny.

He does not appear well pleased with his reception, while a consciousness of the difficulty of his position inspires him with the prudence, if he did experience a feeling of dissatisfaction, to conceal it. He soon turned

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VOL 26

his attention from the demands of his own personal dignity, to observe the proceedings of the council, and found them unsteady and discouraging. Much diversity of opinion every day showed itself.

"Weariness, interest, the difficulty of procuring funds, and respect for the king, inclined many to the peace proposed by Glamorgan, of which Scarampi had already written to him, while the clergy, for the greater part, placing little reliance on the king, and believing that if the dissensions of their captains were remedied, they could soon chase the enemy out of the kingdom, gave their voices for war."—p. 74.

In aid of this latter party, and in opposition to the former, the nuncio appears to have exerted himself strongly. He gives a sketch of the arguments he employed to dissuade the confederates from consenting to a peace, and speaks strongly of his assiduity in disseminating his opinions.

"I do not cease," he says, "to make all possible exertion with all men, and have already won over to my party nine bishops, whom I find here in Kilkenny, who, convoked in my presence, have signed a protest to be made in the council, when things reach near their termination."—p. 78.

His hopes, however, were not very strong that he should be able to prevail against the general wish for peace, an uncomfortable state of mind for one, who, in little more than three months after his first reception at the council, expressed the persuasion, already cited, that the cause he had at heart, that of the church, would derive benefit from the king's ruin. This, it may be said, he succeeded in effecting, but he pulled down his own cause with it.

The nuncio's report prepared to be submitted to the pope, after his return from Ireland, explains, in its opening paragraphs, the nature and cause of the difficulty he experienced in keeping the confederates steady to rebellion. We shall cite them:—

"Among the Catholics of Ireland, from time immemorial, there have been two adverse factions. The one, that of the old Irish, who although dispersed throughout all the four provinces of the king-

dom, are yet most numerous in Ulster, where, in a manner, they seem to have their head quarters, since there the Earl of Tyrone put himself at their head, and carried on a long war for them with the Queen Elizabeth. The other may be called that of the old English (a race introduced into Ireland in the time of Henry II., the fifth king after William of Normandy, who conquered Ireland,) and so called in distinction from the new English, who since came in with the heresy; and as they have mixed their blood with the Irish in the above mentioned colonies, scattered more particularly in Munster and Leinster, they are also called the new Irish, to distinguish them from the old. They maintain a continual intercourse with the English, by matrimonial and other connexions. These two factions are opposed to each other principally from the following causes: The old Irish, greatly averse to heresy, are so also to the rule of England, and for the most part have refused to accept the investiture of ecclesiastical property offered to them since the kings apostatized from the church; the others, enriched with the possessions of the monasteries, and thus attached, no less by obligation than by interest, to the king, wish for and desire nothing except the aggrandizement of the throne, respect no laws save those of the kingdom, are altogether English in feeling, and, from their constant intercourse with heretics, less jealous of religious differences. It appears that nature in them adds to the diversity of customs; the new, being for the most part, short in stature, quick-tempered, and of very subtle wit; but the old of great size, simple-minded, unpolished in their mode of life, and, generally speaking, of slow understandings, and of less dexterity in affairs of business. Both regard the other with rancorous eyes, and are in constant fear of each other's increase. During my time the greater part of the Catholic army was in the hands of the two generals, Owen O'Neil and Thomas Preston, the latter of the new, the former of the old party, rivals not only by nature, and from the heat of parties, but exasperated in their rivalry from having served together in the wars in Flanders, and having always shown a mutual aversion."—p. 392.

It had been our intention to devote some portion of this article to a review of the nuncio's papers, considered under a political aspect, and as they may suggest counsel or warning for our guidance in the "evil days" on which we have fallen. We feel that we dare not now engage in it. The limits of

our space forbid; and the conviction that, if we entered upon such a review, we ought not to leave it incomplete. We are disposed, also, to believe that the reader will gladly accept, in preference to our lucubrations, some selections from the nuncio's correspondence.

The first great success which turned to the advantage of his views was the victory won by the generals O'Neil at Benburb, over the Scottish forces. He communicates this great event with natural exultation in his letter of June 14, to Cardinal Pamfili, and takes good care not to omit a due acknowledgment of the pope's part in the success. Even his own share is moderately remembered—

"Ever be glory to God, and to the most holy thoughts of our Lord: It has pleased Providence to accept my diligent efforts to reconcile the generals O'Neil in Ulster, and my constant resolution that that province should be first assisted from the funds granted by the pope."—p. 135.

To the pope he writes—

"At a time when the dangers of this poor kingdom were most formidable, the arms and the aids of your holiness have effected in Ulster the slaughter of almost the whole Puritan army. I can scarcely restrain myself in exulting over such a triumph—from appearing prostrate at your feet, and laying down before your throne forty ensigns and the standard-general of the enemies of Christ. Deign to permit that, on bended knees, I may glory in having been an instrument to make the name of your holiness resound with so much applause on this extreme confine of Christendom, and that I proclaim my ardent desire that the trophies of your pontificate may be more glorious still at the other extreme of the earth, against the Ottoman forces."—p. 236.

This victory of June 5, 1646, which the nuncio regarded as miraculous, does not appear to have had all the effect he anticipated from it. The peace, which he so strenuously opposed, was concluded; and the nuncio thus announces to the pope the determination to which he and the ecclesiastics of his party had come in consequence—

"Notwithstanding the happy course

of victories obtained by the arms and protection of your holiness, the supreme council has decided on publishing, under pretence of the failure of aids, the peace, for some time treated of and settled. The clergy, not seeing in it any security for the Catholic religion, send to the feet of your holiness the Dean of Fermo, my auditor, to notify the resolution they have adopted of not adhering to the peace, and implore that more than ever you will continue to them the powerful patronage of the holy see. As regards my office here, I most humbly supplicate your holiness not to consider so much the injuries which the few may occasion in the island, as the constant will of the greater part to sustain with their lives and blood the free and secure exercise of religion."—p. 157.

This communication was made on the 16th of August, 1646; on the 12th of the September following the nuncio announced to the Cardinal Pamfili some movements of the Ormond party among the Roman Catholics, to maintain the royal cause in the new emergency. Their professed purpose was, he says, "to defend the Catholic religion, and serve the king and country by a secure peace." This profession does not satisfy Rinuccini and he observes—

"If the clergy have the supplies, (denari), your eminence may rest assured that a moment will come for extinguishing this faction, and purging the whole kingdom of heresy."—p. 158.

At a subsequent period the nuncio appears to have discovered that pecuniary assistance might have been furnished by the country. The passage in which he speaks of the latent wealth of the people is worth being transcribed. In a letter written in cypher to Cardinal Panzirola, bearing date December 28, 1647, he writes—

"They say that the country is reduced to poverty, and that every body finds himself again a beggar; and yet in this autumn, when the Baron of Inchiquin made perquisitions in two counties of Munster, he found contributions of more than 100,000 crowns; whence it is clear that the bad government of the Catholics is the reason why money is not found, &c."—p. 282.

This year of 1647 had been one of success to the nuncio. His party had

greatly increased—the Ormond party had been shaken and diminished. Church censures had had not less than their due effect on some, and national prejudices, and pride, and hatred, had been inflamed and encouraged. Yet the successes appear to have been dearly purchased. They were successes under which the victorious party was fast wasting away. In his view of the state of the kingdom for the year 1647, the nuncio says—

“I find that in four things there is a notable change. 1, the greater scarcity of money; 2, the great increase of dissensions; 3, the loss of some places in Munster; 4, the poverty of places ill-treated in the incursions of enemies, or in the marches and halts of our own party.”—p. 287.

It was about this time he declared the opinion which he had long entertained, in favour of a union with the Scottish forces. The letter expressing this persuasion bears date January 5, 1648—

“Since the time when the dissensions of these kingdoms were found to increase, the general of the Scotch in Ulster has manifested, by divers signs, a disposition to unite with the Catholics against the English. The Lords O’Neil incline to hear him favourably, and I feel they will influence the supreme council to assent. I have ever been of opinion that this would be the better fortune for our party, because that, besides being useful for the dissensions between the countries, it will follow that these Ulster men, so hated in other provinces, will return into their country with honour and profit; and thereafter there will be a hope of passing into Scotland, and, with such an opportunity, carrying thither the Catholic religion. It would seem that Ireland never can have peace unless she carry the war into the abodes of another; and, should this affair succeed, I shall take care that the league be made with the best advantage to religion, of which circumstances will admit.”—p. 286.

This letter was addressed to the Cardinal Panzirola. The fortunes of the nuncio and his party, it is needless to say, soon began to alter. He was capable of doing vast mischief to those whom he opposed; but he rendered no permanent service to the party which gave itself up to his

guidance. His power declined with his successes; and his spiritual censures lost much of their authority and effect, when the arm of flesh failed to sustain his cause in the field. Men’s hearts became excommunication-proof when papal thunders fell innocuously on their temporal interests; and the nuncio, who saw armies broken up, and general officers deserted, when he fulminated his excommunications against the approvers of the first peace, was forced to betake himself to flight before the storm he raised in thundering rashly against the second. We shall attend him to the coast in his rapid retreat, and would part from the dignified fugitive in peace and good will, if he had the merit of leaving, or wishing to leave peace and good will behind him; but, true to his intractable disposition, he left his excommunications heavy on the consciences of those whose scruples taught them to lament them, and thus covered the last hours of some of the most pious members of his church with darkness and dismay. The nuncio appears to have cared little for all these things. He appears to have had a sublime insensibility to the evils he brought upon an unhappy kingdom and party. The sense of responsibility lay light on him; and the disengagement of mind in which he amuses himself with natural phenomena, when leaving a country on which he had inflicted almost irreparable injuries and wrongs, is not less characteristic than the confidence with which he enumerates the supernatural intimations of success by which he thought he was saluted on his first coming to our shores. This passage shall be our last selection. It is found in an account of the incidents of his flight to Galway:—

“My first care was to place all my effects in security. With good guides I then proceeded towards the confines of Connaught, to the house of Terence Coghlan. The prudence of this man, and his voluntary abstinence from public affairs, endeared him to all parties, and I much enjoyed his conversation, from the many proofs I saw of his singular partiality towards the Catholic religion. He heard one evening that on the following day Preston was to pass on his way to join the Viscount Dillon’s troops; he at once came to tell me;

nor was I quicker in deciding to go than Coghlan was eager to urge me to it. I immediately mounted horse, with my party, and favoured by the night, which in these latitudes is very bright, I proceeded to a strongly fortified house on the river. The flight and anxiety was not sufficient to prevent some among us from observing the brightness of the northern nights, and never having seen the twilight darken and glide along the level of the horizon, they enjoyed, even while on their flight, the study and the investigation of those dogmas which they had, in early days, learnt on the celestial globe."—p. 425.

There is something very naïve in the composure which could dictate expressions like these under such circumstances. Flying from the ruin his schemes had wrought, leaving the enemies of his cause in power, and its faithful and pious adherents suffering under afflictions which he had wickedly caused, and cruelly

refused to mitigate, he can expatiate at his ease in enjoyment of the night heavens, unreprieved by remembrances which would sadden less cultivated malefactors. Some men are gifted with a singular firmness and intrepidity in contemplating the sufferings of others, although they themselves may have caused them. Rinuccini seems to have enjoyed this unenviable distinction. As was said of a British minister by one whose wit was often only the instrument of wisdom, Rinuccini "was ignorant of all moral fear—there is nothing he would not undertake—he would perform the operation for the stone—build St. Peter's, or assume, without ten minutes' notice, the command of the channel fleet; and no one would discover, by his manner, that the patient had died—the church tumbled down and the channel fleet been knock d to atoms."

STRAY LEAFLETS FROM THE GERMAN OAK.—SEVENTH DRIFT.

The Last Words of the Pastor of Drottning, in Zealand.

SCHELLING.

"The event described in this poem is recorded in the church-book of Drottning, from which it was copied and first communicated to the German public by Professor Steffens."—*M. Klammer-Klattenowski, Ballads and Romances.* London: 1837.

My life wastes, and my heart, except for sighs,
Hath grown as toneless as a broken lute.
The pleading Image looks into mine eyes,
And intently bids me rest no longer mute.
Heaven! O Earth! ye witness that dread Night
Which left my prostrate soul so destitute.
Ye saw the light
Rays through the living—ye saw
Aeth' had ye voice, would have divulged the
Shall I bide silent when the all-holy law
Of God's own Truth coerces me to speak?
Shall a compulsory vow thus overawe
My spirit, made by Terror infant-weak?
I sinned—but must I perish in my sin?
No!—there is mercy even for me to seek
Before Heaven's throne—to seek, perchance to win.
To these pale tablets I at length confide
The record I here tremblingly begin.

'Twas on a Sabbath eve, at Christmas-tide.
I watched within my dwelling, through whose drear
Cold rooms the melancholy nightwind sighed
In fitful tones, that fell upon mine ear
Almost like wailings of a soul in sorrow.
God's Holy Book lay on my table, near
My few notes of a homily for the morrow.
When lo! the door swang wide, and by the dim
Lamp's gleam I saw, with feelings I can borrow
No speech to paint, a Man of giant limb
And frame, and features dark as middle night,
Approach me! Momently there followed him
A second form, a Woman, tall and slight,
In black habiliments, and closely veiled.
Where stayed ye then, ye Messengers of Light,
Ye who sustain the good man when, assailed
By Satan's hosts, he stands bound hands and feet?
Alas! ye left me, and my spirit failed!
No corpse lay ever in its winding-sheet
More powerless than in that dark hour was I!
The fate that yet remained for me to meet,
I felt I neither could forecast nor fly.
Anon the Man addressed me in a voice
Of thrilling depth—"Priest! we would gladly buy
Thy services for one brief hour: the choice
To bless us or condemn us rests with thee!
Come with us! We will make thy heart rejoice
At the rich wedding banquet—and thy fee
Shall be a thousand ancient crowns in gold!"

A league from hence, beside the weltering sea,
 Widowed and lone, the remnant of an old
 Forsaken and forgotten chapel stands.
 A desolate pile and mournful to behold !
 Half buried under weeds and drifted sands
 Its ruinous walls extend along the shore.
 A fearful storm which ravaged many lands
 O'erwhelmed it, as traditions tell, of yore,
 Upon a sacred Sabbath-festival.
 To this drear spot, which oftentimes before
 I had been wont to seek at evening-fall
 To pour my spirit freelier forth in prayer,
 My guides proposed to lead me. Midnight's pall
 Wrapped now the universal earth and air,
 And only a few stars shone pale in heaven.
 My heart was filled with ghastliest despair !
 What could I do, thus nerveless and bereaven ?
 My spellbound senses seemed no more mine own.
 I moved as in a dream some demon-driven
 Wretch wanders darklingly through wastes unknown !
 Ere yet I had guessed it we were on our march.
 Howbeit, my soul at length resumed its tone
 Of trust in God. Meanwhile, the welkin's arch
 Grew brighter, and the moon's blue beams played far
 Along the landscape's groves of pine and larch.
 We sped as in some winged viewless car,
 So ghostlike was our marvellous flight along,
 And rapid, as the transit of a star.
 The Shapes conversed, but in a mystic tongue,
 I knew not what they spake, nor sought to know.
 One firm resolve—to perpetrate no wrong—
 As Consciousness and Will returned by slow
 Degrees, alone possessed my harassed soul.
 The sullen booming of the sea-waves' flow
 Now rose upon the many-pinioned wind.
 The wan moon shrank again behind a cloud,
 And left in gloom the giant cliffs that lined
 The stormy coast. I prayed, though not aloud,
 To God, as we drew nigh the temple-porch—
 When, what a wonder met my sight ! A crowd
 Of human figures, each with lamp or torch,
 Who flitted out and in, and fro and to !
 Was this indeed the old deserted church :
 But leisure had I little to pursue
 Inquiries, for my guides already stood
 Before the ruined altar ; and I knew
 That I was called to wed them. Yet, my mood
 Was rather one of recklessness than dread ;
 And, turning to the Pair, with hardihood
 Beyond my natural temperament, I said—
 " If ye be denizens of a holier sphere,
 Whose faith in CHRIST has raised ye from the dead,
 Why come ye unto me ? What seek ye here
 Which was not yours amid the realms of bliss ?
 But if ye be—and such ye are, I fear—
 Unblessed spirits wandering from the Abyss,
 What mean your acts, and who or what hath given
 Ye power to desecrate a place like this ?"
 Scarce had I spoken ere my brain seemed riven
 Asunder as by lightning's fiercest arrow !
 One terrible Word from him with whom I had striven,
 Breathed in mine ear, thrilled through my bones and marrow ;

And, by such light as moon and stars yet gave,
 I could discern anear my feet a narrow
 Trench hollowed in the sands—an open grave !
 The Bride now raised her veil with mournful smile,
 And looked at me as one with power to save—
 Her face was beautiful, but sad the while.
 Meantime, again the same unearthly throng
 I had already noted filled the aisle,
 And lights of many colours flamed along
 The walls and roof. Then all at once began
 That multitude a solemn choral song—
 An anthem to the Lord as God and Man—
 Wherewith in undulating strains, was blended
 Rich music, such as fabulous Peristán
 Might fail to parallel. As this ascended
 Visions of rapturous glory seemed to beam
 On my tranced soul ; and when the hymn had ended
 Methought I awoke from some celestial dream,
 And Darkness held me again in tenfold thrall !
 The phantom choristers appeared to stream
 Now towards the chancel rails : their forms were tall,
 Their features firebright, their costumes antique.
 I must, then, yield, whatever might befall !
 Bewildered more than human tongue may speak,
 I joined the cold hands of the Pair in one,
 And then went through the ceremony—in Greek—
 For so the Bridegroom willed it. It was done,
 But oh ! what anguish felt I, what remorse !
 How was it that the Evil Powers had won
 This victory o'er me ? Could I not by force
 Of prayer have been preserved from thus profaning
 The sanctuary ? Now was I as a corse,
 With nothing of the spirit's life remaining—
 No soul, no vital energy ! But vain
 Were henceforth all repentance and complaining.
 As yet I guessed not what retributive pain
 Still waited on my fault—the worst was now
 To come : a heavier yoke, a darker chain,
 Was now permitted by the Lord to bow
 Me earthwards—yea, and gravewards ! At the gate
 That Dark Unknown imposed on me a vow,
 Too horrible to recapitulate,
 Of lifelong secrecy on what I had seen.
 Perhaps to-night I am doubly reprobate
 In violating this. But no !—between
 Two evils lies my election—and I chuse.
 Enough ! The stars yet glimmered, and the keen
 Winds, laden with unhealthful damps and dews,
 Blew chillily athwart the wintry wild,
 And ever moaned among the pines and yews
 That grew amid the gaunt rocks darkly piled
 Along the seacoast. One thought only lent
 Me consolation—I had not defiled
 My hands with lucre, though the feeling rent
 And rankled as a javelin at my heart,
 That I had been the unwitting instrument
 Of—could or can I doubt it ?—Satan's art !
 The night wore darker, but my road was one
 Whereon I scarcely needed lamp or chart.
 I walked with rapid steps, and might have gone
 Some furlongs, when a deep reverberant sound,
 Most like a cannon's peal, but in its tone

Far hollower, startled me. I turned around,
 And gazed and listened towards the spot I had left.
 The echoes hereabouts are known to abound,
 But all was gloom and stillness. Half bereft
 Of sense I reached my home and couch. The bright
 And dusky threads inwoven through the web
 Of my mysterious destiny that night
 Were mingled in the texture of my dreams;
 And ere the morning's first faint blush of light
 I awoke. The ruddy northern meteor gleams
 Were shooting down the sky o'er field and fell;
 And, moved—as then it seemed to me, and seems
 Even yet—by impulse irresistible,
 I trod anew the pathway to the shore.
 With what emotions did my bosom swell
 As I again drew near the chapel-door!
 The golden dawn shone far along the strand.
 I seemed, by miracle, to breathe once more
 The air of happiness! Was it but the bland
 Excitement springing from the heart and spot
 That sacred morn'—I could not understand—
 But all my last night's agonies were forgot,
 Or but remembered as a dream! I slowly
 Moved up the aisle. . . . O Heaven! that I could blot
 That moment from my existence! Oh, ye Holy
 And Everliving Powers! the sudden sight
 That there transfixed my gaze, and gave me wholly
 To wretchedness afresh! The morning-light
 Fell full upon—THE GRAVE—and in that grave
 Lay *her* cold corpse whom on the previous night
 I had wedded to—Perdition!

Do I rave?
 Is this illusion?—madness? Would it were!
 Even madness were a blessing could it save
 Me from self-torment, conscience, and despair!

Oh! blest are they who from their youth have known
 But summer years!—or those, assailed by care,
 Who cast their burden upon God alone.
 And make their sufferings glorify His Name!
 Yet will I hope, albeit my peace be flown,
 For Heaven and Grace are evermore the same
 Howe'er *men* change. And now, before I die,
 I leave this chronicle of my sin and shame
 Behind me. If it ever meet the eye
 Of others, let them breathe a prayer for me!
 My sands are nearly spent—mine hour is nigh.
 Lord! give my weary spirit rest in Thee!

The Conqueror and the Captive.

A HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.

COUNT V. PLATEN-HALLERUND.

Trampled into thousand fragments lay the Sassaneedian throne.
 Moslem hands made booty of the jewelled shrines of Ctesiphon.
 Omar's hosts had crossed the Oxus after many a bloody day,
 While the Persian Djezdegerd a corpse on piles of corpses lay.

As the Khalif stood and viewed the golden spoil that strewed the plain
 Led his guards before him bound the Ghebir Prince El-Harmozain,
 Last of all his house, and captive—yet his darkened fortunes now
 Had not quenched his eagle eye, or discomposed his noble brow.

Frowningly the Khalif eyed him, then addressed him, stern of tone—
 "Seest thou now how powerless be thine idolgods of brass and stone?
 Answer, slave!" But Harmozain replied with calmness—"Wreak thy will!
 Whoso reasons with his conqueror, right or wrong, must reason ill.

"Yet, forgive me! Days have passed since water cooled these lips of mine—
 Ere my head shall roll in dust I crave a bowl of Sheeraz wine!"
 At the Khalif's nod a wine-cup glittered on a salver nigh,
 Yet the Ghebir touched it not, but glanced around with anxious eye.

"Fool! what fearest thou?" cried Omar. "Drink with all thy wonted zest!
Till thou drink thy life is safe—a Moslem ne'er betrays his guest!"
 "Sayest thou so?" the Prince exclaimed. "'Tis well, O King!" and, turning
 round
 As he spoke, he raised the bowl, and put the rich draught on the ground.

Swift as light a hundred blades were drawn to strike the daring slave,
 Till the Khalif smiled and said—"I find thou art as shrewd as brave!
 Go, and worship how thou wilt! I give thee back thy steed and sword—
 Sacred as an oath to ALLAH stands a monarch's plighted word!"

The Treasure of Treasures.

STOERER.

In the tannen-forest at Seelhof-heil
 Rose once a cloister, a grey old pile,
 But the owls hoot now amid its ivy,
 Now, and a long long while.

Anigh its walls, on a hillock's height,
 An old man stood in a harvest-night,
 A delving for gold, but only did greet him
 The gold of the yellow moon's light.

And as he wrought with wavering hope,
 A door in the graveyard-wall did ope,
 And a lady attired in pearl-pale raiment
 Stepped up the bosky slope.

She reached him a Flower so brilliant and small,
 "And where," she said, "this Flower shall fall,●
 There, toilful soul, shalt thou discover
 The richest Treasure of all!"

From her cold white hand the Flower he took,
 And his eyes grew dark, and he shook and shook,
 And as he tottered among the gravestones
 It fell in a grassy nook.

He reached his home by the dawning red,
 And stretched him on his lowly bed,
 And heavier and heavier grew his slumbers,
 Till noontide saw him dead.

In that grassy nook of the burialground
 His corpse was laid ; and above the mound
 Sprang up a Flower whose delicious odour
 Made sweet the air around !

O Death ! a welcome friend thou art
 When Youth, and Health, and Hope depart !
 And a wondrous power in thine icy touch lies,
 To heal the brokenest heart !

Schill.

(1813.)

A warrior, a Brandenburger, burst from Berlin,
 With lightning in his heart, and his lance in his hand.
 He had sworn at the Altar of Liberty to win,
 If his lifeblood could buy it, independence for his land !
 Hurrah for the noble-souled Schill !

Five hundred serried cavalry sustained him on his way,
 Full of hopes all as bright as their broadswords and spears,
 And twice five hundred soldiery—a stalwart array
 Of green-vested riflemen and blue musqueteers.
 Hurrah for the noble-souled Schill !

Nor Kaiser nor King bade him champion the Oppressed—
 No Kaiser or King but his Fatherland had Schill.
 In the warfare he waged he obeyed the mere behest
 Of his own boiling valour, and indomitable will.
 Hurrah for the noble-souled Schill !

In a fair Summer-morning, on Dodendorfa's lea,
 His battalions first encountered the chivalry of France ;
 And the blood of the invaders flowed like water from the sea,
 As thundered the riflebolt, and lightened the lance.
 Hurrah for the noble-souled Schill !

The fortalice of Dömitz, the rockbuilt of yore,
 Showered fire on the heads of its assailants, but in vain—
 Led on by their General, they triumphed as before,
 And swept like a tempest over castled Pomerain.
 Hurrah for the noble-souled Schill !

Then "Stralsund !—for Stralsund, hurrah !" grew the cry ;
 And the foe heard with panic who the Hero was that came.
 They were few, and must perish if they chose not to fly,
 For Schill already conquered by the terror of his name.
 Hurrah for the noble-souled Schill !

He passed beneath its ramparts, now level with the soil,
 He marched below its walls, which the battles of the Swede,*
 And the Friedlander's † prodigies of energy and toil,
 Had haloed with the memory of many a dazzling deed.
 Hurrah for the noble-souled Schill !

* Charles XII.

† Wallenstein, Duke of Friedland.

Anon stronger forces poured into the town,
 And ghastly were the glories of that memorable day,
 As Death mowed on either side his human harvest down ;
 Yet Schill held his ground to the last, though at bay.
 Hurrah for the noble-souled Schill !

But, alas for thee, Schill !—though thy dauntlessness may cope
 With the *weapons*, it is foiled by the *wiles*, of thy foe !
 The false, false Danes disappoint thy glowing hope—
 They league with the French for thine utter overthrow.
 Alas for thee, noble-souled Schill !

O Schill ! gallant Schill !—to the plains ! to the fields !
 Why prison thus in fortresses thy soldiery and horse ?
 Lead them forth !—in themselves, not in walls, be their shields !
 Lead them forth, or the city will but sepulchre thy corse !
 Alas for thee, noble-souled Schill !

And alas for him again !—for his funeral knell
 Was tolled by the musketry and cannon oversoon !
 Transpierced by the balls of the foreigners he fell,
 In the heat of the battle, in the sweltering noon,
 Alas for the noble-souled Schill !

And they cried—“ Let his carcase be trodden under heel !
 Let his bones rot for ever in dishonourable clay,
 Like a murderer's, whose body, after torture on the wheel,
 Men fling to the vulture and wolf as their prey !”
 Alas for the noble-souled Schill !

And so, without drum, or trumpet, or song,
 Or martial salute, as a tribute to the Brave,
 They bore the remains of our Loved One along
 To his crypt in the wilderness, his monumentless grave !
 Alas for the noble-souled Schill !

His head, rich in locks, they cut off as in scorn,
 And they hid the mangled trunk like a felon's in the earth ;
 And there must it rest till the great Accounting Morn
 Shall call it up from darkness to the resurrection-birth.
 Alas for the noble-souled Schill !

He sleeps !—he who perished for his country's holy sake,
 And the bloody glaive of Tyranny is bared through the land,
 While they whose tears bedew his grave are scarce more awake,
 And the friends of his bosom write his epitaph in sand !
 Alas for the noble-souled Schill !

But when next the rallying nations shall rise in their might,
 And the young blood of Germany renew Freedom's war,
 Then again the Prussian sabre shall show reddest in the fight,
 And “ Schill !” shall be the watchword of the Brandenburgh hussar.
 “ Hurrah for the noble-souled Schill !”

The Wayfaring Tree.

We
 Old bachelor bards, having none to mind us,
 Are seized at seasons with such a heart-aking

That, leaving home and its wants behind us,
 We hie elsewhither, the spirit's car taking
 Us east and west, and aloft and nether,
 And thus I, also, both night and day faring
 From Hartz to Hellas, pass weeks together
 (In vision) under mine old *Wapfaring*
Tree,
 My childhood's dearly belovèd *Wapfaring*
Tree!

Free
 Of pinion then, like the lonely pewet,
 I watch through Autumn its golden leaves dropping,
 And list the sighs of the winds that woo it—
 A somewhat silly but sinless eavesdropping!—
 And sadly ponder those rosy dream-hours
 When Boyhood's fancies went first a-May-Fairing.
 Ah! we may smile, but the joys that *seem* ours
 Soon leave us mourning beneath our *Wapfaring*
Tree!
 Insolvent mourners beneath our *Wapfaring*
Tree!

Me
 No Muse amuses or flatters longer,
 No couplet cozens, no trashy trope bubbles,
 Yet, though my judgment grows daily stronger,
 I love this blowing of psychic soap-bubbles.
 'The soul tends always in one direction,
 Its course is *homeward*; and, like a fay faring
 Through airy space, even each deflection
 But brings it nearer its destined *Wapfaring*
Tree.
 Its way is short to its final *Wapfaring*
Tree.

See,
 Oh, see to your ways then, my mad young masters,
 Blind pleasure-chasers and headstrong highfliers,
 Nor tempt your fate for those dark disasters
 Which make, alas! the best hopes of Life liars.
 And you, ye grubbers of dirt and dollars,
 Whose dungeonèd hearts fear a fresh and safe airing,
 Think how Experience plants all her scholars
 Alone at last under Age's *Wapfaring*
Tree!
 Alone at Night under Age's *Wapfaring*
Tree!

O'GORMAN'S PRACTICE OF ANGLING.*

READER! we assure you, on the word of an angler, that we sat down to the perusal of the work before us, "*The Practice of Angling*, by O'Gorman," with expectations very high, and dispositions the most benignant; but what are we to say of a book which commences with a lie and a libel! Yes! start not. A lie, monstrous as the father that begat it; and a libel so atrocious, that we are persuaded almost any damages might be had for it from any jury in a court of justice. We allude to the frontispiece, which is a most horrible caricature of the worthy gentleman whose corporeal likeness it professes to delineate; and when we learned that the painter as yet lives—that our author did not take any summary vengeance on him, but that he still survives to perpetrate similar atrocities upon the amiable and the gifted—we set it down as one of the most signal triumphs of the gentle craft, in exalting benevolence and disarming resentment, which ever came under our observation; and felt that for any blemishes or imperfections which his work may contain he is amply entitled to our indulgence.

But in truth there is but little which the most captious critic can find fault with. O'Gorman who chooses to sink his military titles (for he was a gallant soldier,) in the Milesian patronymic, is a first-rate practical angler; and his book, as far as it goes, will well repay the study of all who are desirous of practising his favourite craft upon the rivers in the south and west of Ireland. Of our northern rivers he does not appear to have any knowledge; nor yet of the lake-fishing in Westmeath. But we can vouch for the perfect correctness of the "communicated" information which he gives respecting the Bann, a river celebrated by Spenser for the quality and the multitude of its trout, and upon which the angler, who is skilful and can "bide his time," may have inexhaustible amusement.

Our author's first essay at salmon-fishing we give in his own words. It was as follows:—

"At the time I am about to write of, I had many relatives living in Limerick, with one of whom I was on a visit. I was a good trout-fisher—could throw a line well and far—had killed a trout of six pounds weight, and had even fished a day creditably on the lake of Inchiquin—knew something of cross-fishing; but as to mending a rod, tying a splice, or making a fly, was entirely helpless, and dependent on Corney, our fly-tier, already mentioned. It was, I think, on or about the 15th of February, I strolled up the banks of the Shannon, and had walked about two miles when I was stopped by a very large drain, at the other side of which was a high steep bank, partially planted with quicks. This was a boundary between two farms. You will soon perceive the reason of my being so particular. I was obliged to walk a considerable way round, before I could get across, after which I continued along the bank, till under Castle Troy, where I saw two men fishing in a boat, whom I hailed, and they very civilly came to shore. They were dragging for salmon—which mode of angling I must again explain.

"The boat or cot is brought to the head of a current, and the lines let out with flies or baits attached, viz. salmon fry, gravelin, or loach, commonly called callaghröo. On this occasion, there were three very large ugly rods, great iron wheels, and very strong hempen lines, large flies tied on six or seven twisted gut. After the lines are at the designed length, the boat is rowed and paddled across the river, the fly or bait always dropping before the boat, the lines about the handles of the wheels, and every turn the boat drops down a little. In this mode of fishing you never see a salmon rise; it is always a pull, and generally a very hard one. I asked to be taken on board.

"Can you play a salmon, or have you ever killed one?"

"No; but I am a good trout-fisher."

"Well, come along. Will you pay your footing if you hook a fish?"

"Certainly."

* *The Practice of Angling*, particularly as regards Ireland. By O'Gorman. 2 vols. small 8vo. Dublin: 1845.

" 'Can you row, as the current is strong?'

" 'Right well.'

" 'Will you take a fly or the callagh?'

" 'The half-black and orange fly—I like the hook.'

" 'Very well; take the right-hand oar.'

" 'We had taken seven or eight crossings at hard work, and were feeling gloomy, when my rod got a pull that made it squeak, and the little pin the rod lay against was snapped, but before it was taken quite straight, I had it in hand.'

" 'Don't take the line off the handle till the rod is well bent.'

" 'I obeyed orders.'

" 'Now, my boy, see what you can do. I believe you have the old one!'

" 'We made towards the shore—the fish showed, and appeared large, but very distant.'

" 'Give me the rod, sir,' said Darby Shaughnessy, brother to the famous Daniel—the fish is large, and you may lose him.'

" 'I took from my pocket a half guinea, and put it on the seat of the boat, saying—

" 'If I lose him, take the half guinea.'

" 'Done.'

" 'I stepped ashore, and set lugging at a famous rate: he ploughed across the stream, and showed himself at about seventy yards distance—put his broadside to the current, and down he went, followed close, and well held. I tried every way of turning him, to no purpose. When—appalling sight!—the large ditch appeared in view. I called to the paddle-man—

" 'Run for your life—get round the ditch—I fear I can't cross it; and if he continues, all will go.'

" 'Nearer and nearer still! I was at last obliged to step up the bank of the ditch—no drain at my side; the leap was large, and no run; I got my feet together among the quicks, tried again to turn him; he was nearly striking fire out of the wheel, and part of the axle began to appear. I made a desperate effort, got one foot on the bank, the other went down—I was pulled on my face—not two yards of line on the wheel; when the paddle-man came just in time, took me up, and saved all.

" 'I had now tolerably fair play, and killed shortly after. He was a most lovely spring fish.'

" 'DARBY—'Sir, you behaved well. We would never have crossed that ditch. The fish is your's, though he were worth ten pounds.'

" 'Very well—shan't we go out again?'

" 'We fished for more than an hour after, but only met a poor slat. We then returned to town, went into a shop, and weighed the fish I killed. It weighed *thirty-nine pounds*; and though I have killed larger fish, I never saw such a beauty—it was very little more than a yard in length.'

" 'Well, Darby, don't you think him cheap for half-a-guinea?' To the shopman—'What is salmon a pound?'

" 'Two shillings.'

" 'No matter, sir,' said Darby, 'you are welcome to him.'

" 'No, Darby, I won't take your salmon, and here is my footing,' giving him five shillings; 'but I must get the fly,' which I took with much pride.

" 'I was now entered, and quite proud of the skill and decision I evinced, and next day set about my future appointments.'

Of rods, wheels, and lines, our author treats with the science of experience. He has tested every rule which he lays down, and been led to the adoption of it by the accidents and mischances of which every angler has had his share, although few have turned them to such account for their own and others' instruction. The following observations upon the size, the structure, and the materials used in the construction of the salmon rod, evince great practical judgment, and cannot be too heedfully attended to by the angler who may have to deal with heavy fish.

" 'The two-piece rod is undoubtedly the best; the butt of it should be in one piece; the top should be composed of two pieces, permanently spliced together; the first piece of the top should be good West India hickory; the upper piece, lancewood, which is a most invaluable timber for the purpose, being tough, elastic, and retentive of its form. The butts of all two-piece rods are formed of one stick, which should be of well-seasoned crag-ash, without splice—a spliced butt always fails. Spear-wood is also often used, but it is difficult to procure a piece long enough for a good sized rod, and it is heavy, though it keeps its form well.'

" 'I will now point out the different lengths I approve of for salmon, pike, and trout.

" 'For salmon, a great deal will depend

A fine imposed when you kill your first fish on any lake or river.

on the river you fish, but in general from sixteen to twenty feet will be sufficient. In the Shannon, for spring fishing, the rods do not exceed the latter length;—ten and a half feet in the butt, and nine or nine and a half in the top; the Limerick rods are often made on a very mistaken principle, having too much spring in the butt, which endangers them, particularly if you throw underhand, (which method I will hereafter explain,) or against a strong wind; and no rod is worth a farthing which you cannot use so; nor any angler good for any thing who cannot get his fly out, even with a strong breeze in his teeth. In fact, every rod should be tolerably strong for eighteen inches above the wheel, which should be, in my opinion, invariably placed twelve inches from the thick end of the butt; this I have found the best distance in all cases—one hand can be placed below the wheel, the other above, when you are fishing; always holding the line between the fore-finger and thumb of the upper hand.

"The top of a salmon-rod should be proportioned to the kind of line you fish with; if the line be very strong, the top should not be too fine to the whalebone. Indeed, there should be two tops to all rods, one lighter than the other; as, when the season advances, you generally adopt finer tackle and smaller flies."

Nor is he less happy when he would teach the young angler how the rod is to be used:—

"I now suppose you arrived at your fishing-ground, and commencing at the head of your course or current; and now—*mind yourself.*

"Always begin with a short line, keeping a proper distance from the river; fish first near you; lengthen your line by degrees (never stirring from your first position till you have thrown as long a line as you can tolerably master); always throw rather down and across, but so as that you can be satisfied that no fish can avoid seeing your fly: don't raise your hand too suddenly after throwing out; then draw your fly gently, if the current be rapid, and occasionally shaking your hand, particularly whenever the fly comes into an eddy, or smooth part of the stream; then fish down step by step, never holding your hand too high, lest, if a fish rises, you should not have sufficient power to strike him.

"It often happens, particularly in the early season, that you are taken under water: now, in other case, whether the fly is taken under or over, always, if possible, strike low, that is, with the top of your rod as near the water, either

right or left, as circumstances will admit of. I am convinced it is a much better method than raising your hand high.

"Don't strike a salmon too quickly—let him get nearly out of sight after his rise before you pull at him, which you must do with strength proportioned to the size of your fly, never with a short snap, but with a fine, strong, long pull.

"When you have him firm, lean on him at once, fairly bending the rod, till he runs out; let the line run between your fore-finger and thumb till he stops, then be at him again. He is a fish that, if you give him any respite, and if he has a rock or stump to get to, and that he has a slack line, will be round it in double-quick time; so be always on the alert.

"If he comes to the surface, and keeps tumbling and splashing, then for your life hold him as hard as your tackle will bear; if you do not, ten to one that he either shakes out the hook, or gets his tail across the line, which he will by that means endeavour to break. Lug him fairly, and if you do so with strength and judgment, always taking care not to hold too hard when far from the bow of your rod, it is more than probable you may bring him to the gaff, but be always at him, particularly when near you. I need not observe on the folly of holding a fish in his race; don't attempt it; but after his spring, or whenever he stops, then give him no time for consideration—in short, literally obey the above instructions.

"It often happens, that one occupies a position from whence there is no such thing as following a fish: in that case, if your line is nearly run out, take your finger off the wheel, raise your rod high, and behind you, and throw it forward. This is what we call giving a slack: it often happens that the animal thinks himself at liberty, when he generally turns back. If such should happen, wheel him up softly, holding your rod low to the water, till you get him again under your bow—then, lug at him, butting him fairly; and if he gets away again, you have only to try which is the strongest, always endeavouring to avoid letting him come too near the surface; to prevent which, almost dip the point of your rod obliquely in the water, never changing from right to left till he is again wheeled up, after which, again lug at him, until his resistance is at an end; and the moment he is gaffed, let him be priested before you take the hook out; then throw your fly into the water, and whisk it two or three times into the air; examine it, and see that the fly and the point of the hook are not injured; if the

latter be blunted, and that you have not an exact match, take a small, half-round, very fine cut file, which you should always have in one of the pockets of your book, and sharpen the blunted part carefully; then look to your links and line, recollecting Franklin's advice—"Leave nothing to chance."

The following directions and observations could proceed from no "prentice hand" in the gentle art—they evince the accomplished angler:—

"If you fish the rapids of the Shannon, (those streams that cannot be dragged,) such as several of the Donass and Castleconnell waters, take care to provide the best and most experienced cotmen, of whom there is no want, and who will place you in the positions best adapted for throwing the various currents. This you must do, standing up in the cot, which is always well held by means of the poles already noticed; and here it will be expedient that you be very steady, and have your sea-legs well in requisition.

"You commence, as usual, at the head of the stream, with a short line, gradually lengthening until you throw the largest quantity of line you can master, always noticing, that as the fly comes round into the eddies, the hand is to be well shaken, but not so much in the very rapid parts of the current. As the flies you fish with at this time are very large, when you want to throw out, you must suffer the current to take the fly almost straight from the top of the rod, which must be then almost level with the water. You then gradually raise your rod, till you judge the fly is near the surface, when, with the quickness of lightning, you throw the fly behind you, till you either find it check you a little, or judge that it has attained its due distance. You then throw it with sleight and strength from your elbow and wrist only, ever taking care not to throw your body with it. In this way you fish to the end of your reach; and let the day be as it will, there is little danger of your feeling cold after fishing two or three of those streams as I direct.

"It sometimes happens, that in the very act of whipping the fly out of the water, and with strength and quickness, a dourine is laid on you by a very large fish; in that case, he gets it well, and there will not be much harm in the angler's looking principally to his footing for a few seconds. You can't throw those very large flies with the wind in your back, but the cotmen, particularly as the angling is carried on in the middle

of the river, will place you in the best positions.

"When (in the fishing phrase) you 'rise' a salmon, should he miss the fly, observe how he comes to it; if he shows himself well and eagerly, you may almost depend on hooking him; but don't throw over him for a few seconds, let the fly go deeply and slowly by him at first; you may then shake your hand a little, but observe that after rising he may fall down a yard or so, in which case, you must lengthen your line a little, or fall down a step; if he should not then take, let him alone for about five minutes, and change your fly to one of a smaller size, and not so gandy as the one you commenced with; try him again, but do not dog him; three or four casts will determine whether he will take or not.

"If the river is narrow, and that you can get over to the off side, throw from thence, so that the fly may come over him the reverse way to that he first observed, and it is ten to one he will then have you. I have witnessed the most decided success from this method, both in my own case and in that of others with whom I have angled, and who have tried this practice.

"If all fails at that time, and that you purpose returning to where you had risen him, which may not be much out of your way, let him, alone, till, in the common phrase, *the sun goes back of him*, for in the early spring, 'tis full time to commence at ten A.M. and from two to four or five P.M. is certainly the best part of the day. When the season advances, early and late tell best, often till quite duskish in May or June."

Of the accidents "by flood and field" to which the angler is exposed, the following is a striking instance; nor will the reader be without a due admiration of the courage and the presence of mind by which our author was enabled to extricate himself from a predicament which had so nearly proved fatal:

"Be careful of yourself on high banks, particularly in gaffing, or it may befall you as it did me, when I tumbled into the Blackwater, on a second of April, and a very cold day, in my eagerness to catch a salmon. On this occasion, but for being a good swimmer, my piscatory adventures would have had an end. I was, of necessity, obliged to abandon rod, gaff, and salmon, having been carried a considerable distance by the current, which was at that time strong in this very rapid river. When I recollected myself, I made to the bank, which

when I reached, I was up to my arm-pits in the water, and concluding that I could not be much wetter, I continued wading up along it until I found my gaff and rod, and, to my great surprise, the salmon still hooked, which played me a full quarter of an hour additional in the pleasant position in which I was placed. I at last gaffed him, (a fine spring fish of twelve pounds,) and here I was posed indeed;—above me was the high bank, which I would not dare to attempt—below me was a good strand, but between me and it was a deep hole, which I should be obliged to swim through—and opposite me was tolerably safe landing, not approachable except through strong briar-bushes. I had no alternative;—I managed to throw the salmon up into the field, afterwards threw up the gaff, next took down my casting-line and fly, wheeled up the line, flung in the top and butt of my rod separately, and finally made my way through the bushes, well scratched and torn."

And now for a few days' good fishing on the Shannon. Our author's exploits rival, we think, any thing which can be truly told of the doings of anglers upon the rivers in Norway.

"I had been in Dublin, from whence I returned on a 15th of March, very well provided with gut, a good wheel, and good silk lines; and the day after went very early to Mr. Dan Shaughnessy, and desired him to show me the sized hook then fished with, which he did.

"I then insisted that he should make me four hooks two sizes less; when the following dialogue took place:—

"DAN.—'Why, sir, these hooks will be too small, and they will float like corks.'

"O'G.—'Don't mind that; I will pay you well, and you must do as I desire.'

"The hooks were made and turned.

"O'G.—'Now, Mr. Dan, give me the plyers,' which, on getting, I immediately applied to shaping the hooks my own way, perfectly straight from the bow down to the point, and the beard projecting very little. Dan declared they were the ugliest looking hooks he ever saw. They were tempered, pulled, and tried.

"DAN.—'Now, sir, what kind of flies will you have?'

"O'G.—'First, a black fly, with a deep yellow heckle.'

"DAN.—'Such a fly was never tied.'

"O'G.—'Don't mind that; it must be tied now, and on the least of the four hooks. Next, an orange coloured fly, with a green silk tail, black heckle; next, a magpie, half black, half orange; next, a black fly, with an orange head—

all with top-knots; butterflies, dyed heckles, and jay cravats.' I stuck to Dan until all were completed.

"The next day was Patrick's day, and Dan was perfectly prepared for the celebration of the festival, it being quite useless to expect boat or boatmen, so that the fishing was put off to the 18th, and directions given to have a cot stationed before day on a large reach, called the tail of the lough.

"We were out about eight in the morning: three excellent rods, the lines run out and well stretched, when Jack Kean, my chief boatman, requested that I would wheel up the lines, and then walked deliberately to the river. I asked what he was about, when he replied, that he was going to shave himself; and so he did, having lathered himself with a boiled potato—and, such a razor! By the time the operation was over, his face was scarified like a crimped salmon. When he saw my flies, he regarded them with the utmost contempt, declaring that they were much too small and light, and offering one or two of his own, which I rejected.

"We then commenced, the wind lying beautifully against the stream. We had taken many turns without success, and Kean was growling, and asking to put up larger flies.

"I remained obstinate, though getting low-spirited; when, casting my eyes down the stream, I saw, at about thirty yards from the boat, a large salmon rise. This circumstance could not be observed by Kean, his back being turned to the place the fish had risen in. Very soon after another, and another, in the same line. I said nothing, but was anxiously watching the time when, as I should judge, the flies might get among them, when Kean cried out, 'You have him, sir!' We went ashore, and killed him rather easily. He was over thirty pounds weight. We had scarcely been out again, when we had two together; both large fish, which Kean and I killed. Out again, and not half way across, another, which we killed. In short, before three o'clock we had eight very large salmon killed, and had not lost one: the black fly with the yellow heckle having done more than its share.

"We were now joined by Captain Cotter, of whom I have already spoken, and with whom I had made acquaintance. He insisted that we should go to a neighbouring house to lunch. This I objected to, though I was not at the time very knowing, for he did it for the purpose of taking me off the reach, and having it for himself the next day; but go we did, and staid more than an hour. I then insisted on returning.

"When the captain saw my flies, he

offered to back the black and orange, and the orange fly, half-a-crown each, against the yellow heckle fly. I took him up on each. Kean whispered to me, 'Sir, there is no click to your new wheel, and it runs smooth and silent, so let out a little more line, that your fly may be a little below the other.' I did as directed, and caught two more large fish. We had now ten; when it was proposed to fish the next stream, a very rapid one, called Poul a Herra. Here I was obliged to take the second oar, but keeping my yellow heckle fly still near me."

"We had made several turns, and could scarcely keep the boat against the stream, when my rod had a tremendous pull. I instantly shipped my oar, and found, from the weight and strength of the fish, that he must be very large. We, as usual, went to shore at the Clare side of the Shannon, and after about twenty minutes' hard and fatiguing play, he showed enormous: he was a few run fish, not long in the river. I brought him within reach of the gaff, when Kean made an attempt at him, and only scraped his back; away then he went across. We were again obliged to take to the cot, and follow him to the other side, and bring him back again, the banks at the Limerick side being high, and it being highly dangerous to attempt to gaff him into the cot in deep water. We at length killed him. He weighed forty-eight and a half pounds, and was the largest salmon I ever killed, though I have hooked much larger. [Captain Cotter, in the month of May following, killed, with a fly on three-twist gut, on the stream of Donass, a salmon fifty-nine pounds weight: he was turning a little brown, but was a splendid fish. We then made another turn with much difficulty, and I killed another salmon with my fly, and the only small one we had, about eleven or twelve pounds weight.

"This was the greatest day's fishing I ever witnessed. I have killed more salmon in a day; but to kill twelve, and so more hooked, without a single loss, of those, one of the weight I mention, three from thirty to thirty-five pounds weight, and all with one exception large fish,—was, I believe, an occurrence in angling seldom paralleled: they were all spring fish, quite fresh run."

"We cannot afford to accompany him in his visits to the County Mayo and Connemara, where he enjoyed, in great perfection, his favourite amusement, at the lodges of his friends, the Hon. John and David Plunket, upon whose kindness and hospitality he is profusely ~~encomiastic~~, but, we can well believe,

from some early recollections, not more so than those worthy gentlemen amply deserve.

Of the various flies, and the most approved methods of preparing them for the lakes and rivers with which he is best acquainted, our author is minute and particular in his account, nor is there any portion of his work which will better repay the attention of the practical angler.

It is, undoubtedly, too true, that the Irish proprietors do not pay sufficient attention to the preservation of the rivers, which is the principal cause why angling is so indifferent in many places, which would, if proper care were taken, be amongst the very best fishing stations in Ireland. Not only are no proper precautions taken to prevent poaching, but the erection of stake nets is permitted, and the practice of spearing not prevented, even during those seasons when it is most important that the breeding fish should not be disturbed. Add to this, the wholesale destruction of the spawn, by the voracity of the perch and water fowl, and the wonder will be that trout and salmon are ever permitted to multiply, or come to any perfection. We sincerely hope that the strictures of our author will stir up in our gentry a proper feeling upon this subject, and that we will no longer have to complain of a degree of negligence and indifference respecting what may be called a great national interest, that is quite disgraceful.

Of Lord Eliot's fishery act, O'Gorman writes with an angler's just indignation; nor is there any one whose opinion is entitled to greater deference, when the proper mode to be taken for the increase and multiplication of trout and salmon is the question. He wrote, he tells us, proffering his advice to Lord Eliot (now Lord St. Germans) when the act was in progress, but no notice whatever was taken of his communication. This surprises us, as we never heard of another instance, in which a want of courtesy was imputed to that noble lord. Possibly he had only heard of O'Gorman as a greater destroyer of fish, and did not deem it advisable to consult him, when framing an act for their preservation. But, in truth, the destroyer would have been the preserver in such

a case, and had his suggestions been attended to, the act would be far less in need of amendment than it is at present, if, indeed, by any amendment, it can be made to work well.

Had the act of Charles I. been made the basis of the present act, instead of being, as it is, repealed by it, every thing desirable might have been easily and effectually accomplished. By that act, all "stop nets, still nets, or standing nets" were straitly prohibited; and it included in its preamble, "salt rivers, fresh rivers, loughs, fashes, fens, and marshes." If only, our author observes, it were provided that the penalty should be leviable on the town land, by the barony-cess collector, in the same manner as the grand jury, or any other tax, nothing more would have been required. Instead of that, stake-weirs of twenty years standing are now legitimated, and no proper precautions taken to insure a free passage for the fish during the time they are required to be open; that is, from six o'clock on Saturday evening, to six o'clock on Sunday morning;—the proviso in the act, that "floods, storms, or stress of weather," may be pleaded in bar to any enforcement of its penalties, rendering it perfectly impracticable for the purpose for which it was intended.

Sir Thomas Fremantle has, we perceive, already given notice of his intention to amend this act, and we heartily wish that, before he does so, our author and Mr. Jonathan Henn may be consulted. The latter, who is well known as an eminent lawyer, sometimes takes his pastime upon the river's side, and is not less remarkable for the skill with which he can take a trout, than the ability by which he can defend a client. He is, moreover, in the highest sense of the word, a high-minded and honourable man, and Sir Thomas may depend upon it he could not take into his councils upon such a subject, a more honest or competent adviser. But much we fear that this will not be done, until the amendments, now about to be made, will have themselves to be amended.

And now we must take leave of

O'Gorman, heartily wishing all the success to his work, to which, from its piscatorial merits, it is entitled. But we must warn him not to stray beyond the limits of his own domains, where all will acknowledge him to be lord paramount, in order to exhibit either his depth as a politician, or his erudition as a theologian. These are topics which will not suffer for being left in other hands, while the value of his communications upon the subject which he knows best, will give his readers just reason to complain of the misappropriation of any pages which are not directed to the records of his angling experience. This we say, because we can assure him he is not either a philosopher like Sir Humphry Davy, or a moralist like Isaac Walton. We had, indeed, determined upon a regular castigation of him for some sneering and fltering comments, in which he indulges himself, upon Judge Jackson and the Bible Society, and Mr. Nangle and the Achill converts. These are trespasses against good taste and good feeling, into which he should not have been betrayed, and we had prepared to inflict upon him summary vengeance. But we remembered the *frontispiece*; we remembered the marvellous forbearance, which he exhibited under circumstances which might well have stirred the wrath of a less irritable disciple of the angle, and we thought that, in this instance, his charity was sufficient, if not to cover a multitude of sins, at least to palliate and render venial the few peccadilloes of which we had reason to complain, and for which, accordingly, we do not bring him up for judgment. Adieu, then, prince of anglers, and jovial, kind-hearted old man. We trust that you will yet be spared many years to take your pastime by the pleasant waters; nor will that pastime be less sweet or less profitable, if mingled with the thoughts and the anticipations which, even more than his high legal endowments, give elevation and dignity to Judge Jackson upon the bench, and sweeten the toils of the saintly and laborious missionary in the wildest and most uncultivated district in Ireland.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE GIFTED

"Our life's affections are its sanctity—
Its vestal fires! Should they die out, albeit
In the mind's temple every niche doth boast
An intellectual glory—still the pile
Loses its holiness—is desecrate."

WESTLAND MARSTON.

SOME years ago there appeared a series of papers in a popular magazine of the day, which, for their originality and singular beauty of style, commanded immediate attention; while public curiosity was all the more excited by no name being affixed to articles, which could not fail to add a fresh leaf to the brightest laurel-crown ever worn by gifted and honoured heads. But, what was stranger still, the literary world, which makes a point of finding out every thing that goes on within its charmed circle, as if by magic, were equally in the dark on this much-disputed point. Of course, the editor of the magazine knew all about it, and if so, he was wise enough to keep the secret, finding it, perhaps, to his own advantage so to do, or enjoying, with a quiet chuckle, divers comments and strange guesses made to him on the subject by the less informed. Or it may have been for a better motive still, for a more kind-hearted and liberal-minded man never breathed than he of whom we write; well would it be for poor authors if there were more such; and yet, after all we verily believe them to be, for the most part, a far better class of beings than is generally supposed, and their hard-heartedness too often but "the idle coinage of a dreamy brain." Real talent is seldom slighted; or if so, it is something, *to be sure*, that sooner or later it will make its own way, in spite of every literary Argus, sent to keep watch before the numerous avenues leading to the Temple of Fame;—ay, even if it have to hew its road thither by a new path, cut through a thousand obstacles, on struggle up hill, step by step, to the steep summit of their glorious ambition. Alas! alas! we are forgetting, in our enthusiasm, how many there are who faint and die by the way of exhaustion, or, it may even be, of hunger! and of whose names time keeps no record!

The daily press busied itself no less

than the reading world with this unknown author. Now there was something of truthful pathos, which reminded them of a favourite and celebrated writer; and anon a sparkling playfulness of fancy scattered over a mine of deep truth, that made them almost sure it could be no other than the immortal——himself! Occasionally there was a graceful tenderness of expression, and an insight into the mysterious recesses of that, for the most part, hidden volume, the human heart, which led them to be attributed to a female pen. "But then"—so said the critics—"no woman ever wrote half as well!" While many among the more discriminating fancied they could detect all the wild sweetness and originality—all that freshness of thought and feeling, which we find only in the works of young authors, and prophesied the time when the veil should be drawn aside, and the master spirit of his age step forth in the matured vigour of a glorious and acknowledged intellect. It was amusing to see the air of faint denial with which these accusations of supposed authorship were frequently received; the slightly scornful smile, which said so much; the negative, contradicted in its very utterance, by a certain consciousness, which was meant to express a very different meaning; the Lord-Burleigh-like shake of the head; the reserve which served to shroud some hidden mystery, that had no existence save in imagination. And then one never felt quite sure while talking upon the subject, but that the author might be present, quietly enjoying the joke, and congratulating himself on his well-preserved incognito, as though the man in the iron mask was nothing to it.

Whoever the writer might be, it was evident he was no visionary—no mere declaimer, or dreamy enthusiast, living apart in a world of his own, so bright and ideal, that his readers and

fellow-mortals in this, felt, with something of sadness, they had no abode there; but visited, instead, this weary earth in so gentle a spirit, that it seemed as though an angel had passed over it, "turning the sunny side of things to human eyes." Common-places were refreshed—human sympathies, appealed to human affections, finding, a ready echo, as they always must. Its philosophy was that of the heart—its eloquence, deep truth, addressed alike to the whole brotherhood of humankind; and yet, withal, so exquisitely simple, that a child might have understood it—moving us now to tears, and now to laughter—or lulling our senses into delicious reverie, when we close the book, and, bending down our weary heads, dream fondly of old times, and scenes, and friends long since past away, and, waking in a changed mood, bless the author in our hearts for the soothing spell which he has flung around us.

Magazine day was eagerly looked forward to in various hearths and homesteads; and many a kind brother, having procured the anxiously-expected book, read it aloud while the rest of the family worked; until he was seized, perhaps, all of a sudden with a strange hoarseness, which actually brought tears into his eyes; and what was most curious of all, the rest seemed equally affected, and many a gem-like drop was twinkled away with a light laugh, and a request for him to go on, as they were all impatient to know how it ended; and perhaps, after all, had to wait for the conclusion a whole month! A deep fellow was that author, and knew his own power; or, rather, the editor had most likely put him up to a trick or two. For ourselves, we cannot fancy any thing more tantalizing than these continuations, when the subject is sufficiently exciting to make one care any thing about it, and in such cases generally finish the thing our own way, and have done with it.

Invalids were soothed into a temporary forgetfulness of their sufferings, as they read; the aged grew young in the light of memory; the sorrowful smiled in happy unconsciousness of their own grief. Many wondered, for it seemed as though their own thoughts, stood before them, clothed in words of power; for, after all, true genius is

nothing more than the art of *expressing* what thousands *think*. The critics, those men of iron, who go about oftentimes with the visor closed, cutting and slashing in very recklessness; and have been known, as in the case of the boy-poet Keats, to crush their defenceless victim to the very dust with one stroke of their powerful weapon! Not but what we are ready to admit that there is many a true and honourable knight in the field, *sans reproach*; and one more especially over whose editorial chair we used to fancy an angel must be hovering, so gentle and kind were the very severest of those necessary criticisms which fell ever lingeringly from a pen, where mercy guided the sterner hand of justice. The very critics were subdued; and it is related of one who had the management of a provincial paper, of some celebrity, that instead of sitting down to skim the contents of the magazine, and review it in the short space of time allotted him by an extraordinary press of business, he was actually discovered by the compositor, some hours afterwards, reading the article for the third time, and not a line as yet written. But to our story.

In an obscure street in the neighbourhood of London, sat a man in the prime of life, but bearing evident traces on his contracted brow and sternly-compressed lip, of the weary struggle going on within. We shall call him Willoughby—Frederick Willoughby—for it matters little what his real name was, since his dearest friends seemed to have forgotten it. But then he was poor now; so poor, that the small white hands of her who sits watching him with such tearful fondness, have been forced to toil for their daily bread. But now we are unjust, for it is not always so in this, for the most part, happy world of ours!—and misfortunes and trials are good, if they serve to distinguish those who really love and care for us, from the many we have blindly loved; and yet it is hard to see the veil withdrawn from our most cherished illusions, and we must needs weep at the time, even though we smile in after days at our own folly. Thus it was with Mr. Willoughby. A few, and those among the best, yet remained to share and soothe his fallen fortunes; and it may be that in time, the agony of wounded

pride, which led him oftentimes to doubt even those, will pass away before the gentle caresses of her, who has been to him as a guardian angel.

Frederick Willoughby had been brought up heir to one of the largest estates in the kingdom, and early accustomed to every luxury which the most refined taste could imagine or invent, and being an only child, scarcely knew what it was to have a whim contradicted, or a wish controlled. His parents dying when he was yet young, his home became wearisome, in spite of all its splendour, and many years were spent in the excitement of foreign travel; after which he returned to his native land, and married one whose greatest charm, in his eyes, was her meek and gentle spirit; although he was well content that the world should think her beautiful. Even at that time, so stern and exacting was the young suitor, that the girl's family, undazzled by the splendour of the match, seriously remonstrated with her on the risk she ran in placing her happiness in his keeping, while Catherine, secure in her own sweet faith, found arguments wherewith to combat every objection that could be urged. A change had come over her whole life. All that he did or said seemed in her eyes to be "wisest, discreetest, best." Even his very prejudices, and he had many of them, were imbued in part, or disappeared from mere lack of opposition. Her sister laughed and wondered; and the girl laughed sometimes, and marvelled too, but it was only that she should ever have thought differently from what she did now; and it ended in their becoming the happiest couple in the world.

At length, however, there appeared on a sudden a new claimant to the Willoughby estates, and so clear and well-founded was his demand, that the verdict was too fatally anticipated even before it came, and the late occupant quitted the halls of his forefathers, an alien and a beggar. Now it was that the hitherto gentle and timid Catherine became gifted, as it were, with a new and strange power, or rather, those dormant energies which lie hid in the breast of the most fragile, waiting only for time and circumstance to arouse and call them forth, sprang into life. For many weeks, during which her husband was seriously ill,

she thought and acted for both. A quiet, healthy lodging was taken in the neighbourhood of town, and she set to work in right good earnest to devise some means by which that aid might be procured, which her own family were too poor to afford, with justice to themselves—ever a difficult task to such as her. But what is there that perseverance will not in time effect? A bright thought, heaven-directed!—a will to work it out, however much of toil it may cost us, is often all that is needed. The dark cloud which had gathered about her seemed breaking and rolling away; nay, she could even fancy sunshine again in the distance, not the less sweet for the tears of the present tempest.

Poor as they were, that embroidery in which she now found constant employment, (many an aristocratic fair, one not being over scrupulous in passing off the delicate work as her own, which it certainly was since she had paid for it) that embroidery was, perhaps, the only thing which the proud and sensitive invalid could have borne to see her constantly engaged upon, as besides being a graceful and feminine employment, it left her at leisure to talk or sing to him as of old. And if some of their earlier friends should chance to drop in, how were they to know that she was not merely pursuing it for her own amusement, as in times past? It was a false pride, but there were none to chide him for it, Catherine only smiled and was thankful, oh! how thankful! to be permitted to do what she did without wounding a single prejudice, or raising one regretful thought. And at length shamed by her example, he began seriously to struggle with a disease, which was far more mental than bodily; and actually accepted an engagement to give lessons in Italian, at houses where the kind recommendation of his friends procured him both employment and gentle treatment, although many a situation was lost through some fancied insult which his pride resented even before it was offered, save in imagination.

It seems strange how much better women bear reverses of this nature than men, and yet, not so much so if we pause and recall to mind how beautifully their natures are adapted to every circumstance into which it may be

their destiny to fall. The young girl in the home of her forefathers, how glad and joyous she is! And by-and-bye, it may be, she will go cheerfully forth from amidst that loving band, to make the happiness of one who is dearer than all the world, so that henceforth wherever he is, there is *her home*. *Give her but an object for which to toil, whether it be father, mother, husband, children; something to love and care for; and her energies will fail but with life! It is the forsaken, the lonely in heart only, who sit down in their helpless grief, and pray to die!

On the night of which we speak, Mr. Willoughby's work was done, that is, he had given two lessons, and was wearied to death with the stupidity of his pupils, because they could not comprehend in a few weeks what it had taken him months to acquire, and was really grateful to Catherine for not speaking while the mood was on him, but simply placing the magazines containing the articles, which, from hearing so much about he had become anxious to read, on the table before him, go quietly back to her embroidery. And then gradually the brow lost something of its sternness, the languid eye brightened, and he read on in that utter forgetfulness of the outer world which so few writers have power to command.

A little apart sat the patient and industrious wife, her head bent eagerly forward, and her glance rivetted on his countenance with an anxious and fearful intensity, while her cheeks and lips waned to marble paleness. But he heeded not her scrutiny, or he would have been too proud to bear even her to be a witness of his weakness, if it can be called such, and suffered an unbidden tear to rest a moment upon his long eyelashes, ere it fell heavily upon the page before him. And then his companion turned away and bent once more over her embroidery frame, while the colour stole slowly back as the doubt and agony of that moment passed away.

"Beautiful!" exclaimed Willoughby, at length, "this is really beautiful! How strange that none should be found to come forward and own to such gentle and truthful thoughts."

"And yet, the author may have some powerful reason for his silence."

"I cannot think so, nor was the charm of incognito needed to make that popular which must speak at once to every heart. Many of the passages seem so familiar that it almost appears as if I must have dreamt them myself, long ago."

Catherine smiled a bright glad smile.

"It seems to me," continued he, "perfectly absurd for any one to imagine that it could by any possibility have been written by a woman, for how could she ever attain so deep an insight into the human heart?"

"By experience perhaps, or intuition, but oftener the latter, for I verily believe that genius has far more credit given it for observation and research than it ever deserved. And that many have written with a truthful eloquence that seemed even to themselves almost like inspiration, on subjects of which they could have had no previous knowledge. Nay, I question if they had really felt deeply, if they could have expressed themselves half as well. And so you will not give a woman credit for these productions, dear Frederick?"

"I should be sorry to do so, for they would, in that case, lose all charm for me."

"And why?" asked Catherine, gently, as she quitted her work, and knelt down on the low stool by his side, her bright eyes fixed eagerly on his.

"You will laugh at me, but simply for that very superiority which has won for them so much of fame. Why, the authoress must be all her life in a brown study, abstracted and taking notes, while others laugh and enjoy themselves; living not for those who love her, or whom she loves, but for the multitude, whose praise is to repay her for a thousand severed ties of domestic duty and affection. Fancy her a wife, for instance—nay, you need not start and turn so pale, my own gentle Kate! for it is unlikely, and I am merely imagining such a thing possible; why the poor man would be afraid to speak, lest a word might put to flight a whole train of bright-winged ideas. And when in sickness and sorrow she sat in silence by his side, to know that not one thought of him mingled in the dreamy fantasies of her imagination, until recalled at length at the sound of his voice, with almost a sigh

from its fairy-like wanderings. 'Why, all this would drive me mad!'

"But supposing," said Catherine, "as it seems to me it needs must be, that every flight of imagination, every train of thought were hallowed and brightened by some such clause as this, 'What will he think of that which I am about to write? Are the sentiments such as he would approve?' or more confidently still, 'I will struggle early and late—I will achieve fame—but for his sake only, and that he may be proud of me!'"

"But what woman ever stopped here in the career of her literary ambition?"

"Many—every one whose anchor has been cast upon a rock and not on the sand! The love of fame, merely for its own sake, is unnatural and unwomanly, and nine times out of ten has its root in bitterness and disappointment!"

"Well, thank God, at any rate, you are not an authoress!" said Willoughby, wearying of the subject, "if it had been so, I know not what would have become of me." And as he stooped down to kiss the white brow which bent meekly towards him, he noticed not that her tears fell quick and heavily.

Fast flew the hours, and faster still the busy fingers of that young wife, while she talked or sang, and anon grew silent, according to the changeable mood of her companion; putting by her work, and preparing their frugal supper, the moment he complained of fatigue, after which they retired early, as was their usual custom. But when her husband slept, again did Catherine steal forth, and wrapped in her warm dressing-gown, sit down quietly to her tasks until dawn, else how could they have subsisted so long upon that poorly remunerated embroidery, or his few and uncertain pupils? But men have little notion of these things, and Willoughby never for an instant suspected what was going on, although the pale cheek and hollow eyes of his devoted companion often made him tremble; the more especially when he remembered how many of her family had fallen victims to that hereditary curse which clings to generation after generation, hastening its hosts and fairest to an early grave.

Mr. Willoughby had a distant rela-

tive, a lawyer of some eminence in his profession, and moreover a kind-hearted man, with both the means and inclination to assist him, if he had entertained the slightest idea how poor they often were. But Catherine always looked so smiling and happy when he called, and invariably found her at her embroidery, with its costly silks scattered around, and her husband engaged with his books, or just returned from what he called his morning walk, (and a pretty long one it was, all the way to Hampstead, to the last remaining pupil,) that he never once suspected how matters were going on, and Willoughby was well content that it should be so. Nevertheless, his young relatives were unforgotten, and he had been actively engaged for some time past in the investigation of a certain clause in the document by which the new heir held possession, the illegality of which once proved, would restore them back to their former owner. But then, the difficulty was to prove it; and much money appeared for a time to be utterly wasted in fruitless research, during which period Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby were kept in entire ignorance of the exertions making in their behalf; until one bright summer day the good lawyer entered their humble abode, and bore them back in triumph to the ancient halls of Willoughby.

We shall not attempt to describe the scene that followed, and yet, as every earthly happiness must, it had its drawback, in the daily increasing illness of Catherine. Had they continued poor she would, most likely, have borne up to the last, and died at length without a murmur; but now that the stimulus to exertion was removed, she felt her own weakness, and the devoted wife, who had toiled night and day, scarcely conscious of fatigue, pined and sickened in her splendid home, like a crushed flower. Willoughby's worst fears were confirmed, the physicians mentioned consumption, and recommended a removal to a warmer climate, the beneficial effects of which were soon visible in her improved health and spirits; and then who so happy as that young couple, endeared to each other by trial and suffering, and ready to look upon all things, as it were, through that gold-tinted glass which touches and hallows

every object with a portion of its own light!

But we are forgetting, in the interest of our narrative, an event which took place in the literary world, and bears upon the subject with which this sketch commenced. The mysterious articles so long and regularly published, and so anxiously looked out for, suddenly ceased; while the editor, in answer to numerous inquiries on the subject, could not venture to promise that they would ever be renewed; nay, he thought it most probable that they never would—and it is said that the good man was observed to twinkle away a tear as he spoke. No clue could be gained from him, however, as to this tantalizing mystery, and many felt very much as we must all have done on the first reading of Coleridge's wild fragment of "Christabel," a half wish that he had either finished, or not written it at all, exquisitely beautiful as it is—nay, for that very reason.

The intelligence that the articles in question had really and totally ceased, was first communicated to the Willoughbys by some countrymen who joined them at Florence, amidst the usual accompaniment of vague guesses and comments.

"Depend upon it," said one, "it is a mere *ruse-de-guerre* on the part of either author or publisher; and after a time we shall have him appearing again with all his laurels, ready to take the world by storm with some striking and original conception!"

"Or it may be," added another, "that the writer is dead, for such seldom live long!"

Catherine sighed heavily, and leant her burning brow against the cool marble fountain near where they stood.

"I am sorry," said Mr. Willoughby, "that those haunting thoughts which came ever like familiar things, should be so suddenly hushed. It seems almost as though one had lost a friend, for whose voice it was so pleasant to look and listen at stated times. And yet in a few years—it may even be a few months—the very existence of those papers will be forgotten, and superseded by some fresh novelty; and the mystery die out before it is solved. How miserably must those authors be rewarded who have no higher motive than the mere love of popularity!"

And he was right—another nine days' wonder sprung up on the grave of its predecessor, and some few years afterwards it was only in moments of idleness, or in country places, where a number of an old magazine is a perfect blessing, that one became suddenly absorbed in an article of such thrilling interest as to woo you into utter forgetfulness of all outward things, until you lay down the book at length with a sigh, certain of finding nothing like it in the present periodical literature of the day, and in a humour to be pleased with every thing and every body, viewing all nature, as it were, through the medium of one sunny spirit! We do not intend, however, to leave our gentle readers in that tantalizing state of uncertainty which we have before attempted to describe, but will give them glimpses of a deep and hidden mystery, never openly revealed to the world at large, even to this day.

On a low couch, overlooking a green peaceful valley, in her own dear England, lay the dying Catherine. For years had that most fluctuating and treacherous of all diseases, deceived and tampered with the hopes and fears of those who loved and watched over her with such tender care—now in joyous anticipation of a speedy recovery, and anon bowed down with anguish and despair—while the invalid felt all along that the doom was upon her, but could not find courage to dissipate, by a single word, those fond and anxious hopes which garnered her around, as though thinking thus to keep her to themselves. But now the fiat had gone forth from other lips, and the physician issued that fatal mandate, which, seeming all gentleness, has its origin in a deep conviction of the utter uselessness of earthly aid—"let her have her own way in all things!" She only asked to be suffered to die at home, and thither they accordingly bore her.

The eyes were closed, and Willoughby, fancying that she slept, gazed long and tearfully upon the changed face of his young and gentle-hearted wife, on which rested a sad and anxious expression, marring its otherwise divine beauty. She looked up at length, and catching his glance in all its doubtful agony, smiled faintly, and tried to speak those low and soothing words which seemed now to have lost

all power to calm, for they were words only, and he knew it.

"Are we alone?" asked the invalid, in a whisper.

"Yes—what would you?"

"Frederic, I cannot die without confessing something which has long lain heavy on my mind: I have deceived and disobeyed your positive wishes and commands; and yet, if you knew all, I think you would forgive me!"

"Then tell me all, dearest!" and his look of confiding love gave her courage to proceed. But we prefer relating the tale she told him with so many tears, and meek, deprecating looks, after our own fashion.

Long before she knew Frederic Willoughby, Catherine had been in the habit of writing little domestic poems, and *jeux-d'esprit* of local interest, for the amusement of herself and family, a few of which had at various times found their way into different periodicals, and been duly criticised as the productions of one who, with evident talent, had as evidently very much to learn; at all of which sage comments the girl laughed heartily, and kept her own secret. But when a new epoch commenced, as it were, in her existence, and young Willoughby, with his usual stern decision of manner, happened casually to express the insurmountable prejudices he had conceived against all literary women, bringing a thousand things to prove the justice of his argument, until poor Catherine, in whose eyes his judgment must needs be infallible, wept and trembled like a guilty thing; and when her lover quitted her at length, proceeded immediately to empty her desk of all its long-accumulated store of literary treasures, and consign them, without a murmur, to the flames. There was the plan of a novel, a half-finished tragedy, and an epic poem, dashed off in the inspiration of the moment, with so rapid a pen, that it was quite evident no one but herself would have been able to decipher it. Nay, she even tore out her own effusions from her sister's album, and many a page beside in various authors, on whose blank surface she had hastily noted down her bright thoughts; and although wanting courage to confess the past, after all that he had said upon the subject, determined within

herself that no temptation should ever induce her to offend again. It was, nevertheless, a hard trial at times, as all who have got into the habit of versifying, as it has been called, can testify, when a word, or a flower, or a moonlight night, or even a fit of temporary depression, conjures up a thousand images in the brain, which almost find words for themselves, and are far more easy to express than repress; or when a birthday came round, which for years she had been wont to commemorate in music, that came straight from a heart overflowing with affection, and had to be passed over without the accustomed tribute. And yet she kept her inward vow inviolate, and would have done so to the last, but for that change of circumstance which plunged them at once from affluence to poverty.

The possibility of turning her early talents to some account flashed upon her all of a sudden, and surely the cause must hallow the act even in his eyes. A paper was accordingly written while she watched through the long midnight hours by the bedside of her suffering husband, pregnant with sad and beautiful thoughts, and forwarded to one of the leading periodicals of the day, the editor of which accepted it at once, expressing at the same time a desire for a personal interview, and a wish that the name of the author should be appended. But when he heard poor Catherine's simple tale, and gazed upon her young fair face, the heart of the good old man was touched, and he not only consented to her preserving her incognito, but offered such terms as she had not dared, in her wildest moments, even to hope for. It was the only time they ever met.

As it might have been expected, Catherine's second article was less sombre—the natural playfulness of her genius was no longer pressed down by doubt and struggling poverty, as is too often the case, and she wrote in a glad bright spirit, that fell on the minds of others like a species of mental sunshine, and held them in thrall from month to month, until the spell broke at last and for ever! She had achieved fame; but of what worth was it to her though all the world should praise, if one, and that one all the world to her, was dissatisfied?

Nothing—or worse than nothing!—Unclaimed—unsought—its brightest wreaths were flung aside, and sacrificed un murmuringly at the altar of affection, and the end gained for which alone she had thought and toiled, she was content—nay, even glad to retire once again into rest and obscurity. The only remembrance of the past which ever haunted poor Catherine was its deception, and the one secret which love and fear had induced her to keep from Willoughby, lest he should confound even her in his bitter hatred against all literary women. But now the weight is off her heart—she has told him all, and he knelt down by the bedside, and wept like a child. What!—hate her—his own good, gentle-hearted and devoted Kate! Impossible! Forgive her—why it is he who needs forgiveness, for his bitter and causeless prejudices. And now, happy in the consciousness of his affection, she became suddenly silent, while a smile still lingered on the parted lips—a smile which never left them again. That night the spirit of the young and gifted passed away from earth!

Looking abroad into the world, we see too much reason to fear that Frederic Willoughby's faith is far from being an uncommon one, and was much struck the other day by meeting with the following passage, in the works of one, herself an authoress, and whose talents we greatly admire. Speaking of literary women, she says, "In seasons of depression, of wounded

feeling, when her spirit yearns to sit in solitude, or even in darkness, so that it may be still, to know and feel that the very essence of that spirit, now embodied in a palpable form, has become an article of sale and bargain, tossed over from the hands of one workman to another, free alike to the touch of the prince and the peasant, and no longer to be recalled at will by the original possessor, let the world receive it as it may!" And why should we recall it, if the essence of that spirit comprised within itself the good and the true?—if, in those seasons of depression, we have at least this hope, that others may be soothed and made better—O! glorious thought!—by our written testimony—if we can all exclaim with the good Jean Paul Richter—"In the coldest hour of existence—in the last hour—O! ye who have so often misunderstood me, I can lift up my hand and swear that I have never, at my writing-table, sought any thing else than the good and beautiful, so far as my circumstances and powers permitted me in any measure to attain, and that I have often erred, perhaps, but seldom sinned." For ourselves, we verily believe with Carlyle, "that of all priesthoods, aristocracies, and governing classes, at present extant in the world, there is no class comparable for importance to the priesthood of the writers of books," so that they can be brought rightly to understand the true spirit of their high and holy vocation.



WILLS'S POETICAL WORKS.*

It is not easy to imagine states of mind more entirely in contrast than those experienced by the man who, yielding to the suggestions of his own fancy, creates a poetical work, and who at some after period, thinks of it chiefly with reference to its effect on others. If there be any process of the mind whatever, in which a man is alone with his own thoughts—in which the world and its judgments are entirely excluded from consideration, it is in the act of clothing with language, and giving permanence to the shifting phantoms of individual consciousness. Pure science is in its nature different—rather, however, with reference to the materials on which the mind is occupied, than with reference to the mental process itself. In pure science all that belongs to man's sensuous nature is excluded. We cannot conceive of science, as different in its laws with reference to the different orders of intelligent beings—angel or man—who may be supposed employed in the investigation. All that is peculiar to Man is excluded. Mind—mind alone is concerned. To angel or man purely scientific truth is for ever the same.

Is poetry in its essence distinct from purely scientific truth? It is hard so to shape the question as to exclude the possibility of mistake as to its meaning, and supposing it distinctly stated, it is not easy to give an answer. There is, we think, little doubt that in the highest exercise of the imagination, the mental process differs little in a Milton and a Newton. There is little doubt that in the creation of poetry of the highest class, the imaginative power excludes all thought of external things as entirely as is done by the mind of the philosopher in dealing with his abstractions. But to the highest region to which the poet ascends in thought, his human nature

accompanies him; it is still man with man's feelings and affections; the spirit of humanity elevated and imbued with the light of the world to which it has ascended. The language of communication, however, in the case of the poet, is always, in its calmer hour, addressed to those who have not accompanied him to the higher region of his thoughts. For their sake is symbol, and imagery, and allegory, and all that imperfect revelation by words of what words and imagery must, after all, intimate rather than express. In how many things are poetry and religion identical—

"The name
Of prophet and of poet is the same."

Wordsworth—the most thoughtful poet of our age, and, except Goethe, the greatest—regards Faith and Imagination as but names of the same power. We are unwilling altogether to adopt the language of the poem which we transcribe—still it will assist in exemplifying what we mean:—

"Weak is the will of man, his judgment blind;
Remembrance persecutes, and Hope betrays:
Heavy is woe;—and joy, for human kind
A mournful thing so transient is the blaze!"
Thus might HE paint our lot of mortal days,
Who wants the glorious faculty assigned
To elevate the more-than-reasoning mind,
And colour life's dark cloud with orient rays.
Imagination is that sacred power,
Imagination lofty and refined:
'Tis her's to pluck the amaranthine flower
Of Faith, and round the sufferer's temples bind
Wreaths that endure afflictions heaviest shower,
And do not shrink from sorrow's keenest wind."

Spenser, too, or the poet, whose "Elegy, or Friend's Passion for his Astrophill,"† is printed in Spenser's collection of poems on the death of Sir Philip Sidney, seems to regard poetry and religion, as in truth, exercises of the same high faculty, which assumes a different name, according to the object with which it is engaged, but which in none loses sight of human nature—

* *Dramatic Sketches and other Poems.* By the Rev. James Wills, A.M. Small 8vo. 1845.

† The poem which we quote from was by Matthew Roydon. See Nash's Preface to Greene's "Arcadia;" and Todd's Spenser, Vol. VIII.

"Within these woods of Arcadie
He chief delight and pleasure took,
And on the mountain Parthenie,
Upon the crystal liquid brook,
The Muses met him every day,

"When he descended down the mount
His countenance seemed most divine;
A thousand graces one might count
Upon his lovely, cheerful eyes:
To hear him speak and sweetly smile,
You were in Paradise the while.

"A sweet attractive kind of grace,
A full assurance given by looks,
Continual comfort in a face,
The lineaments of gospel books,
I trow that countenance cannot lie,
Whose thoughts are written in the eye.

"Was never eye did see that face,
Was never ear did hear that tongue,
Was never mind did mind his grace,
That ever thought the travel long;
But eyes, and ears, and every thought,
Were with his sweet perfections caught."

We have transcribed more of this poem than is quite applicable to our purpose, but it is not always easy to stop at the very word one would wish in a quotation; and the affectionate tone of the old rhymers tempted us on. The great German poet, Schiller, makes the distinction between art and pure science to consist in the element of humanity being always essentially involved in every work of art, and in every judgment on such work; and this element being excluded in all that is properly called science. In this distinction we think him unquestionably right. It seems plain to us that this has not been sufficiently considered by writers to whom it is impossible to deny the high praise of being almost martyrs to their love of truth. In the late Blanco White's "Letters on Heresy and Orthodoxy," we think he has been misled by regarding some of the topics which he examined, with reference to the laws of pure science excluding the element of man's peculiar nature. In revelation, supposing the communication to be to man, and on subjects connected with man's moral being, the truths taught can never be those of pure science.

In the *higher* domain of Imagination—the realm of Faith—where *man* is made a witness of things unspeakable, and which angels vainly desire to look into, all sense of individual consciousness may be supposed lost. The truths there addressed to the human spirit are true to every human spirit. The world of poetry

to this extent differs; while its light is from that better heaven, yet even in its highest elevation the individual himself, with his affections and passions, is for ever present. "Poetry," as is well expressed by the author of this volume, "when it flows from a pure and voluntary source, is itself a portion and a picture of the mind."

This is happily expressed. And never were there volumes which more truly exhibit the individual mind of an author than those before us. It is, we believe, Goethe who disregards all poems whatever which are not the product of the moment. Occasional poems are, in his estimate, the only ones that can be regarded as flowing from true and genuine feeling. One snatch of song—of Burns's or Shakespeare's—is worth all the verses written with malice prepense that have ever been fabricated. Does this imply that poetry should not be a study? If it imply anything, it is just the reverse. The feelings of the true poet spontaneously express themselves in song, because poetry has never ceased to be a study with him—because its language expresses his habitual temper of thought—because, could you see the whole mind, you would see fountains of love and truth—that is, of poetry—of which all that has found its way into light, for the most part, is but the doubtful and feeble indication. A true poet, when his works tell of the world within his breast, cannot be thought of but with love.

The demand for sympathy is, we believe, the strongest motive for the utterance—in words—of poetic feeling; it is, we were near saying, the only genuine motive for publication. But we are corrected in this form of expression by the language of Mr. Wills.

"The instinctive impulse of the thoughtful spirit to perpetuate and build monuments for itself; the more just desire to enlarge its communion with those of its own frame and order; the wish to extend the impressions it deeply feels; to avouch, illustrate, and make way for truths it reveres; and to add something to the great and various structure of human thought; these are desires which, though least expressed, and not always distinctly recognised, are implanted for useful purposes, and hold in the mind a place co-ordinate with its range of feeling and exertion. I do not

look for gain—popularity I hold at its real worth; but I am not without a hope that what I have written will tell on many minds."

The poems in the volume entitled "Dramatic Sketches," &c., are a selection from the compositions of many years, and in all is exhibited the same tranquil, aspiring, and yet resigned temper and spirit. There are perpetual references to outward nature, and indications of a heart that has habitually communed with itself. Yet nothing is seen in isolation, nothing concealed or thrown into shade by false colouring. There is a tenderness of expression which relieves the sort of hermit feeling in which many of the smaller poems are conceived, for in the midst of great playfulness of fancy, we sometimes think we catch a tone which tells rather of resignation than of happiness. This is, perhaps, the necessary result of our reading at the same time poems written at remote intervals, and connected by no other link than the unity of the mind from which they have proceeded.

We select from these poems a few passages illustrative of what we have said—adopting, as far as we can trace it, the order of time in which the poems from which our selections are made, were written. The following passage, of exceeding beauty, was evidently written in early youth. The strong contrasts between the gladness of spring and the ruins of some deserted city, the exultation of hope struck dumb in an instant, as if hope were actually blotted out of the world, is one of those passages which tells of the time of life in which it must have been written.

A fallen city is described in some far desert. It is an ancient place,

Recalling some dark legend of towers built
—Balbec or stately Tadmor, cities old—
By Solomon in his glory. Oh! to gaze
Upon the pillared wrecks—lonely monuments
Of times that were, but are not, till all things,
By deep association of the heart,
Turn to its loneliness, and weep around!
Till seems as if the melancholy sky
Had long been still above those desolate hills,
Fixed into sadness in the same dread hour
That laid their beauties low!

We have selected this passage from one of Mr. Willa's earlier poems, not alone for its beauty, but for the curious fact that, while the language and versification is plainly affected, and we think

injuriously, by his study of Milton, nothing can be more remarkable than the originality of the passage in its conception; and if we except the line—

"Balbec or stately Tadmor—cities old,"

or rather the two last words of the line, which bring the architecture of Milton's verse too distinctly before us, there is nothing whatever to disturb the feeling which the poet has succeeding in creating in the first few lines. We are affected by these lines, and the kind of resemblance which the structure of the verse bears to Milton in the same way as by a passage in one of Coleridge's earlier poems, where beauties of the same kind and order as in the passage we have just quoted, are obscured or hidden by the adoption of Milton's manner. After describing the tasks of such angelic spirits as may be supposed engaged in ministering to the purposes of the Deity, and evolving the process of eternal good, he adds:—

'And what if some rebellious o'er dark realms
Arrogate power? Yet these train up to God,
And on the rude eye unconfirmed for day
Flash meteor lights better than total gloom;
As, ere from Licule-Olive's vapoury head
The Laplander beholds the far-off sun
Dart his slant beam on unbeying snows,
While yet the stern and solitary night
Brooks no alternate sway, the Boreal Morn,
With mimic lustre, substitutes its gleam,
Guiding his course or by Niemi lake,
Or Baldashlok, or the mossy stone
Of Solfax Kapper."

COLERIDGE.—*Destiny of Nations.*

In the poem from which we have made these selections, nothing can be more loose than the associations which connect the thoughts. The state of dreaming, when we are conscious that we dream, most resembles that enchanted time of life—alas! too short—in which our poet, and it may be said every poet, has lived. But where has it been described so happily as here? The fancies, "unchecked and undetained," which float before him, for ever present images of solemnity and tenderness. We really know nothing whatever, in the works of any writer, more perfectly true to nature than the following passage, in which this state of being is described, and the beauties of the beautiful scenery in which the poet lived, made to bear their part in the enchantment.

"I slept in the Dargle, and as slumber drew
Its curtain o'er the gates of sense, methought
The vision of my waking sight lay still
Around me—but in death. *The woody steep
Lay colourless beneath, and the swift stream
Went noiseless, like dim Lethe's dreamy course,*
Oblivious through the fields of death! All seemed
Like a dread waking from the beautiful dream
Of life's fair pictured fantasies; and soon
I high o'er the scene with many formless things
I felt myself upborne."

The vision is, like Mirza's, a picture of human life; but the purpose for which we quote the lines does not render it necessary to proceed with the passage. Mark, however, the awakening from the dream:—

"The lark sang loud in heaven—the noonday sun
Shed its benign and holy radiance
Over the vital world—the vernal breeze
Swept freshly over wood and glittering stream,
And whispering with the waters, cheerily
Drove sadness from the soul; yet strangely still
The shadows of my slumber seemed to peer
Through all the vernal scene, but ill concealed,
Like phantoms glaring thro' life's thin bright mist.

Poems which the result of studious self-observation is the subject, require too direct a sympathy from the reader. No poetry, it is true, can proceed from any other source; still there is an absolute necessity for any one who would paint the mind to seem to describe that of another, and even that rather by describing acts, than feelings. What we say must, of course, be understood subject to numerous exceptions. Poetry may express passion or feeling; but the effort to analyse and explain passion or feeling is, we think, essentially the exercise of a different mental power; and there is something even unhealthy in watching too distinctly the mental process—something that we would shrink from altogether if it were not that the poet is amused, as it were, by thinking of himself as another and the same. He will speak with exultation of his activity in boyhood, perhaps of his triumphs in manhood, when old age has made it plain that such triumphs can no longer be his; but there can be no doubt if the feelings of recurring to old times is to be indulged, that a dramatic or narrative form, in which the poet is lost as an individual, would be better than such a form as the soliloquy. The stage which we have described, in which this self-observation is the *immediate* subject of the poet's occu-

pation, is one through which it is impossible that the young poet should not pass. And a man's not indulging in the description of this process, depends in reality rather on the fact, whether he is prevented by accidental circumstances at the period of life when the process is going on from writing much, than on anything else. The almost unconscious effort to escape from this state of dream is described by our author. A true love of nature—a feeling of

"Something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,"

recognised as identical in kind, yet distinct from ourselves, gives the first impulse; or, in Wills's words—

"At times a flash of pure intelligence
Reveals through darkness the fair images
Of beauty and perfection—glorious shapes
And everlasting in the PARENT MIND!
And then the ardent soul, lifted above
Th' infirmities of clay, feels an intense
Spirit of love possess it; a most deep
And beautiful abstraction from itself
And earth!—yet all that earth has pure and good,
Viewing with eyes of joy and tenderness.

Who has not felt the young adventurous thought
Burn to explore all climes? Scarce knowing why
The fancied flower of Persian groves is fair
Beyond all it has known; or why 'twere bliss
To see the firmament of night arise
With unknown stars, o'er unaccustomed shores!"

The next poem from which we quote was written some ten or twelve years after. It is called *Recollections of Early Life*.† It is in a calm, tranquil tone; yet the tone of one who has known adversity, and to whom resignation is a more familiar feeling than hope. The stanza is, through the greater part of the poem, that of Spenser, with some slight variations introduced seemingly for the purpose of preventing the effect of the music being broken when the stanzas now and then run into each other. Whenever the poem is reprinted, we think this ought to be corrected, although the alteration, which is nothing more than not always closing the stanza with an Alexandrine, is certainly well conceived for the author's purpose. The Alexandrine is found very often by Spenser himself exceedingly cumbersome, and is an unauthorised deviation from the Italian models which he imi-

* Wordsworth.

† Printed in the same volume as "The Disembodied." Longman. 1831.

tated, yet any interruption of the sequence of sounds to which the reader's ear becomes attuned, creates the effect of disappointment. The implied engagement of the poet is, that whatever caprices he may indulge must be within certain preappointed limits; and he might almost as soon think of producing effects by the introduction of words of another language, as by alterations of the stanza in which we understand him to be writing. However, the example of the poets who were our teachers when Wills was young, is perhaps to blame for this.

"Being born as free as these,
I will sing as I shall please,"

was no unnatural claim for him to have made and acted upon. Still we must enter our protest against such usurpation.

"I stood in twilight by the forest still—
What time the heron o'er the darkling air,
With cloudy plinon and with clangor shrill,
Alone disturbed the gathering stillness there—
And gazed upon the west; while evening fair
Went as the spirit of a dream; and night,
In starry dimness o'er this world of care,
Stole on with drowsy wheel—till past from sight
The last fair glimpses of day, the rear of parting light."

The poet is led by an easy analogy to think of scenes of earlier life:—

"Dreams no earthly sunshine can restore.

"And sounds will rise, and forms forgotten start,
And scenes return—but tinged with slier gleams,
As distance doth its shadowy tints impart—
"Till waking thoughts melt slowly into dreams
Of foregone life; whose old-world glory seems

"To glow round creatures of an earlier date—
A brighter heaven and earth—a land more fair,
Where all seemed made to soothe and captivate,
And nature a perpetual smile to wear:
And—if on earth—the flowers of Eden there
Enamelled tufted knoll, and dewy mound,
With balm and brightness never known elsewhere;
And wonder dwelt in that enchanted ground;
And love and beauty brooded silently around.

"So dream we fondly, that which cannot be.
The world is as it was in that gay time,
When, viewing its untried existence, we,
As they around our parent knees who climb,
Saw life without its ill, without its crime,
And noisy competition, harsh and rude.
The world's high dis-came o'er us, as the chime
Of some vast city's minster, the far food
Of traveller's ear through morning solitude,

"To some thronged mart he knows not; so we were
Lured on, we knew not whither; Hope, our guide,
Interpreting all things to promise fair,
And hurrying onward to a scene untried.
Like those most frail translucent things, which
glide,

Sun-sparkling, o'er the water's limpid glass,
Smooth, radiant, swift—until a noisy tide
Receive them, in its bosom lost; alas!
Like them, we hardly mix—like them unheeded
pass.

"Think we of moments, when it was not thus,
When strange neglect, unkindness were unknown;
When softest words and hands solicitous,
When anxious eyes around our pillow shone,
If on our cheek a paler tint seemed thrown—
Looks, which have left the heart no trace unkin!—
Words, which to think on makes us more alone—
Hearts, which we loved not half enough—
"Till memory casts her longing look behind,

And asks where are they? In life's thronged resort,
What arms like theirs, our wearied footsteps wait:

Our dreams of youth
Yield to the chill touch of awakening care—
The moment comes at last when Time speaks truth,
When Winters wither more than Springs repair,
And the heart owns—we are not what we were."

The "*Disembodied*" is probably the next in order of time of Mr. Wills's poems. The same thoughtful spirit, speculating over plans of untried life, speaks in this work. But here it assumes the form of distinct narrative, and the poet's own mind is in a less degree his subject than in his former writings. The hero of the poem has married early, to displease his father, as they say in Ireland. If this were the motive, it was perfectly successful, and the father leaves the young people for years to struggle with poverty. The gift of imagination, with which the son is richly endowed, and the passion of love, which makes every man for the time a poet, unite to render the dwelling of the wedded pair happy. The cadence of the verse in this poem is often singularly pleasing. It is in something not unlike that which Spenser* has used, when writing in imitation of the rhythmical movement of Chaucer's lines—a form of versification that in our own day has been rendered familiar to the ear by Coleridge's inspired fragments of "Christabel," and Hogg's "Kilmeny." To our own ear Spenser's seems a truer music than that even of Coleridge; and we cannot but think that Chaucer's own introduction, every now and then, of a line strictly metrical, and not, as far as we can judge, at all constructed on what has been called the rhythmical principle, adds greatly to

* The poem to which we refer is printed in Craik's "*Sketches of Literature and Learning in England*," a book which we feel it an absolute duty to quote, as, from the very unassuming form in which it has been published, and its being published as part of a series, its great merit and originality are not unlikely to be less distinctly brought before the public than they deserve. *Sketches of Literature and Learning*, Vol. III. p. 80. *Knight's Weekly Volume*.

the effect. In the discussions on Chaucer's versification this fact has been unnoticed, but is we think abundantly certain. The German poets,—Goethe, and more often Wieland—adopt this variety. In the Oberon the effect is often very graceful. Our recollection of English poetry suggests but one writer who adopts the principle which we mention, in the structure of English verse. We have not yet poems to refer to; but we can scarcely be under any mistake in saying, that in Miss Holford's poem of Wallace, many examples of what we mean will be found. We must not, however, linger in such discussions, or occupy with speculations of our own the space that may better be given to extracts from our author.

The first golden days of wedded love are described. Then poverty follows, domestic discomfort, and finally madness. But the madness is lit with bursts of glorious imagination, and then comes calm of spirit, accompanied with a vision, exhibiting in what would seem a removal to other spheres the true condition of man's life. As "The Disembodied" soars above the city, and the court, and the camp, he learns the vanities of all, and is led to see that, if his lot be unhappy, that of his brothers of mankind is not very different. We transcribe a few lines from the canto which is called the "Departure":—

"By a light cloud on the morning sky,
I saw the sky-lark wing—
"Twas but a glance, I saw it fly
In the blue light hovering;
"Twas but a thought, I stood on high
Beside the airy thing!
Loud it sung, but it saw not me,
As I looked abroad over land and sea.
Little bird, were it in thy breast,
The busy spirit might find its rest;
To float like thee on trembling wing,
And to the heavens thus wildly sing:
Heard below like a thing divine;

"There is no care in that song of thine!
I felt strange pleasure, so to meet
The small live bird on my dreamlike way:
And the beam of its small wild eye was sweet,
As it swiftly glanced in the morning ray.
It little thought, while it scattered round
Its joyous fits of unearthly sound,
That its next-door neighbour, so lone and high,
Was a thing so sad and so strange as I:
On it rose, without crime or care,
And its lay was lost in the fields of air.

Mr. Wills's "Dramatic Sketches" are only in form dramatic, with the exception of that entitled "The last days of Nero." The "Court of Darkness" and the "Daughters of Time"

are not so much dramas as efforts thus to present, under a convenient mask, moods of his own mind. The first adopts the old form of the Mystery; and, under the names of Sammael, Nisrock, Aza, and Thammuz, human passions weave their fantastic illusions, and assuming the guise of fallen angels, draw away their votaries to the various objects of man's misdirected devotion. The other is more of the nature of the Old Morality, where the capricious mask of allegory was the poet's favourite resort, and thus we find Custom and Change, the Daughters of Time, discussing important questions of Church and State, which, in one shape or another, are for ever agitating mankind. It would not greatly surprise us if this become, from its subject, the most popular poem in the volume.

The smaller poems in this volume are all of exceeding beauty. Many of them will be familiar to readers who have never heard the name of Mr. Wills, for they have been originally printed in one periodical publication or another, and then in almost every collection of poetry published in England or America. "The Ring-Dove" and "The Skylark" have been thus very often reprinted, and it was a positive duty to himself of Mr. Wills to have recalled and reclaimed the fugitives.

We transcribe some lines on the death of a relative:—

"I saw them round thy pallet keep
That watch of silent woe,
When saddest tears for those they weep:
Whose tears have ceased to flow:
Thy features calmly seem to tell
That with the parted all is well!

"O it was strange—when all beside
Seemed wrapt in deep distress—
To see thy beauty still abide
In tearless loveliness:
'Twas an unwonted sight to see
Thy features speak no sympathy.

"From thy pale temple, calm and high,
Death's passing pang had flown;
And that heart-smile we knew thee by
Its tender light had thrown
Round thy closed lips, and o'er thee shed
The calmness of the holy dead."

The "Summer Cloud" is not unlike Goethe's best manner.

"High on a shadowy hill, in upper air
I lay, revolving, in my wonted mood,
Dream after dream—fancies that mote-like hovered
Buoyant and gay in the glad-beam of thought.
'Twas a bright morn in June, and all the summer
Breathed from the lowlands and the mountain-side

Its breath of fragrance and its notes of joy.
The voices of pastures from the fields beneath,
Tuned by deep distance and the rocky echoes,
Rose up like music of the Arcadian vale:
Overhead the warbling of the lark's high lay
Sent down wild snatches of ethereal song:
The deep, continuous hum of insect life
Filled the soft air around. Yet, most of all,
The loneliness of sweet repose prevailed,
And a still sunshine of mysterious gladness
Slept on the summer heav'n, and fell around
The brown expanse of bright and shadowy hills,
And through the inmost bosom penetrated
With secret influence of joy and love.
'Twas a fair hour!—but, like such hours, too soon
It past into the shade of pensive thought,
And left behind it sadness. While I gazed
On the sunned azure of the overvaulting heavens,
A train of light ethereal clouds were borne
Upon some current of the upper air,
Bidding with silvery and transparent arch
The blue crystalline. On the skyey bridge,
Across the broad unmeasured firmament,
Legions of shadowy forms came travelling,
Even in the fashion of my fancy's mood;
So like my youth's fond hopes, and yet so fleeting,
That I had well nigh wept to be so mocked!

First, as thameemory of early years,
A dim train, from the eastern verge appearing,
Rose upward into sunshine—as they came,
Gathering more life-like beauty: till they grew
All radiant, and the glorious morn of youth,
Sweet with soft expectations, rich with hopes,
Glowed on their deepening masses: mildly then
The young-eyed purple pomp of nuptial hours
Looked down with starry smile—and slowly melted
Into a sterner beauty: Power and Glory
Came charioted aloft, in airy splendour—
With steed-borne state and martial pageantry
In specious glitter, up the blue arch floating,
And brightening vaguely onward, till they reached
The skyey summit of the ethereal bridge,
Then, slowly darkening into shapeless clouds,
They passed into confusion. So rolled on
That endless lapse of transitory forms:
Like waves of being o'er the sea of time,
They rolled across the calm unruffled heaven,
Leaving no trace—but their brief path was filled
With other apparitions vain as they."

The "Wild Geese" is still more fanciful—perhaps better:—

"I well remember, in my boyish time,
Once in the noon of some late autumn day,
I stood abroad, and gazed upon a flight
Of wild geese, thro' the dark blue depth aloft,
Steering their skyey voyage high in heaven,
As if from some far realm to realm afar—
For their wild notes came down th' ethereal steep,
Even as the music of some foreign land.

"It now seems strange; yet from that very hour
The love of travel entered in my soul.
These fowls, thought I, are lost from India,
Or broad Euphrates, and the Persian straits;
And seek the populous empire of the Cathay.
Haply, the smooth Cayster's song-lor'd stream,
Or roedy Minotus, hath loved their plumes;
Or from the vale where sweet Meander winds,
Or ancient Peneus glides, they took their way.

"How gloriously they steer their fleet free flight
Through the thin azure! with their snowy wing,
Like specks of sunshine, starring the dark vault,
Sublimely high; far seen from many a vale,
And many a mighty city as they pass,
Making serial music in mid-heaven.

"And oh! the wild and lovely scenes and sights
They from on high survey. What shores and seas!
What summer islands yet untrod by man!

"Twere a fair sight to see their halting-place,
That last lone spot—for lone the place must be
Where you far flight shall rest—or where, at morn,
They rose with sounding pinions winding up
The marbled steep upon their airy way.

But our selections, which are growing too numerous, must somewhere end, and we close our task reluctantly with the following lines:—

"The watchlight from thy bower, love,
Sends out its distant ray,
Through tempest, and through shower, love,
To guide and cheer my way.
There's not a star in all the night,
When heav'n from clouds is free,
So lovely to the sailor's sight,
As that lone star to me.

"With glimmering beam it tells, love,
The only spot of ground
Where my wayworn spirit dwells, love,
This weary world around.
Where'er I roam from there afar,
No place of rest I see,
Till the light of Home—thy gentle star,
Breaks thro' the night to me.

"It tells of faith unbroken, love,
Of tender pledges shared—
Of vows in fondness spoken, love,
Still warm and unimpaired.
It tells of thoughts too true to roam,
When I am far from thee;
'Tis all the blessed light of Home,
Once more—once more, to me.

"And while through night alone, love,
I speed with anxious care,
It tells from far, my own love,
That thou art watching there.
It sets the life-blood beating high,
The footsteps springing free,
While I wish the wings of doves to fly
More swiftly home to thee."

TO THE SAME.

"Believe not I forget thee; not for one
Dark moment has my breast been so abandoned
By that fixed consciousness, that with its life
So long hath been as one. Away from thee,
My heart is self-divided, ever seeking
The loadstar of its plighted faith, unchanged
By time or distance; and my steps forlorn,
Whether they move in sunshine or in gloom,
Are weary ever till they turn to thee.
Through every scene companion of my way,
In thee all cares and rest, all sorrows nothing—
For thee all joys are treasured up unacted,
As scattered sweets which the home-loving bee
Hoards for its mowey dwelling far away.

MISCELLANEA MYSTICA.

I.—BROTHER KLAUS.

HISTORY avouches few incredible things with so formidable an array of credible testimony, as the twenty years' fast of the beatified Nicolaus von der Flue, the celebrated Swiss recluse of the fifteenth century. This remarkable man, as his biographer, Petrus Hugo of Lucerne, informs us, was from his early youth distinguished by a singular austerity of life: he fasted four times a week, and so systematically abridged and mortified himself in all gratifications and indulgences of sense, that an extraordinary and almost preternatural abstemiousness became a sort of second nature to him. At the time that he definitively embraced a life of solitude, there fell upon him, during prayer in the night, a deep sleep or torpor, wherein it seemed to him that he was circumfused with a dazzling radiance, and at the same time he had a sensation as if a sharp knife were passed round and round within the cavities of his body, cutting out his stomach and all the abdominal entrails, which occasioned him inexpressible pain. This happened in 1467, and from that time till his death, which took place in 1487—that is, for the full space of twenty years—he took neither meat nor drink, nor had any feeling of hunger or thirst. The fact of this abstinence from all nourishment was rigorously examined into: in virtue of a resolution of the authorities, a watch was appointed over him for a whole month, and every precaution taken against the possibility of his being privately supplied with the means of sustaining life: nothing, however, coming to light, which could give rise to a suspicion of imposture, the blockade, at the expiration of the time specified, was raised. The body-physician of the Archduke Sigismund, Burkhard von Horneck, investigated the case under its medical aspect, and attests the reality of the fast. The suffragan bishop, Thomas, who was charged with the examination of the matter, in its religious bearing, entered the cell of the recluse, and, after a long conversation on spiritual topics,

asked him, "What virtue he held to be most agreeable to God?" Nicolaus answered, "Obedience." The bishop smiled, and, producing a piece of bread and some wine, said, "See, my brother, here are bread and wine, which obedience sets before thee: take, eat and drink, that in heaven thou mayest receive the reward of obedience." Cheerfully, and without reply, Nicolaus obeyed; and, although his stomach resisted, took a little bread and wine; but presently, thereupon, was seized with such vehement and excruciating pains in the region of the stomach, that the bishop himself was alarmed, and prayed the pious recluse to forgive him, that he had put his obedience to so hard a proof.

Otho, Count of Sonnenberg, at that time Bishop of Constance, also testifies, as an eye-witness, to the truth of this unexampled fast; and Johannes von Muller, the historian of the Helvetic league, assures us that it was believed, as an authentic historical fact, even after the rude shock which was given by the Reformation to the credit of all such saintly achievements. This, however, may be accounted for by the circumstance, that Rome never inscribed the name of Nicolaus von der Flue in the number of her intercessors, nor stamped his abstinence, extraordinary as it was, with the character of a miracle. As Romanists claimed nothing on the strength of it, so Protestants had nothing to peril by granting it true: it was a topic of controversy, if at all, for medical, not for theological pens. Von Muller speaks of it as "a consequence of those spasms of the stomach, of which the recluse eventually died, in agonies that endured, without intermission, eight days." A medical writer, Fortunius Licetus, also describes it, on the authority of Nicolaus himself, as "no miracle, but a natural thing."

"The twenty years' fast of Brother Nicolaus" (says Lillibopp) "has not been declared by the apostolic see to be a miracle—a very remarkable proof of the extreme strictness and circumspection with which the church goes to work in the canonization of saints.

It is known that for such a case the following general criteria are laid down, without full proof of which the head of the church does not pronounce any *casus inediae* miraculous. First, the point of fact is most vigorously inquired into, whether such a fast was really held, without interruption, for the alleged time. Secondly, this fact must be the consequence of a free resolution and purpose to that effect: it must not have had its beginning in a preceding sickness, the church holding the fast in such a case for no miracle, because there are instances of disorders in the abdominal regions, which have prevented all eating and drinking for several years. Thirdly, the fast must not only be voluntary, but undertaken to a religious end. Fourthly, the fasting person must be proved to have been in good health during the whole of the time. Fifthly, he must not have left undone those good works to which he is otherwise obliged, inasmuch as a fast which hinders other good works is, as St. Jerome saith, no ways pleasing to God. Sixthly (and finally), the virtues and morals of the fasting person are to be subjected to the strictest scrutiny, and no miracle is to be assumed where these are found defective. Excellent as were the life and conversation of the beatified Brother Nicolaus, yet could not his twenty years' fasting be declared a miracle, because the second criterion failed: his abstinence was no effect of free will, but the consequence of disease; he fasted not, because he would not, but because he could not eat."

Other examples of prolonged abstinence from all food are not wanting in history, though in no case did life so long hold out under the total privation of sustenance as in that of Nicolaus von der Flue. In general, too, such prodigies of abstemiousness were persons either wholly bedridden, or otherwise incapacitated for all active life—women chiefly, and those hysterical, having the stigmata, cataleptic, somewhat morose. Such was Anna Katharina Ermerie, the nun of Dullen, who for a long time took, during the winter and spring, no nourishment but a glass of water daily, with the juice of a morsel of apple, or of a dried plum, and in the summer months now and then sucked a cherry. Such is Maria Moeri, of Caldaro, whose ab-

stinence is yet greater, her whole nourishment (if such it can be called) for several years past being confined to a drop of water every Sunday, after the holy communion. Such is Domenica Lazzari, of Capriana, who now for eight or nine years has not taken even a drop of water, nor once, in all that time, had her lips moistened. Lillbopp relates also the case of a peasant girl of Bavaria, who, in consequence of the interruption of certain constitutional functions, for many years took neither meat nor drink, during which time the lower extremities, and the body up to the breast, were as if dead, and without all motion. But Nicolaus von der Flue, bating the disease of the stomach, was a healthy man, went out daily, and visited persons living at a great distance from his retreat. He even played an important part in the political movements of the time, assuaging on one occasion, by his timely intervention, a disagreement between the delegates of some of the Swiss cantons, which threatened to break up the confederation. "He was," says J. von Muller, "a man of uncommon height of stature, well formed, not broken by age; but his chestnut-brown skin covered only a skeleton." It is to be remarked that his biographer ascribes to him the gift of divining secret things, and of seeing into futurity.

Peter of Alcantara fasted with less continuity than the beatified Brother Nicolaus, taking a little bread and water generally once in four or five days: his fast, however, which, with these intermissions, was also continued for a number of years, had the advantage of being voluntary, and this invested it with a religious merit, wanting to that of the Swiss recluse. Whether Nicolaus ever flew in the air, as we have it upon good authority that Peter did, does not appear. One phenomenon these two beatified persons exhibited in common, namely, the appearance of a lustrous atmosphere encompassing them in their acts of devotion. In the case of Nicolaus, this circumfused light appears to have been observed only by himself, and that only on one occasion; but, as he was then alone, we are not entitled to conclude that the phenomenon, had other witnesses been present, would not have been sensible to these also. In

Peter of Alcantara's case, the halo presented itself whenever he prayed with fervor, his body also being at such times lifted up, and continuing suspended at some height from the ground, until his oraisons were concluded.

There seems to be no good reason for referring these appearances to a cause specifically different from that which produces the shining of various animalcula, of the glow-worm, or the fire-fly, or of the cat's fur when stroked in the dark. The brain and nervous system (says Dr. Ennemoser) have been called the embodied light; and, as light is the positive factor to the negative weight, so is the nervous system the positive factor to the negative muscular. When the positive factor predominates, nervous action will extend itself beyond the limits of the organism, as is found in these animals in which the nervous is more developed than the muscular system: this is observed, for instance, in the electric eel, which possesses so large and preponderating a nervous system, that it builds itself up like a galvanic battery, while the muscles are few, weak, and pale, which, together with the absence of extremities, precludes any due balance or proportionate relation of the two polarities. Hence the actings of fishes of this class extend themselves often to a not inconsiderable distance beyond the organism, affecting both men and animals. An intense electric tension in the human nervous system, such as is present ecstasy, may manifest itself in the shining of the face, or in radiation from the head, eyes, fingers, &c. The affinity of the nervous principle with light is also seen in the phosphorescence of decaying animal substances, and of animal secretions under certain circumstances; as, for instance, luminous sweat. In persons of an enthusiastic temperament, there is an excess of nervous energy; and when the muscular system is worn out, as in Brother Nicolaus, Peter of Alcantara, and other ascetics of this kind, by fasts and mortifications, the enormous psychic activity can no longer be held in by the frail organism, but breaks forth on all sides in radiations of phosphoric light. And the antagonism between light and weight (radiation from a centre, and gravitation to a centre)

makes it intelligible enough that people whose bodies shine should also be disposed to mount into the air.

Having digressed thus far from the subject of long fasts, it may be not impertinent to digress a little farther, especially as the whole train of thought we have lighted on is centrifugal in its nature, and tends ever outwards, outwards, into infinite space. And if we seem to the reader to lose ourselves too irrevocably in the blue emptiness, let him look to the top of the page, where the words *Miscellanea Mystica* renew, as he turns over leaf after leaf, their mute monition that he is to look for nothing better, in this article, than a Mystical Mixum-gatherum. But he that will know nothing of mysticism—he that will be always consequent, always logical, always clear-sighted and wide-awake—is shut up to a very narrow, a very one-sided view of himself and all around him. If it were always day, the remoter regions of creation would remain for ever unknown to us. If we were always awake, an impenetrable veil would hide from us the depths of our own being. The sun that shows us our immediate environment, earth and things earthly, spreads a curtain of light, more opaque than the opaquest darkness, between us and heaven. Sense, and its kindred power of understanding, while they subject to our cognizance the whole sphere of the material, the external, so shut up the inward organs of the soul, that we know not so much as that there is a sphere of the spiritual—that there are voices calling up to us, sights waiting to dissolve themselves to us, which are only to be taken in by an ear and an eye turned inwards. Night brings her stars, sleep its dreams: there are worlds, within and without us, which can be seen only by their own light, which all other light eclipses. No one sees so little as he whose eyes are always open: our eye-lids shut in a far wonderfuller world than that they shut out. To him who, wherever he goes, will take with him his reason—as a policeman his bull's eye—only gulphs of blind vacancy and abysmal darkness will unfold themselves, where he that fears not now and then to leave his lantern at home, shall see wondrous electric meteors at their play, and the orbs of eternal light in their “unresting, unobscured” courses.

He that has reasons for everything that he believes, has too many reasons, or too little belief. The faculties that weigh, and measure, and calculate, must sometimes have a holiday: the too busy *understanding* must sleep, and reverie must waft us away to regions where logic is unknown, if we would not have "the world too much with us," if we would have any revelations of a wider circle, enclosing the narrow one that bounds our own movements,—our *material* movements, for, as Ennemoser says, the element of our spirit is the boundless and endless; space and time cannot limit its activity, and the field of the natural and sensible is but a site for its material instrument, a mirror in which, for the spirit, the ideal, the spiritual is imaged. When, therefore, imagination roams beyond the confines of the natural and sensible, it is but that the spirit stretches its wings, and gives evidence of its essential, original power, of which, while it slumbers as it were spell-bound in the element of the earthly, the common life, it has no consciousness.

Man, according to Philo Judæus, is "the frontier of two worlds, that of mortality, and that of immortality." The former, his natural and visible abode, holds him as in a wizard-circle, wherein illusions seem to him realities, shadows substances, and he can never come to himself: the latter, the higher and invisible sphere, on the threshold of which he stands without knowing it, as one whose eyes are heavy with sleep, does but shine upon him with a wan radiance, lighting him only as the lightning, in momentary flashes, whereupon follow those convulsive starts and meteoric gleams, of visions and spectre-hauntings, devil-posessions, ecstasies and converse with the dead. A deeper and calmer entrance into that higher world of spiritual peace, and a milder, stiller effluence of its gladdening light, reveals itself, says Ennemoser, in the lives of prophets and saints, and even of such as, without any miraculous characteristics, are truly devout.

"The severe schools," says Sir Thomas Brown, "shall never laugh me out of the philosophy of Hermes, that this visible world is but a picture of the invisible, wherein, as in a portrait, things are not truly, but in

equivocal shapes, and as they counterfeited some real substance in that invisible fabric." According to this doctrine, it is quite in the order of things that a spiritually and inwardly enlightened man should shine outwardly, and that a man whose soul is lifted up from this world should also be lifted up in body. Such a luminous and buoyant saint we may literally characterize as a man of ardent and exalted piety. Our expressions are often less figurative than we suppose; the language of metaphors bases itself upon substantial truth; and we utter deeper verities than we think, when we speak of spiritual things in terms borrowed from the material.

Every where in nature we observe the workings of two antagonist forces—the centrifugal and the centripetal: the one expansive, radiative—the other gravitative. The expansive force is the tendency of potential being to become actual being—to manifest itself. From its germ, which must be considered as a mathematical point—a principle, or beginning of being—goes out the nascent existence on all sides, seeking other existence—seeking, indeed, though blindly, the absolute centre, or source of all being. (Thus, centrifugal force is only relatively such, being at ground a gravitation of all derived being towards the underived, which latter is "a sphere whose centre is every where, and its circumference nowhere.") But being would never in this way attain to manifestation: the expansive force would only lose itself in infinite expansion, were there not many such relative centres of being, out of which the same radiation—the same impulse to manifestation—the same ceaseless quest of the every where and yet nowhere present—of the inaccessible, undiscoverable, in which we yet "live, and move, and have our being," to which "none can approach," and which yet is "not far from any of us"—goes on. The expansion of each germ of being meets and limits that of all others; and where the limitation takes place, there *sensible existence* is presented. In other words, being *finds* being, through the antagonism of its own and the other's seeking of a third, which is not to be found.

Thus, the primal force is the expansive—the *relative* centrifugal—which, every where in nature, is a gravitation

towards the centre of nature—a gravitation which is not in one direction, but in all directions, because this centre of nature is no where in nature, but all nature is in it. *Sensible gravitation*—the gravitation in all derived being towards its *proximate* centre—is the effect of the resistance offered to the expansive force by the innumerable environing and antagonizing expansive forces.* Luminous bodies are those in which the expansive force transcends all resistance.

Ennemoser refers the antagonist forces of gravitation and centrifugal motion to the relation of all bodies to each other severally, and of each to all collectively, as whole and parts. The conception of a whole requires a centripetal force—the conception of parts a centrifugal. So far as the parts are merely integral, portions of the mass, they are subject to the law of gravitation: so far as they are organic—are themselves relative wholes, more or less self-subsistent—another law, that of centrifugal motion, reveals itself, which is nothing more than the law of their relative separateness, their individuality, which otherwise were merged in the mass that, for its own sustentation, has evolved them, as organs, out of itself. It is equally necessary for the subsistence of the body, that the several organs should not escape from connexion with, and subordination to, the whole—and that they should not cease to subsist as relatively separate and specific structures; that they should not be absorbed, as mere contributions of bulk, into the general mass, resolving the body into an indifferent heap, which is the process of decomposition, consequent upon death.

The more differenced a body is, the more essential to the general harmony its distinct subsistence is, the more is the law of gravitation in it antagonized and modified by other organic or quasi-organic forces. In the crystalline formations of the mineral kingdom is perceptible the faintest expression of a force traversing and controlling the centripetal. In the plant, organic forces are found working in far greater freedom; and, while the whole is still enthralled by the gravitative power, elements work within which assert their activity in the opposite direction; the sap mounts, the stem springs on high, the branches, the leaves, the

fruits, are put forth at the impulse of forces other than that which holds the tree rooted in the soil, or which drags its whole towering structure to the ground, when the storm uproots it, or the axe severs its stem. In the animal there is a farther emancipation from this force—in the cosmic bodies a yet farther.

If all this seems no very solid philosophy, perhaps it is the less out of place in our mystical mish-mash; and if it does not serve to explain the shining and soaring of a Brother Nicolaus, a Peter of Alcantara, a Saint Theresa, or a Fra Vito, we must leave it to the reader to discover any other purpose to which it does serve.

Theodore Beza's eye-brows are said to have gleamed with an electric sheen in the dark. Carlo Gonzaga, Duke of Mantua, gave forth sparks when his body was rubbed; and Doctor Croon drew similar scintillations from his own skin by rubbing it with a warm shirt. Some people's legs give out a crepitating sound, with a luminous appearance, when they draw off silk stockings; and there are others, whose footsteps may be tracked at night by the phosphorescent glimmer which they leave after them. The Abbé Bertholon de St. Lazare tells of a man, the hair of whose breast emitted sparks when rubbed with blotting paper; and the same author adduces several cases of women whose woollen petticoats, when they moved, sent forth globules of light, each of which seemed to draw a minute fiery train after it. Brydone charged a Leyden flask with electricity obtained from the hair of a young lady, by combing in time of frost.

A writer in a German physiological journal gives the following account of similar phenomena, observed in himself:—

“How long this property has resided in me I cannot attempt to say, but it is some years since my attention was first drawn to it, by a crackling noise proceeding from my hair as I combed it, accompanied by a smell similar to that produced by an electrifying machine in action: at the same time I remarked the fringe of a curtain that hung near me stir, as if agitated by an electric current. Since that time I have made several experiments on the electricity of my hair, in the presence of different persons. The smell described above is generally evolved in great force, and the electric

city often so intense, that sparks leap from the hair of the scalp to the eyebrows and eye-lashes. The comb which I use in these experiments becomes so loaded with the fluid, that sparks are drawn from it by approaching a finger to one of the teeth: I could easily charge a phial in this way.

"I have observed, further, that the more electric my hair is, the more cheerful is my mood, and the more active all my mental and bodily faculties, so that I can tell before hand, from my sensations, what the results of an experiment at any particular time will be. The time of year and the weather have a marked influence on the phenomena—winter being the season at which they exhibit themselves most strikingly, and in particular when the days are cold, clear, and dry, with the wind from the north-east; a kind of weather which is also the most favourable to the appearance of aurora borealis. Wet and warm weather are alike hostile to the success of the experiment."

A respectable physician gives an account, in Silliman's Journal, of an electric lady, which is not less remarkable than the foregoing. On the evening of the 28th of January, 1842, an intense aurora borealis showing itself at the time, this lady became so electric, that bright sparks issued from the points of all her fingers. This continued several months from that time, the lady giving out sparks, whenever she approached any conductor of electricity; a state of things highly unpleasant to her, as she could touch nothing metallic without first emitting an electric spark. When the air was warm and the lady in good spirits, all these appearances were proportionably heightened: cold weather, or a melancholy mood suspended them. When she sat at the stove, and placed her feet upon the metal edge, the sparks were drawn from her at intervals of a few seconds, varying from three to sixty sparks in a minute. The lady was about thirty years of age, sickly, and of sedentary habits: about two years before she had suffered from violent rheumatic and neuralgic affections.

Sir Henry Marsh, in his paper on the "Evolution of Light from the Living Human Subject," says—

"Electric sparks, accompanied with a crackling noise, have been seen to arise from the skin of some individuals

when rubbed lightly and quickly with a linen cloth. An instance is related by an Italian physician of a lady of Verona, from whose limbs 'sparks of fire flew out plentifully as often as they were lightly rubbed with linen.' He adds, that 'oftentimes having rubbed her hands upon her sleeve, she observed a flame running about, as fired exhalations are wont to do.'

"According to the same writer, similar phenomena were observed on the person of a bookseller at Pisa, when the skin of his arms and back was rubbed with linen. I myself have seen two individuals in whom this phenomenon was in a remarkable manner manifested."

In the same highly-interesting paper are mentioned the cases of two young ladies, who, in an advanced stage of pulmonary consumption, exhibited a luminous appearance, very similar to that by which the old masters distinguished the pictures of saints. It is described as a pale, silvery light, resembling that of the moon. In one of the cases it "gave the face the look of being painted white, and highly glazed; but it danced about, and had a very extraordinary effect."

The case of Thomas Harrington, of Glandore, to which Sir Henry Marsh also refers, made a good deal of noise in the south of Ireland about ten years ago. In the last stage of a pulmonary consumption, with which this poor man was afflicted, nebulous lights were seen to flit nightly round his bed, and starry luminous points to gleam through the darkness of the room in which he lay. A strong tendency existed about that time among religious people of a certain stamp, to the belief in miraculous agency; and in this category "the lights" in Harrington's cabin were immediately placed. Glandore became a place of pilgrimage, a sort of Irish Caldaro, and continued so to the period of the sufferer's death. A great number of persons are still firmly persuaded of the supernatural character of the phenomenon, which some attribute to a celestial, others to a quite opposite origin, according as the views of the different parties coincide with, or differ from those which were entertained by Harrington, on the article of justification.

Isabella Campbell, of Row, whose biography made a sort of epoch in modern religious history, exhibited,

at her death, a luminosity of the face, which the "Rowites" consider to have been a miracle.

The question (which we do not undertake to solve) is, whether in this and the foregoing similar cases, the light evolved was electric, marking, as Ennemoser has it, the preponderance of the nervous over the muscular system (or intense psychic action in a debilitated bodily frame); or whether, as Sir Henry Marsh considers, it was the result of the process of decomposition already commenced in the living subject. Perhaps these two views are not essentially different. The evolution of light from decaying bodies is also an electrical phenomenon; and death itself is but the destruction of the balance between the corporeal and psychic powers. The soul, says Novalis, is the surest and deadliest of poisons, and, sooner or later, brings about the dissolution of the body. Life is a process of decomposition;—the very intensity and excess of vital force—over-animation, kills. Nicolaus, Peter of Alcantara, and other such men, went about half their lives in dead bodies, the fleshly in them slain by the spiritual. Their life was a slow spontaneous combustion.

To come back to our long fasters, Letandi (*De antiquitatibus Britannicis*) tells of a devout maiden, who, for seven years before her death, took no nourishment, except, every Sunday, the holy communion. Bishop Hugh, of Lincoln, would not believe this wonder, and caused the maiden to be shut up and strictly watched fifteen days, but without the effect of convicting her of imposture, as it was proved that during this time she took no food. We ourselves know a person who, in a state of great religious excitement, fasted from all food nine consecutive days, being the whole time in perfect health, and leading a life of activity. We also enjoy the acquaintance of a lady at Munich, whose whole diet, for some years past, has consisted of a glass of water and an apple, fig, or other fruit, daily, who sleeps but two hours in the twenty-four, and undergoes phlebotomy once a fortnight. She is a person of extraordinary activity, both of mind and body, possesses a degree of muscular force very unusual in her sex, and,

except occasional violent hæmorrhages, arising from excessive fullness of blood, is troubled with no sickness.

—ECSTASY.

The following occurrence made some noise a few years ago at Rome: Two friends, in that city, had purposed to confess themselves to the aged and pious Abbate Balotta, and were to meet at the church for that purpose, at an appointed time. One of them, however, failed to keep the appointment; and the other, having come to the church at the hour agreed on, went in, and made his confession. When he had ended, the good priest began to address something to him in the way of admonition, but had scarcely spoken half a dozen words, when he paused abruptly, and remained silent. The penitent waited; but the confessor did not resume his speech. At length, the former, surprised and uneasy at Balotta's continued silence, left the place where he was kneeling, and went to the front of the confessional, when he perceived that the priest was in a state of catalepsy. Immediately he called the bell-ringer—there being at the time no one else in the church—and they tried, by all means in their power, to bring the sufferer to himself; but their efforts were without effect, until Balotta, on a sudden opening his eyes again, directed that the person who had just made confession to him should repeat a *Credo*, for that his friend was at that moment entered into Paradise. Having obeyed this direction, the penitent left the church, and proceeded at once to the house of his friend, where he learned that the latter had died but a few minutes before, and that the Abbate Balotta had been with him in his last moments, had received his confession, and closed his eyes.

Thus the Abbate, without being a bird, had really been in two places at once. It may be said that there was only an apparition of him with the dying man; but, as I take it, it was the reality of him that was there—it was the insensible cataleptic object in the confessional that was the apparition. Where we are actively (*wirkend*), there we are actually (*wirklich*).

In the autumn of 1839, an inhabit-

tant of Hesse, having sold his house in that country, emigrated with his wife and children to North America. Some time after, the wife of the man who had purchased the house was in the sitting-room, occupied in some business, about the fall of evening, when the room-door was suddenly opened wide, and, instead of her husband, whom she expected to see enter, she beheld the wife of the emigrant, dressed as she had usually seen her, glide in, slowly approach her, regard her for a moment, with an expression of trouble in her features, and—vanish. Shortly after this, early in the morning, the new occupant being asleep in bed, and his wife sitting at her spinning-wheel, with a light burning on the table near her, the door was again thrown wide open, the same apparition presented itself as on the former occasion, with the same slow movements, the same troubled and terror-stricken expression of countenance; and, while the astonished spinstress hastened to waken her husband, the light burning on the table was blown out by a strange, cold current of air that swept through the chamber, the apparition moved on towards the door of a closet, which opened, and both man and wife heard the cover of a chest which stood there lifted up with a great noise, and a sound in the closet as of rummaging and bustling about.

By letters afterwards received from the emigrants, it appeared that the ship in which they sailed had encountered violent storms, and that at the very time of the apparition the danger had been so great, that all on board had given themselves up for lost.

Here, then, was an ecstatic visit, the effect of terror and a yearning towards a home, perhaps reluctantly forsaken. May not such things often take place, though seldom recorded, because an eye to see disembodied souls is, happily, no every-day gift? In this case, had the wife of the new possessor of the house not had such an eye, she would have remarked nothing but the flying open of the door, the rush of wind that extinguished the candle, and the subsequent noises in the closet. To the account of the wind, no doubt, the whole would have been set down. How

often do we say, "It's only the wind," when former inhabitants of the houses we live in may be sweeping past us!

Colonel von Pfyffer, of Lucern, in a letter to Justinus Kerner, mentions a lady of his acquaintance, who, in her childhood, seemed to live another life than the ordinary one of the people about her. She announced beforehand the arrival of strangers, often replied to the unuttered thoughts of her parents, and saw, as she alleged, ghosts.

This gift did not wholly forsake her in riper age. The ghost-seeing, happily, ceased; but the lady had frequently dreams, which verified themselves to the minutest particularities, and it was seldom that any thing of consequence happened in her family, without her having had a presentiment of it.

One morning she told her husband a very circumstantial and lively dream, which she had had the preceding night.

"We made a journey together," said she, "to a town which I did not know, and which I will now describe. (Her husband recognized, by the description, a certain Swiss capital, which he had often visited.) You led me into a house, the hall of which was hung from the ceiling to the floor with family portraits, and the thought passed through my mind, as I saw them, that it would not be a bad plan for us to hang our own hall, in the same manner, with those old pictures which the mice are gnawing in the garret."

"The people who lived on the second floor received us with great cordiality; we dined with them, and afterwards we and they took a walk together on a rampart, from which we had the most glorious view it is possible to conceive—a wide lake, bluer than the summer skies, with its green shores stretching away, like an endless garden, and mountains, with snowy peaks, in the distance. Looking down the rampart, I saw an old woman sitting on a bench, and trying to lift up a bundle of wood; but it seemed to be beyond her strength, and I was just going to ask you to help her, when a well-dressed man, in white silk stockings, came up, and, as he was giving her the assistance she required—I awoke."

Her husband did not seem to pay much attention to this dream—but, about a fortnight after, it being her

same day, he proposed to her an excursion to Zurich; she consented gladly, having long wished to see that town.

"As we drove," relates the husband, (whom we rather suspect to have been Colonel von Pfyffer himself,) "through the Thalacher, my wife testified great surprise; 'Surely,' cried she, 'I have seen this place before!'—and as we turned the corner, towards the arsenal, she said, 'Now, we come to a great house with black gates;' which immediately after proved true.

"We alighted at the 'Black Horse;' here she felt quite at home, and without asking any one a question, found her way to the common-room, the appearance and furniture of which she correctly described to me before we went in.

"As soon as we had made our arrangements at the inn, I led her to the Engelsburg. When the hall-door was opened, and she saw herself surrounded by portraits of gentlemen in perukes, and ladies in high-cauled and other old-fashioned caps, she turned pale—the surprise seemed to take away her breath, her dream, till this moment forgotten, came back at once, in the liveliest colours, to her remembrance.

"The family F. received us in the most cordial manner, and made us stay to luncheon. As we sat at table, I related my wife's dream, to which the ladies present yielded a believing ear; but Mons. F., who makes no secret of his sceptical way of thinking, smiled archly as his eyes met those of my wife, and, by a significant nod of the head, seemed to say that he saw to the bottom of the matter. After the dessert, he took me aside, and said—'You have been making a trial of our credulity, my dear colonel; or else—a thing far from impossible—your good lady has been making a trial of yours: never will you persuade me, that circumstances of so little importance as those of your present visit to Zurich—the topography of our town, and the furniture of our house—are subjects for supernatural revelations, and prophetic dreams. The fact is, your lady wished for the excursion—has, in all probability, been at Zurich before—knows, if you will permit me to say it, her lord's penchant for the marvellous:—oh! the women! the women! Depend upon it, my good colonel, we are no match for them—they take the wisest of us out of our depth.'

"Well," said I, "the whole of the dream is not yet fulfilled. After coffee, we will have a walk on the ramparts. I confess, I am not without some curiosity to see if the silk stockings will also

find their antitype. You will hardly suspect my wife of having despised their attendance, particularly as she did not know, till late yesterday evening, that we were to be here to-day.'

"We walked out, soon after, and as we admired the exquisite prospect from the Katze, and my wife seriously declared that it was the very same she had seen in her dream—on a sudden, she cried out, 'Look! look! there is my old woman herself! I would ask you to help her with that heavy load, if I had not too much faith in my dream to doubt that aid is near.'

And, as she spoke, there came Syndic L., tripping along, his silks shining like snow in the afternoon sun; he observed the old woman, toiling in vain to bring the wood upon her back—stopped, spoke to her, slipped an arm into her hand, and, after he had lifted the bundle to her shoulders, tripped on.

"I looked at F. 'Strange!' said he; 'I would not have believed that.' 'Ay,' was my reply—'there's many a true thing that we would not have believed.'

A cook at Ebersdorf, in the principality of Reuss, is seen in the garden, contemplating with a pensive air her leeks, parsley, and marigolds, when she stands bodily at her kitchen-fire, and in her inmost soul wishes to have a few handful more of these herbs for her soup. A singular case to this is that of a deceased scholar, who, when unwillingly compelled to leave his study, saw, on re-entering it, his own apparition sitting, busily employed at his writing-desk. Every soul has its element. The cook is inwardly drawn to her parsley-beds with the same magnetic force as the philosopher to his papers: where the treasure is, the heart will be.

"The soul," says Cornelius Agrippa, (*De occulta philosophia*. I. 64), "is sometimes, through a vehement imagination or speculation, wholly snatched away out of the body; as Celsus relates of a certain presbyter, who, whenever he pleased, withdrew himself from the sphere of his sensuous life, and lay like a dead body; so that, when you pricked or burned him, he felt no pain, but lay without breath and motion; nevertheless he declared that, in his trance, he could hear voices of men, when they cried aloud, coming to him as out of a far distance."

Aristotle tells us of a splenetic man of Abydos, who oftentimes, as he sat alone, would clap his hands, and in his countenance give signs of the liveliest pleasure, as one who witnessed the entertainments of the amphitheatre. Horace mentions a similar frenzy. Who knows whether, in both these cases, a temporary separation of body and soul did not take place? Or were the stage-struck gentlemen merely in a state of clairvoyance?

A French *savant* at Dijon went one night quite exhausted to bed, after long and vain efforts to make out the sense of a passage in a Greek poet. On falling asleep, he seemed to himself to be transported in spirit to Stockholm, where he was conducted into the palace of Queen Christina, ushered into the royal library, and placed before a compartment, in which he distinguished a small volume, that bore a title new to him. He opened the volume, and found in it the solution of the grammatical difficulty which had so perplexed him. The joy which he felt at this discovery awaking him, he struck a light, and made a memorandum of what he had seen in his dream. The dark passage he now found perfectly cleared up. The adventure, however, was too strange to suffer him to rest satisfied, without taking some steps to ascertain in how far the impressions of his nocturnal journey corresponded with the reality. Descartes was at that time at Stockholm, and our *savant* wrote to Chanut, the French ambassador to the Swedish court, with whom he was acquainted, requesting him to ask the philosopher whether the royal library had such and such peculiarities (which he described), and whether in a certain compartment, a certain volume, of such a size and form, was not to be found, on such and such a page of which stood ten Greek verses, a copy of which the *savant* subjoined. Descartes answered the ambassador, that, unless the querist had been in the habit of visiting the library for the last twenty years, he could scarcely have described its arrangement more accurately: the compartment, the volume, the ten Greek verses, all tallied exactly with the description.

A counterpart to this story is related by Wagnenheim. The son of a Würtemberg jurist was studying at

Göttingen, and, having occasion for a book which he could not find in the library there, and which he remembered to have seen at home, wrote to request his father to send him the same. The father searched his library for the book in vain; it was not to be found, and he wrote to his son to this effect. Some time after, as he was at work in his library, and rose from his seat to replace a book which he had done with on its shelf, he beheld his son standing not far from him, and in the act, as it seemed of reaching down a book, which stood at a considerable height, and on which the outstretched hand of the figure was already laid. "My son!" cried the astonished father, "how came you here?" As he spoke the apparition vanished. The father, whose presence of mind was not disturbed, immediately took down the book on which the hand of the figure had seemed to be laid, and, behold, it was the very one which his son had written for! He sent it by that day's post to Göttingen, but soon after received a letter from his son, written on the very morning on which he had seen the apparition, and stating the exact spot where the writer was confident the book was to be found. It is unnecessary to say, that it was the very spot which the apparition had already indicated.

But of stories of this kind there is no end. We have just read one of a young gentleman, who, being at an evening party, fell into a reverie, in which it seemed to him that he was at home in his bedchamber, and that he undressed himself and went to bed. When he did afterwards come home, and the door, on his knocking, was opened by the servant, the latter stood as if petrified, and, when he at length found words, cried, "But, good Lord! sir, you are come home already, and gone to bed!" He then related how his master had knocked some time before, how he had opened, lighted the young gentleman to his room, chatted with him as usual, and seen him undress himself, and lie down in bed. He had then bid "good night," and taken away the candle. Seeing that his master seemed to listen somewhat incredulously to this story, the servant, unwilling to pass either for a visionary or a romancer, exclaimed, "Only come up to the bed-room, sir, and convince

yourself—you'll see that you're there, indeed, sir." They proceeded to the room, but there was nobody there; the bed, however, showed signs of having been lain in, but the clothes which the spectre had taken off were no where to be seen; the ceiling, over the bed, was discoloured, and had the appearance of having been penetrated by a subtle fluid.

Different, in some features, from the above, was what happened to a Roman Catholic priest, who, in his youth, was perhaps a little more jovial than exactly became his calling. Coming home pretty late one night, he observed a light glimmer from the windows of his bed-chamber, which looked into the street. He rang, and, not observing the astonishment depicted in the face of the maid, who opened the door, asked her how came it that she had already placed a light in his bed-room. She gave him very much the same account that the servant in the foregoing case gave to his master. He had come home a short time before, she had shown him to his chamber, placed him a light on the table, and wished him a good night; one thing, indeed, had surprised her, that, contrary to his custom, he had not spoken a single word. At this strange story the priest ran up stairs, opened the door of the bed-chamber, and beheld his *double* sitting much at its ease in the arm-chair. As he entered the room, the apparition rose, came forward, and, passing him by, went out at the door and disappeared. The priest believed this occurrence to be a forewarning of death, and fell into a deep melancholy; but afterwards recovered his spirits, and subsequently led a more regular life.

III.—HOW THE DEVIL SPOKE TRUTH, AND SHAMED A PRIEST.

At Distikon, a village of Uri, in Switzerland, lived, not long ago, a priest named Imhof, a devout and charitable man, still held in honourable memory for his many virtues, in that and the neighbouring cantons. Shortly after the breaking out of the French Revolution, it happened that a parishioner of Distikon was taken with a strange disease, and because in his fits he spoke Latin, blasphemed the clergy, and could abide neither cross, church-

bell, nor holy water, he was brought to the priest to be exorcised, as one manifestly possessed of a devil. But scarcely had Imhof begun the rite, when the evil spirit, speaking out of the possessed man's mouth, interrupted him, and most insultingly declared that he had no notion of being exorcised by a thief. "First," proceeded the fiend, "make good what thou hast stolen, before thou indulgest thyself with the idea of playing the saint and miracle-monger here."

"Thou art the father of lies from the beginning," answered the priest; "and thy dearest delight, and that of thy confederates is, as all the world knows, to calumniate the servants of God, and to bring them into contempt."

"Nay, nay, reverend sir!" scoffed the evil one, "softly, I beseech you! What you say is edifying, but not to the purpose. I say you have stolen: he that steals is a thief: *ergo*, you are a thief; and, if you abuse me for a liar, it is you, and not I, that commit the sin of calumny."

The peasants who stood by opened eyes and mouth wider at every word of this speech: the good clergyman felt a little disconcerted, to be arraigned in this way before his parishioners, and said with some heat, "That thou must prove, thou miserable foul spirit! The holy office I hold requires that I should not suffer this abominable slander to rest upon me; I adjure thee, therefore, in the highest name, that thou presently say before these witnesses, what have I stolen?"

"That I will do with pleasure," replied the demon in the same jeering tone, "since your reverence's conscience cannot perform its part, without the devil for a prompter. As for the thing stolen, truth obliges me to say that the value of it was not great, but your reverence is a theologian, and knows that that does not lessen the sin. Be so good as to call to remembrance the time when you were a student: did you not once steal a turnip that belonged to a poor widow, out of the parish garden, and forthwith eat it up?"

The priest could not plead "not guilty" to the indictment: he had really, as he now recollected, committed the depredation with which he was charged. Fortunately, the widow with

whose property he had made free was still living; he made ample restitution for the wrong he had done her (to the great surprise of the poor woman), and the devil left the possessed in peace for some days. However, it was not long before the renewal of the former symptoms proved that he was returned to his habitation. The sufferer was brought a second time to the priest, who asked the spirit where he had been in the mean while: "I may tell you in confidence," was his answer, "that I was at Paris, whither a great number of us were summoned, to attend the death-bed of the illustrious Mirabeau, and afterwards to escort his soul in state to our dwelling?"

Fourteen days after came intelligence of the death of Mirabeau, the

day and hour of which coincided punctually with the statement of the demon. Colonel von Pfyffer, from whose own lips we had this story, assured us that it is as satisfactorily attested as anything in Swiss history. The priest had not awaited the confirmation of the fact, but had, in the interval, related the words of the spirit to many in his parish, and everywhere expressed his confident belief that Mirabeau was really dead; several of those who were present at the exorcism, yet live, all Altorf talked of it at the time, and to this day no one has a doubt of the matter.

The question is, was this diabolical possession, or was it clairvoyance? If the latter hypothesis will explain the circumstances, why should we have recourse to the former?

ITALIAN ROMANCES.

In looking from the poetry of Tasso to that of Ariosto, we feel ourselves in a world of more health and activity. We are dealing with a more vigorous and better constituted mind. It is some comfort, too, to feel that the poet is not under the restraint to which Tasso's genius subjected itself in his wish to create a work which his country might regard as entitled to be ranked with the *epic* poems of Greece and Rome, and in this respect favourably contrasted with the romances of Ariosto and Boiardo. Ariosto at all times seems under no restraint whatever. He sports with his thousand subjects in the full consciousness and exultation of rejoicing power. In gaiety, in gracefulness, and in perfect gentlemanly feeling, no poet of any country is—we had almost said, if Scott and Shakspeare did not rise up to reproach us with the involuntary slight—his equal. In the wild world of romance in which alone it was possible for the poet to move in absolute freedom—to say and to suggest what he wished—we see him at one time mov-

ing on earth under the mask of allegory—at another in some high heaven of platonic abstraction, among objects, if they may be so called, of which no allegory could present him with an embodiment. Now and then we are tempted to suspect that his allegorical personages play more than one part, and that satire on civil and ecclesiastical institutions, which it would not be safe to venture upon except under some disguise, is intended to be conveyed under such masks as those of Alcina and Eriphila; for in the writings of the poets, we are told by one of themselves, are wrapped up divers and sundry meanings. The literal sense is as the outward bark or rind; then, like a second and a finer rind, nearer to the pith and marrow, comes the moral sense; and then, under the selfsame words, are often comprehended some truths of natural philosophy or political government, and now and then of divinity. We do not sufficiently value the entire freedom of thought and expression which every man possesses in these kingdoms

at present, and the absence of which created a necessity for the disguises, more or less transparent, in which writers less favourably circumstanced were compelled to veil their thoughts.* The grossnesses of Rabelais' buffooneries have been traced to the necessity of his assuming the mask of folly when warring with the evils of his day. Perhaps some similar excuse may be made for the passages in Ariosto's great poem, which every reader cannot but wish removed.

When Ariosto indulges in satire—as, for instance, in the passage where he disposes of the title deeds under which the lands of the church are held—he uses so light and delicate a pencil that it is impossible offence should have been given. It is said that in the writers of romance we are to look for the manners of their own age. This, surely, is not true. In the sense in which the word is used, the actual manners of any age are not to be looked for; but, if of any, the poet, in a composition of real or affected seriousness, will in general adopt the costume of some remote time or place, and avoid, as he best can, all that is in this respect familiar. It would be more just to say, that as far as he is true to his own high vocation, he anticipates the feelings and the moral tone of a state of society better than that in which he lives. This, for the most part, unconsciously: where consciously, it does not, of course, affect what we have said, whether he ascribes that higher state of morals and feeling to some past state of society in which he chooses to place his heroes, or in the remote future. Such fairyland, wherever placed,

is the creation of his own mind; and we think the effect of poetry has a chance of being greater in actual society, by his not making his work seem a representation of actual life. The romance was of higher value than the novel—at least than the novel can be to those whose habits and manners it describes.

But of all this at some future time. There is some difficulty in bringing before our readers, as we would wish, the *Orlando Furioso*. We wish to avoid in these papers the affectation of antiquarian research; yet, to state, as matters fixed and indisputable, the conclusions to which we have come on points, that have produced warmer controversies among learned men than is quite intelligible to persons of cold temperament, is scarcely decorous. Our first duty, however, is, to state the few facts that have been preserved of Ariosto's life.

LODOVICO ARIOSTO was born on the 8th of September, 1474, at Reggio, of which place his father was captain or governor for the Duke of Ferrara. The family were of respectable rank, and the father held other offices of a magisterial or judicial character. *Lodovico* exhibited early talents for poetry, and used to dramatize such stories as he could find, for his brothers and sisters to act. The study of the civil law was that which occurred to his father as giving the best chance to his son of finding future means of support; and for five years he is said to have been occupied with it. The time seemed wholly lost; and at the age of twenty we find him returning to the study of the classics, which he had abandoned. Plau-

* "The individual freedom which we possess," says a thoughtful writer, "is a great reason for individual exertion. How large that freedom is, it needs but a slight acquaintance with the past to estimate. Through what ages have we not toiled to the conviction that people should not be burnt for their opinions. The lightest word about dignities, the slightest claim to freedom of thought or speech upon those matters which, perhaps, angelic natures would hardly venture to pronounce upon, even the wayward play of morbid imagination, were not unlikely in former times to lead to signal punishments. A man might almost in his sleep commit treason, or heresy, or witchcraft. The most cautious, official-spoken man amongst us, if carried back on a sudden to the days of Henry the Eighth, would, at the end of the first week, be pursued by a general hue and cry from the authorities, civil and ecclesiastical, for his high and heinous words against King, Church, and State. While now, Alfred Tennyson justly describes our country as

'The land, where gilt with friends or foes,

A man may say the thing he will."

—*Claims of Labour*, 2nd essay, p. 240, 2nd edition, 1845. The essay from which we quote is not in the first edition.

tus and Terence were the books first put into his hands, and he immediately set about writing comedies, in which the old plots are re-produced. A story is told of his father's exhibiting considerable violence in some argument with him—the poet was silent; but in discussion with his brother afterwards he mentioned circumstances that showed the father's anger to have arisen wholly from his misconception of facts that could be at once explained. "And why did you not say so, and vindicate yourself?" said the brother. "The truth is," said Ariosto, "I was thinking only of a passage in my play of *Cassaria*, in which an old man quarrels with his son; and I was watching my father's words and gestures for the purpose of learning how I might increase the effect of the scene."

His father died when Ariosto was of the age of twenty-four, and Ariosto had to struggle with the management of a small and embarrassed property. He was the eldest and least helpless of his father's family; and with great personal sacrifices he was enabled to make out marriage portions for his sisters, and some means of support for his brothers. Between this period and his thirtieth year he wrote most of his smaller poems, Italian and Latin. In his thirtieth year he entered into the service of Cardinal Hippolito of Este, son of Hercules the First. It is said that it was his poetical talents which first attracted the cardinal's attention. Yet he appears to have been but little satisfied with the way in which they were applied; for when Ariosto brought him a copy of the "*Orlando Furioso*," he asked him where he could have found all these good-for-nothing fooleries. Though Ariosto had been employed by the cardinal in several matters of important business, and had in all shown great skill and prudence, yet there was but little cordiality between them. At a later period of the poet's life, he entered into the service of the Duke of Ferrara. He was provided for by the duke in the amusing way in which we have heard of poets being provided for in other countries. A pension was given him, charged on the produce of a certain impost. The impost itself was done away, a great relief, probably, to those on whom it fell, and the poet

left to struggle on as he best could. Such is patronage.

His next misfortune was a lawsuit. A relation died, and Ariosto, as next of kin, claimed the inheritance. It was disputed, and the other claimants were, a convent, (who claimed in right of a monk of their order, a natural son of the deceased,) and the Ducal Chamber, who said that it escheated to the Duke. The case was heard more than once. In the court where it was first tried, the judge was a personal enemy of Ariosto's, and his biographers seem to think it enough to say this to account for the decision being against him. He appealed, but was advised to withdraw his claim by the president of the court, who was a creature of the duke's, and told Ariosto that to persist in his claim would be to forfeit all chance of Alfonso's favour.

He at length was sent as magistrate to a wild district infested with continual robberies. Ariosto seems, by firmness and mildness, to have created some sort of order among the lawless inhabitants, and romantic stories are told, by all his Italian biographers, of the respect in which he was held by the bandits, and how he owed his life to their admiration of his poetry.

Whether Ariosto was married or not, is left in doubt. He had some benefice or other, which might, it seems, be held by a layman, but not by a married man; and this gives a doubtful character to the unacknowledged relation in which he lived with a lady, whose name occurs in his poems, and who was, perhaps, his wife. Sir John Harrington gives us some stories of other ladies, resting on very doubtful authority. Sir John hopes the best; but even on the supposition of being compelled to decide against the poet, he is inclined to pardon him, as well for other reasons, as chiefly because "these white devils have such power upon earth." It is certain that two tall young men claimed kindred with Ariosto as his children, and had their claim allowed.

On Ariosto's return from quieting the disturbances in Graftignana, a more suitable, if not a more dignified occupation was found for him. The duke was fond of theatrical amusements—had built a splendid theatre—and appointed Ariosto director of it. Ariosto's, if not the first, were among the

first, Italian comedies in verse. Plays that he had written at first in prose were recast and thrown into loose verse; and he translated two of Terence's plays into prose. The actors were some of the principal persons about the court, and one of Ariosto's own comedies was honoured by a son of the duke's reading the prologue. In his history of the Italian theatre, Riccoboni gives an analysis of the "*Scolastica*," and expresses surprise at Ariosto's talent for humour being equally displayed in these dramatic works as in his narrative poem. The total failure of Scarron and others when they wrote for the stage, would seem to justify his notion that the humour which succeeds in narrative poetry, is distinct from that which the drama requires, and, as we think Ariosto's dialogues through the Orlando are never quite equal to the exigency of the situations in which his heroes and heroines are placed, we own we feel some surprise at these works being as effective on the stage as Riccoboni thinks they ought to be. Poor Riccoboni, on one occasion, thought to bring the matter to the test of representation. At Venice he announced the "*Scolastica*, by Lodovico Ariosto." The great name of the poet was sure, he thought, to attract. The success of the particular piece was of great moment, as Riccoboni was engaged in some plan of theatrical reform. He had already done wonders with all the old tragedies he could find. Sophonisba, and Semiramis, and Oedipus, had already appeared. The Venetians were taught to admire the Torrismondo of Tasso, and the Marquis Maffei gave his countenance and a new tragedy, Merope, to Riccoboni and his crew. But it would not do to have the Muse of Tragedy alone in her glory. The player's ambition extended still farther; but, going farther, for a while at least it fared worse. After one of his ambitious tragedies, the next day's entertainment consisted of "comédie ordinaire," or low farce, in which the

parts were filled up by the actors *ex-tempore*, and in which, to use Riccoboni's own words, there was neither rhyme nor reason. There was no hope of any dramatic author writing a comedy for him. Comedy, in any sense in which the word is used by any other nation, would be regarded as out of the question, as there seems the absolute necessity of framing such a story as would give "the four masks," as they are called, an opportunity of amusing the audience with their traditional plesantries.* He hints, too, that the vanity of his actors was such that any author would ever, for this reason alone, be deterred from the undertaking. In these circumstances, he did the best he could, and Italy, which had not for a century seen anything like a regular comedy, crowded to his theatres in Venice and in all the principal towns of Lombardy, to assist at his exhibition of translations of the best French comedies. The *veillards* of the French comedies became the Pantalons and the Dottore; and the *valets* were transmogrified into Harlequins. The poor player in telling his story, and admiring exceedingly his success, does not give us reason to think that he had much trouble in the actual task of translation. His business was rather to have prepared skeleton plays, as in our day are sold skeleton sermons and skeleton speeches. The Italian taste was gratified by lengthening out incidents which the French writer but just touched on, and now and then it became necessary to throw two farces into one, to fill up the proper time. If anything appeared to Riccoboni particularly good, he translated it, word for word. Alas for poor Corneille! We find the following record: "Quant au Menteur de Corneille, la princesse d'Elide, et Psyche, j'en fis des traductions qui furent recitées."

All this could not but lead to authorship, and the ambitious manager must write, "*The Jealous Woman*," confiding the secret of its being an original work to his "*wife and his Pantalons*."

* "Ce n'est pas l'Arlequin seul qui est acteur masqué. Il y a un Pantalons, un Gratiago Dottre, un Capitán Spavento, un Cavicchio Paisan, un Pedrellino et quelques autres; Sous ces noms nous trouvons les quatre acteurs masqués de notre théâtre vivant; dont l'un parle le *Venetien*, l'autre le *Boulois*, et les deux Zanni Arlequin et Scapin le *Bergamasque* ou le *Lombard*." Riccoboni's account of Flaminio Scala's Theatres. *Histoire du Theatre Italien*, Vol. I. p. 42.

He gives us the rather ambiguous information, that it succeeded as happily in France as in Italy. "This," says he, "was my first attempt, and after this I kept blotting and smearing paper, and scribbling one thing or another, but this was not all. My 'Jealous Woman' had succeeded, although there was not one word of love in it; as a comedy has succeeded without a love story, why not without a Harlequin? It was a hazardous enterprise, but should I succeed, the result to our theatre would have been important. It would lead to no less than our stage possessing translations of all the best French tragedies—our having frequent exhibitions of our own old dramas—and authors not being any longer deterred from giving us new ones." All these effects poor Riccoboni saw, arising from the success of his experiment, with more distinctness than ever prophet in drink beheld the regeneration of the empire involved in the return of a county member—and to give his enterprise the best chance of a triumphant issue, Lelio (for this was his name among the gods), announced *The Scolastica*, by *Lodovico Ariosto*.

The "*Scolastica*" had to undergo some changes before it could be represented. One of the old fellows in Ariosto, pretends the necessity of going to Naples to fulfil a religious vow, —his real object is very different. A monk is introduced, and the difficulties become more complicated by the monk's insisting that he has received a bull from the Pope enabling him to give a dispensation from vows, and commute them, on condition of some easy penance—that the cost of the journey would be foolishly thrown away if expended in travelling, and that it might bear fruit in a better world, if given to him for spiritual purposes. This is a pleasant scene, but Lelio was afraid to hazard the joke against monks, and he altered the passage, so as to render the play presentable, "*sansflatter les moeurs*." The name of Ariosto was a charm that brought crowds, but the crowds were disappointed, and yet more disappointed was the manager. Ariosto's name suggested the hope of seeing the *Angelica*, and *Orlando*, and *Bradamante* of the *Furioso*. The lively and

restless audience, when they found they had no chance of anything better than the traditional vagabonds of the old comedy, would not take the trouble of making out the story. They murmured at the first act—the second and third came showers of apples—and at last poor Lelio let the curtain fall at the end of the fourth act. Lelio's mortification knew no bounds. He feared that a fit of illness would come—but, fortunately, the King of France was forming a company of Italian actors—and Riccoboni was given the commission. The ingratitude of Venice, as he called it, and the unfeeling insult with which his attempt to reform the theatre of Italy was received, tended to lessen his regret at leaving his country for ever. Riccoboni was a respectable man, and was held in respect by distinguished persons in his own country. His works on the state of European theatres, and his history of the Italian stage, are useful and entertaining books. He lived to an old age, having, from religious feeling, long separated from the stage, as a way of life.

Riccoboni's unsuccessful attempt to revive Ariosto's comedies, has kept us too long from our proper subject.

The satires of Ariosto are so filled with local and personal allusions, as to be with difficulty intelligible, except with more study of minute circumstances than is consistent with any true enjoyment of poetry. Such passages of them as more particularly refer to his own life have been now and then translated, and from them most of the details which we have given are collected. Lord Holland has translated one into that easy gossiping style, which deceives the writer into a belief that it is easily read—but "your easy writing is damned hard reading," as somebody said long ago. Should Ariosto's satires be ever translated and read, they must be condensed, not expanded; and Lord Holland's trick of making the lines run into each other, when writing in the ten syllable couplet, is one that never has done, and never will do. All the more serious poems which have been written on this principle are failures;—it is not enough that writers themselves, and critics, who for singularity's sake, will patronise anything unusual, see

read such poems into verse. If the rhyme be felt at all it is felt as an interruption in verses so constructed, and blank verse would be infinitely better. It is provoking to see writers take such pains to go wrong, as parts of what Lord Holland has translated would have a chance of being effective in the terse epigrammatic structure of Pope's verse. Ariosto's small chance of patronage at Rome is the subject of the satire we speak of. The same subject is more amusingly treated in another satire of his. A householder, during a prodigious drought, is fortunate enough to find a spring, which, however, is so scanty that only one can drink at a time. He first quenches his own thirst, then comes his family, then his servants, then his favourites,

then herds, flocks, asses, in ous numbers—every thing that had the claim of thirst—must be satisfied. The process was a tedious one, and a poor magpie, perishing for want of water, thought it would never be at an end. In days of old it had amused the fortunate finder of the fountain with its tricks and chatter. It, to be sure, had done nothing to help him to the discovery, but it could not but hope that when his own family were supplied it might be called and get a little—but now it was doomed to see hundreds upon hundreds of eager candidates. "I have no chance here," says poor Mag—"I must seek another fountain." This is his story, and now comes the moral :

"To those, my cousin, this true story tell,
Who think that I shall quaff the sacred well,
For mark what numbers wait to quench their thirst,
From nephews down to fourteenth cousins—first ;—
Next—those who lent their hand to mount the throne,
And grace his temples with the triple crown.
One, 'I was with him in his exile,' cries,
'I risked my neck to save him,' one replies.
A third, advancing on, begins to boast
How much he lent, how much he might have lost.
Another, on acknowledgments depends,
For favours to his brothers and his friends,
'When neither horse, nor arms, nor clothes remained,
I set him up and at my cost maintained ;'
*'Mid claims like these neglected I must wait,
And never drink at all, or drink too late.'*"*

During the last years of Ariosto's life he resided with his two unmarried sisters in Ferrara, in a house which he had built near the church of St. Benedict. He was asked why he, who described such stately palaces, built so small a house? "Words are more cheaply laid down," said he, "than stones." On the front of his house were the lines :—

*Parva sed apte mibi, sed nulli obnoxia, sed non
Sordida, parva meo sed tamen ore domus.*

He was fond of gardening, though knowing little or nothing of the matter. His language was amusingly contrasted with his acts, both in this and in the correction of his poetry. He used to say poetry might be compared to a laurel which sprung up of itself, and which might be greatly im-

proved by cultivation, but would lose its natural beauty, if too much meddled with. It is the same way, he added, with verses which come into the mind; we know not how, which may be improved by the correction of a little original roughness, but are deprived of all their grace, and freshness, by too nice a handling. Yet verses or plants Ariosto never for a moment left to themselves. "If he set a fruit-tree," (says his son Virginio,) or sowed seed of any kind, he would go so often to see if it were growing, that he generally ended with spoiling or breaking off the bud." We abridge from Sir John Harrington the description of his person, given by his Italian biographers. Harrington's language is more expressive than any which we could substitute. "Tall of person—of complexion melancholy, given much to

study and musing, and would there-with sometimes forget himself; he was of colour like an olive, somewhat tawney in his face, but fair-skinned otherwise; his hair was black, but he quickly grew bald; his forehead was large; his eyebrows thin; his eye a little hollow, but very full of life, and very black; his nose was large and hooked (as they say the kings of Persia were); his teeth were white; his cheeks wan; his beard thin; his neck well proportioned; his shoulders square and well made, but stooping, as almost all that look much on books in their youth are inclined to be; his hand somewhat dry, and a little bow-legged. His counterfeit was taken by Titian, that excellent drawer, so well to the life, that a man would think it were alive."

The Italian biographers are a magniloquent race. They tell us of Ariosto's having been crowned by the Emperor Charles V.; but they agree in nothing on the subject. Some fix Mantua as the place of the ceremo-

nial—some Bologna. The year, too, is variously stated; we believe the whole to be a fiction, and to rest on no better authority than a recital in a deed executed by his sons, in which the word "laureatus" is used with the father's name. Had such a ceremonial actually taken place, its details would have been recorded with fatiguing particularity. In the same spirit of exaggeration, they have told of Leo the Tenth's publishing a bull in favour of Orlando, and denouncing the censure of excommunication on all who should presume to find fault with it. The story, when examined, has no other foundation than that the customary license to print the book was given in the ordinary forms.

Ariosto died at Ferrara, in June or July, 1533. He died saying that he had no doubt of again knowing his friends in another life, and expressing his delight at being so soon to meet those who had gone before him.

He was buried in the church of St. Benedict.†

* Harrington's Ariosto, page 421.—"To-day I have been over the Manfrini palace, famous for its pictures. Amongst them there is a portrait of Ariosto, by Titian, surpassing all my anticipations of the power of painting or human expression. It is the portrait of poetry, and the poetry of portrait."—Lord Byron. *Letter to Murray, April, 1817.*

† "The tomb of Ariosto," says Shelley, writing from Ferrara, in 1818, "occupies one end of the largest saloon of which the library is composed. It is formed of various marbles, surmounted by an expressive bust of the poet, and subscribed with a few Latin verses, in a less miserable taste than those usually employed for similar purposes. But the most interesting exhibitions here are the writings, &c., of Ariosto and Tasso, which are preserved, and which were concealed from the indiscriminating depredations of the French with pious care. There is the arm-chair of Ariosto, an old, plain wooden piece of furniture, the hard seat of which was once occupied—ay, but has now survived its cushion, as it has its master. I could fancy Ariosto sitting in it; and the satires, in his own handwriting, which they unfold beside it, and the old bronze ink-stand, loaded with figures, which also belonged to him, assist the willing delusion. This ink-stand has an antique rather than an ancient appearance. Three nymphs lean forth from the circumference, and on the lid stands a Cupid, winged, and looking up, with a torch in one hand, his bow in the other, and his quiver beside him. A medal was bound round the skeleton of Ariosto, with his likeness impressed upon it. I cannot say I think it had much native expression, but perhaps the artist was in fault. On the reverse is a hand, cutting with a pair of scissors the tongue from a serpent, upraised from the grass with this legend—*pro bono malum*."

There is here a manuscript of the entire *Gerusalemme Liberata*, written by Tasso's own hand; a manuscript of some poems written in prison to the Duke Alfonso, and the satires of Ariosto, written also by his own hand, and the Pastor Fido of Guarini. The *Gerusalemme*, though it had evidently been copied and re-copied, is interlined, particularly towards the end, with numerous corrections. The handwriting of Ariosto is a small, firm, and pointed character, expressing, as I should say, a strong and keen, but circumscribed energy of mind; that of Tasso is large, free, and flowing, except that there is a checked expression in the midst of its flow, which brings the letters into a smaller compass than one expected from the beginning of the word. It is the symbol of an intense and earnest mind, exceeding at

The origin of Romantic Fiction in Europe has occupied the attention of men of great learning. We do not think it so essentially distinguished from Classical Fiction, as necessarily to require the solutions which have been given, or to make us look to the east for its parentage. Hercules was, with different arms, to be sure, not very unlike a knight-errant of the days of modern romance, and Alcina or Armida exercised no enchantments that had not been employed in the days of far antiquity by the Circes and Medeas of the classical poets. So much for what is traditional, and a part of the common stock of all poets; and the nature of the human mind, producing in similar stages of society the same fruits of evil and good, will account for a good deal of the resemblance which has been observed in the poetry of nations very remote from each other. Still these considerations do not quite explain all the facts of the case; and the information which has been brought together by Warton in his history of English poetry, is of great moment.

He traces the introduction of romantic fiction to the Arabians. In the beginning of the eighth century

they entered Spain, and effected a complete conquest. Not merely were their religion and customs imposed on the natives, but their language; and with the language the class of fictions in which the oriental nations delighted. From Spain, through the continued commercial intercourse with the ports of Toulon and Marseilles, these fictions passed into France and Italy.

In Armorica or Bretagne, the Arabian fictions were received with delight, and produced an immediate harvest of "lays" and "romances," of which many still remain. That part of France had been peopled from Wales; the Armoric language is a dialect of the Welsh, and it is said that, half a century ago, the language of Wales was understood by the natives of Bretagne. The Britons of Cornwall kept up their connexion with this part of the continent, and Cornwall is made in many French romances the scene of romantic adventures. In the year 1128, Geoffrey of Monmouth translated into Latin the famous chronicle which goes by his name from a manuscript brought from Bretagne, and written in the British or Armoric language. The subject of the chronicle is the descent of the Welsh princes from the

times its own depth, and admonished to return by the chillness of the waters of oblivion striking on its adventurous feet. You know I always seek, in what I see, the manifestation of something beyond the present and tangible object, and as we do not agree in physiognomy, so we may not agree now. But my business is to relate my own sensations, and not to attempt to inspire others with them. Some of the MSS. of Tasso were sonnets to his persecutor, which contain a great deal of what is called flattery. If Alfonso's ghost were asked how he felt those praises, I wonder what he would say. But to me there is much more to pity than to condemn in those entreaties and praises of Tasso.

Tasso's situation was widely different from that of any persecuted being of the present day; for from the depth of dungeons public opinion might now, at length, be awaked to an echo that would startle the oppressor. But then there was no hope. There is something irresistibly pathetic to me in the sight of Tasso's own handwriting, moulding expressions of adulation and entreaty to a deaf and stupid tyrant, in an age when the most heroic virtue would have exposed its possessor to hopeless persecution, and—such is the alliance between virtue and genius—whose unoffending genius could not escape.

"We went afterwards to see his prison in the hospital of Saint Anna, and I enclose you a piece of the wood of the very door which for seven years and three months divided this glorious being from the air and the light, which had nourished in him those influences, which he has communicated through his poetry to thousands. The dungeon is low and dark: and when I say it is really a very decent dungeon, I speak as one who has seen the prisons in the doge's palace at Venice. But it is a horrible abode for the coarsest and meanest thing that ever wore the shape of man; much more for one of delicate susceptibilities and elevated fancies. It is low, and has a grated window, and being sunk some feet below the level of the earth, is full of unwholesome damps. In the darkest corner is a mark in the wall, where the chains were rivetted which bound him hand and foot. After some time, at the instance of some cardinal, his friend, the duke allowed his victim a fire-place. The mark where it was walled up yet remains."—*Shelley's Letters*, &c. vol. ii.

Trojan Brutus. The period at which the original chronicle, or any of the several pieces of which it was composed, was written, is doubtful, because while there are allusions which would seem to fix it to the eleventh century, there is reason to suppose there may be interpolations of the translator; but that would not materially affect Warton's main argument, &c., at a later date, the increased intercourse with the East by means of the crusades, would equally refer the peculiar character of the class of fictions to an Arabian source. The books of the Arabians are filled with traditions about Gog and Magog. Now, the giant who opposed Brutus's landing in Britain was Goemagot. Another giant, whom King Arthur slew on St. Michael's Mount in Cornwall, is said, in the Armoric fable, to have come from Spain. This, says Warton, betrays the origin of these stories, as the Arabians were now settled in Spain. Arthur, in exultation at his victory, declares that this was the greatest giant he had killed since he overcame the giant Ritho on the mountain Arabus, who had made himself a robe of the beards of the kings whom he had slain.* A magician is brought from Spain to the assistance of a Northumbrian prince, who has been educated by the king of the Armoricans. There are repeated allusions to Eastern names and persons, and medicinal virtue is ascribed to each particular stone at Stonehenge, and this is derived from the Arabian fancy of the occult properties of stones. An eagle speaks prophetically, and this notion of the language of birds and its being prophetic is a favourite Eastern fiction. There is a college at Caerleon in the chronicle, with two hundred astronomers. The courses of the stars and the appearance of a comet indicate the events of a battle. All this is Eastern. "Dragons were a sure mark of orientalism. One of these in our romance is 'a terrible dragon flying from the west, breathing fire and illuminating all the country with the brightness of his eyes.' In another place we have a giant mounted on a

winged dragon: the dragon erects his scaly tail, and wafts his rider to the clouds with great rapidity."†

The Chronicle of Geoffrey of Monmouth is one of the great repositories from whence the writers of romance derive their materials. From it are the heroes of Arthur and his round table. The second of their treasures, and that from which the Italian writers are fondest of drawing, is the history of Charlemagne's Conquests, by Archbishop Turpin, "whose true name," says Ritson, "was Tilpin, and who died before Charlemagne, though Robert Gaguin, in his licentious translation of the work, makes him relate his own death." The period at which Turpin's history was compiled is very doubtful. It probably appeared before Geoffrey's Chronicle, as the latter mentions Charlemagne and his twelve peers as present at King Arthur's coronation. The twelve peers of France occurs in chronicles of the tenth century; and Geoffrey, or the author from whom he translates, might have found them in popular songs. That Turpin's history existed before the year 1122 is certain, for Calixtus the Second, in that year, by papal authority, pronounced it to be genuine; and the Italian poets, whenever they relate any thing beyond ordinary measure incredible, are sure to quote Turpin as their authority, and thus put it forward as a matter of faith. In both cases of Geoffrey of Monmouth's Chronicle and Turpin's History, each book but collected matter that was floating abroad in a thousand different forms. The "song of Roland" was said to be sung by the Norman soldiers at the battle of Hastings; and though from the perishable nature of language, the evidence is not distinct enough quite to prove the fact, there is no reasonable doubt that war and chivalrous adventure were among the themes of the Provençal poets. Pulci (c. 27) mentions the Provençal poet Arnaud as recording the exploits of Rinaldo—

"Dopo costui venne l'illustre Arnaudo
Che molto diligentemente ha scritto,

* Spenser, who borrows this story, makes an unauthorised addition. The mantle is lined not only with the beards of knights, but the locks of ladies.

† Warton's History of English Poetry, Vol. I.

E investiga le opre di Rinaldo
De la gran cose che fece in Egitto.”*

Another origin is suggested by Percy and Mallet, for this peculiar style of fiction—they would deduce it from the superstitions of the north of Europe—and say that “the romance of chivalry may be derived, in a lineal descent, from the ancient historical songs of the gothic bards and scalds.” In these ancient poems are to be found giants and dwarfs. The Valkyriar were not unlike the fairies of romance. Enchantments of all kinds were to be found there, and dragons and monsters in abundance. The migration of Odin from the east, removes this difficulty to Warton’s satisfaction, more entirely than it would to ours, did we give perfect credence to the fact. The sorcerers, witches, genii, enchanted swords, and the magic fires and rings may be common property, or perhaps belong, in the first instance, rather to the east. The veneration for woman—the sentiment of loyalty to the sovereign—the assertion of personal independence, in connection with allegiance to a feudal superior—the belief that the result of judicial combat expressed the decision of heaven in favour of the right, and the feeling of stainless honour as the true distinction of the knight and noble, fall in with our idea of northern modes of thinking. These sentiments, though intelligible to every human heart and mind, were, many of them, contrasted with eastern habits, while to the northmen they were the breath of life.

But to whatever origin we refer this peculiar style of fiction, it became, in the hands of the Italian poets, something altogether new. Its life and soul and all its better elements were, we think, gothic—its forms were imitations, for the most part, of classical models. The Florentine storyteller who strolled from city to city, and from court to court, wherever he could find an audience, was not more like the rhapsodist who declaimed from Homer the story of Ulysses discovering himself to Penelope, or sang the enchanted grotto of Calypso, than the epic romance of Pulci or Boiardo

was like the *Odysey*. The habit of reciting cantos of these poems to their patrons, made the poet himself assume the character of the storyteller; and in this is to be found the explanation, not only as Foscolo and Ginguené tell us of the customary forms with which the cantos commence and conclude, but they do not seem to have observed it; an inevitable mixture of the comic arises from the necessity of supporting, at the same moment, the character of inspired poet and strolling declaimer. Ginguené assumes, that the commencements and conclusions of cantos, in which the poet now and then personates the strolling minstrel, are written in sober earnest, and he quotes one in which each of the auditors is asked “to put his hand into his purse and give a something, for here I conclude a canto.”† This one would suppose sufficient to undeceive any reader.

Ginguené analyses a few of the earlier poems of the fourteenth century, for the purpose, chiefly, of making his readers acquainted with Charles and his paladins—a knowledge as necessary to the reader of Ariosto, as an acquaintance with the House of Atreus is to the student of the Greek drama. Charlemagne himself, his nephew, Roland, and Rinaldo, they are those with whom we have most concern. The Charlemagne of romance differs from the Charlemagne of history, as much almost as the Charlemagne of Mezeray and Voltaire differs from the hero of the earlier chronicles. Indeed what is called philosophical history is the bolder fiction of the two. Romance makes him eighth in direct descent from the Emperor Constantine, the great grandson of a second brother. The elder branch of the family bore glorious fruit; for from it came his nephew, Roland, or Orlando. The old romance of the *Reali di Francia* gives the pedigree—with an account of Charlemagne’s early years. On the death of his father, Pepin, who is assassinated by two natural children, the young prince flies from Paris. A price is set on his head, and Pope Sergius, who was then

* “Lays of the Minnesingers, page 24.

† Che ora vi piaccia alquanto por la mano.
A vostra borsa, e far me deno alquanto.
Che qui lo gia finito il quinto canto.

dead, only about sixty years, excommunicated whoever may give him shelter. Charles conceals himself for a while in an abbey, where he lives with the monks, assuming the name of *Maino*, or *Mainetto*, but finally flies to Spain. He is well received at Zaragoza, the court of the Saracen king; he falls in love with the king's daughter, to whom he administers the sacraments of baptism and matrimony. The King of Africa now invades Spain, whose monarch is saved by the valour of his son-in-law. Conspiracies are entered into against him, and he flies from them. After a variety of adventures, he finds his way to Paris, slays the usurper with his own hand, and ascends the throne of his father.

Years rolled on, when some scandal arose at the court of Paris, which united the names of Milone, a young cavalier, descended from the elder branch of the royal house, and Bertha, a younger sister of Charlemagne. The lady, who had loved with the incautious tenderness which leads to so many interesting situations in romance, was straightway shut up in a tower, and death was said to be too good a punishment for her and her lover.

A brave knight, however, breaks the doors of Milone's dungeon, and of her tower—brings together the young people, with notaries and witnesses, and has them married. Charlemagne is enraged—declares Milone outlawed—seizes his land: Pope Sergius, too, is straightway summoned to excommunicate them. Of all places in the world, where do they think of going? Where, but to Rome! Even in the days of romance money was a necessary of life, and Milone had none. He had already sold horses, and arms, and all he had that could be sold or pledged; and at last poor Bertha had to creep into a cave, near Sutri, to abide her time. It came duly, and a boy, beautiful as day, was born. The strength of the child was very great; and on the very hour of his birth, he began rolling himself round and round in play, till he reached the very mouth of the cavern. The happy incident was one which his delighted parents wished never to be forgotten, and from this fact of rolling he was called Roland. Milo, however, got tired of wife and child, after living with them for five years in the cavern; he made his way

to Africa;—thence to Persia and India. Of how he died or where, the romance is silent.

Meanwhile Orlando and his mother continue to live in the cavern near Sutri. To the mother it is a period of hope and fear. Her son grows up, the admiration of the neighbourhood, and is soon recognised as the natural leader of the young villains of the place. He has, however, no coat, and one is bought him by subscription. The commission is entrusted to a committee of four. Two buy white cloth, and two buy red. From this he took his name of "*Orlando dal Quartiere*."

Charlemagne goes to Rome to be crowned Emperor of the West; and his nephew, who had now come to a time of life to help to support his mother, found the means of getting near enough to the emperor's table to steal a plate of meat. He succeeded; and again and again tried the same trick. Charlemagne saw him, and thought to terrify him by a loud hoarse cough. The young scoundrel laid down the plate, and caught the emperor by the beard. He then fixed his eye upon the emperor,—his audacity had the effect of fascination, and he decamped, carrying with him the plate. The amazement of the crowded court is increased by Charles's communication that he had seen this extraordinary boy in a dream. Inquiry is made after the boy and his mother—the relationship is acknowledged by the emperor, and his nephew, received into favour, becomes the chief support of the throne.

It is necessary, for understanding the mere story of the Italian romantic poets, to give a moment's attention to the pedigrees of their heroes. Milone had three brothers, who are important as the fathers of heroes and heroines. From Otho of England sprang Astolpho, whom we meet early in the *Paraiso*, under the disguise of a myrtle, and whose adventures are among the pleasantest parts of the poem. Buovo was the father of the magician, Malagigi. The four sons of Aymon are Rinaldo, Alard, Guiscard, and Ricciardetto; and his one fair daughter is Bradamante, the ancestress of the House of Este. Rinaldo is, next to Charlemagne, the most important character in these fictions. Our first account of him is his slaying a nephew

of Charles's, who was cheating him at chess, and flying from arrest to his father's castle of Montauban. Charlemagne marched against them with an army of ten thousand knights, commanded by Orlando.

The castle is besieged, but they contrive to escape. They take to the road, and literally subsist by highway robbery. Rinaldo, without any material change in his circumstances by so high a connection, marries Clarice, sister to the King of Bourdeaux. Orlando and Charlemagne at last succeed in capturing him, and he submits on humiliating conditions—the best of which is, that he shall go to Palestine, to re-conquer the holy sepulchre. He goes. The magician, Malagigi, after a full experience of all the pleasures of a dissolute life, had become a hermit. Rinaldo succeeds in winning him from his retreat. The combined effects of valour and magic are irresistible, and he returns to the emperor, loaded with all the treasures of the East. Lest our readers should be deceived by this language, it is necessary to say, that the treasures for the most part consist of relics, which, however, work miracles, and are important to Charlemagne's purposes.

Of the *dramatis personæ* of the *Furioso* most are taken from the *Innamorato* of Boiardo—and, probably, Ariosto had a greater advantage in continuing stories which had already enchanted his hearers, than in seeking to engage their attention with the study of characters absolutely new. We are not, indeed, aware that any great poet has been content to do without the aid of traditions. The characters in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were those of the earlier ballads—and the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* have been in their turn, the inexhaustible storehouse of the Greek and Roman poets. Ariosto assumes that all the stories told by Boiardo are familiar to his hearers, and this is to us rather an inconvenience—as without reading the earlier romance, it is not easy to understand the precise position of his heroes and heroines at the commencement of the *Furioso*. This renders it necessary for us to say a few words of this story before speaking of Ariosto's poem.

The fame of Durindana, the sword of Orlando, and of Bayardo, the

horse of Rinaldo, had reached the ears of Gradasso, a monarch of India, who had a dragon's face and heart, and was, in height, a giant. To obtain them, he meditates the invasion of France.

At the time this wild ambition seizes him, Charlemagne is holding a solemn tournament at Paris. All strangers, baptized or infidel, are invited. On the first day of the festival is a sumptuous banquet. Charlemagne appears in his royal robes—his guests, Christian and Pagan, are twenty-two thousand and thirty. Their order is arranged according to rank. At all trumpet dinners, mistakes are likely to be made, and Rinaldo is not placed as high as in his own estimate he ought. This gives rise to some joking, but music sounds, and the meats are served up. While this is going on, four giants enter the hall, and between them is a damsel of exceeding beauty, followed by a single knight. She tells Charlemagne that she and her brother are exiled from their father's house, that in their wanderings they had heard of this feast, and that they have come to win, if possible, the wreath of roses, which is said to be the guerdon in these jousts. "My brother," she says, "will await all comers at the Pillar of Merlin. Should he succeed in unhorsing his adversary, such knight so unseated shall be his prisoner,—should my brother be flung, I am to be the reward of the victor. I am Angelica, and my brother is Uberto."

She remains kneeling before Charles, who hesitates before he gives his answer. All the paladins are silent with admiration—Orlando approaches her with eyes cast down—the grey-haired Namus feels his youth returning, and Charles himself is actually in love. Ferrau, a paynim knight of infidel Spain, thinks of snatching her up at once, and carrying her off, but is restrained by the recollection of what is due to the imperial presence. The lady receives a gracious answer, and retires.

The magician, Malagigi, suspects that all is not right, and has recourse to his books—he conjures up four devils—one of whom informs him that Angelica is sent by her father, Gradasso, the king of Cathay, to fascinate, as she best can, the warriors of

Charlemagne, and bring them prisoners to her father. She is full of malice, and is learned in all magic—her brother, whose true name is Argalia, has enchanted armour—and a lance, the virtue of which is such, that no knight could resist its push—he has a ring, too, that, put into the mouth, has the power of making the person invisible, and which, worn on the finger, can

frustrate all enchantments—he has a horse, too, of miraculous swiftness. Galafron's chief dependance is, however, on the fascinations of his daughter. Malagigi is disturbed by the news—but orders his devils to transport him to the pavilion of Argalia, near the Pillar of Merlin—Argalia is resting in his pavilion, while

' Angelica beneath a pine is sleeping,
Her long light tresses scattered on the grass,
Beside a limpid fount, whose waters, leaping,
Fell back into a pool as clear as glass.
A giant had the damsel in his keeping,
Who might for a reposing angel pass;
Her brother's ring the sleeping lady wore,
Whose hidden virtues were described before.

False Malagigi, borne on fiendish steed,
Meanwhile through fields of air in silence swept,
And now dismounting on the flowery mead
Approached the weary damsel where she slept,
By that grim giant watched, who for her need
Good guard upon the sleeping lady kept,
While others of her following paced the sward,
And (such their charge) kept wider watch and ward."

The enchanter throws the giants into a magic sleep. Angelica is safe from the effects of his incantations in virtue of her brother's ring, which happened to be on her finger; and the magician disappointed, is himself well bogged, his book taken from him, and by means of one of the spells in it, which Angelica reads, he is sent prisoner to Cathay. This scene appears to us much better in his original poem of Boiardo than in Berni's refaccimento, and we shall at some time give our readers a translation of it. While these things are going on at Merlin's Pillar, there is confusion at Paris, as Orlando insists on being the first to try the adventure with Argalia. This is resisted, and the right determined by lot. Astolpho's is the first chance, and Ferrau's the second.

Astolpho and Argalia engage, and Astolpho is instantly unhorsed; he yields himself prisoner, in compliance with the conditions of the tourney. The next day Ferrau's bugle is heard; he claims the second course. Argalia meets him, mounted on his horse Rabican. Rabican is blacker than a raven, with, however, three piebald legs, and his forehead marked with a star. Ferrau is unhorsed; but saying

he is no vassal of Charles's, refuses to abide by the conditions which had been made. Argalia's giants interpose, and are beaten by Ferrau. Argalia resumes the combat, but finds he has left his lance behind. Blows are given and received, when a conversation is held between the combatants, in which they mutually learn that the arms of one are enchanted, and the skin of the other invulnerable. The communication leads to a sort of treaty, in which Argalia offers Angelica to Ferrau, provided she will marry him. Angelica, who had an opportunity of looking at Ferrau, thought him ugly; beside he was black haired, and she had set her heart on white haired men. The battle is renewed, and she transports herself by magic from the scene. Argalia flies, and Ferrau follows, losing all trace of knight or lady. Astolpho, meanwhile, finds himself at liberty, and his own lance having been broken in the tourney, he takes Argalia's, unconscious of its virtues, and returns to Paris. On his way he meets Rinaldo, and tells him the fortune of Ferrau. At Paris, Orlando learns from him what has occurred. He, too, sets out in the evening of that day in pursuit of Angelica. We have

thus engaged in pursuit of this fair charmer at the same moment, Ferrau, Rinaldo, and Orlando.

Meanwhile, the tournament which King Charles had proclaimed is going on, while his best knights are away. Grondonio, the pagan giant, seems likely to win the crown of roses; he has wounded and unhorsed numbers of the Christian knights. Astolpho enters the lists. The enchanted lance works a miracle. The giant falls like a tower that has been undermined. Astolpho, however, loses the honours of the day by treachery. He is furious, tilts at friends and foes—even at Charles himself—and is at last carried off to prison.

The three warriors whom we left in pursuit of Angelica arrive by different roads to the wood of Arden, where she is. Rinaldo is the first to come, and he finds a beautiful fountain in the forest. Its properties are little suspected by him. The fountain had been, in the days of old, enchanted by Merlin, and the water, when drunk by one in love, made him forget his passion—nay, more, made him hate all he had before loved. Unfortunately he drank, and though he soon after came to another fountain, he lay down on the bank, without drinking of its water. That second fountain was the fount of love: he lay down and slept. While he was sleeping, Angelica came, drank of its waters, and fell in love with him. She pulls a handful of flowers, and throws them on his face. He wakes, looks at her, and flies. She pursues in vain—at length sinks down on the turf, and weeps herself asleep. Ferrau next makes his appearance; he meets Argalia, and after a long combat he pierces him to the heart, through a chink in his enchanted armour. Argalia entreats that his conqueror shall throw him, all armed as he is, into the neighbouring river, that his memory may not be disgraced by its being known that he has been defeated in enchanted armour. Ferrau consents, with the single reservation of the helmet. He raises the crest from Argalia's helmet, puts it on, throws Argalia into the river, and pursues his way through the wood.

Meanwhile Orlando arrives, and finds Angelica sleeping. While he is gazing on her, Ferrau comes up,

thinks he is one of her guards, and defies him. He, however, soon recognizes Orlando, and a duel follows, during which Angelica flies. A truce is proposed by Orlando, who reasonably suggests that both should follow her, and when she is recovered, that their dispute may be determined. This is refused by Ferrau, and the battle recommences with more fury than before. It is, however, interrupted by a lady on a palfrey, who comes demanding Ferrau's assistance. Spain, she tells him, is besieged by Gradasso, and Marsilius has no other hope than in the valour of Ferrau. The pagan knight cannot resist the command of his sovereign. The duel is suspended with the consent of Orlando, who follows Angelica, while Ferrau and Flordespina (such is the lady's name) return to Spain. The invasion of Spain, meanwhile creates a stir in Charlemagne's court, and Charles sends Rinaldo to the relief of Marsilius.

Rinaldo is successful against four giant-kings, allies of Gradasso. One of them, who survives a bloody battle outside the walls of Barcelona, reports the victory of Rinaldo, and Gradasso himself goes forth against the conqueror. Rinaldo is mounted on Bayardo, little knowing that this good steed is one of the main causes of the war. A single combat is agreed upon between Rinaldo and Gradasso. If Rinaldo conquers, he is to have back all the prisoners made by Gradasso. If Gradasso wins the day, Bayardo is to be his. The duel is to take place the next day.

Meanwhile Angelica, who has returned to India, thinks of releasing Malagigi, in order that he may mediate between her and Rinaldo. Rinaldo receives him graciously, but has drunk too deeply of the waters of disdain to give him any favourable intelligence for Angelica. Malagigi is annoyed, and takes strange revenge. He sends one of his devils to Rinaldo, who personates an envoy from Gradasso, and misleads Rinaldo as to the precise time of the appointment. Rinaldo on his coming to the field in the morning, sees only a small bark anchored to the shore. Soon after, however, he meets and combats with one of Malagigi's spirits, who has assumed Gradasso's form. Rinaldo making a blow with all his force, hurles

his sword in the sand. The devil avails himself of the opportunity to escape, and flies into the bark. Ri-

naldo leaps after him; but the devil leaps from prow to poop—

“Rinaldo chased him back from poop to prow,
The sword Fasberta flaming in his hand,
But he from side to side, from stern to bow,
Flits while the barque is drifting from the land.
Rinaldo marks it not; who thought but how
To reach the foe with his avenging brand;
Nor from his long day-dream of vengeance woke,
Till the false fiend was melted into smoke.”

The vessel scuds before the wind, and at last takes ground near the gardens of the palace.

Gradasso meanwhile waits with impatience at the appointed hour and place for Rinaldo. He waits till night. When Ricciardetto, the brother of Rinaldo, finding he did not return, withdrew the arm from Marsilius's camp, and returned to France.

Rinaldo's conduct had thus all the appearance of cowardice and treachery. The unfortunate Marsilius is compelled to make peace on any terms, and holds Spain as siege-man of Gradasso. They march to Paris. Charlemagne, who sallies out to meet the invaders, is conquered. Gradasso renounces all rights of conquest, demanding only Rinaldo's horse and Orlando's sword, and that Charlemagne and his peers were to remain his prisoners for a day. Charlemagne accepts the terms, and sends to Paris for the horse. Astolpho had assumed the command at Paris. He receives Charles's messenger with indignation—says “Charles has no right to the horse—if Gradasso wants him, let him come fight for him.” Gradasso accepts the challenge; they fight. Astolpho is still armed with Argalia's invincible lance, and Gradasso is unhorsed. Astolpho when he had obtained the release of the prisoners, (for this was part of his agreement with Gradasso) tells Charles that he must depart the next day to look for his cousins, Orlando and Rinaldo. Charles in vain seeks to buy him to remain with the offer of Ireland—aye, Ireland. The duke resists, and departs. Gradasso, too, returns home.

Orlando had in vain wandered as far as the Tanais in search of Angelica. He asks a sphinx whom he meets for the dwelling of Angelica. She answers it is in Albracca, and questions

him in her turn, “Not to solve my riddle is death,” cried the monster. Orlando did not quite understand this, but thought he might as well put her out of the way, and with his sword Durindana he straightway cuts her in two, and then reads the solution of the riddle from a book. He comes to a river, and rides along its precipitous banks, till he reaches a bridge. The giant who keeps it tells him it is the bridge of death. “Maybe so,” says the paladin, and slays the giant; as he falls, however, he touches a spring, and a net of iron closes on the hero, beats the sword out of his hand, and there he lies captive.

A friar comes up, and preaches a sermon, which Orlando thinks is taking a shabby advantage of his circumstances. Up comes a Cyclops—looks at the friar—intimates that he cannot think of feeding on such carrion, takes up Orlando's sword, and with it hews the net in pieces. Then comes a fight with the giant, in which Orlando conquers. He then proceeds to Albracca, but meeting a lady, who offers him an enchanted cup, he drinks, and under the fascination of the draught, follows her to a marvellous palace.

Angelica has other lovers besides the Patadins, and one of them besieges her father's capital. She contrives to deliver Orlando from the captivity in which he was held, after having taken the enchanted draught, and he slays her persecutor in single combat. The charm which had attached her to Rinaldo still operates, and she persuades Orlando to accompany her in search of him to France.

On returning through the forest of Arden, she drinks of the fountain of hatred—and Rinaldo, of the fountain of love.

Our object being only to relate

Boiardo's story so far as to render intelligible the action of the Orlando Furioso, it is sufficient for us to add, that, on Orlando's arriving in France with Angelica, a combat takes place tween him and Rinaldo for the lady.

Angelica seldom witnessed a battle, without flying from the scene—and, while the cousins are engaged in combat, she rushed madly through the forest, and came at last upon a plain, covered with tents. This is the camp of Charlemagne, who is now at war

with Agramant, the king of Africa, who had invaded France. Charlemagne, to terminate the quarrel between the cousins, consigns Angelica to the care of Namus, duke of Bavaria, and promises that she shall be the reward of him who performs the best service in the first battle with the Saracens. At this period of the story commences the action of the *ORLANDO FURIOSO*.

A.

THE TWO MAIDENS.

•
FIRST MAIDEN.

Sister, sweet sister, why pluck ye the flowers
That bloom all so bright in the garden bowers,
Where the sunshine of heaven falls light on their head,
And the dew of the evening is over them shed?

SECOND MAIDEN.

I'll weave thee a coronal for thy hair,
Of these lowly flowrets so fresh and fair.

FIRST MAIDEN.

Sister, sweet sister, oh, weave not now
A wreath to bind on my aching brow,
For I feel in my head such a burning pain,
As a fire within were searing my brain.
Sister, dear sister, oh bring them not nigh,
Or the flowers will wither, the blossoms die!

•
SECOND MAIDEN.

I'll make thee a bouquet, so bright and gay,
To wear near thy heart—oh! say me not nay!

FIRST MAIDEN.

Sister, fair sister, 'twould find no rest,
O'er the throbbing pulse of this feverish breast,
It would seem to share in my bosom's strife,
And flutter as though each fair flower had life!
Let them still feel the sunshine, the dew, and the showers—
Oh, let them not perish, the beautiful flowers!

•
FLORENCE.

* Suggested by wearing flowers which were fresh at noonday, yet withered ere night.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.—NO. XXXVII.

DR. WHITLEY STOKES.

IN the long record of miseries attendant upon old age recorded by Juvenal, we do not recollect that he has mentioned the world's forgetfulness of its greatest benefactors, when age has forced them to retire from the active pursuits of life. The poet, the historian, the statesman—all who have amused, instructed, or governed mankind—those on whose words nations have hung in anxious expectancy, or who have been the delight and admiration of thousands, are alike neglected or forgotten, when years have deprived them of the power to please, or when they have ceased to tread the busy paths of worldly occupation. In addition to this, we too often find that, by outliving the active period of existence, they lose that posthumous reputation which is one of the highest rewards the world can bestow upon its benefactors. Those who, if they died in the zenith of their fame, and in full possession of all their mental powers, would be followed by a nation's tears, when they outlive their energies, are allowed to pass away with indifference, almost with neglect, and all the good they may have done is forgotten or unprized. The reason of this is too obvious—a new race has sprung up which knows little, perhaps cares less, for its predecessors, and all contemporaries who should appreciate the struggles of the time, and estimate the exertion bestowed in achieving benefits for their generation, have passed away; and thus it too often happens that

"The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones."

These remarks have been forced upon us by the recent death of Dr. Whitley Stokes, a man who conferred many and great benefits upon society in Ireland, and whose body, soul, and spirit were for years devoted to the pursuit of means to promote the moral interests and develop the physical resources of his country, and who was so far in advance of the times in which he lived, that it is only now we can appreciate what he strove for during a long life; and we are now reaping the benefits of that for which he endured years of toil, obloquy, and even persecution to accomplish.

Some may perhaps think our commendations exaggerated, and charge us with extravagance in claiming so much for the subject of this sketch; but we trust, ere we conclude, to prove that he was worthy of still higher eulogy. Doctor Stokes was, through a long life, a strenuous advocate of the liberties not only of his country, but of mankind. He was the uncompromising enemy of tyranny, whether despotic or democratic. He was the first successful teacher of medicine in Ireland, as well as the founder of clinical medical instruction. To him we owe, in a great measure, the formation of the admirable botanical garden and the museum of Trinity College. He was almost the first to draw public attention to the vast natural and industrial resources of Ireland; and from his eloquent and earnest teaching may be dated the cultivation of natural history, geology, and mineralogy in Dublin; and one of his last public efforts was the foundation of the Zoological Society.

But his memory is encircled with even higher honours. He was an active promoter of the Irish Society, and sought by every exertion of his mind, and by a most liberal expenditure of money, to further the instruction of the people through the medium of their own language. A zealous and sincere Christian, he sought to bring the light of the Gospel to every poor man's heart and home, believing that in so doing he was laying the foundation of virtue, peace, and prosperity in Ireland. In the year 1814, he printed, at his own expense, an English and Irish Dictionary, bearing the following motto—

Дружеско и на ои ии бѣри 43амт4
Дружеско ии. 404 бериш 61б.

In a preface to this work he briefly combatted the apprehension even still entertained by some as to the result of the cultivation of the Irish language:

"Some, I believe, may fear that any encouragement to the revival of the Irish language may be injurious, by delaying its decline, and the consequent extension of the English. To me this decline does not appear so rapid as it may to others; but with respect to the extension of the English language, it appears likely to be promoted at present by the cultivation of the Irish. This is what will open to the native student an easy path to the first rudiments of knowledge: when these are obtained, emulation and interest will soon excite him to the acquisition of the English language, on which his hopes depend. And he will speedily outstrip the scholar who has been taught, like a parrot, to pronounce by signal, words which convey to his mind no meaning whatever.

"Let us, then, diminish the inconvenience of distinct languages, by multiplying interpreters. All the intercourses of society will be conducted with more facility and the tribes, so long separated, may at length begin to blend into one nation."

We have long since had the desire to present a portrait and biographical sketch of Dr. Stokes; but out of respect to feelings which we honoured, we abstained from doing so, hoping that in time we might overcome what we esteemed a prejudice, and that we should be able to present to the public a full and perfect biographical sketch of one of the most remarkable men of the past age. It is with pain we have now to pen an obituary memoir; for while we may now more freely discuss his character and attainments, and introduce topics we should then have been compelled to avoid, we still feel, independently of our sorrow at his loss, that we have missed the opportunity of laying before the public personal recollections, which would have been at the present time most valuable for their truthfulness, and the interest which the reminiscences of one who lived in the most trying periods of Ireland's history would afford.

We hope, however, in the present sketch to be able to present such portraiture of the man as may justify our praise of one who, though dead during the latter years of his life to the active pursuits of literature, science, and politics, had been one of the brightest ornaments of the university, and the best model of what a patriot should be, if honesty, uprightness, devotion to his country, unselfishness, and a total indifference to what could lead to personal advantage, be the test of what a patriot should be.

Dr. Whitley Stokes was born in the year 1763. His father, who had been a Fellow of Trinity College, had retired on a college living, and was Chancellor of the Cathedral and master of the endowed school of Waterford, to which his character as an accomplished scholar gave a high reputation, and was fully justified by the number of eminent men educated there, amongst whom was his son. At an early age Dr. Stokes entered the university, where his undergraduate career was highly distinguished, as much by his industry and talents as by enthusiasm in the investigation of physical science; and at an early age he obtained a fellowship, under circumstances highly characteristic of his energetic mind. He had for some months previous to the examination been labouring under illness, brought on, in a great measure by the severity of his study, and when the day of trial came he was so ill and weak that his friends considered it impossible that he could undergo the necessary exertion. However, his fixity of purpose could not be shaken, nor would he allow what he deemed the certain reward of his exertions to be snatched from him by any light cause, and on the morning of the examination he was carried into the hall, and to the astonishment of all, proved by his answering that, though the body was exhausted, the mind was unimpaired; and to the joy of his friends, he was declared the successful candidate. Having attained this grand object of his ambition, he did not lapse into a merely indolent performance of his college duties—he seemed to regard what many deem the goal, as only the starting point of life, whence he was to proceed in a career of active prosecution of those pursuits which were to confer, not benefit on himself or his family, but on literature, science, and the best interests of mankind. Indeed, from this period till a few years before his death, his life was one continued exertion;—and under constant opposition, which seemed but to stimulate and exalt his energies, his

With regard to Whitley Stokes, his political opinions approach nearer to mine than those of either Knox or Burrowes. We, however, differ on many material points; and we differ on principles which do honour to Stokes's heart. With an acute feeling of the degradation of his country, and a just and generous indignation against her oppressors, the tenderness and humanity of his disposition is such, that he recoils from any measures to be attempted for her emancipation which may terminate in blood: in this respect I have not the virtue to imitate him. I must observe, that, with this perhaps extravagant anxiety for the lives of others, I am sure in any case which satisfied his conscience, no man would be more prodigal of his own life than Whitley Stokes, for he is an enthusiast in his nature; but 'what he would highly, that would he holily'; and I am afraid in the present state of things, that is a thing impossible. I love Stokes most sincerely. With a most excellent and highly cultivated mind, he possesses the distinguishing characteristic of the best and most feeling heart; and I am sure it will not hurt the self-love of the friends whose names I have recorded, when I say that, in the full force of the phrase, I look upon Whitley Stokes as the *very best man* I have ever known."

Shortly after these events the rebellion of '98 broke out, and he at once, and without hesitation joined the party opposed to the rebellion. He took command of a college corps, and was distinguished by his energy, and the care he took of the exercise and drilling of those under his command. Unfortunately, circumstances occurred which made him feel it necessary to resign the command—we believe the reason was, that many of the privates in the corps were dissatisfied with being placed under one whose principles they considered doubtful, owing to his intimacy with so many of the republican party. However that may be, we feel fully assured that his loyalty would have withstood any temptation, and that his devotion to the cause he had adopted was as single-hearted as that of any of his comrades. Indeed, as evidence of this, we may state that an address was presented to him from the officers and men of his company, highly complimentary to his loyalty and zeal.

This and other circumstances led to an inquiry into his conduct as a fellow and tutor of Trinity College, and a visitation was called by Lord Clare, the Chancellor, at which, though nothing whatsoever was proved, in the slightest degree compromising his character as a loyal subject or a member of the University, it was decided by the visitors that he should be suspended from his fellowship for a year. This was a most unwarranted proceeding, unsupported by evidence, and by no means justifiable on the ground that it was necessary to make an example of an eminent man for holding opinions likely to endanger the peace of the country. No charge of disloyalty was established; on the contrary, evidence was brought forward to prove that he had always inculcated in the strongest manner, the duty of obedience to the laws of the land, and respect for the sovereign. It was also proved that he was one of the most firm upholders of the truths of Christianity, which was then threatened with danger from the French party; in fact, that he had made himself remarkable by his giving private lectures to his pupils on the Evidences of Christianity, and by having also published an excellent pamphlet in answer to Paine's "Age of Reason." Despite of all this, expediency, the tyrant's plea, was used to justify an act of the greatest oppression. This work of Dr. Stokes was of incalculable value at that period, when the infidel principles which it so strenuously opposed, were beginning to spread among the students of the University.

Shortly after this storm of politics, the Union took place, and in the calm which followed Dr. Stokes found time for pursuits more congenial to his character, and more suited to his tastes. Indeed we are not aware that he again directly interfered in such subjects; other topics occupied his thoughts, and he deemed that Ireland was to be benefitted more by attention to the development of her great resources than by the necessary excitement of politics, which could not be employed without evoking the demon of religious discord.

To this end he devoted himself to various practical subjects—the employment of the poor, their education, and the economic mode of supplying large cities with food. In aid of these objects he expended large sums of money annually for several years. He was one of the most able and active promoters of the Irish Society, by which so many blessings have been conferred on the inhabitants of this country, and he had selections of the sacred Scriptures trans-

lated into the Irish language and printed at his own expense; and it is a sad consideration, that had the Church of Ireland but manifested half the zeal for education in former years that a layman afterwards did, we should not in all probability be now in the state of anarchy, which makes many doubt the utility of an Established Church, and gives to politicians one of their strongest arguments against its efficacy.

Plans for the employment of the poor must occupy the mind of every person who feels an interest in the well-being of this country, or who even possesses the slightest feelings of benevolence; and few men were more under the influence of both these motives to exertion in their cause than Dr. Stokes. On all sides then, as now, though perhaps the evils are at present slightly alleviated, were to be seen thousands of able-bodied paupers, willing to work for the slightest remuneration for their toil,—immense tracts of waste land—and available but unemployed motive power adequate to supplying manufactures and employment for thousands. This was, as at present, a sight to stir the spirit within any man, whose heart beat with generous feeling, and Dr. Stokes endeavoured to direct the public mind to adopt means by which a state of things so unnatural and so anomalous might be alleviated. We cannot enter into details of the different suggestions he offered. We may briefly allude to them. One was a proper regulation of the sea fisheries along the coast, which he considered a most desirable mode of employment, giving not only to small capital a ready investment and return, but supplying an export trade from the south and west of Ireland; and keeping up a nursery of men for the navy, in case of war. We trust to see something done in this way even more extensively than at present, when attempts are making on the southern coast to establish efficient fisheries, and capital is being embarked in that most lucrative trade. Another proposal he made was the reuting out in small farms waste lands, under the control and direction of proper agents. The working of the different mines of coal, iron, copper, &c., was one of his most favourite projects, and we can point to the Mining Company of Ireland, and its flourishing works in the south, as one of the great benefits conferred upon this country, of which he was a most active promoter, and which expends in one small district, in wages alone, upwards of eight hundred pounds per week. From these laborious investigations arose his work on the resources of Ireland, the first attempt made towards the development of the wealth and innate powers of this kingdom.

To the theory which attributed the poverty and distress of Ireland to our over-population, he was a most determined opponent; and he proved that there was, if properly employed, a capability of supporting a much greater population in Ireland than the number of inhabitants it then contained. On this subject his opinions coincided with those of the most experienced men at present, who have any knowledge of the great but undeveloped resources of this country. To the Malthusian doctrines he was, under all their phases, a decided opponent, and he published, about the year 1818, a pamphlet, in which he refuted the axiom assumed by the disciples of that school, that population increases in a higher ratio than the means of support, and the principles which he was the first to combat, were afterwards fully refuted by the amiable and excellent Mr. M. T. Sadler, in his *Treatise on Population*.

Shortly after his taking his seat as a member of the senior board, he felt compelled, from religious scruples, to relinquish his fellowship, under circumstances highly creditable to his conscientious feelings, which compelled him to sacrifice place and emolument, rather than hold them in violation of his convictions.

On his resignation of his fellowship, he was appointed Lecturer on Natural History, and during the period he held this professorship, he gave many courses of lectures on the different branches of this interesting study, in which he not only introduced subjects treated of in the University by him for the first time, but put forward many and original views on various topics connected with the natural sciences. He was the first teacher in Dublin of the modern theories of geology and mineralogy, and it was under his direction that the present Museum of Mineralogy in Trinity College was arranged, and many of the most interesting specimens were contributed by him, especially those which served to elucidate the mineral resources of Ireland. He

was also the first to put forward the modern theory of meteors being either fragments of a former planet, or small planetary bodies revolving round the sun, with orbits crossing that of the earth, and which being consequently occasionally brought within the sphere of the earth's attraction, give rise to those showers of meteoric stones, which are now admitted to have fallen from the air on various occasions. This subject he treated fully in a lecture delivered many years since, and he contrasted the different popular opinions relative to shooting stars being produced in the atmosphere, or sent out of the volcanoes in the moon, refuting those opinions by arguments, the truth of which recent discoveries have fully proved, and which are now generally adopted by the philosophic world. He also delivered many courses of lectures on the volcanic theory of the earth, and put forward what is now considered the established theory, though then received, as all new views are, with ridicule or contempt; and he was the first to introduce, in common with the distinguished Dr. Macartney, those views of comparative anatomy brought to perfection by Cuvier. It was to forward the study of natural history in this country that he determined on the formation of the Zoological Society of Dublin; and to assist in this object, he visited Paris and London, to make himself practically acquainted with the system pursued in the Jardin du Roi and the Zoological Society of London. During his visit to the former city he made the acquaintance and friendship of Cuvier and Brongniart.

Want of space compels us to curtail much matter of interest which we had intended to introduce into this article, and gladly would we have proved by extracts from his writings, many assertions made in the preceding pages, but unfortunately the limits to which we are restricted compel us to bring these memoranda to a rather hurried conclusion. Gladly would we have dilated on his personal amiability, which endeared him to all who were honoured by his friendship; and despite of some peculiarities of manner, inseparable from genius, gave to an evening in his society, a freshness and novelty seldom enjoyed in this commonplace existence. He would then give pleasure to all around him by a vivacity and humour almost boyish. He seemed always to bear in mind the maxim of Cicero—"Ut enim adolescentem, in quo senile aliquid; sic senem, in quo est adolescentis aliquid, probo: quod qui sequitur, corpore senex esse poterit, animo nunquam erit;" and he was equally ready to enjoy a jest, or to repeat, with the richest humour, some witty anecdote, and seemed always prepared to vary the monotony of philosophic discussion by wit and pleasantry. He was at the same time remarkable for the almost feminine purity of his mind; no one ever heard from his lips a syllable capable of raising a blush on the most modest cheek; and a jest or a tale sullied by the slightest impurity, or treating disrespectfully either morality or religion, no matter how piquant or witty, would never win a smile, or pass without his showing his resentment either by silent contempt or indignant remonstrance. It is also a trait in his character rarely met with, that he had no enemies; opponents he had, and many, but though he never spared vice or countenanced folly, yet while he crushed the one and awed the other, their votaries were never rendered his enemies. To modest merit he was the firmest friend, and his hand and purse were ever open to aid the efforts of struggling genius; and there are many now living who could prove the ready aid he afforded them in their struggles to competence and wealth.

His mind was highly poetical, and no one could more keenly feel the beauties of our classic poets, with whose writings he was familiar, being himself a library of reference to the best of the ancient and modern classics. This taste was the more remarkable as it is rarely that poetic taste is found to co-exist in minds trained to the cultivation of the exact sciences, and few men can be pointed out, whose energies have been directed to abstract science, or its practical applications, who could even feel a poetic sentiment. This, however, was not the case with Dr. Stokes. Though a utilitarian in the highest sense, he felt that the fine arts were a means of advancing civilization almost more effectually than tracts or lectures. He knew that painting, poetry, and music, possess a secret power over the instincts of our nature, more readily available than abstract truths can ever be; and he also

thought that some romance should mingle with the dull realities of life, to make man a feeling as well as a thinking being—a creature with a feeling soul as well as a reasoning mind. And to this end he thought that every encouragement should be given to the cultivation of our tastes for the beautiful in all its forms. He was himself an enthusiast in poetry; few men could feel more keenly the numerous beauties of the galaxy of poets whose rising glories he witnessed; and we have heard some of his friends state, that when the works of Burns or Scott first appeared, Dr. Stokes was almost the first person in Dublin to appreciate their now acknowledged merits. In the year 1793, on the occasion of his first visit to Scotland, one of the first acquaintances he formed was with Robert Burns, at whose house he spent many happy hours, and of whose writings he was ever an ardent admirer. Of painting and music he was a most attached votary; and often have his friends seen him absorbed in ecstasy as he listened to the “wild songs of his dear native plains,” his whole soul concentrated upon the poetry and melody.

On several occasions he wooed the muse, and we subjoin a few (perhaps not the best) specimens of his capability in this high accomplishment, which have not been published. The first is a free translation of Seneca's fine ode, “*Stet quicunque violet potens*,” in which the spirit of the original is fully preserved; the second, an address to the shamrock worn by George the Fourth, which is most interesting, not only from the intense expression of love of country contained in it, but also from its being written when he had nearly reached his sixtieth year.

“*STET QUICUNQUE VIOLET POTENS.*”

Climb, climb who will the slippery height
That leads to royal smiles and power,
My heart let humble peace delight,
Let conscience cheer my parting hour.
So when my days in peace have flown,
To cities, camps, and courts unknown,
Calmly I'll meet an humble grave,
No wealth to lose, no power to leave.
Man to his long misconduct blind,
Arms the dread King with all his danger,
Lives known too well to all mankind,
Dies to himself a wretched stranger!

ON THE SHAMROCK WORN BY GEORGE IV. ON HIS PUBLIC ENTRY INTO DUBLIN 1821.

Fair plant! beloved with rooted truth,
And watered by my tears,
The bitter trial of my youth,
The solace of my years,
Lov'd, honor'd plant, too long oppressed
Beneath the foot of pride,
At length unfold thy beaming breast
And cast the dust aside,
Beloved! revive—your King appears,
To wipe your tears away,
The sorrows of a thousand years
Are vanishing to-day.
His aged head thy grateful breast
Shall soothe to safe repose,
Free from the thorns that still infest
The Thistle and the Rose.

The following lines will, we think, bear comparison with any that Goldsmith has ever written:—

As some adventurous merchant bound
To distant climes the globe around,
Parts freely with his monied store,
For what may suit his native shore;

We who our course to-morrow keep
 Beyond the grave's unmeasured deep,
 Yet hope, that trackless ocean passed,
 To reach our Father's home at last,
 Those things alone should make our care,
 Which we are sure are treasured there.
 Know then, in God and angel's sight,
 No gem more pure, nor diamond bright,
 As one good action, done to prove
 Us mindful of that Father's love.

Until a very few years before his death, he continued actively employed in the execution of his collegiate duties; in the private prosecution of chemical investigations; and in plans for developing the resources of this country by the establishment of different manufactures. However, advancing age, though it left him in the enjoyment of his mental faculties, had incapacitated him from the intercourse of society, in a great degree, for some years past; yet those who had the privileges of his familiar friends, could still admire the resources of his well-stored mind, which called forth, even to the last day of his life, their admiration at their richness and variety. And we may mention, that the evening before his fatal illness, he gave a long and animated description of all the events connected with Napoleon's Russian campaign, and the disastrous retreat of the grand army from the walls of Moscow. This was the last occasion on which his friends had an opportunity of admiring his accurate memory and great power of description, for a few hours subsequently he was seized with illness, which speedily proved fatal, leaving to the world a bright example of untiring zeal for knowledge, kind-heartedness which no ingratitude could chill, and benevolence ever ready to sacrifice self-interest or advantage to the wants or necessities of others. Never was a man whose position and character made temporary fame an object of desire, so free from every trace of envy or detraction of others. This was almost carried to a faulty extent. He was always ready to impart his stores of knowledge to every inquirer; and he often saw others claiming merit and obtaining rewards for what he had originated; and we know that several discoveries of his, were the means of advancing men to a temporary eminence, whose only merit was their unblushing effrontery in piracy. Still he allowed this without envy or reproach. Truth was advanced and knowledge was diffused, and he cared not by what channels, or at what loss of fame to himself.

Our task is now done—would we could say, worthily of its subject. We have laboured at no mere panegyric, nor advanced one word beyond simple fact, though we are conscious we have fallen far short of expressing fully our opinion of this most accomplished and exemplary man. Did the limits of a magazine article allow us to make quotations from his valuable publications, we doubt not the public would be now a great gainer, as most of his views on practical subjects would admirably suit the present times, when more correct notions of public policy are likely to be applied to the alleviation of the wants of this country, and mere theoretical politics are giving way to attempts at material improvements, by means of education, manufactures, and an amended system of agriculture. Would that we could hope his oft-repeated warnings against bloodshed and violence—given when the provocations to both, and the hopes of success, were infinitely greater than at present—could now be heard, and that all who loved their country and their religion, the Protestant or the Roman Catholic, would lay to heart the following passage from his admirable address to the people of Ireland, written in 1799:—

“I wish to make the people know and love the moral precepts of the Gospel: when they become better acquainted with the standard of their common faith, they will learn how far all have departed from it in doctrine and practice: returning to their source, they must approach to each other, and, if they cannot entirely meet, they will find it positively enjoined to bear each other's differences of opinion with charity and indulgence—they will find the distinguishing mark of Christians is mutual love—they will be ashamed of their past errors, and promise each other that they will never be led into them again.”

POETICAL REMAINS OF THE LATE MRS. JAMES GRAY.—NO. III.

"Thou hast left sorrow in thy song,
A voice not loud but deep;
The glorious bowers of earth among,
How often didst thou weep!

"Where couldst thou fix on mortal ground
Thy tender thoughts and high?
Now peace the woman's heart hath found
And joy the poet's eye."—

MRS. HEMANS.

[THE "Noctes Ambrosianæ" of *Blackwood's Magazine*, may be said to have conferred an immortality—*de jure* as well as *de facto*—on those concerned in them, whether the speakers or the spoken of. Their rapid conversational flow was an easy vehicle for introducing the merits of all whose names had come to the public ear; and praise was as liberally given to some, as burning invective poured down on others. With the true characteristics of a vigorous mind, the literary likings and dislikings of Christopher North were equally intense. He rejoiced in discovering and declaring real genius—and he did both with unbounded generosity—every whit as well as he gloried in the slaughter of a mere pretender to poetical fame. His exquisite judgment seldom left him at fault; and his criticisms, even when ruthlessly severe, were yet shown to be at least discriminative, if not impartial. Early—almost on her first appearance in print—was his helping hand extended towards Mrs. James Gray's efforts; and at his divine symposium, through the lips of the Shepherd, he then named her with praise, along with many more of her bright sister spirits. We feel it a sort of duty to make the extract, now that she, with the most of those referred to, has passed away from this earth for ever:—

"*Shepherd*—Mr. North, I often wush that we had some leddies at the Noctes. When you're married to Mrs. Gentle, you maun bring her sometimes to Picardy, to matroneeze the ither females, that there may be nae *scandalum magnatum*. And then what pairties! Neist time she comes to Embro', we'll hae the Hemans, and she'll aiblins sing to us some o' her ain beautifu' sangs, set to tunes by that delichtfu' musical genius, her sister.

"*North*—And she shall sit at my right hand.

"*Shepherd*—And me on hers.

"*North*—And with her wit she shall brighten the dimness her pathos brings into our eyes, till tears and smiles struggle together beneath the witchery of the fair necromanceress. And L. E. L., I hope, will not refuse to sit on the old man's left.

"*Shepherd*—O man! but I wush I could sit next to her too; but it's impossible to be like a bird, in twa places at ance, sae I maun submit.

"*North*—Miss Landon, I understand, is a brilliant creature, full of animation and enthusiasm, and, like Mrs. Hemans too, none of your lachrymose muses, 'melancholy and gentlemanlike,' but like the daughters of Adam and Eve, earnestly and keenly alive to all the cheerful and pleasant humanities and charities of this everyday sublunary world of ours.

"*Shepherd*—But wunna you ask Miss Jewsbury to the first male and female Noctes? She's really a maist superior lassie?

"*North*—Both in prose and verse. Her Phantasmagoria—two miscellaneous volumes—teem with promise and performance. Nor must our festal board, that happy night, miss the light of the countenance of the fascinating Mrs. Jameson.

"*Shepherd*—Wha's she?

"*North*—Read you never the Diary of an Ennuyée?

"*Shepherd*—O' a what? An N, O, E? Is't a man or a woman's initials?

"*North*—Nor the Loves of the Poets?

"*Shepherd*—Only what was in the Magazin. But, oh! sir, you were maist beautifu' specimens o' eloquent and impassionat' prose composition as ever drapped like hinny frae woman's lips. We maun hae Mrs. Jameson—we maun indeed. And wull ye hoar till me, sir, there's a fine enthusiastic bit lassie ca'd Brown—Ada Brown, I think—wha maun get an inveet, if she's no ower young to gang out to sooper; but Miss Mitford, or Mrs. Mary Howitt, will aiblins bring the bit timid

cretur under their wing ; and as for mysel', I shall be as kind to her as if she were my ain dochter.

"North—Visions of glory, spare my aching sight—
Ye unborn Noctes, press not on my soul!"*

This was fine praise finely given ; and must have awakened in the mind of the young debutante, feelings of the purest gratification. And how much of her after-destiny may it not have decided ; what resolves may it not have enkindled, to consecrate her life to her high calling—to toil yet more in literary effort—to struggle for a name which would endure ? For our early impressions shape the course of our maturer years ; and the applause or the disappointment of youth, remains unforgetten, even amidst the weariness of old age.

The poems which follow were written at various periods of life, mostly, however, within the last five or six years. The reader can so readily distinguish between them, even from the mere internal showing, that we do not deem it incumbent to point out their dating more particularly. Mrs. Gray's maturer poetry does not differ more from her earlier productions in a higher finish, than in an altered tone and manner. Happiness with her was a plant of slow growth ; and from the intensity of feeling in youth, she was hardly acquainted with it then. But as years grew, her mind became more lofty and calm ; the morbid expression of impatient longing passed away along with the idle dreams of her inexperience. A serener heaven she beheld over head the further she advanced on her life-journey ; and when she suddenly came to its termination, as she did with her youth yet undeparted from her, the very gates of that bright world seemed unclosed, to admit the new-born angel. Who could forget such parting words as " Oh, not one pang, not one pang too many ! " from lips already rounding in their gasp of death ? It could but remind those to whom it was repeated, of the quaint but expressive apophthegm made by an old Christian father, concerning the younger Constantine. He declared him to be "*Felix natu—felicior vitâ—felicissimus morte.*"]

I.—THE PROGRESS OF A SOUL.

Lit by the Creator's hand,
By his breath to brightness fanned,
Weak and scarce discerned at birth,
Comes the pilgrim soul to earth.
Shrined within the babe's frail frame,
Never dreaming whence it came,
Never dreaming of the powers
 Slumbering in its depths—the seeds
 Of many thoughts, and words, and deeds ;
 Never knowing how it feeds ;
Never counting passing hours,
Yet every hour increased and brightening,
Every day the bondage tightening
Which must fetter it while here,
Wanderer through this darkened sphere.
Yet, though earthly ties are round it,
Though the shroud of day hath bound it,
Still it struggles to be gone,
On, on, on !

Through the infant's wailing sadness,
And its gleams of quiet gladness,

* Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, December, 182

Soon of inward thoughts and feelings
 Come the short but sure revealings.
 When it clasps the offered flower,
 Feeling beauty's thrilling power—
 When its eye will clearly scan
 Common things with look intense—
 Brightened hath the intelligence
 That shall after be the sense
 Of the full-grown, careful man—
 Then it is for ever striving
 With Thought's ocean, floating, driving ;
 Wondering, with most wondrous glée,
 That such things indeed should be.
 Truths that on the surface lie,
 Seem its own discovery.
 Might it but thus happy stray,
 Ever in this stage delay?
 No! its task must all be done—
 On, on, on !

On ! through all the Cloudland wrought
 From dreaming fancy mixed with thought ;
 On through all the heavier clouds,
 Where the lightning Passion shrouds ;
 Onward still, to the clear air,
 Of cloud, and mist, and tempest bare ;
 But is this the soul ? Alas !

 What stains of dark and clinging clay—
 What dust has gathered by the way—
 What earthly fire is in its ray ?

It may no farther pass.
Upwards it hath striven till now,
 But its wings are drooping low ;
 It cannot bear the clearer space
 That leadeth to a holy place ;
 In its fallen nature see,
 Vain its strugglings up must be,
 Yet its spirit cannot fly
 From its immortality.

On, on, on ! no stop, no rest !
 It is on earth a pilgrim guest
 Not a dweller—all in vain ;
Upwards cannot pass the stain
 On its essence ! But beside
 The pathway doth a fountain glide.
 Here that saddened pilgrim may
 Wash the darksome stains away,
 And drink from that eternal spring,
 Draughts that shall sustain its wing,
 Till it reach the bright abode
 Of Him who traced its upward road—
 Its Maker and Redeemer—God !
 Where the tree of life doth grow,
 Where the living waters flow,
 It shall rest, no more disturbed ;
 No wild passions to be curbed ;
 No more struggling to be gone,
 On, on, on !

H.—A TALE OF TRUE LOVE.

["In the year 1768, Admiral Keppel went with his sister, the Marchioness of Tavistock, to Lisbon. This lady, whose story makes a melancholy episode in her brother's life, was one of the great beauties of her day, and had been married, four years before, to the Marquis of Tavistock, who was killed by a fall from his horse, while hunting. After his death she gave birth to a child, who was that unhappy Lord William Russell, so lately murdered in his bed. Lady Tavistock never recovered the loss of her husband, and soon afterwards fell into a decline. An incident which occurred at a consultation on her case, gives an affecting proof of the sweetness of her character. One of the physicians, examining her pulse, requested her to open her hand. Her reluctance induced him to use a degree of gentle violence; when he perceived that she had closed it to conceal a miniature of her late husband. 'I have kept it,' she said, 'either in my bosom or my hand, ever since my dear lord's death; and thus I must, indeed, continue to retain it, until I drop after him into the welcome grave.'"—*Dublin University Magazine*, November, 1843.]

It was a lovely lady sate within a spacious room,
Where the golden light of summertime stole through a leafy gloom,
For the wreathing vine and myrtle bough, with mingled roses, made
Before the open window's light at noon a grateful shade;
Yet languidly the lady sate, all silent and alone,
And pale as if her beauteous brow were of the chiselled stone.
By the shadow on that brow her thoughts had deep and sad employ,
And the faint red streak upon her cheek had nought of light and joy.

Yet she was young, and Youth's fresh hues had faded from her face,
And of the open smile it wore had sorrow ta'en the place;
They had brought her from her own far land with vainly hopeful dreams
That the sinking lamp should be relit in that warmer climate's beams.
But who can bind the bruised reed, or heal the broken heart,
When at the very source of life hath lodged the poisoned dart?
And now, with daily drooping hopes, they saw before their eyes,
That Albion's flower was fading fast beneath those foreign skies.

There was a grave and thoughtful man who entered silently,
He pauses long and lifts his hands in grief that sight to see.
He looks on sufferings every day, and by the bed of death,
'Tis his familiar task to watch the passing of the breath;
But the patience and the loveliness of this stranger fair hath fraught
With melancholy tenderness her image to his heart,
And for medicine that should bring relief unto her weary pain,
He daily tasked his utmost skill, though he knew 'twas all in vain.

He sitteth by that lady's side, he's listening to each tone,
As low and sweetly musical as wood-dove's plaintive moan;
He takes her small white hand in his—what do her fingers grasp,
And wherefore doth she strive to loose those fingers from his clasp?
The roseate flush o'erspread her cheek, her languid eyes grow bright,
Her face, even in its prime, ne'er wore a lovelier light.
What hidden treasure doth she hold with such a fervent care,
To shield even from the eyes that watch so kindly there?

With gentle force he opes the hand, and then her eyes fall free,
And she resists no more, but lays a picture on his knee;
It is the semblance of her lost—true portrait of that one—
Who of her happy path of life was once the cheering sun.

She looks upon the lofty brow, and on those cloudless eyes,
And freshening streams of heavy tears unto her own arise.
And "Oh!" she sobs, "I have this prize to love and treasure yet,
And be unto my aching heart a soothing amulet.

"Yes—ever since that fearful hour when we were called to part,
I've clasped this precious jewel thus, or hid it near my heart;
And marvel not it hath a charm my troubled mind to soothe—
It is the only witness now that the blessed Past was truth.
I know the loved hath passed away—my soul can trace on high,
A something of his upward path to the world beyond the sky;
But her weary wing, still clogged with clay, turns to some earthly rest
And finds this spot to linger near, as the woodbird finds her nest!"

The gentle lady passed away, far happier to be gone
Than linger with a widowed heart in this drear world alone,
And the legend tells not of the spot where her fragile relics rest,
Or if they laid that pictured form upon her pulseless breast.
It mattered not!—but let us trust, the full, unbroken tide
Of happiness o'erflows her soul, of love^a all purified—
That the true soul, which earthly pain and suffering meekly bore,
Hath met and joined the Lost again upon the "better shore!"

III.—TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

Maiden! we met, we loved, and now we part—
Ours have been pleasant hours,
Passed by the sea, or amidst sweetest flowers,
While heart grew close to heart.

Ours was no common love, no childish dreaming—
We spake not of it oft;
But in our souls we felt it calm and soft,
And from our eyes 'twas beaming.

And yet we are far different—thy sweet life
A bright and pleasant rill,
All beautiful, and pure, and singing still—
Mine the dark ocean's strife,

Or dead, not calm! The river seeks the sea,
Pouring its stainless waves
Into the ocean's deep-embosomed caves—
So came thy thoughts to me!

We part! yet, sweet! we never shall forget
Each other—many a thing
Simple and done^e in carelessness, shall cling
To memory fondly yet.

Thou wilt remember me whene'er thy thought
Is fixed on grassy bank,
Or weedy pond, or water-lily dank,
That we so dearly sought.

And with the sweet wild thyme, or yellow furze,
And the full-sounding sea—
Blended with things like these my form will be,
When thy dear memory stirs.

I shall remember thee, too—not with flowers,
 For with full many a one,
 Swept from the world, like lightning seen and gone,
 I've sate in summer bowers—

Not with the rippling of the stormless wave—
 A dearer e'en than thou,
 Once watched it with me, and I've buried now
 Such memories in Hope's grave.

But when I see a rose in its full prime,
 A cloud full pure and bright,
 A single star with richer, fuller light
 Than most in our cold clime ;

Then I will think of thee, and thy bright eye,
 Radiant with happiness—
 Then, star-like, shall thy treasured image bless
 My dark, chill memory.

IV.—THE WHITE ROSE.

* * * Call not the crimson rose
 Fairest of blossoms ! She may be their queen—
 May be most worshipped for her passionate hue,
 And her rich incense—but far lovelier
 I deem her snowy sister, that pure star,
 Lighting the dark green of a shady bower
 With her sweet presence. Purest, holiest
 Of flowers is that white rose ! The lily fair
 Perhaps is statelier ; but the stainless rose
 Is the most touching. She reminds us still
 Of the deep crimson of the Summer's queen,
 By her fair-moulded form, and yet hath nought
 Of earthly taint about her. She is a maid
 So strong in purity, the sun may look
 For ever on her, and yet fail to call
 A blush unto her cheek !

V.—A SONG.

Thou wilt not be less dear to me,
 Although the tie is rent ;
 And separate must the spirits be,
 That once so closely blent.
 Though thou may'st feel that *thou* art free,
 That now our hearts are twain,
 Thou wilt not be less dear to me,
 When we shall meet again.

Thou may'st forget—man soon forgets
 The soul that once could move ;
 But a holy star that never sets,
 Is woman's changeless love !

It hath in higher realms its birth,
 And danger and distress
 Reach but the part that is of earth—
 I shall not love thee less.

A cloud is in the summer sky,
 A canker in the fruit ;
 But the sun is shining fair on high,
 And firm the vine hath root.
 My love may lose its loveliness,
 Its being may be pain,
 But thou wilt not be less dear to me,
 When we shall meet again.

VI.—SONNET. TO ISABEL.

Ten years since we have met, fair Isabel !
 When last thy smiling face by me was seen,
 Thou wert a merry maiden of eighteen,
 And I remember that bright day full well—
 We had been gathering wild flowers in the wood,
 And thou wast twining some about thy hair,
 When came the summons, and I left thee there,
 And thou astonished on the green hill stood,
 Watching my quick departure. Now thou art
 Perhaps not all so radiantly bright,
 But oh ! how lovely in thy matron light,
 And still as dear unto this saddened heart !
 Alas ! my home no more near thine may lie—
 I can but bless thee now in passing by.

VII.—FRAGMENT.

We are bold hunters, hunted still,
 Straining and panting out of breath,
 Chasing our own uncertain will,
 Chased by our certain death.
 From the young child, who loves to chase
 A shadow on a green hill-side,
 And the bold boy who loves the race
 Kept by a torrent's tide,
 Marking his progress by the flowers
 He flings upon the eddying stream,
 Unto the youth, in summer hours
 Chasing some fond love-dream—
 All hunters are, each hunted flies,
 Following the rainbow-light of fame,
 Or chasing joy 'neath April skies,
 Or honour's nobler game.
 All fleeing from the thought of grief,
 Or from the phantoms of remorse,
 Or from the truths that tell how brief
 Shall be their earthly course.
 All every nerve and sinew strain
 Whilst the earth slides their steps beneath ;
 And all are chased, and all o'erta'en
 By the stern hunter, Death.

VIII.—WITHERED TREES.

What do ye here, ye withered trees ?
 The sun and the vernal rain,
 And the softening breath of the spring-tide breeze,
 Revive ye not again !
 Why do your leafless branches spread
 O'er the fair bough's bud and bloom,
 And hang o'er the bright young sapling's head,
 Like prophecies of gloom ?

Why do ye stretch in the sunny air,
 As if stripped by the wintry wind,
 And the light and joy of Summer share,
 That ye cannot pay in kind ?
 Why do ye cumber the smiling earth,
 And shadow the thick green grass ?
 Make way for the young shrub's leafy mirth—
 Pass, from this bright world pass !

There came a sigh from the withered boughs,
 A murmur, and a moan ;
 Like a rustling wind o'er the crisping snows
 In winter, was its tone.
 It seemed to say, " Alas ! to think
 Of man's ingratitude ;
 That we from his sight are bid to shrink—
 We, monarchs of the wood !

" We used to be as green and fair
 As the trees ye cherish now,
 And a crown of leaves were wont to bear
 On every lofty bough.
 We used to laugh in the pleasant sun,
 And bathe in the heavy dew ;
 Why grudge that now our youth is gone—
 We linger yet in view ?"

" We are lingering but like aged men,
 With hearts and passions cold ;
 Would you scorn your own grey fathers, then,
 Because they have grown old ?
 Ye look on *them* with a reverent look,
 Though bent and aged now,
 And read, as ye would read a book,
 The wisdom on each brow.

" Do not those reverend parents teach
 That we must pass away ?
 And pray not we such lessons preach,
 Of slow but sure decay ?
 When the flattering Spring winds wander by
 These fair young leaves and flowers,
 We tell them with a low deep sigh,
Their fate must be as ours."

IX.—TO THE GREEN ISLE FAREWELL.

To the Green Isle farewell !
 Its rocks, its lakes, its mountains,
 Its little vales where fairies dwell,
 Its brightly-gushing fountains.
 A few hours more, Green Isle, and then
 I quit thy beauteous shore,
 And oh ! mine eyes may long in vain
 To see thy fields once more !

To the city bright farewell !
 She sits beside the river,
 As if called up by some deep spell,
 And planted there for ever.
 A few hours more, I shall be passed,
 And who shall say my feet
 Again shall roam the city vast,
 And trace each well-known street ?

To the kind hearts farewell !
 Alas ! this night will prove me,
 Snatched from the joys that dwell
 Amidst those hearts that love me ;
 And I shall watch the cold blue sea,
 But who will then be near me ?
 And I shall weep, but whose will be
 The spell of love to cheer me ?

Farewell ! I have no word
 Wherein to name this feeling ;
 Sadly my heart is stirred
 Beyond the lip's revealing.
 But you, dear friends, can surely guess
 All that my soul would tell,
 And fancy all the thoughts that press
 Around that word "farewell !"

X.—THE BRIDEGROOM TO HIS BRIDE.

Four years ago, dear love !
 And we were strangers ; in a distant land
 Long had it been my lonely lot to rove ;
 And I had never touched that gentle hand,
 Or looked into the lustre of those eyes,
 Or heard that voice of lovely melodies,
 Winning its way unto the listener's heart,
 And gladdening it, as a fresh stream doth part
 The grass and flowers, and beautifies its road
 With fresher hues, by its sweet tides bestowed.
 Then I had never heard that name of thine,
 Which on this blessed day hath merged in mine !

Three years ago, mine own
 And we had met—'twas but acquaintanceship ;
 There was no tremor in the courteous tone
 Which, greeting thee, flowed freely to my lip

At each new interview. Thy beauty seemed
 Indeed the very vision I had dreamed
 Of woman's loveliest form ; but that it shined
 So bright a gem, so true and pure a mind,
 I did not early learn ; for thou art one
 Whose gentle, kindly actions ever shun
 The glare of day. I knew not *then* the power
 That seems thy richest gift at this blest hour.

Another year went by,
 And we were *friends* !—" dear friends " we called each other—
 We said our bosoms throbbed in sympathy,
 That we were like a sister and a brother.
 Ah ! but do brothers' hearts thrill through each chord,
 At a dear sister's smile or gracious word ?
 Do sisters blush, and strive the blush to hide,
 When a fond brother lingers at their side ?
 Do friends, and nothing more, shrink from surmise,
 And dread to meet the keen world's scrutinies,
 And tremble with a vague and groundless shame,
 And start when each doth hear the other's name ?

One little year ago,
 And we were lovers—lovers pledged and vowed—
 The unsealed fountains of our hearts might flow ;
 Our summer happiness had scarce a cloud.
 We smiled to think upon the dubious past,
 How *could* so long our self-delusion last ?
 We laughed at our own fears, whose dim array
 One spoken word of Love had put away.
 In love's full blessed confidence we talked,
 We heeded not who watched us as we walked ;
 And day by day hath that affection grown,
 Until this happy morn that makes us one.

Beloved ! 'tis the day,
 The summer day, to which our hearts have turned,
 As to a haven that before them lay,
 A haven dim and distantly discerned.
 Now we have reached it, and our onward gaze
 Must henceforth be beyond earth's fleeting days,
 Unto a better home, when having loved
 ONE more than e'en each other—having proved
 Faithful to HIM, and faithful to the vow
 That in our hearts is echoing even now,
 We two shall dwell His glorious throne before,
 With souls, not *bound*, but blended evermore.

XI.—A SCENE FROM REAL LIFE.

'Twas a Summer day, and far on high
 Sailed the fleecy clouds in the clear blue sky ;
 The rose had put forth her tender leaves,
 Rich in the glow which the sunshine weaves ;
 And all sweet flowers were blooming round,
 And in the boughs was a whispering sound.
 The wind swept by with perfume laden,
 It kissed the brow of a dying maiden,
 It lifted the veil from her burning cheek,
 It sent a thrill o'er her lips so meek,

As, helpless amidst that freshening air,
 Prisoned she sate in her garden chair.
 Oh! woe for the rose in that lovely face,
 Woe for that hand with its delicate grace.
 Look on her brow, and at once 'twas kno
 What foe had marked her for his own.
 Hear her low voice—see her lips apart,
 Forced by the hurried throb of her heart;
 And ye saw at once what fell Decay
 Was stealing the spring of her life away.

I had turned away, my tears to hide,
 She called me softly to her side.
 Can I forget her deep dark eye,
 Raised to the blue untroubled sky,
 Then turned plaintively on mine,
 With a lustre half divine?
 Then she spoke, "Oh! saw you e'er
 Summer sky so blue and fair?"
 Then in accent low and fond—
 "To think what lies that sky beyond;
 To think that there we all must meet
 The Saviour on the judgment-seat!"
 On her face a cloud I saw,
 A momentary, holy awe;
 But it was not fear that laid
 On her gentle brow that shade.
 Well she knew her faith secure
 On a rock well tried and sure;
 'Twas the natural shrinking back
 Of our nature from the track
 Yet untried. Now is she gone
 Safe before the Eternal Throne;
 Yet when the Heaven is blue and clear,
 Her low sweet voice is in mine ear;
 And I think of that clear eye,
 Whose soul now shines beyond the sky.

XII.—TO DEATH.

Conqueror, and friend, and foe!
 Thou who hast ruled the world since that dread hour,
 When on the earth thy dark and deadly power
 Came linked with sin and woe.

Thou who dost crush the rose,
 Or fling the tall pine down the mountain path;
 Who rid'st the tempest-cloud in fiery wrath,
 Or comest like twilight's close!

A thought is thrilling me,
 Shadowing my spirit in its summer prime;
 Oh! in what place, what season, or what time,
 Where shall I meet with thee?

Shall friends stand weeping by,
 Shall a soft sleep mine eyelids gently press,
 And shall my spirit, calm and terrorless,
 Pass in a gentle sigh?

Or shall the anguished sob
And writhing pang my failing brow convulse ?
Shall pain and weary torture bid my pulse
In struggling weakness throb ?

Or, sadder fate than this,
Shall I lie down in loneliness to die—
No anxious friend, no kind and pitying eye
To see these agonies ?

Shall mine own land receive
The wreck of this poor frame, and o'er my tomb
My country's flowers in wild luxuriance bloom,
And her green sod upheave ?

Or shall the cloudless sky
Of southern climes look down upon my grave ;
Shall the rich orange bloom, or citron wave,
Where at the last I lie ?

Or wilt thou come, O Death !
In mantling flames, and in thy wild embrace
Crush me to ashes, that shall have their place
But on the wild wind's breath ?

Or in the stormy sea,
Down 'midst the sounding caverns of the deep,
Shall the cold sea-flowers bloom, and watch my sleep—
Where shall I meet with thee ?

Shall age have stamped my brow,
And cast its film upon my sunken eye ?
Nay—didst thou laugh that moment scornfully ?
Death ! art thou near me now ?

It may be but the thrill
Of natural fear, that this weak spirit dims
To think how soon these sentient moving limbs
An early grave may fill.

Yet come thou when thou may'st,
Thou canst not touch me, save by His command
Who holdeth in the hollow of his hand
The wild sea's tameless waste.

With One thou once did meet,
Who light upon thy darkness did confer.
What art thou now ?—a conquered Conqueror—
Thy victory was defeat.

Through Him who died for me,
I fear thee not ! I will not dread thy power—
He hath prepared me for the trying hour
Where'er I meet with thee.

MONEY MATTERS; OR STORIES OF GOLD.

NO. I.—THE TREASURE BOX.

GOLD, cash, money, wealth—by whatever term designated, thou hast excited deep, if not the very deepest passions in this world. One uninitiated in the mystery of the might and power of those yellow and white metals would surely stand in utter amazement at beholding the human emotions clustered round them—the eager desires—the fiery wishes—the hopes—the long hopes winding on through years without ever tiring—the misery—the meanness—the guilt—the toil of body—the waste of health—the grinding down of mind—the ruin of happiness—the tears—the sufferings—the death—the love of money has wrought all; yet the picture has its bright points, too: who will deny the good money has wrought—the happiness it has made.

Ambition has votaries and slaves. Strong minds and energies strive to rise above their fellows; ambitious Bonapartes to rule the world—ambitious belles to reign first and finest in ball-rooms; the feeling is the same, and the objects not so widely apart either. But as years have carried the energies slowly and surely away, ambition has gone with them imperceptibly, and the old man, or the old woman, whose eager wishes have once been to rise, whether they gained their aim or not, have dozed dreamily at last in easy chairs, with their bald heads and toothless gums, and forgot to care who got up, or who went down in life. When does ever the real lover of gold forget his passion?—does it not live on and on till his latest minute of breath? Gold—the hand stiffening for the grave can expand to clutch it. Gold—the eye closing on all the world, can open again feebly when it is mentioned. Love, happy love, is a new and beautiful light of heaven, that glitters on life from twenty to thirty, or in some cases to forty, or in some very rare cases to even fifty. There is a happiness in it above this world, but it is the most transient thing, it dies we do not know how; we get old, and the blood begins to flow languidly, then when love is most needed, we cannot have it; we

cannot even, though we should try our best, love as we did in our early days. Disappointed love—many graves with early dates on the tombstones—many broken constitutions, diseases of the blood and heart, gray hairs in the best days of life, and spirits weighed down to rise no more—hundreds of the saddest of all sights humanity can witness—lunatics in mad-houses—show the force of disappointed love; but it has been conquered over and over, and will be so again. Those who have once placed their hands on their hearts, and wished bitterly to die, and forget their miserable human love, have lived to become jolly, and, perhaps, corpulent in middle age, and have sat, and laughed, and wondered as they looked back on the wretched spectacle of themselves on a former day—all love, hopelessness, leanness, and loathing of life. The love of him who doats on gold never fades, and never makes him sorrowful; no, it is happiness, deep strong happiness, to see shining heaps of treasure rising up around him, to know that his exertions are sure to make more and more of what he idolizes. What eyes glitter like the rays of the precious ore?—what voice of fame from the lips of the whole united world, could touch his heart like the mute looks of his heaps of money? He knows well that money could buy the world, and make him omnipotent. This passion shuts out all the other strongest passions of nature, or they are all merged in it.

The miser—he is thought to be the genuine lover of gold; he has, it may be, commenced life without a guinea, or perhaps without a shilling, and gold is his one, only, early and late passion; he has worn body and mind away in gaining it; it makes his world, and he cannot dream of heaven except as a golden region. There are many modifications of this extreme idolatry; there are young hearts able and willing to relish many pleasures, which yet throb for money—ay, and yearn and pine.

Is there a bright eye in the whole

world that will not now grow brighter and happier still at the sight of gold? And why not? Cannot money alleviate pain. Give money to a wounded spirit, and what good is it? Yes, it is of use; it can carry us from the scene of pain; it can take us over the world, and if there is a cure in it, it can obtain it for us. Place money, heaps of it, under an aching head; well, it can do much, it can procure the best medical skill, and if we do not recover, we have the consolation of knowing we have done our utmost, and this is a rare comfort in all cases. Who will deny that money, as the world stands, can procure a large quantity of happiness; but a still greater certainty is it, that money makes an overwhelming amount of misery—the love of money I should have said. It was spoken solemnly by one who could not err, many centuries ago, that “the love of money is the root of all evil.” I have a piece of gold, which seems to have been some time in circulation, in my hand just now. I think I hear sighs wafting around it; I think I hear broken oaths,

and falsehoods, and execrations; I think I see tears on it; I think I see blood;—oh, how many human emotions has it witnessed!

In the course of a pretty long life, and some experience of the world, I have seen the love of money manifested in many shapes. It is strange, but though I have observed keenly all passions, I have had none so impressed on me as this.

What strange scenes are pictured in my memory: you would tell me they were pictures were I to exhibit them to you—if I were to tell you some of the most surprising deeds I have seen done for gold.

The following narrative has nothing striking in it; but I relate it because it interested me deeply in my young days—now a number of years ago, alas!—and one of my early friends was too sadly connected with it for me to forget it soon. I might relate it in my own person, but I am a painter, if not by trade, at least in nature, and all the feelings and actions I see seem but a kind of moral picture-gallery to me.

THE TREASURE-BOX.

AN old man and a young man entered a small room—a bed-room in an upper story of an old house, in the northern Irish city of Londonderry, well known for its walls, and its Walker, and its Lundy, and its siege. The old man had a peculiar sneer on his very lean unprepossessing lips, and his eyes, which barely glimmered perceptibly from beneath massy eyebrows, were fiery and excited, and rather malicious. He was about sixty years of age; his figure and face had no pretensions to flesh or fatness; but skin was there in great quantities, very much carved up in wrinkles, and very yellow. His dress was of an antique fashion; his old black coat had been fabricated by some long-forgotten tailor, in a mode which very good memories had almost lost the date of. This was Luke Maxwell, a nabob. He had left Derry very young and poor, and had returned to it, after an absence of more than thirty years, rich, and loving riches more than the heart in his body.

Robert Irving, the young man who accompanied him, was a distant rela-

tion, a fourth or fifth cousin. He was poor; the curse of never prospering in any business seemed on him, for he had tried many pursuits, but without success; and at this period he was almost penniless, and had small prospects of bettering his condition. He was a handsome person, both in face and figure, and had talents of no mean description; but there was something unhinged, out of joint in his mind, I should think, though it was not suspected by those who saw his usually gay, though strikingly pale face; and his conversation, which was easy and playful, and often witty, would have been far from causing people to form such surmises; but I knew him more intimately. He had suffered acute mental misery, and deep grief, which strengthens the moral and intellectual powers of some, had certainly weakened his.

“Come along here, Robert Irving, and I’ll show you what you could never gain—never—never—you are a ne’er-do-well, Robert Irving.”

Robert’s face, which had been per-

factly bloodless previously, flushed a painful hectic hue at this, and his dark eyes dilated and sparkled with suppressed passion, but he made no answer.

"And you love Rose, you say." The old man chuckled at a vast rate, and tried to laugh, but the laughter merely rattled unnaturally and unpleasantly in his throat, without coming honestly forth into the world.

"You love Rose. Well, well, Robert Irving. I know Rose Maxwell isn't handsome—I know that, though she's my brother Henry's daughter; he was handsome, and never had a guinea, and never could get one, like yourself, and died little better than a beggar;—I know Rose isn't handsome, though it's thirty-six years since I thought much whether a woman was handsome or not—one thing's handsome, and you'll never have that, Robert Irving—you'll never know the beauty and the blessedness of money, Robert Irving."

The old man was standing before a little ancient strong oak cabinet, which was placed so close to the bed, that the curtains fell partially over it. He crossed his hands formally, and with something of grotesque pride, over his breast, and drew himself up, or tried to straight himself; but it was not so easy getting rid of a stoop which had been the growth of two dozen years.

"I know what you'd marry Rose for, and so might Rose, but she's innocent—a good girl, and deserves better than a man without an ounce of gold, or silver either, maybe—you'd marry her for the sake of *me*, Robert Irving; I can't live for ever, and when I die, I can't carry my money with me—isn't that it? Well, if it was the will of God that I might take this one box with me, or even two of the large diamonds—but after all, heaven is made of gold, the Revelations say; the new Jerusalem will be all gold and jewels—aye, when I think of that, I know heaven will be heaven." His head fell on his breast, and his figure assumed its usual bending feebleness of look, he soliloquized in broken low whispers.

Young Irving indignantly denied that he wished to marry Rose Maxwell for money; his eyes glanced with a sudden fierceness, betraying a nature

of deep, and perhaps deadly resolve, and his face became blanched with the white hue of the bitterest emotions. It was all lost on the old man; he did not hear, apparently, and he certainly did not observe.

"What am I here for, Mr. Maxwell?—what mummery are you going to entertain me with?—some more of your insolence concerning my poverty, as if I had not struggled to the waste of body and mind for riches—you know I have—I shall go—you are my relation; but I shall only meet with cruelty and sneers from you: if you were to live much longer you might—but no, you will be dead before I can ever succeed." He was moving hastily towards the door, which the old man had closed carefully, and bolted inside.

"Come back," shouted Luke Maxwell, starting suddenly from his meditations—"come here—I must show you something that I want to rouse your ambition, if you have any in you: be cool, young man—be composed and calculating, if you wish to be as rich as I am." He gazed steadily and still sneeringly on Irving's agitated face.

He seized his arm and drew him close to the side of the cabinet. He drew out a thin, but strong and beautifully wrought gold chain, which hung round his neck, but was so disposed as to be entirely hid from observation: two keys were appended to it. He held the glittering chain up in his fingers for a moment, and his eyes, so old and hollow on all other occasions, actually seemed to grow round, and full, and bright, like youth again, with the intensity of the feelings of delight that possessed him. He solemnly, as a worshipper would approach his idol, unlocked with the larger key the cabinet. A very plain deal box, painted black, and of a moderate portable size, was all that was to be seen. Irving wondered: he had heard something of this box before, and he was surprised at its outwardly unpretending appearance—no fine polished foreign wood, inlaid with gold or pearl, as might have been looked for in the treasure-box of an Indian nabob, but a common article, of the commonest wood, apparently, and very ill painted.

The old man put the smaller key in the lock of the box, then he paused, and pressed his hand on the lid, and

paid it with a fondness of affection, that had it been his child—he was an old bachelor—had it been his first-born, only child, he would certainly not have manifested.

"I made it myself, Robert Irving—look, man, I made that box myself."

Robert did not wonder at it; he could see no great mechanical genius in it; it was roughly, though strongly put together.

"I made it thirty-seven years ago: the first money I ever earned was put in it. There was a time, Robert Irving, when all I had to put in it was five shillings—five shillings. I was as ill off as you then; but I vowed to make money, and I did. You'll never be a rich man, Robert; you couldn't; you hav'n't the pluck—the mind, I should say, in ye: you're a ne'er-do-weel." At every word of this, rage and bitterness rose up in young Irving's soul and eyes, but he was silent.

The old man turned the key slowly, and with a solemn hand, and with much deep feeling, if not awe, in his manner, slowly—mysteriously laid back the lid. Gold—gold—glittering, dazzling gold. Arranged fantastically, but so as to produce a dazzling effect, were a considerable number of all the gold coins of every country current at the period.

The old man's thin lips seemed to swell with new life; his very cheeks were tinged with a rare ruddiness; the dull meagre blood in his shrivelled veins had grown lighter and richer for the moment, as the glitter of his gold rose up before him. There was a dead pause of a few seconds.

"Look at it, Robert—look—look—what's like that in the world?—the shining—the blessed gold: it puts more life in my heart every time I look at it, man." He spoke with energy, and with a full, unbroken voice, unusual to him. He bent over the gold; his breath mingled with the coins; his lips rested on them: then he pressed both his hands on them; then he clasped them in a pious manner, and looked up and thanked God. He had been bred a Presbyterian, and some of his early habits clung to him.

Irving stood apparently in a kind of trance, from the moment the gold had met his sight. His eyes glared immovably on it. His lips and cheeks were cold and white, and few outward

emotions were to be seen there; but a close observer would have seen that they burned inwards, with an intensity approaching to madness.

The old man, after some minutes, removed with great care the upper part of the box containing the gold, and displayed, ranged in the bottom, a quantity of jewels, some of which were of striking beauty and brilliancy. Irving started slightly at this sight. He was well acquainted with precious stones, and he knew that those before him were genuine, and of very considerable value.

"They're handsome things, aren't they, Robert Irving; they have come, some of them, from Golconda itself. Masulipatan was not far from that—Masulipatan was a place to live in, besides Derry; but I was born in Derry, and, please God, I'll die in it—die and leave all this behind me." He muttered the last words half soliloquizingly, and his under lip, together with his whole head, fell despondingly again. It was only for a few seconds; he placed the division containing the gold over the jewels, and again stood contemplating.

"'Tis the best after all—nothing glitters like it—nothing lights up my very heart but the gold—the gold!" He stood in an ecstasy again.

"Gold, gold!" muttered Irving, slowly. The words seemed cleaving to his white dry lips, whilst he eyed the coins with a strong but suppressed eagerness, as if he would draw them into his very soul.

"You have more than this—more than this box?" he inquired hurriedly.

"More than this box! Ay, I have more possessions than this box, surely. I keep this to feast my eyes on—to look at every night before I go to sleep—and it makes me sleep sound. Now, I'll tell you what I brought you here for. You want to marry my niece, Rose. Well, go abroad—go to India—return with a box as valuable as this, and I'll give her to you—but not till then, remember. I'm obstinate: never till then. Before then, I may tell you, she'll be the wife of my nephew, Andrew, if I can prevail on her. Look at it again!—see how it shines—there! I must lock it up now. Go to India, or anywhere, and make gold, like this, Master Robert Irving."

He locked the box and the cabinet,

and put the chain and keys out of sight in his bosom.

"This is your settled resolution—you reject me *now* peremptorily?"

Irving made the inquiry in a suppressed voice, but some desperate purpose was in his keen, gloomy eyes.

"Ay, peremptorily, Mr. Irving," answered Luke, with a sneer, and a slight glance of malice.

"You will give me no assistance in gaining a fortune. You are my relative—assist me."

"Assist you, peremptory young sir! Who assisted me? I left Ireland with one guinea in my pocket. I will give you that. Come, I am charitable. One guinea, Mr. Irving." He drew an aged, greasy purse from his pocket.

Irving gave him one look of bitterness and anger—a look to be remembered—but it was lost on the old man. He was too stolid to be disturbed by looks. Irving opened the door, and instantly left the room, without speaking another word.

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In a small dark parlour on the ground floor, Robert Irving was seated beside a young girl, who was weeping, in the suppressed but convulsed manner, which tells of the most overwhelming emotion. This was Rose Maxwell. She was young, dark-haired, and dark-complexioned, with features which were rather pretty than otherwise when she was smiling and happy, but when she was miserable, as in the present case, little beauty was to be seen in her countenance.

She had wept for the last half hour almost unceasingly. She seized Robert's hand now, and pressing her brow on it convulsively, another burst of tears came from her already inflamed, swollen eyes.

"I must go, Rose. If you do not consent, I leave you immediately. You will never see me again in this world—never! We must meet no more. Rose, this is your doing."

He gazed on her with a soft, seductive, mournful tenderness, yet one uninterested in the matter might have seen that his love, or his passions, were not touched so much as his pity. He knew that the poor girl loved him.

"Leave me! Robert, Robert, take me with you. Forget that box of gold

about which you have raved so much. Robert, Robert, forget it. We could never be happy, even in love, were we to—to—steal."

The last word was inarticulate; she hid her head on his shoulder.

"So, Rose, you do not love me enough for this; no, you do not; and yet it is love for you—yes, the deepest, most devoted love—makes me do it. How could I marry you, and take you from a comfortable house, to starvation—to my own hard fate? Rose, let us reason this matter calmly. Rose, my own love, look dispassionately on the case, and divest yourself of the bugbear prejudices you attach to such words as '*stealing*.'"

He wound his arm around her neck; he bent his head over her; his deep, and mournful, but tender eyes, carried deeper persuasion into her soul than his words, though he spoke speciously and eloquently. It was a dangerous situation for one who loved intensely; one whose whole thoughts, whose entire mind, with her feelings, had all been given up to him. He argued long and earnestly. Her uncle knew that they loved fondly, yet he had sternly refused his consent to their marriage, he had forbid him, Irving, the house. It was in his absence they were together now. What right had he to break the strongest law of nature, and separate two hearts destiny had made one already? urged love, and Rose listened and wavered. Again, her uncle was rich, immensely rich; no one knew the extent of his possessions; his niece was one of the heirs, and would be certain of a considerable part at his death. Why not give it now? Why, if not given to her now, take it? But it was only as a kind of loan he, Irving, would take what he coveted now. He would enter into trade with this capital in some foreign country, and in a short time would transmit the whole sum to the old man again. He was sure he would prosper now, at last. Again, it was a test of her love, this that he required. Love, deep, true love, made light of such difficulties. It was no love, if it would not dare so much. This caused Rose's bosom to heave, as if the convulsion of her feelings would rend it asunder.

Irving spoke sometimes with an impetuosity approaching to frenzy, and Rose shrunk in terror from the burn-

ing glitter of his fierce eyes; then again he was soft, and entreated and begged, and his voice was plaintive, and his eyes were liquid, and he sighed as if there was even despair in his breast. She could not bear this; she softened; but the truth was, her love was so intense, that it overpowered all other considerations. She had good dispositions, and her moral feelings were strong; but love—the most pitifully strong love, overwhelmed all;—the other powers of her nature had become subservient to it.

"Then Rose, my own Rose, now I believe you love me."

He pressed her lips fondly, but the triumph on his brow showed that other feelings than love occupied him.

"How will my poor uncle live when he loses this box of treasure?" sighed Rose, weeping again.

"The treasure-box! Yes; the bright gold and the jewels—the glittering, glittering gold! My God, how it glittered! All last night the rays of that gold burned before my face as if I was scorched by some great fire; but it was blissful—blissful!"

He had withdrawn his arm from the girl's neck. He leant away from her, and spoke wildly and energetically, as if he had forgot her presence. An exclamation of surprise from her recalled his attention. He seemed ashamed, and apologized; and then a series of blandishments followed; and the poor girl was again the slave of whatever he wished.

"A few drops of laudanum in the ale he drinks at supper to-night, Rose, will be necessary, and then I can get the keys and——"

not that! No, no! He might never

"Laudanum, Robert!—poison! Oh, awake!"

"Do you not hear a noise? There!" whispered Robert, grasping her arm, and pointing to a door leading to a bed-room, which opened to the parlour.

"It is Andrew's room. No, he cannot be there; his dog, perhaps, has got in."

Robert rose and opened the door, and surveyed the room without entering; but he could see no one. As Rose had guessed, a little dog was there, and ran out when the door was opened.

"Ah, Pop: I knew he was there.

It is only Andrew's dog, Pop, Robert."

The door of the bed-room had been closed again but a few minutes by Robert, when from behind it, where it opened, making a hidden place draped with part of the bed-hangings, and various articles of dress, suspended against the wall, a thin, pale, sorrowful face, and part of a lean little figure emerged. Andrew Denham, the old man's nephew, emerged, and looked cautiously around, and listened, and in a few seconds, as if conscious of security, he applied his ear to the side of the door, and with eagerness on his parted, thin lips, tried to make himself master of the conversation carried on by the lovers. There was a concentrated frown on his brow, but his dark grey eyes were indicative of some deeply-desponding feelings. With this there was a gentleness, a kindly glow of goodness pervading the whole face, and figure too—if the figure may be allowed to be expressive of the moral sentiments. Andrew Denham, though not an admired young man, was universally liked, and praised, and respected.

But he was merely liked by his cousin Rose, where he would fain have been loved—where he would, in some soft moods, have given all the city of Londonderry, with all its walls, and all its wealth, and all its fame—and all the province of Ulster, if not all Ireland—to be loved as he loved. He was, at that moment, listening to the one voice that he prized in the world, giving words, and still more, tones of affection to his rival. The deadly paleness of his cheeks did not by any means fully show forth the miserable bitterness of his feelings. He had entered the room a short period previously, and Rose believed he was absent on business.

The conference of the lovers continued. Nothing could exceed the horror and agony with which Rose contemplated the thoughts of administering laudanum to her uncle. With a resolution Irving had believed her incapable of exerting, she declared her fixed intentions of giving up the business, if some other scheme was not devised.

"My heart will break—I feel it is my doom, Robert—but, even though you desert me this very moment, I cannot administer the narcotic to my

uncle—the poor old man, if he were never to awake, how could I live?"

"Some other scheme must be devised, then—let me see—he sleeps with the chain and keys of the cabinet under his pillow, you say—he has no fear of thieves either, you have told me, unlike all other misers—if he were called out of his bed suddenly, by some feigned intelligence of importance, he would not carry the chain and keys with him, perhaps?"

Rose said that, probably, he might not.

"Then, this very night I shall try—the gold"—he suppressed with some efforts his maniac feelings on the subject of the gold. He next made arrangements with Rose to meet him, by the dawn of the following morning, on a particular part of the wall, and they were to fly together, to live in love and happiness—that is, if he succeeded in securing the box of treasure.

Rose hurried him away—her uncle would soon be in, he rarely staid out of doors long. He had not walked twenty yards from the door, when the old man entered.

"I have not a moment to lose," muttered Andrew, coming out from his hiding-place. "I wonder they did not propose to break open the cabinet now, in broad daylight, but it is strong, and he was afraid." he peeped cautiously into the passage, and then stole out of the house, without being seen by Rose.

It was near Luke Maxwell's usual hour of retiring to rest. He was seated beside a blazing fire in his bedroom. He indulged in the luxury of fires to some extent, because, owing to his long residence in hot climates, he could not live without a considerable degree of warmth. He had just finished a mixture of rice, his usual abstemious supper, which he generally partook of immediately before going to sleep. Rose was seated by him. She was there to perform any little offices of love and attention he might require, a duty which she performed from choice, though it was a kind of necessity, as Luke Maxwell kept a very limited household of servants—which was one reason why he had the universal repute of being a miser. Rose was silent—she was always so—but now she was wan, and sick, it seemed—every heavy respiration which

passed over her cold, pinched lips, told of the very excess of mental suffering.

But Luke was in unusually good spirits. He declared the rice was excellent, and that he could take more—two things he did not often say.

"Bring me my night-cap, Rose—there—you put it on gently—if you were my own child, in place of my brother Henry's—who was the handsomest of the family, but died without a piece of gold in the world—you could not put it on more carefully, Rose—you'll not be the worse off for that, girl, if you would only marry Andrew." A convulsive start shook poor Rose's frame. "What's this, Rose? why, you're a ghost, girl—a ghost, out and out—I've seen corpses wer'n't paler." He looked silently on her face for some minutes, and shook his head, as if in doubt and wonder; his eyes, so cold and malicious on other occasions, showed symptoms of pity, genuine pity.

"Love, I have heard, is a desperate thing, especially when it fastens on a young girl's heart—I don't know—I never knew much about it—I loved my gold, and it smiled on me—it smiles on me, yet—it looks up so warmly on my wrinkled face—it is the true thing to love; ay, Rose, turn round there, till I see you fully—there—is it what you call love gives you that face, that's fit for a coffin? I don't like to see it in my house—if I thought that sneaking rascal, Robert Irving, with his insinuations—if I thought you cared for him, I would turn you out of my house—if you must love, why can't you like Andrew? I would pity you, if you loved him—I would, and have you married to him at once—he's sensible, and likes gold, and will have it yet in plenty."

Rose had bent her head on her bosom, and was weeping. She thought she had wept her tears all away, but there were some burning drops yet left.

"Andrew's mother, my sister, Meg Denham, I liked her—we used to cry together, because we had no money—that's forty—ay, forty-five years ago. She put every farthing she had in the world in that black box of mine, when I went off for India—I don't forget that to her—she was sick when I saw her to-day—she isn't going to die, I hope—she's only five years older than

me—only five." He became abstracted for a moment, as he always did, when the thought of death occurred to him.

"I say, Rose, your aunt Denham must be your mother yet as well as your aunt ; and thankful you, who are an orphan, might be for getting such a mother. When sister Meg saw that box of mine that I took away with me empty, she cried for joy as she used to do for sorrow. There—kiss me, and go and sleep yourself better looking."

Rose kissed him affectionately, and retired to the door. She stood there, and thought it might be the last time ; she looked on his wrinkled face again, and thought it might be the last time she would see him for years—perhaps for ever—he was an old man and would soon die. She would have given much to have gone back and kissed him again, but she could not—a faintness came over her—it grew cold around her heart—her eyes were misty, but she could not weep—so she tottered away to her own bed-room, and hid herself there.

Luke Maxwell knelt and said his prayers—the very prayers his mother, who was a good and meek Presbyterian—a widow and in poverty—had taught him when he was a boy. He rose, and being ready prepared for bed, opened the cabinet, and then the black box, and again the bright burnished gold gleamed up with all its own strong witchery on his sight. He knelt beside it too, he spread his arms over it, he pressed his lips on the hard metal—he smiled—he laughed like a child over what it loves ; had it not been for the wrinkles of threescore, the very aspect of boyish delight would have been there. Then all at once he might have been seen to grow grave—he was thinking of his mother—an old and heart-broken woman, who had been the kindest mother ; but sorrow and poverty—black, black poverty, had followed her all her life—she had died years before he, Luke, her son, came home with his gold. A tear—or if not a tear, the spirit of a tear, fell from Luke's eyes over his gold to the memory of his poor mother.

Then he locked the box, and the cabinet, and put the chain with the keys carelessly under his pillow—he had little or no fear of thieves. Then he wrapped himself round and round in a great multitude of coverings, and slept.

He had not been sleeping more than an hour when a messenger came from his sister, Mrs. Denham, who resided but a few doors off. She was alarmingly ill—might die before the morning, and wished to have him with her. He rose at once in much agitation, for he had affections even for more than his gold. He hastily piled on a number of protecting great-coats, and left the room, and unsuspiciously left his keys behind him.

The moment he was gone, Andrew Denham stole from his own room and proceeded to his uncle's. He had a cloak flung over his arms, and something heavy was evidently concealed beneath it. He staid but a few minutes in the old man's bed-room. He descended to his own room unseen, and deposited what he had carried beneath the cloak in a trunk, which he locked carefully, and then left the house and proceeded to his mother's.

Robert Irving had been seen hovering about the door for some time. He had seen the old man leaving the house, and wondered at the fortunate circumstances which saved him the trouble of a fictitious story which he had invented for the occasion.

As he was advancing to knock, Andrew Denham came out of the house. This was fortunate too—they were all absent. He entered, and was met by Rose, or what seemed to him, in the excited state of his feelings, her spirit, so white and ghastly she looked. He barely took time to imprint a cold kiss on her colder lips ; he ran immediately to the old man's bed-room. He tossed aside the pillows—there it was, the bright gold chain with the two keys—he opened the cabinet and the box—the treasure-box stood there—he pressed it in his arms—how heavy it was—but it was no time to rejoice over it now—he locked the cabinet again and without unlocking the box—he could open it at his leisure—he placed the chain carefully under the pillow again. There was exultation, but there was more of madness in his eyes, as he hurriedly entered the outer hall, in which Rose still stood, cold and hid. Under a large cloak which shrouded his figure he hid the box—clasped it to his heart.

"I have it, Rose—the gold—the gold—the gold—'tis mine now—mine—mine—I am rich at last—at last,"—he dragged open the street door, and

without one word, or one look of love, or even of consciousness of the very existence of the poor girl who stood shivering there, he disappeared hastily into the street.

I was seated by my solitary fireside that night alone, as I was accustomed to be then—I was lodged in a house in the suburbs of the town, near the river Foyle. It was a somewhat stormy evening in the early part of spring, I well recollect; the windows of my sitting-room were rattling with the wind, and I heard the melancholy dashing of the tide—the river was much swollen with recent heavy rains. It was past twelve or near one o'clock, I should think, when in the midst of a heavy fall of rain which beat against the windows noisily, I heard a quick knocking at the door. There was an individual of the family out somewhere, and the door was not locked for the night, which it usually was before the hour mentioned. It was opened by some one keeping vigil like myself, a thing which rarely occurred in the primitive family with which I resided.

I was extremely surprised when in a few moments Robert Irving entered my room. He was all drenched with rain, and his black hair seemed beat into his brow and eyes—his eyes—I started up in terror at their expression. I was familiar with the fearful gleam of a maniac's eye, and his recalled more than one look that I would willingly have forgotten. He answered briefly to my salutation, but hurriedly, and like one possessed with some thought to the forgetfulness of present things, he seated himself by the little table which I had drawn to the fire. He threw aside his wet cloak, and from beneath it he produced a box of some size, and apparently heavy; he placed it with what seemed to me a singular degree of care and reverence on the table. He looked steadily at it, and then at me, and then at it again. I never since saw such a glow of bright exultation come over a face, as lightened his then.

"I have found it—won it—it is mine at last—mine—mine—now—mine!"

He clasped both his hands on the box, and bent his lips on it eagerly. He raised his head, and again exclaimed—

"My own—my own at last!"

"What?" cried I, in amazement—"what is it?"

"Gold—gold—gold coin—jewels—all mine—mine."

I begged him to explain. It was a considerable time before I could get him to give any lucid explanation of his extraordinary excitement. At last he became calmer, and spoke with something of the usual quiet, thoughtful eloquence I had often admired in him; but there was a confusion in the account he gave of his becoming possessed of the box of treasure, that struck me at the time, though I knew nothing then of the circumstances narrated above. By his account I was led to believe that the rich old East Indian, Luke Maxwell, had in a fit of wonderful good feeling presented him with the box, on condition that he was to marry his niece Rose.

"Rose, poor girl, loves me," continued he—"she loves me deeply and faithfully I am sure. Poor thing, I *should* love her better than I do, and I must try; but that business of Bessy Allen spoiled me for love, I fear."

He looked mournfully in my face, and grasping my hand, wrung it with deep feeling. I pitied him, for I knew the unfortunate circumstances to which he alluded. I knew his mind had scarcely recovered its right bent from the period in which he was basely deceived by a young and handsome girl, Bessy Allen, whom he loved to madness. Almost on the very eve of the day on which she was to unite her fate to his, she forsook him, solely on account of his poverty, and married a wealthy rival.

"You, my friend," continued Irving, "know well that I had not once a passion for money—circumstances have forced it on me—I was so unsuccessful in gaining it, that like all unattainable things, it gradually magnified itself into the one only good thing under heaven. For some years money has been my mania—always sought, but never gained—from the hour in which Bessy Allen married that rich old man—money—the love of money—the burning, goading desire for money, has all but maddened me. For money I struggled, and toiled, and made night and day bitter and weary; but it was in vain, you are well aware. For money I sought poor Rose Maxwell; but her uncle rejected me—and with

sneering insults and—and so Rose and I——”

He hesitated and stammered—I guessed the truth of the case in that confusion.

“Well, I must look at my treasure now, I did not look at it to-night yet—I had it with me—pressed to my heart, and that was enough; but I shall see it now, and you shall see it too—you shall see bright gold sparkling with a glory you never saw before. All last night the red rays of this gold gathered round and round me, until at last it was like a great fire scorching me, though I was happy—happy—but I was in a fever, I believe. Now, how shall I get it open? I might have unlocked it, but I was in too great a haste. Must I break it open?”

I had a parcel of old keys which I brought, but none of them would fit; something was wrong with the lock, I saw plainly. He forced it open at last, and slowly and solemnly laid back the lid.

“Now look at the glitter.”

I looked—nothing but pieces of dull blackish lead could I see.

Irving's eyes fixed on them, as if all his life, except what was in that look, had come to a stand.

“There is some mistake,” said I, looking anxiously on him.

He did not speak, but he seized the box and emptied all its contents on the table. There was nothing but pieces of lead, and fragments of old wood, and trumpery bits of rusty iron!

There was a considerable pause. I never recollect such a dead, strange pause. Irving seemed struck suddenly into a statue, except that his eye-balls protruded most painfully to me, or my fancy magnified matters.

“Your uncle, or your Rose's uncle, has made a strange blunder here; but he will set it all to rights to-morrow,” I said, laughingly.

He started, and, I thought, gasped convulsively. I did not then know how much I was wounding him by my words. He fixed his eyes on me with dead earnestness. It was appalling; but I presently perceived that his looks merely regarded me, and that his mind was otherwise engrossed. I became afraid of some evil consequences to his already shaken intellect, and I wished him to speak, to break his frightful silence. I laid my hand on his arm, and addressed him; but still there was

no answer. I entreated him to speak—I shook him—he merely gazed dreamily on me, and his bosom heaved as if there was an earthquake of feeling in it; but no sigh was audible.

“The influence of the Evil One is wonderful,” muttered he at last; “it was gold last night—burning gold—and lead now—lead. God has bid Satan do this, to punish my madness.”

He spoke in low tones, so hollow and thrilling it was terrible. I had always a peculiar dread of madness—some early associations—I know not why, but it was the one thing in the world that almost petrified me to behold: now it seemed truly present there before me.

He started up. He paced the room. He kept both hands pressed hard on his brow, so that I could not rightly see his eyes. I had got one glimpse of them as he arose, and it was enough—the fire of frenzy was in them.

“It is burning—burning—the gold burned my brain last night, it was so red and fiery—red—red. Is there no water to cool it—take it from my sight?”

I brought him a glass of water, and entreated him to drink it. After some persuasion he took it in his hand, and raised it to his lips, but some new form of his madness came over him, and he allowed the glass to drop listlessly on the floor.

“It weighs me down—that lead—that black burning lead into which the burning gold changed—it crushes my brain down—down—it is on my heart—the lead, the cold heavy lead”—he sank on a chair as if utterly exhausted. I brought a strong cordial which I had found serviceable to myself in cases of mental suffering, but no persuasion could induce him to taste it, he turned away with utter loathing. He rose in a few minutes and paced the room again, and again his eyes—which had been weighed down as if death sat on the lids a few moments previously—glared with furious mania.

“The burning gold—it has made a cinder of my brain—it has turned to red-hot gold—it blows out there—I hear the loud winds”—(he was then beside the window)—they might quench the fire, and the rain—it will fall on my head and drown the fire of the stolen gold.” Before I even suspected his intentions he had suddenly opened

the door of my room, and ran out into the hall.

I followed hastily and grasped his arm, just as he was opening the outer door. To my vexation I found that it was not yet fastened securely for the night. There was merely a bolt or bar laid across it, and Irving, owing to his having been frequently my visitor, was familiar with all its mysteries.

"Do not go out now, Robert, for God's sake, stay with me." I held him firmly as I spoke, but he was stronger than me, for I was not then in firm health, and the violence of his excitement added to his natural vigour. Without speaking one word he flung me from him violently, my head came in contact with a part of the stairs, and I was stunned for some seconds, I do not know how long. As soon as possible I sprang to the door, but there was another impediment; he had, in his madness, closed it so forcibly after him, that owing to some peculiarity in its construction, I could not without a little delay, get it opened.

At last I got out, and looked around in all directions, and called his name loudly, but I could neither see him nor hear him. It was a wildly tempestuous night; the rain had abated, but the wind was strong, almost a hurricane. I have had presentiments often, and oftener than I would tell you, or rather than you would believe I have found them true. The impression fixed forcibly on my mind that Irving would destroy himself—would throw himself into the river. I ran to the nearest part of the shore, the place I thought it probable he would reach first. I wandered about, I searched, I shouted his name, but the wind was sweeping so noisily along that he could not possibly hear me, even if he were near. The Foyle was rushing in to the shore, dashing and foaming in an unusual manner; the thoroughfare beside me, known as the Strand road, was in danger of being inundated in places. If Irving had been there, he might, in his state of mind have perished, even without premeditated self-destruction, so unsafe was the place to one too frenzied to be on his guard as poor Irving was.

I shall never—no, never till I enter another world, forget the cold, sick misery of my feelings as I wandered up and down—listened till I strained

the organs of hearing—listened if I could hear a plunge in the water—stood, and unconsciously questioned the waves, so noisy among themselves, if they had rolled over the human breast—the human suffering I had so lately seen—if their noise was rejoicing or mourning for the mortal creature who had flown to them for rest—then the dumbness of the waves to me in my agony of dread was fearful, was galling—I wished that the flesh and blood which blinds the spirit had fallen from me, that I might, a pure intellectual essence, be able to pierce the secrets of all material things.

What could I do? I would have gone and got assistance, and searched the country, but there was still cold reason to whisper to me that Irving might not have been so desperate as I imagined—that he might, in fact, be at that moment safe in his lodgings in town. It was near the dawn of the cold March morning before I could drag myself from the river. Then I went back to my lodgings, in the vain hope that he might be there awaiting me, but it was a foolish thought. My presentiment was true. I never saw Robert Irving living afterwards.

Luke Maxwell, before he opened his cabinet to drink in the sight of gold, which was his pleasant opiate, sat for a considerable time after he had finished his rice supper, and wondered and was perplexed concerning his niece Rose. What could be the matter with her. She had attended him, she had walked about him, she had even spoken to him, but all the time he was struck with the unpleasant thought that it was the corpse of Rose Maxwell he saw. It was so ghastly—the eyes were so deadly half shut—the figure was so rigid—was this his living niece?—and when she was putting on his night-cap her fingers touched him, and he grew sick—he had touched the hand of a corpse, a friend of his who had died in India, and Rose's hand was as icy.

But he rubbed his eyes, an inkling of a tear had got into them—no, he was sleepy. He took his keys and opened the cabinet.

"Well, am I growing so dim-sighted—must I put on spectacles to see it"—he muttered, looking on the empty space where the black box had stood. He looked again—still vacancy. "Astonishing dimness," muttered he

once more ; he looked on, but this time he put out his hand and felt—nothing—he groped all round—nothing!

He would not admit the fact into his mind. All his senses told him that his treasure-box was gone, but he would not yet believe it. He took the candle and inspected every corner of the cabinet. He looked under it ; he looked under the bed ; he looked all round the room. He did this, not as if the box was really there, but somehow as if he did not know what he was about. Again he caused the blaze of the candle to go through every nook of the cabinet, even where the box could by no possibility have stood. It was not obtuseness made this slowness of belief, it was evidently a strong feeling of confidence, even in the goodness of human nature perhaps—he had never been a ready believer in robbery. Suddenly his thin cheeks flushed ; the veins in his forehead swelled, he ran to the door, and out to the lobby, crying—

"Thieves!—robbery!—Nell—Rose—robbery—robbery—he ran down stairs and rushed into the kitchen where Nelly, the servant-maid, was seated at the fire, laboriously darning the tattered hem of an old flannel petticoat.

"My gold!—my gold!—I'm robbed!—Nelly!—thieves!—alarm the town—get out all Derry!—all Derry!—my gold!—where's Andrew—alarm all!"

Nelly started up in amazement, and her flannel petticoat dropped on some embers.

"The masters's mad—wud"—she muttered.

"My gold—my gold—alarm them all—fast, fast—get out all Derry—fast, fast—my gold!"

He ran out of the kitchen and up stairs again as fast as his limbs could bear him.

Nelly made her way hastily to her young mistress's room, and proclaimed vehemently, that the master was mad, and robbed, and murdered.

Rose showed no signs of surprise, nor, indeed, of any kind of emotion. She had a pocket bible in her hand, but she had scarcely been reading, to judge from the extreme length of the wick on the candle. Cold, and dead, and immovable, she sat there as if she had not the vital strength to weep, or groan, or in any way express the

anguish which had made her like a statue.

"Where's Master Andrew—och, where's Master Andrew?" cried Nelly, distractedly. Rose looked up in her face passively, listlessly, as if she was in a deep dream, and scarcely heard.

"Miss Rose, Miss Rose, what ails you? Och, speak. God help us, is it fright that ails you? Where's Master Andrew, that he doesn't come and help the master, who's robbed, and ruined, and fair gone?"

Rose put her hand to her head, as if it ached sorely ; then she seemed to recollect, and made an effort to act as she should naturally have done in the circumstances. She spoke ; but the voice was so singularly unearthly in its tones, that even Nelly was frightened, and thought of more things than her master's flight. Rose informed her that Andrew was with his mother, who was still very feeble, though now past danger. The moment Nelly heard this, she flew off to bring him instantly to the house.

Rose walked to the door of her room, with the intention of proceeding to her uncle ; but when she thought of his sufferings, at that moment she became faint ; she could not for the whole world advance a single step ; besides, her conscience, now awakened with a force that threatened in a short space to destroy either the body or mind, bid her keep herself, who had been one of the causes of his wrongs, from his sight. After some minutes she dragged herself to the stairs leading to the upper bed-rooms. She seated herself on the lower step, in darkness. It was well for her that stupor seized her, which was not even dispelled when her cousin Andrew grasped her hand, and addressed her in a kind voice ; his voice had always been kind, but now it touched her very heart, she was so utterly forlorn. Almost unconscious of her destination, he led her with him to the very side of their uncle.

He was lying on the bed, apparently quiet, but his face—as much of it as they saw—was painfully distorted. He made no answer when Andrew addressed him. In a few minutes he writhed and exhibited every sign of being in a fit of convulsions of a peculiar description, to which he had been occasionally subject once, but

which latterly he thought he had got rid of. The cousins stood silently gazing on him. All the racks—all the instruments of torture ever invented by cruel human beings to make sorrowful humanity suffer still more, could not have more than equalled—if they could have reached the mental agony suffered by Rose at that moment, as she gazed on her old uncle's face. Andrew, who had studied the healing art some time, with a view—which he had abandoned—of adopting it as a profession, was puzzled and alarmed at the symptoms of his uncle's fit: it was liker apoplexy than epilepsy, he feared.

"This is your work, Rose," he said, sternly, with a peculiar look, which told her that by some means he knew all.

"Yes—I—have—killed him."—There was a pause between every word, as if her tongue cleaved to the roof of her mouth.

"And Robert Irving—he has flown—he has left you to suffer all."

"Yes, Robert Irving has deserted me; the treasure-box was all he wanted."

"Base—heartless—heartless villain." A smile lurked in the corners of Andrew's mouth.

"If heaven had made me breathe my last this day, before I saw him thus—the poor old man—I walked on the wall, this morning, thinking to meet him—Irving—I clung to the cold railing of the cathedral churchyard, and prayed to God to die—but I could not die—I cannot die—my wickedness must live for punishment."

"And, Robert Irving—you love and regret him—yet, after all, he has made you suffer?" An expression of mournful tenderness which always rose in his eyes when he gazed on her—it was always there, treat him as she would—beamed fondly on her."

"I feel only for my uncle—my old uncle—even if Robert Irving had loved me, I would give all his love ten times over, to restore happiness to my uncle—but Irving only loved—the—gold—the last look he gave me, as he disappeared with that gold, shewed me his nature, and my folly—madness."

"If my uncle could be made happy again—if our old happiness could be restored by me, would you forget?"

"Oh, Andrew—Andrew, save him—save our uncle—and I shall never

mourn for him." She had grasped Andrew's arm firmly, and she gazed in his face with intense eagerness.

"My gold—my gold—what—Andrew—Rose—look there—my gold—where is it?"

The old man suddenly started upright in his bed, and looked around, with a haggard, but tolerably composed face. His eyes wandered strangely, however.

"My gold; Andrew—my bright gold—they have stolen it—look, the cabinet is empty." He said this after there had been a deep pause for some moments. Again, they were all silent—but the violent throbbings in Rose's breast might almost have been heard.

"It was so bright, so dazzlingly bright, Andrew! I shall never have gold like it in this world again—never!"

He spoke in a low plaintive voice—he spread his hands over his face—he wept—the old man wept like a sick child. Andrew bent over him, and whispered for some time in his ear. As he whispered, a sudden change came over Luke; he clasped his hands—he laughed—finally he started from the bed, and almost danced round the room. Andrew went out, and ran hastily down stairs, and returned in a few moments carrying a black box—the black box. The gold chain with the keys was lying carelessly on the floor at the bed-side; Andrew took it up and opened the box, and held before the exulting eyes of Luke Maxwell his own glittering gold, untouched, bright as his heart could desire.

As I had too truly anticipated, the body of Robert Irving was found shortly afterwards, washed ashore near Moville, to which distance the tide had carried it. It was never known whether he had accidentally or by his own design, in the madness of the moment perished.

Many years after this, on returning to the North of Ireland, after a lengthened absence, I was happy to see Andrew Denham, a highly respectable country gentleman, living on a valuable property, which he had purchased when his uncle died, and at last was forced to leave his gold behind. Andrew and Rose Maxwell—Mrs. Denham now—were the joint heirs. Mrs. Denham had grown ruddy, if not stout, and seemed a happy and fond mother and wife.

KHIDDER.

Thus said or sung
 Khidder, the ever young.
 Journeying, I passed an ancient town—
 Of lindens green its battlements bore a crown,
 And at its turreted gates, on either hand,
 Did fountains stand,
 In marble white of rarest chiseling,
 The which on high did fling
 Water, that then like rain went twinkling down,
 With a rainbow glancing in the spray
 As it wreathed in the sunny ray.
 I marked where, 'neath the frown
 Of the dark rampart, smiled a garden fair ;
 And an old man was there,
 That gathered fruit. " Good father," I began,
 " Since when, I pray you standeth here
 This goodly city with its fountains clear ?"
 To which that aged man
 Made answer—" Ever stood
 The city where it stands to-day,
 And as it stands so shall it stand for aye,
 Come evil days or good."

Him gathering fruit I left, and journeyed on ;
 But when a thousand years were come and gone
 Again I passed that way, and lo !
 There was no city, there were no
 Fountains of chiseling rare,
 No garden fair ;
 Only
 A lonely
 Shepherd was piping there,
 Whose little flock seemed less
 In that wide pasture of the wilderness

" Good friend," quoth I,
 " How long hath the fair city passed away,
 That stood with gates so high,
 With fountains bright, and gardens gay,
 Where now these sheep do stray ?"
 And he replied, " What withers makes but room
 For what springs up in verdurous bloom—
 Sheep have grazed ever here, and here will graze for aye."

IV.

Him piping there I left, and journeyed on—
 But when a thousand years were come and gone,
 Again I passed
 That way, and see ! there was a lake
 That darkened in the blast,
 And waves that brake

With a melancholy roar
 Along that lonely shore.
 And on a shingly point that ran
 Far out into the lake, a fisherman
 Was hauling in his net. To him I said,
 " Good friend,
 I fain would know
 Since when it is that here these waters flow."
 Whereat he shook his head,
 And answer made, " Heaven lend
 Thee better wit, good brother ! Ever here
 These waters flowed, and so
 Will ever flow ;
 And aye in this dark rolling mere
 Men fished, and still fish,
 And ever will fish,
 Until fish
 No more in water swim."
 Him
 Hauling his net I left, and journeyed on,
 But when a thousand years were come and gone,
 Again I passed that way, and lo ! there stood,
 Where waves had rolled, a green and flourishing wood—
 Flourishing in youth it seemed, and yet was old
 And there it stood where deep blue waves had rolled.

A place of pleasant shade !
 A wandering wind among the branches played,
 And birds were now where fish had been ;
 And through the depth of green,
 In many a gush the golden sunshine streamed ;
 And small flowers gleamed
 About the brown and mossy
 Roots of the ancient trees,
 And the cushioned sward so glossy,
 That compassed these.

VI.

Here as I passed, there met
 Me, on the border of that forest wide,
 One with an axe, whom when I spied,
 Quoth I, " Good neighbour, let
 Me ask, I pray you, *how* long hath the wood
 Stood,
 Spreading its covert, broad and green,
 Here, where mine eyes have seen
 A royal city stand, whose battlements
 Were like the ancient rocks ;
 And then a place for shepherds' tents,
 And pasturage of flocks ;
 And then,
 Roughening beneath the blast,
 A vast
 Dark mere—a haunt of fishermen ?"

VII.

There was a cold surprise
 In the man's eyes

While thus I spake, and, as I made an end,
 This was his dry
 Reply—
 “Facetious friend,
 This wood
 Hath ever stood
 Even where it stands to-day ;
 And as it stands, so shall it stand for aye.
 And here men catch no fish—here tend
 No sheep—to no town-markets wend ;
 But aye in these
 Green shades men felled, and still fell,
 And ever will fell
 Trees.

Him with his axe I left, and journeyed on,
 But when a thousand years were come and gone,
 Again I passed
 That way, and lo ! a town—
 And spires, and domes, and towers looked proudly down
 Upon a vast
 And sounding tide of life,
 That flowed through many a street, and surged
 In many a market-place, and urged
 Its way in many a wheeling current, hither
 And thither.
 How rose the strife
 Of sounds ! the ceaseless beat
 Of feet !
 The noise of carts, of whips—the roll
 Of chariots, coaches, cabs, gigs—all
 Who keep the last-named vehicle we call
Respectable—horse-trampings, and the toll
 Of bells ; the whirl, the clash, the hubbub-mingling
 Of voices, deep and shrill ; the clattering, jingling,
 The indescribable, indefinable roar ;
 The grating, creaking, booming, clanking, thumping,
 And bumping ;
 The stumping
 Of folks with wooden legs ; the gabbling,
 And babbling,
 And many more
 Quite nameless helpings
 To the general effect ; dog-yelpings,
 Laughter, and shout, and cry ; all sounds of gladness,
 Of sadness,
 And madness—
 For there were people marrying,
 And others carrying
 The dead they would have died for, to the grave—
 (Sadly the church bell tolled
 • When the young were burying the old,
 More sadly spake that bodeful tongue
 When the old were burying the young.)
 Thus did the tumult rave
 Through that fair city—nor were wanting there
 Or dancing dogs or bear,
 Or needy knife-
 Grinder, or man with dismal wife,

That sang deplorably of "*purling groves
And verdant streams, all where young Damon roves
With tender Phillida, the nymph he loves,
And softly breathe
The balmy moonbeam's wreath,
And amorous turtle-doves,*"
Or other doleful men, that blew
The melancholiest tunes—the which they only knew—
On flutes, and other instruments of wind ;
• Or small dark imp, with hurdy-
Gurdy,
And marmoset, that grinned
For nuts, and might have been his brother,
They were so like each other ;
Or man,
That danced like the god Pan,
Twitching
A spasmy face
From side to side with a grace
Bewitching,
The while he whistled
In sorted pipes, all at his chin that bristled ;
Or fiddler, fiddling much
For little profit, and a many such
Street musics most forlorn,
In that too pitiless rout quite overborne.

IX.

Now, when as I beheld
The stir, and heard the din of life once more
Swell, as it swelled
In that same place four thousand years before,
I asked of them that passed me in the throng,
How long
The city thereabouts had stood,
And what was gone with pasture, lake, and wood.
But at such questions most men did but stare,
And so pass on ; and some did laugh and shake
Their heads, me deeming mad ; but none would spare
The time, or take
The pains to answer me, for there
All were in haste—all busy—bent to make
The most of every minute,
And do, an if they might, an hour's work in it.

X.

Yet as I gave not o'er, but pertinaciously
Plied with my question every passer-by,
A dozen voices did at length reply
Ungraciously—
" What ravest thou
Of pasture, lake, and wood ? As it is now,
So was it always here, and so will be for aye."
Them, hurrying there, I left, and journeyed on—
But when a thousand years are come and gone,
Again I'll pass that way.*

* Khidder is, I believe, the prophet Elias, whom the Persians or the Arabs, or both for what I know, believe to revisit the earth from time to time; and journey about in various directions, for the purpose of ascertaining whether mankind have filled up the measure of their sins, or whether the judgment of the world can yet be postponed a little longer.

SONGS FROM BERANGER.

LE TAILLEUR ET LA FEE.

Dans ce Paris plain d'or et de misere, &c.

Here in Paris, so full of all squalor and gold,
 In seventeen hundred and eighty, A. D.
 At a tailor's—my grandfather, needy and old—
 When an infant, I'll tell you what happened to me
 No portent foretold by my cradle of straw
 The fame of an Orpheus; but, summoned one day
 By my cries, my poor grandfather hurried and saw
 His child kissed and dandled about by a fay!
 And the Fairy's gay lullaby sung in my ears,
 With a charm that dispelled my first sorrows and tears.

Then the honest old man, in some little alarm,
 Would know what my fate in the future should be.
 "There he is, by my wand's most infallible charm,
 A waiter, a printer, a clerk," replied she.
 "A thunderbolt still adds a presage to mine,*
 And he nearly has died on the threshold of home;
 But the bird, soon revived by a mercy divine,
 Shall brave with its strains other tempests to come."
 And the Fairy's gay lullaby sung in my ears,
 With a charm that dispelled my first sorrows and tears.

"The Sylphs of our youth, the gay Pleasures, in throngs,
 Shall awaken his lyre to the revels of night;
 The hearts of the poor shall be glad in his songs,
 And the long weary hours of the wealthy grow light.
 But a darkness o'er shadows and saddens the strings,
 The bright days of Glory and Empire are o'er;
 And his voice is like that of a fisher that brings
 The news of a wreck in his grief to the shore."
 And the Fairy's gay lullaby sung in my ears,
 With a charm that dispelled my first sorrows and tears.

The tailor cried out—"Then my daughter has sent
 But a maker of songs to compensate my care—
 Better work at my trade, day and night, than be spent
 At last in vain sounds, like an echo in air."
 "Hush, hush!" said the fairy, "thou'rt wrong to complain—
 Thoughst thou have great talents the smallest success—
 For his country shall cherish the bard, and his strain
 Shall soften the tears of the exile's distress."
 And the Fairy's gay lullaby sung in my ears,
 With a charm that dispelled my first sorrows and tears.

* The poet, when a boy, was struck by lightning, in the house of his aunt, at Peronne.

Last night, as I sat in a sullen repose,
 I saw her again. With the air of a sage,
 She thoughtfully plucked off the leaves of a rose,
 And she said—"Thou hast felt the approaches of age,
 Kind memories in Eld will give joy to the breast,
 As mirages brighten the wilderness lone—
 The banquets of friendship await thee, a guest,
 And there long live over the days that are gone."
 And the Fairy's gay presages sung in my ears,
 With a charm that dispelled all my sorrows and fears.

ADIEU CHANSONS

Pour rejoindre les fleurs de mon trophee, &c

Of late, to refresh my old trophy one day
 I prepared, in my soft or satirical mode,
 To sing as I wont, when I saw the kind Fay
 That blessed me long since in my grandsire's abode.
 "On thy head," thus she greeted me, "winter has blown,
 For its long chilly nights seek some place of repose;
 Full twenty years' strife well may weaken the tone
 That alone with the roar of the tempest arose."
 Songs adieu; my bald forehead is wrinkled all o'er;
 The storm hath gone by; the bird warbles no more.

"The days when thy soul, with a harpsichord's power,
 Gave our airs modulation, long since have gone by,
 When Mirth's vivid sparkles, in prodigal shower,
 Lit up the dull face of a desolate sky.
 The narrowed horizon is failing in gloom,
 The old laugh of revel no longer is gay;
 How many before thee gone down to the tomb!
 Alas! even Lizette is a shadow to-day."
 Songs adieu; my bald forehead is wrinkled all o'er;
 The storm has gone by; the bird warbles no more.

"Rejoice that by thee a great nation was stirred
 To its nethermost grades, as in echoing song,
 Still seizing all ears, swift and subtle, were heard
 Thy thoughts of the lowliest illiterate throng.
 The orators speak to their readers; 'twas thine
 Aloud and abroad against Kings to conspire,
 And, making all voices rebellious, to twine
 Our old household airs with the sound of the lyre."
 Songs adieu; my bald forehead is all wrinkled o'er,
 The storm has gone by; the bird warbles no more.

Thy keen shafts courageously cast at the throne,
 Caught up by the favouring crowd, as they came
 Rebounding on all sides, have rapidly flown
 In popular chorus, relaunched to their aim,

When that throne had put forth all that tyranny dared
 Three days and old guns saw its thunders o'erborne,
 Nor little the powder thy Muse had prepared,
 For the balls, in whose volleys its velvet was torn."
 Songs adieu ; my bald forehead is wrinkled all o'er,
 The storm has gone by ; the bird warbles no more.

" And pure was thy part on that turbulent stage,
 When the spoil could not lure thy uncoveting eyes ;
 Those days' bright remembrance, in crowning thy age,
 Canst thou ever be old, for thy heart will suffice.
 Tell the tale to the youthful, and still be the guide
 Of their ship thro' the breakers and shoals, and, one day,
 Should their gratified country regard them with pride,
 Go, cheer in their glory thy hours of decay."
 Songs adieu ; my bald forehead is wrinkled all o'er ;
 The storm has gone by ; the bird warbles no more.

Near the poor poet's threshold, old Fairy, I see
 Thou hast beat a retreat ; and 'tis all for the best .
 In my garret, full soon, my companion shall be
 Oblivion, the sire and the offspring of rest.
 When I die, they who saw how our proneness hath striven—
 Old Frenchmen—in saddened emotion, shall say :
 That star was, one evening, all radiant in heaven ;
 Fate, long ere its falling, extinguished its ray.
 Songs adieu ; my bald forehead is wrinkled all o'er ;
 The storm hath gone by ; the bird warbles no more.

W. D.

Cork.

SONNET.

The sunshine, through the lofty windows stealing,
 Lit up that vast and venerable fane—
 Ely's Cathedral—in dark clouds and rain
 Wrapped lately, and shut up from joyous feeling.
 In its soft progress—all around revealing
 Beauty or majesty unmarked before—
 It shed its type of heavenly comfort o'er
 Three kindred-kings' sons, together kneeling.

Oh, may that Church, episcopal and pure,
 One Mother of that kneeling company—
 In essence one, in name and office three—
 'Mid outward storm and darkness still endure :
 Be comforted of Christ, in God's good time,
 And share the sunshine of a heavenlier clime.

W. R. H.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

SIR—There is an article on Ireland in the last "Quarterly Review," which has caused serious alarm and surprise to me, and to more than me in this remote seclusion. You can judge of its effect on my poor faculties, by seeing that it has transformed me into a writer, and extorted from me the accompanying address to the Editor and his Irish readers. If you will accept my lucubration, and give it a place in your columns, I shall feel duly sensible of the honour. I submit it freely to all necessary corrections; as I must confess, that, although I know something of truth and reason, and not a little of Ireland, I have no great value for my knowledge of the "parts of speech."

&c. &c. &c.

OFELLUS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

SIR—In preparing the article on Ireland in your late number, you had, if rumour is to be believed, three objects in view: to announce with a species of semi-official authority, that it is the intention of her majesty's ministers to persevere in the course of policy upon which they have been recently seen to enter; to justify their adoption of it; and to show by argument that it was worthy of adoption. You have succeeded in the first of these aims, for your readers generally believe that your disclosures are not unauthorized: you have failed in both the others, for you have not lessened the alarm of those who feared the measures which your article menaces as being near at hand: nor have you succeeded in making any change in the opinion of those who have been disappointed in Sir Robert Peel. The explanation of your failure is to be found in the inconclusiveness of your arguments, not in the obstinacy of your readers. If you favour us with an audience, we shall prove this, if not to your satisfaction, (to use a distinction made by an eloquent member of parliament,) at least, and this is still better, to your conviction.

The measures you have undertaken to justify and defend are—the Maynooth endowment bill, which has recently passed; and that ecclesiastical endowment which, as may be understood from your warning, is rapidly

coming. Your defence of these measures may be generally classed under three heads:—1. That they are necessary; 2. That they bear a promise of good, and involve no germ of evil; 3. That they have been patronized by our most illustrious statesmen. You deny also that they violate any acknowledged principle; and that, in adopting them, Sir Robert Peel has made himself liable to the charge of unworthiness or inconsistency. This is your argument: it decides the form of ours, which shall be an endeavour—we believe the endeavour will be successful—to prove the truth of that which you deny, and to refute the conclusions which you have laboured to establish. We shall proceed to show—

1. That the bills passed and to be passed *do* involve a violation of principle.

2. That they are not necessary.

3. That they tend to evil.

4. That they have not had the patronage you challenge for them.

5. That your defence for Sir Robert Peel is unsatisfactory and incomplete.

1. The first of the above assertions we shall pass over very briefly. The sense of right and wrong must be, in many instances, matter of individual experience; and in a case like this of the Maynooth grant, one can hardly hope to change the opinion which any honest man has deliberately adopted. Why then have set down the topic in

our enumeration? For the purpose of reminding you, that you have altogether missed it in your reasonings. In this aberration you have only shared in the general inaccuracy with which this most important subject has been regarded. It should be remembered, that the question, "Is an act sinful?" ought to be decided purely on its own merits. There may be palliatives—there may be excuses; but they cannot make evil good. You tell us that the state has done much which was calculated to advance and encourage Romanism, equally with the measures you defend. You tell us that very eminent men have, by anticipation, approved of those measures. You tell us, that beneficial consequences may probably result from them. Supposing all these statements true, they leave the moral question wholly unaffected. If it be wrong to promote a false religion, no participation in the offence can make it right, nor can the expectation of any consequences, however desirable they may be, take away the sinfulness of an act in itself evil.

The moral question regarding the Maynooth bill must be determined on grounds wholly different. We shall content ourselves with simply stating the argument, and will not insist at any length on the conclusion which seems to us inevitable. We assume that the Church of Rome teaches dangerous errors, and insists upon the adoption of them as essential to salvation. This is no unwarranted assumption, but a very mitigated statement of a principle declared in very stern language by those among our Protestant legislators to whose patronage the measure under consideration owed its success. The measure was one to provide ministers for a false and antisciptural religion. Was it just in the sight of God, to assist in making such provision? Was it just towards man, to hold out to the Roman Catholic youth of Ireland, bribes which should allure them to enter into the priesthood of their church? It was once thought wise and good to invite and encourage men to quit that condition and a scanty competence was offered to those who would, on certain conditions, renounce it. This provision made by the state, was condemned as a snare to conscience, and the aid given to reformed priests

was withdrawn. The aid thus denied to those who would enter into a Protestant church, is now liberally offered to those who enter into that of Rome. If it be right to withdraw it as in the former case, it surely cannot be good to enlarge it in the latter.

In these observations we are putting aside all consideration of the question whether the grant to Maynooth may not be justified on the plea that it will minister to the improvement of that institution. There is nothing in the act of parliament to sustain such a plea, or encourage such an expectation. The act bestows upon the Roman Catholic bishops of Ireland a large grant of the public money, to be employed by them in the maintenance and education of an increased number of candidates for the priesthood in their church. If the course of instruction in which they are now trained is bad, there is no obligation on them to reform or amend it. Any indirect effect which the act may have on education, belongs to another part of our subject. This part we conclude, by repeating the assertion, that to enable Roman Catholic bishops in Ireland, by a grant of the public money, to train up two hundred and fifty youths in the doctrines of their church, on condition of their being candidates for the priesthood in an antisciptural religion, was a violation of principle; and that the mere fact of there having been an equal number of young men educated at Maynooth before, cannot justify the recent arrangement to add to them.

2. The measures of which you have undertaken to be the advocate, are not necessary. Maynooth, we are told, was not handsomely maintained; the accommodations were not those of which persons educated in gentlemanly habits would approve. This is affirmed by some Protestants, on whom you are pleased to rely; and indignantly denied by Roman Catholics, who insist that your informers have borne false witness. In either case, how was any necessity imposed upon the state? You tell us the College of Maynooth bears the name of Royal. If that name were disgraced, it might be well to ascertain who was guilty of the petty treason; but it is very unjust to assume, without inquiry, that the transgression was chargeable on the state. Without in-

quiry, parliament seems to have concluded that the state was the criminal. We shall show, by-and-by, that the conclusion was an error. For the present, we repeat that no necessity for the grant has been made manifest. It is true the Roman Catholic bishops asked for an increase, and by asking made it more conspicuous that the laity of their church cared little for the success of their application. The Roman Catholics of Ireland have boasted that they did not forward a single petition in behalf of this measure. Was the application of Roman Catholic bishops a proof that the measure was necessary? Would the minister who disregarded the application of bishops of the Established Church say so? The latter craved assistance to a scheme of scriptural education, and they were denied. Where lay the necessity of complying with the prayer of those who desired to bring more souls under the influence of a system of education which had no such claim on the favour of a British government. As to the necessity of endowing the Roman Catholic priesthood, it seems no less difficult to be found out. The laity of the Church of Rome in Ireland declare against it; the priests think it advisable to say that they will not accept of any state provision. Whence comes the necessity of overcoming their reluctance? As far as we can understand your reasoning on these points, your meaning is, that the Roman Catholics of Ireland must be influenced to obey the law, and respect the rights of life, property, and person; this, we are willing to admit, is morally necessary—one of those things which ought to be done, and has not yet been done; but we do not admit that your necessity of endowing Romanism is equally manifest. To improve a people, is not the same thing as to establish and endow a false religion; on the contrary, such misplaced liberality *might* have an effect the very contrary of what would be desired. We make no such assertion here. We content ourselves with showing that the implied necessity has not been established, and that in the absence of all attempt to prove it, we may boldly deny its existence. If, indeed, good may reasonably be looked for from such an endowment, we would admit that there was a plausible ground from which the supposed necessity

could be inferred. And this admissions leads us to your third argument.

3. You believe that the measures you desire have the promise of good, and are not likely to be productive of evil. Maynooth, you intimate, will be improved; and as the habits of the house become more refined, the dispositions of its inmates will alter for the better. What grounds have you for the expectation? What control has the state reserved to herself over the heads of the college? *They*, it is said in their behalf, were devotedly loyal in the time past—their most eloquent advocate adduced evidence in the House of Commons, to show that even in opposition to their trustees, they could prove so—that when one of these trustees, Dr. Doyle, uttered expressions which savoured of disaffection, and all the other trustees, by their silence, might be said to acquiesce, the professors of Maynooth came forth with a declaration condemnatory of the obnoxious expressions. This was the act of Maynooth professors under the late regime, when parliament could stop the supplies by which they were maintained, and when, if the trustees punished them for their loyalty, there was a spirit in England which ensured them redress. You think good will come from altering these relations. You think it will be good to secure the professors of Maynooth from every power except that of the trustees—to make them independent upon the legislature and government of the country, and to leave them at the mercy of their bishops.

But you have visitors. Under their inspection the college will be well conducted. You had visitors before—were they of avail to ensure the good you desire? In the matters of moment, in which they were without authority, their successors will be so too; in the departments in which their successors are to have power, they had it; and with what good? You have yourself told us, in the words of Dean Horseley, that the royal college of Maynooth disgraced its name by the odious habits of its inmates—the debasing influences under which its élèves were suffered to grow up. How came it that a state of things so censurable escaped the notice of the visitors? Do you expect better visitors? You

must look for them in some part of the world yet unknown. If Dean Horseley and his fellows have not been too dainty in their disgust, you may rely on it that it will be as easy for Maynooth to wallow in its mire hereafter, as it was heretofore. If, on the contrary, the strong, direct, and indignant denials on the part of Maynooth, in which its eldres have pronounced men of the Horseley stamp slanderers, are to be received, and if weight is to be given to the strong fact, that the visitors of Maynooth, men inferior to no others in all that concerns the graces of life, have not found traces of that revolting neglect of the proprieties, at which the delicate organization of your witnesses has become squeamish and sick—you must not insist on your great argument. The same men who kept Maynooth in a state of nastiness, if Dean Horseley is to be credited, will have the keeping of it still. Better men than the visitors who were not keen enough to make the Dean's unaccredited discoveries, are not to be found in your country or ours. Where, then, is your assurance that Maynooth will be bettered?

Your assurance, we suppose, is, that the trustees of Maynooth will have more money. How do you know that the increase of funds will ensure an improvement in habits? If the trustees of Maynooth agree in opinion with those who believe the state in which it has been kept, so far as cleanliness was concerned, that in which it ought to be kept, do you imagine they will waste any of their resources in making superfluous alterations? Do you suppose they will think it wrong to enlarge the numbers of their pupils, even beyond the amount permitted by parliament, and distribute among the augmented mass, the provision which, confined within the assigned limits, would have maintained the smaller number in propriety, if not elegance? You think it would be disgraceful to suspect grave and reverend men of such misappropriation. And yet you are acquainted with an incident in the economics of Maynooth which would have taught you better, had you not stopped short in your observation of it, precisely at the point where it be-

came instructive. We allude to your account of the Dunboyne establishment. It is true, so far as it goes; but it omits the essential part of the transaction.

"It is," you say, "additionally remarkable, that the £500 so obtained was devoted to the maintenance of an enlarged and higher class of theological students; and still more so, that in 1813 the government, *Sir R. Peel proposing the vote*, should have granted an additional £700 a year to enlarge the number and increase the incomes of the Dunboyne students."

We tell you, sir, a thing still more remarkable—that the money thus granted by the state, *on the motion of Sir R. Peel*, was diverted from the purpose to which the state designed it; that the trustees of Maynooth did not keep faith in the matter; that on a promise, and for the purpose of, maintaining twenty students on this Dunboyne establishment, they obtained an annual grant of seven hundred pounds from the government; and that the number of such students, even at the time of the inquiry in 1826, was ELEVEN. Yes, sir, every year the Maynooth trustees received seven hundred pounds from the state, on a condition which, it would appear, for a space of thirteen years they violated, and which we have no evidence that they were, in any year, scrupulous enough to fulfil. If you have evidence to a contrary effect, you would render good service by producing it. If you have no such evidence, you ought not to allude to a case so very unfavourable for your argument as that of the Dunboyne establishment. •

But we will suppose your assumption granted—Maynooth, enriched by the new grant, will become clean enough for eyes polite—the corridors will be better swept, the refectory neater—the linen oftener washed—the "three in a bed," (which, begging Sir Robert Peel's pardon, we do not think was ever permitted), a stretch of imagination too gross to be hazarded—will all this turn necessarily to the good of the nation? It may make Roman Catholic priests more impatient of discomfort, more tena-

cious of their dues—a heavier burden upon their flocks, or more willing stipendiaries of the state. But will it make them more resolute to control the passions of the people, or to teach lessons of submission to the law? We cannot see that it will. If the priests are to be left dependant on the voluntary principle, you will make their dependance more pernicious in the same proportion as you increase their wants; and although you may think to escape this evil at the cost of an endowment from the state, we venture to assure you that the result you hope for is far more uncertain and precarious than you seem disposed to imagine.

It is difficult to frame an argument on this question, on the very indistinct and unsteady view of it which its advocates, including even yourself, are in the habit of presenting. There is one error, however, with which all your schemes, however unlike in other respects, are chargeable; and, according to the old maxim of the “*imitabile vitium*,” it is the error which leads you all astray. You all suppose that a state endowment for the Roman Catholic priests will prove destructive to the voluntarism by which their church is at present maintained. This fatal error, pervading all your views, convinces us that you have not considered the question fully. You know not the dispositions of the Roman Catholic people in Ireland. You know not the spirit of their church. Will you test your knowledge of the matter by a question which we take leave to suggest? In your bill to endow the Roman Catholic clergy, have you decided on the course you are to pursue with respect to stipendiary curates? You propose to pay two thousand parish priests and curates, according to the scheme of Lord Francis Egerton, and to this number you say, in another part of your article, there should be an addition of one hundred and fifty. Now, we wish you to ask yourself—do you mean to prohibit by law, the ministrations of additional curates?—or, do you purpose to leave it at the discretion of the individuals or the body you provide for, to determine as to the extent of their wants, while you assign a salary to every functionary they nominate? Do you design to make a law which prescribes

that the Roman Catholic priests in Ireland must ever remain in no greater proportion to the laity of their communion, than that in which your projected legislation has found them? Do you purpose to enact that their flocks are to amount, at an average, to more than three thousand each, and that without respect to circumstances, the rule you have laid down must be so rigidly observed, as to preclude the appointment of one additional curate? If you thus insist on assigning to every Roman Catholic priest a congregation about twice as numerous as has been proposed for other communions by persons to whom it would not disparage you to be compared; that is, if you enact that each Roman Catholic congregation must content itself with half its due allowance of priesthood—do you think that this will be accepted as equal legislation? Do you think Roman Catholics will be pleased with any measure which shall abridge their liberty of endowing, if they please, or maintaining, as they please, curacies and chapelries which they may think necessary or desirable? If you leave them this liberty, and have no intention of overtaking, by subsequent legislation, the new necessities they may create—may you not see, rising up, from day to day, new priests and altars, as piety, or pride, or caprice, or necessity, calls for them—and thus, may not your taking into pay the voluntary priesthood of the present day be merely the making a vacancy for the creation of a more objectionable voluntarism in the course of a few years hence? In a word, if you make no law on the subject how will you guard against continued voluntarism? If you protect your scheme by a rigid law, do you think you will satisfy the people whose pride you insult, and on whose liberty you impose new fetters?

We know your answer is ready—because we know the usual answer on such occasions—you will say that legislation on the subject is unnecessary,—that the Roman Catholics of Ireland will not contribute to the support of a clergy who have a provision made for them by the state. We beg leave to assure you that there are peculiarities in Romanism and in Hibernicism with which this answer proves those whom it satisfies to be unacquainted. We will not enter into an

investigation of its truth or falsehood—but this we confidently assure you—it is not the fact of there being some of their priests stipendiaries of the state which can indispose our Roman Catholic countrymen to keep others dependant on themselves. So long as they are really attached to the religion of Rome, the liberality of the state will not dissuade them from bestowing their voluntary donations. If they have become disinclined to give, you may feel certain their religious feelings are changed, and it will need no effort on the part of the state to render Roman Catholic voluntarism harmless.

But you ask—what harm can be done by these endowments? We answer—the harm of preventing a false religion from crumbling to decay. You assume that the Irish Roman Catholics cannot be converted; we believe this assumption to be altogether false; we believe the Roman Catholics of Ireland to be at this moment alienated from the religious tenets of the church to which they outwardly belong, and we think mischief is done by a state interference of the kind you advocate, in the great experiment which all who inquire and reflect may see to be making progress in our country. We ask why was Maynooth denied all support from the Roman Catholics of Ireland—if they had any love for it? Why is it that, in order to provide a priesthood for their church a system of eleemosynary education must be adopted? Why are there not to be found in the Roman Catholic body, as there are in Protestant communities, a sufficient number of youth designed for the ecclesiastical profession, and in circumstances to defray the cost of education? Is it that they are poorer now than when men of the rank of Lord Dunboyne took orders?—or is it that their increasing wealth has made manifest their increasing disinclination to enter into a church to which they are no longer, as of old, superstitiously devoted? You say Roman Catholics in Ireland cannot be converted—we say the British Government will not permit them to be so—we say that England, on various occasions, when Romanism was in danger, has come to its rescue; and we add, that the very circumstances in which you propose your new mea-

asures, prove the truth of our assertion. But we must break off from this topic, or else abandon the others. Condescend to read an article in our last number, and judge between us and those who say that conversion is hopeless in Ireland.

But we said your proposed measures tend to evil; and, pressed as we are for space, we shall notice one danger more. The Roman Catholic bishops and priests in Ireland have professed themselves friends to "Repeal." Money, as the weekly rent indicates, is an important element in the instrumentality which is to ensure success. May not your three hundred thousand per annum be employed in the advancement of this favoured cause? But we must turn to another topic.

4. We deny that the new policy of our government was honoured with the patronage of those great statesmen whose names are deservedly had in honour—Burke, and Pitt, and Canning, &c. &c. We might observe, by the way, that we could plead your example, were we to make very light of such recommendations. Of the College of Maynooth, "established on the suggestions of Mr. Burke," as you cite from the letter of the Knight of Kerry, you say in your own person, "It is impossible to think worse of the principles on which it was founded, the system on which it has been managed, the doctrines it inculcates, and the effects it has produced, than we do."—p. 255. When you pronounce a judgment like this on the scheme of Burke and Pitt, you can hardly expect more than the semblance of respect to the recommendation of any human authority.

But you surely have seen that the recent Maynooth scheme is not chargeable on any of these great men. The story of that institution is very briefly told. The government and legislature enabled Irish Roman Catholics to endow a college, and gave them assistance to help their work forward. The Roman Catholics, as was said by the Bishop of Exeter, declined to do their part, and left the college "on the hands" of government. The government, in such a case, would have done its part, by leaving the college as the Roman Catholics left it. This would be in accordance, so far as they are known, with the views of

Burke and Pitt. At all events, they would be in accordance with views guided by principle and reason. The state has decided on another course, and takes up the institution which the Roman Catholics laid down. Let not this be imputed to the great men of old, as a necessary consequence of their mistake, and let no sane man hold the delusive hope, that it can have any effect in conciliating the Roman Catholics.

Is the projected endowment of the priests the scheme of Pitt. Assuredly not. *He would have purchased the veto* by an endowment, at a time when the veto could be exercised.

Is it hoped to procure it, or dare it be exercised now? We have two criterions—one, of what the government dare do—one, in what the Roman Catholic Bishops have declared their purpose to maintain in its integrity. For the former we look to the Act of 1829, and to the conduct of government up to 1845. In the act it was declared that no Roman Catholic Bishop should take the title of an Irish See—that certain laws respecting Jesuits, &c. should be enforced. Have not both these provisions been violated; and is it by the government which connives at the infringement, we could hope to see the veto exercised? On the part of the Roman Catholic Bishops we have repeated declarations that they will steadfastly maintain the rights of their order, and will not permit government interference in the election to their order. These declarations they made *before emancipation was won*—is it likely they will now abandon them?

5. And you say that Sir Robert Peel is merely carrying out the policy of these great men.—Are not these the facts of the case? Pitt and Canning would have granted the claims of the Roman Catholics, and would have endowed their church, possessing themselves, in return, of the security afforded by acquiring for the government the virtual appointment of Roman Catholic bishops. This these great men would have done, when, and not before, they had persuaded the people of Great Britain to approve of their measures, and had such warranty of Roman Catholic good-will as should certify that the measures would

prove effectual. Sir Robert Peel, we remember, marked, as the distinction between his policy and that of his illustrious predecessor, that Mr. Pitt was favourable to emancipation, with securities—that he, Sir R. Peel, was opposed to the measure altogether. The opposition which the right hon. baronet conducted was of strength enough to withstand and defeat the efforts of the more liberal party—and then, to carry through the houses of parliament, and in opposition to the will of the people, measures which Mr. Pitt would never carry, because they were destitute of securities which he thought essential, and which Mr. Canning, we remember well, declared he would never attempt to carry, unless the people of England approved of them. This is not to adopt the policy of Pitt or Canning—but to defeat and mar it.

Shall we tell you to what the conduct of Sir Robert Peel is like? We will venture. There is a town well fortified and gallantly defended, beleaguered round by a strong army. The governor of the town is disposed to make terms, and is able to make them of a kind which seems advantageous. It is proposed that not only shall the garrison have the honors of war, but that they shall even retain the advantages of occupation. The besieging army is willing to disarm—to enter into peaceable relations with the townspeople—to interchange good offices with them—and to give undeniable security for the observance of every obligation it shall have contracted. The governor and a strong body of friends think that such terms should be accepted; but they leave the decision to the citizens, whom they would persuade, but not coerce or betray. The inhabitants and garrison deliberate, and are influenced by the efforts of a party in opposition to the governor, whose cries of “No surrender” carry the day. The defeated governor is deposed. The No surrenderers become the party in power, and their leader, contrary to the opinion of the mass of the people, who have raised him to office, and who rely on him, opens the gates to the besiegers, admits them with their arms, and in all their strength, into the garrison; and after this betrayal and surprise it is demanded on his behalf, whether he has

not simply carried into effect, the intentions of his baffled predecessor.

Our space is short—but we desire to say a few words to the Irish readers of the article which has called forth the above notice. We beseech of you to ask yourselves seriously, before it is too late, have you still such confidence in Sir Robert Peel, as to think that he will attend to interests which you yourselves neglect. Do you not see, that, after the next abortive attempt at conciliation, there will remain, between you and the coming destruction only the church establishment. Sir Robert Peel, finding that the temptation to the cupidity of Roman Catholic priests has not won peace for him, may try whether he cannot soothe them by abandoning church income to their cupidity. As soon as the fire, which this concession will have for a moment slackened, blazes out anew, what will remain between repeal and the repealers, but your possessions? Will you not unite in time to guard them. We firmly believe that if the Roman Catholic priesthood are endowed, at least eighty constituencies in Ireland will become to them so many pocket-boroughs. With such a power in parliament, and on the supposition that your supineness continues, Romanism can effect repeal whenever it pleases her to demand it. Whenever it shall please her, the cry for separation can be made to issue from England. Will you be wise to think of the danger while you may guard against it. Unite! unite! and you will be strong in England—strong in Ireland—strong to maintain British connection—strong to maintain your own rights and persons without it. Remain as you are—but we will not contemplate such abandonment of duty—self-abandonment.

It is impossible you can be longer blind to the fact, that you cannot trust to the wisdom or the power of any party in the state to do for you what you yourselves leave undone. You are far too well instructed not to know, that, in all representative governments, if property and political power are in opposition to each other, one or other *must* prevail, after no protracted contest. You cannot be

ignorant, that, in the event of such a struggle, the party which the government of the country favours, if it favour either, is the party which it expects to see triumphant. Of all this, it is impossible you can have any doubt—and, knowing it, we conjure you to reflect in time, and say what has been the conduct of the present government—and what has their conduct imposed on you as a stern and undeniable duty. We ask you, has not its conduct been this—has it not consented, in violation of its acknowledged engagements, to your being defrauded of your due share of political power, and is it not thus the patron of those who dishonestly, or, at least, by a misinterpretation of the laws, have enabled themselves to overbear you—has it not given consequence to falsehoods and exaggerations which tend to engender discontent between landlords and tenantry—has it not cruelly or timidly refused to exert the powers at its disposal for the suppression of that foul system of crime and disorder, which is being matured, under its administration, into a diabolical perfection—and is it not, in the relations it is endeavouring to form with the Roman Catholics, so availing itself of its advantages, as to absorb to itself all the grace of concession, and to leave upon you the odium of resisting what it once called a sinful, and ruinous, and now denominates a wise and liberal, policy?

Such a course of policy, whatever may be the spirit in which it has originated, involves, unless you *are* wise, your utter ruin in its success. Assist in it, further it, and you accelerate your destruction—stand neutral and inactive, and ruin will not the less surely follow—unite, take counsel from each other—give courage to each other—circulate among yourselves the intelligence which you can acquire and authenticate—cause this intelligence to circulate in England—it will tell for you, and for the truth, there—and you will soon have, here in your own land, a beneficial response.

We have intimated that the policy pursued by the government towards Roman Catholics has been ungenerous towards you—ungenerous towards the party which placed it in power. Has it been so because you or that party were unwilling to join in any act of

liberality, which was just and safe? If it were, we should not accuse ministers of unfairness, but should tax you with obstinacy and injustice. But this has not been so. The refusal of Sir Robert Peel to hear the prayer of Protestants, urged with the strongest arguments, recommended by the most solemn considerations, and advanced in the name, and on the behalf, of petitioners entitled to the most favourable consideration, gives a more decidedly objectionable character to the eagerness with which he rushes forward to meet and grant the memorial to which his newly-adopted policy gives importance. Bishops and clergy, nobility, gentry, and people petition for aid to scriptural education—their prayer is denied. Roman Catholic bishops apply for aid to Maynooth—their demand is granted. The doctrines which the *Quarterly Review*, and Lord Brougham, and Lord Hardwicke, and hosts of other liberals, as well as all who belong to the Protestant party, abominate and dread, under the patronage of Roman Catholic bishops, prevail against Scripture and the church of England—the present ministry being arbiters in the competition. But, what was your prayer, as regarded Maynooth? Was it a prayer to which you had reason to expect a refusal? Certainly not, if you were to judge him by his professions, from Sir Robert Peel. On the contrary—he intimated in 1840, (he was not then in place,) his opinion that there should be inquiry into the system of education at Maynooth—should be inquiry, although government then did no more than keep what it regarded as a pledge on behalf of that institution—but, in 1845, he was in authority—and although he and his associates in the government of the country took upon them the responsibility of endowing the college against which complaints had been so loud, they refused to grant the motion for inquiry, which the professions of Sir Robert Peel himself not only encouraged, but advised.

But the Maynooth bill is justifiable, because a necessary portion of a more comprehensive scheme which sanctifies all its parts by the happy conclusion they conduct to? Is this truth—or is it folly? The Maynooth Endowment Bill is in reality worse for the place it occupies in this ima-

gined scheme of conciliation. It may be good, we do not say it is, to defray the cost of education for ecclesiastical students—it may be good to endow a priesthood—but it is certainly not good, in the instance of the Church of Rome in Ireland, to do both. Both, it seems, are now to be done. The Roman Catholic bishops are empowered to choose among “the lowest of the people,” “subjects” whom they will elevate to the priesthood—the state is to defray the cost of their education, and then to make provision for their maintenance. In the Church of England—in the Church of Scotland—the people bring forward the candidates for orders. These have been educated at their own cost, and have, thus far, given ground for a presumption that there is something of the independence which befits a gentleman in their habits of thought, and that their connections are of a class, and in circumstances, to give them an interest in the public well-being and tranquillity. Such men the state may support: the relations in which they have lived, while under instruction, with those who exercised authority over them, were salutary; and they may enter into an honourable and useful connection with the state, for they have not yet become enslaved to any man. Thus it might be in the church of Rome (we leave its doctrines altogether out of view) were there no such aid afforded to its bishops, as they have acquired in the endowment of Maynooth, and were a stipend bestowed by government on each member of its priesthood. Young gentlemen would be educated as gentlemen before they entered into orders, and habits of self-respect would have been so formed in them that they could not in after-life brook an unworthy thralldom. They would render to their superiors canonical obedience, but would yield no such slavish submission as could offend against conscience or honour. This would, at least, be possible, and in a sanguine moment we might, in forgetfulness of the genius of Romanism, imagine it realised; but when we think on the Maynooth grant, delusion is no longer possible. Between the two endowments, the enacted and the projected, there is no escaping from the dreary reality of our condition. On one or other of the

horns of this political dilemma we stick fast. Power given to Roman Catholic bishops to choose their instruments in, if they please, the lowest depths of society—five years or more of power given them to mould these pliant instruments in the fashion they most approve,—and then the state is to take up the accomplished serfs and pay them for executing the orders of a foreign master.

We must not try your patience good readers, too far, but cannot refrain from uttering one warning more in the shape of a prediction of the kind which old experience may be permitted to hazard. The success of the priest-endowment scheme, following up the establishment of Maynooth, (unless you are alert to prepare yourselves for averting evil,) will prove your discomfiture. Hear how and when it will overthrow and impoverish. The government endowment will not secure the country against the evils of voluntarism. As soon as the applauses for pensioning two thousand priests have subsided, it will be announced that Romanism in Ireland requires the services of at least as many more—and, as the state will probably start back alarmed, before such an array of claimants on the public purse, they will be handed over to the spontaneous liberality of the people. Disorder and inconvenience will become more and more complained of. There will be a burden heavy enough on the masses—a pressure rather too severe upon the state. The end will be a compromise. Romanism will release crown and people from her demands on the consolidated fund, on condition of having the tithes made over to her. The stipend now about to be given to their clergy will then, perhaps, be paid, or offered, to ministers of the Church of England, and Romanism will win the tithes. Shall she have made a good bar-

gain? Yes—for the tithe she will exact will be the full amount at which tithe would canonically be valued. The people, you think, would rise in insurrection. They will do no such thing—for they will understand that it is for their own relatives, and thus indirectly for themselves, they set apart the tithe, and that it is from a landlord whom they will be taught to look upon as an usurper and oppressor, they withdraw or reserve, what even an unjust law has not made his. No compact can be binding against the rights of their church; and no law can interfere, with authority, where their ecclesiastics are unwilling to abide by it. The tenant will pay, and the landlord must submit to a deduction by which this enormous tithe will be compensated. Do you ask how will the landlord be compelled to pay? The Roman Catholic bishops will have a strong parliamentary interest—it is strong now—the new measures will increase it, probably a third—what will you have in the House of Commons to resist the power of, possibly, eighty members, among them some of the most effective speakers in the house—and what will you have to meet the argument which will then be urged to distinguish between you and the landlords of England—and to insist that you should be required to pay as large a *proportion* of tithe to the Church of Rome as is paid by your English brethren to the Church of the Reformation? This, you cry, would be wrong as well as ruin. It would—but parliament now respects no right which cannot be successfully defended, and thinks nothing wrong which its victim is condemned, or contented, to endure. We beseech you to ponder upon these truths—to look your coming dangers in the face, and to prepare for them.

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338

No. CLIII.

SEPTEMBER, 1845.

Vol. XXVI.

CONTENTS.

	Page
PEEL'S POLICY TOWARDS IRELAND	253
JERUSALEM	266
ANTHOLOGIA GERMANICA. No. XXI.—THE LATER GERMAN POETS—HEINE— FREILIGRATH—BUCKERT—PRUFZ—WERNER—CHAMISSO—ZEDLITZ	293
COSTELLO'S VALLEY OF THE MEUSE	298
THE WELSHMEN OF TIRAWLEY	309
IRISH RIVERS.—No. I. THE BLACKWATER	315
HORACE WALPOLE'S MEMOIRS OF THE REIGN OF GEORGE III.	327
IRELAND AND HER CHURCH	346
THE LUCK OF LYNHURST	363
THE COTTER'S BIRTH-DAY	368
THE DISMISSAL OF MR. WATSON	375



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PEEL'S POLICY TOWARDS IRELAND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

SIR—Your acceptance of my recent offering has encouraged me to lay a second before you. Believe me thankful for the favour you have granted, and willing to do all the proprieties of apologizing while I trespass on you again. I abstain from giving expression to my feelings only because I feel, as many a writer and speaker has said before, that you can imagine better by far than I can describe them.

If the views I recently offered of the policy of our present rulers represented it as something new, it was only because I did not clearly express my meaning. I had no idea of ascribing to Sir R. Peel the merit or blame of originating a new system, or so altering an old that the fashion in which he has disguised it should give it an air of novelty. Far from me be such an intention. It would be a mischievous error to impute to the right honourable baronet a spirit of enterprise so daring, an error that would do him injustice, and would lead those to whom his policy is adverse, fatally astray. The statesmanship which has attained power will be more fairly appreciated, and the interests it sets in deadly peril, will be better defended, when it is understood that no new principle of policy has been adopted for the administration of Irish affairs. Men will know better what they ought to judge and to do, when they are brought to remember, that they have abundant precedents in history to guide them.

The policy of Sir Robert Peel then, be it remembered, is the same which has been tried through all those

troubled centuries in which Ireland is said to have been misgoverned—a policy rigidly carried out from the time of the invasion by Henry II. to the accession of Henry VIII., which seems to have been abandoned during the reign of James I., and part of the reign of Charles I., which appears to have been reinstated in its ascendancy with the coming of the House of Hanover, and to which Sir Robert Peel adheres with no less fidelity than did his great predecessor Sir Robert Walpole. The policy is *that Ireland is to be governed through the instrumentality of undertakers*. This was the craft of Walpole—this is the craft of Peel: the difference between their respective plans is merely the difference of instruments. Walpole employed Protestantism. Peel Romanism. Walpole employed the Protestant gentry. Peel takes as his agents the Roman Catholic bishops. “Voilà tout,” as the French say; Sir Robert Peel adheres to the policy which can plead prescription, if nothing else, in its favour, and clinging fast to undertakership as the great principle to be maintained, contents himself with making such changes in the *personnel* of the agencies to be employed, as shall render it effectual. In other words, Walpole would provide for “his difficulty,” Ireland, by *maintaining* the ascendancy of Protestantism; Peel by *establishing* that of Romanism.

I may seem to have rushed too precipitately to this conclusion; but the steps which conduct to it are sufficiently manifest. A government by

undertakership implies a relation of mutual interdependency between the two parties in the compact. There must be on both sides concession as well as claim. Undertakers, if they do a minister's work, will require a recompense; and the man in office, who needs their instrumentality to effect his own ends, must, in turn, lend himself as an instrument to accomplish the ends they insist on. He must be slow to discern the signs of the times, and to divine the spirit of Romanism, who will not very speedily be convinced that it would have been safer for Walpole to contend against the Protestant aristocracy of Ireland, than for Peel effectually to conciliate the hierocracy of Hibernian Rome, and who does not, therefore, soon make up his mind to the natural inference, that the undertaking bishops of this day, as the undertaking aristocracy of the days gone by, must be rewarded for their services, by the exaltation and ascendancy of their order.

It is well that the Protestants of Ireland make preparation in due time for a result, which, unless it be prevented by some forces not hitherto called into action, they should regard as inevitably certain. There are, no doubt, many liberal gentlemen who have hailed some of the recent movements of government, as advances in a right direction, and who, in their amiable longings after a state of universal equality, forget that there are men of tempers and principles more aspiring than their own, and that there are systems, which, by the necessity of their constitution, challenge ascendancy. To these unsuspecting theorists there appears no evil in the condition of the country, which may not be remedied by placing the church of Rome on a level with that of England. Let the functionaries of both, they say, have stipends paid them by the state, or let them be, in both churches, alike dependant on the voluntary offerings of the people—the result will be, general satisfaction and peace. Roman Catholics, they say, are naturally offended that a Protestant church, exclusively, should have endowments, and if either the exclusiveness or the endowment cease to exist, so also will their natural irritation subside and be forgotten.

I have long ceased to pay much re-

spect to party promises—having found them as lavishly hazarded to serve parliamentary purposes, as they are when electioneering interests are to be promoted. A candidate, during his canvass for votes, is not more promising than a legislator when he has a party measure to carry; nor does the legislator think his honor more concerned in the issue of his promise, than the professing candidate. Both assure those whom they would persuade, that the policy they recommend is pregnant with good results for the constituency or the country, and neither feels in the least disheartened from promising again when the policy he has lauded proves abortive, and his past professions have been falsified. As to the promises on which it is proposed to rest the measures which are now to be hazarded, they are somewhat in the nature of an insolvent's securities. So many of them have been followed by protests, that we should expect similar comments upon all, as they successively become due. In the mean time we must look elsewhere for the results reasonably to be anticipated from the ministerial policy.

Why should it be imagined that the Roman Catholic church in Ireland will be satisfied with equality, if ascendancy is attainable? Is it because that church is moderate in its pretensions? If it be, it has certainly contrived to gain for itself a reputation far worse than it merits. For my own part I am disposed to take its character on its own showing, and to regard it as a church which aims at, and when it has power, will insist upon, ascendancy. I will not make this a question, or enter upon the discussion of it. The testimony of history, and the avowed doctrines of the church of Rome, must outweigh the hollow professions and bankrupt promises of the most eloquent of our projectors. The oath of qualification which Roman Catholics are satisfied to take, if it have proved no security against endeavours to plunder the Established Church, or to establish Romanism, should, at least, render the promissory system of or on behalf of Romanists, incapable of working further harm. If it be now said that the Church of Rome disavows the desire or purpose of ascendancy, it is only necessary to remember her past

disclaimers, and, according to the manner in which they were observed, to value her present professions. But I must do the church of Rome justice—she puts forth no disclaimers; if unaccredited advocates make promises in her name, and rash or scared politicians accept them, she has given no authority to make them, has contracted no obligation to see that they are kept—they cannot embarrass her in her career of enterprise and ambition.

But I may be told there are more than the members or ministers of the church of Rome to be considered—they may desire to exalt their church—but will the Protestants of this great empire—will the government and the legislature second their efforts or even connive at them? “No,” cry our liberal statesmen, “as soon as Romanism transgresses the bounds of moderation, and, having obtained equality, aims at ascendancy, that instant she shall be withstood, resisted, and defeated.”

Yes, vapouring of this kind is cheap, and they who are least thoughtful as to the means by which it may be realised, will be the most liberal of it. Ask of them what it is they rely on to counteract the dangers they invite, and they will refer you to the chapter of accidents, generally, but will be careful not to name paragraph or page. I remember well the high bearing of our grand duke, when in the debate on his emancipation scheme, he scouted the idea that discontent and disorder could survive the great concession, and announced, amid the cheers of the dignified assembly he addressed, that should the chimera of timid fancies become real, and Irish Roman Catholics continue to manifest discontent when they ought to be satisfied, he, their great liberator, would come down to the high court of parliament, and ask fearlessly and confidently for increased powers to reduce them to obedience. I remember well the boast, and the pledge, and the shouting—and I saw the time come when the great man's promise was to be fulfilled—and when that day came—

“Where was he?”

Where was the great duke then? I could tell—if I am not more unacquainted than I believe myself to be,

with the diagnostics of the human countenance—I could tell, not merely his bodily location on the wrong side benches in the House of Lords—but the “ubi,” (as we had it in our old logic), the ubi where his thoughts were on the rack. Yes,—I remember the gallant bearing of the illustrious duke when he proclaimed his resolution to employ force if concession proved ineffectual—and I remember the mortification and the frankness with which, at a subsequent period, when the power to use force was taken from him, he confessed that, when he and his associates thought that their emancipation scheme could settle the perplexing question which it was designed to adjust, they “thought foolishly.” Yes, sir, I remember, the duke subduing his majority in the House of Lords to the hard necessity of bending to the storm. I remember Peel, rising almost to the stature of a great man as he marshalled and made the most of his scanty, but very noble and continually augmenting, minority in the House of Commons. I remember both the leaders in an adversity the most glorious that could be given man to endure, if it were won by adherence to principle—an adversity not altogether shorn of its beams when suffered, as a penitential exercise, for the error of having swerved from principle—an adversity, it is humiliating to add, which appears to have been endured in vain, or worse than in vain—which appears to have abased the courage of those on whose spirits it was laid, and not to have enlightened their understandings.

But, I can imagine the taunt by which some reader is impatient to interrupt me—if the Duke and Sir Robert Peel were removed to the opposition benches, who are chargeable with having placed them there? if they have refused the instruction offered by ten years of adversity—are they the only refractory sufferers? Are not the Conservative party who forsook their leaders, chargeable with the evil consequences of that most unwise desertion? If they repeat the error of 1830, will they not again burden themselves with a responsibility for all the evil that may ensue? I have thought of questions like these—have reviewed them by the lights

afforded in disasters past, and in the threatenings of evil to come—have reviewed them disinterestedly, as I never had any part in the movements which overthrew the Wellington administration, and consequently have no part in the sentence to be pronounced on them—I have thought of them patiently and long, and have come deliberately to the conclusion, that, whatever may be thought of Conservatives whom anger led astray, the blame of the revolution for which the formation of a Whig ministry prepared the way, is not to be shifted from the shoulders of the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel. In surrendering a great principle to a fancied expediency, they made themselves answerable for all the consequences that followed. Adherence to principle exempts from accountability for the issues of any enterprize which has principle for its end—departure from principle, for the purpose of achieving some commensurate advantage, involves a necessity of gaining the proposed end, or incurring blame for the failure. The Wellington cabinet voluntarily incurred this responsibility. They were placed between two contending parties—one consisting of Roman Catholics, who insisted on obtaining political privileges—the other, a party very strongly determined to withhold these privileges—and this a party strong in arguments against concession, upon which, for nearly twenty years, Sir Robert Peel had rested for himself, and had taught them to rest, a determined opposition. When this leader of the resistance to emancipation resolved to become its advocate, and thus to renounce a principle which he still believed to be good, and which he renounced, only because it was inconvenient to maintain it, he was bound to think of the party as well as the principle to which he had so long been attached—and to satisfy himself, either that he could induce this party to acquiesce in his change of purpose, or that if, in their obstinacy, or integrity, they were impracticable, the country should take no detriment from their perverseness.

In thus commenting on the irremediable past, I am not indulging in a spirit of useless recrimination, but on the contrary, am reluctantly reverting to matter which I would more willingly

leave unnoticed, for the purpose of gleaning from it the information which may be necessary to guide honest men through the difficulties of the times we live in. It has been my fortune to know of highly respectable individuals who took, (what I myself never took,) part in the measures by which the Wellington cabinet was broken up in 1830, and who now regret, and have openly declared they regret, their share in proceedings, of which the result was what they account calamitous. It is my fortune to know that these gentlemen, and many who agree with them in opinion, are rendered inactive, helplessly, hopelessly inactive, in this day of evil and danger, by a remembrance of the evils attendant on the activities in which they engaged in the years 1829 and 1830. It has been my fortune to hear them say, "we opposed Peel and Wellington in 1830, and since then we have never ceased to regret that we made so false a move." And it is because I feel it advisable to notice impressions and persuasions of this description, that I revert, not wantonly or idly, to the conduct of Sir R. Peel, in his achievement of "Catholic emancipation." I look to it, not with a view to the praise or dispraise of the right hon. baronet, but simply to obtain the assistance it may afford, in directing how far it is safe for Irish Protestants to confide in him.

It is to be borne in mind that the measure of 1829 was carried, as the petitions against it clearly proved, in direct opposition to the will of the British people, and in spite of the well-known and strongly-expressed reluctance of the crown. It was not, then, in compliance with the wishes of the sovereign, or in obedience to the voice of the people, but in defiance of both, that Sir Robert Peel abandoned the principle and the party of his adoption, and availed himself of an opportunity placed within his power, as the champion of Protestant ascendancy, to destroy the cause confided to his keeping. I am not saying that this was wrong. I am neither denying nor asserting that the enterprising emancipator might not plead the excuse of a subduing necessity. Perhaps he conceded through fear of civil war—perhaps he had changed his opinion on the principle of the "Ca-

tholic question." Such conjectures cannot be admitted into an argument on this subject, inasmuch as the right hon. baronet pleaded no such necessity as his excuse, no such change of view as his justification. The facts of the case are these: he assisted to coerce his sovereign, to destroy his party, and to affront the British people, by carrying the measure of which, during his whole political life, he had been the declared opponent—of the opposition to which he had become the recognised leader—in favor of which he had never been known to express a single sentence, until the moment when, to the dismay or the indignation of millions of his countrymen and his party, he announced his resolve to carry it. In 1827, Mr. Peel refused to hold office under the crown, because, as he alleged, a supporter of the Roman Catholic claims had been elevated to the office of first lord of the treasury. In 1829, the same Mr. Peel consents to hold office for the *express purpose* of carrying the measure to which his opposition had seemed, up to the very last moment, so uncompromising and decided. This is enough to show *what Sir Robert Peel is capable of doing; the results of his daring are matter of so much notoriety, as to dispense with the necessity of detailed enumeration.*

But it is necessary to examine briefly the question whether the behaviour of the party who had acted with Sir Robert Peel, represented as the occasion, at least, of all the evils which followed, does not acquit Sir Robert Peel of having *caused* them, and does not warn the Protestant Conservatives of this day against the crime of repeating the disastrous folly of their predecessors. As I said before, I say again, that the madness of his party in no degree lightens the blame of Sir Robert Peel. The politician who makes expediency, estranged from principle, the rule of his statesmanship, must submit to be judged by the standard of success. The man who, in his adherence to principle, encounters disaster, will be honoured in adversity and failure. He has done what was right—he has supported or advised no measure which was not in itself just and good. If evil have followed, he is not responsible for it. But he who counsels and carries a

measure, *evil in itself, in a hope that it may work some indirect advantage,* must bear the blame of his voluntary departure from rectitude, wherever the compensation he expected does not attend to make excuse for him. He accordingly is bound to see that circumstances are favourable to his enterprise, inasmuch as by renouncing consistency and principle, he makes a happy result of his measures necessary to his vindication. Sir Robert Peel, who, in carrying a measure which for nineteen years he had resisted as evil, was willing to coerce the king, to affront and defy the people, to perplex the loyal, and encourage the disaffected, with the fear and with the hope of more eventful change to come, and who dared all this in his determination to carry a measure which proved as pernicious in its effects as he knew it to be objectionable in principles, is not to be excused on the pretence that his adroitness was rendered ineffectual by the obstinacy of a party whom for nineteen years he had laboured to confirm in their prejudices or their convictions. Did he know that they would prove impracticable—that they would be deaf to the voice of the new principle of reason? If he did, he was voluntarily and deliberately the author of all that has followed. Was he ignorant of the party with which he had so long acted? Then he wants the discretion indispensably requisite in a leader. It is no excuse to his aggrieved country, to say that, when he abandoned principle to do it a service, his good intentions were counteracted by the blundering honesty of a body of men who would not change when he changed, and support him in a policy which he had himself denounced as pregnant with ruin to the constitution.

But, although the minister may not be acquitted on account of the misconduct of those from whom he separated, are they to be acquitted of being accessory to the crime under which the country has suffered? This is a question which does not admit of a compendious answer, but thus far is certain—it is a question to be decided without reference to the consequences by which their separation from the ministers of the day was attended. If they thought it in their consciences

right to adhere to the principle of their lives past, and, in their withdrawal of support from Sir Robert Peel, were influenced by no culpable motive, they stand acquitted of all evil. The disaster which a man can avoid or avert only by doing wrong, he is not bound to shun. Neither for self nor for country is a man required to do evil. I am not entering into the question whether he may not be excused—nay, honoured, under peculiar circumstances, for doing what, abstractedly, he would feel to be wrong. I am only affirming that a man is not to be condemned because his country has suffered a calamity which he could have averted by doing an evil act, and that, accordingly, the Conservatives who refused to go over to the adverse party with the Duke and Sir Robert Peel, are not necessarily chargeable with the consequences which followed the disruption of the Conservative party.

I should here observe that it is merely for the sake of argument and of brevity that I assume those consequences to be evil; and that, when I speak of imputing blame to the author of them, I am not thinking of a moral censure thus inflicted upon his character, but considering simply how his claims to be relied on as the leader of a great party or the minister of a great country may be affected by the judgment passed on his political conduct. He is evidently a man who has proved himself unusually enterprising—who has shown that he will not hold himself restrained by obligations which have much influence on other men,—upon whose professions less reliance can be placed than on those of honourable men who have manifested a more earnest desire to maintain a reputation for consistency—to whom, accordingly, it would be unwise to entrust the interests of a party or a people with the same confiding security as might be felt in one who had never disappointed friends and followers as he had.

And thus I bring my observations on the affairs of 1829 and 1830, to the point where they become applicable to the state of things in 1845. What should the Protestants of Ireland do? How should they understand the warning spoken in the events of the period which began in Emancipation, and

ended in Reform? Was the error of the Protestants of that day to be found in their withdrawal of support from the Duke of Wellington, or in their giving opposition to his successors? Were they wrong in putting their leaders out of office, or in taking them for leaders again? If I can rely on my own deliberate judgment, which I am, I confess, much disposed to do, I would affirm and maintain, that the Protestants of Ireland will ever be in error, while they entrust the patronage of their cause, in blind security, to any party or individual—will be in error so long as they are satisfied to remain inactive and unready, and are not careful and resolved to acquire all the strength that union gives, and to husband it for emergencies in which it will assuredly be needed. Between Sir Robert Peel and them it seems very evident there can be no illusion to excuse either party for being deceived. The minister no longer insists on maintaining Protestant principles. Protestants are no longer dazzled by the reputation of Orange Peel. Each party must, therefore, negotiate with the circumspection suited to this altered condition of affairs. Each party must collect all its strength, and arouse all its vigilance, if it would negotiate with advantage. Ireland, it seems, is to be governed, as in the ancient time, by undertakers—and the undertakers, judging from present appearances, are to be selected not for their principles, but for their strength. The Protestants of Ireland are, almost to a man, steadfast to maintain British connection. They have about forty-three representatives of the conservative party, in the House of Commons. The Roman Catholics, speaking generally, are bent on effecting a repeal of the legislative union—their bishops, it has been proclaimed on high authority, are all, at heart, repealers; but the representatives elected by the Roman Catholics, or the party which they control, are a majority of the Irish members. The Roman Catholic Bishops are Sir Robert Peel's undertakers, or are courted to become so.

Perhaps it will be said that it is for the purpose of carrying out his own political views, embodied in the recent and in the expected measures, the minister woos the episcopal repealers.

This would only prove that the minister himself is changed. But we cannot permit such a "perhaps" to hold high place in an argument. I can remember well how firmly Sir Robert Peel adhered to what was stigmatised as an illiberal policy, while the eloquence of Grattan, and Plunkett, and Canning, and Brougham, and their fiery hosts, thundered upon it, and while, though it shot forth no answering flashes of vivid oratory, it was strong in parliamentary majorities, as well as in popular favour. I can remember then how undauntedly Peel withstood the eloquence and arguments of all the liberality and all the talents, and gave his services to the strongest. I can remember when the Orange body in Ireland were, as it was thought, troublesomely vehement, but also very manifestly strong; and I am reminded by a document now lying before me, how very unequivocally Peel proved himself their champion in parliament—how spiritedly he rebuked their aspersors, and how he censured, and not without scorn and ridicule, the unreasonableness of men who could require or expect that the July demonstrations should be discontinued. Then the Orangemen had their cause sustained in parliament by a strong body of advocates, and among the foremost of their champions, they appear to have been at liberty to rank "Orange Peel," as they styled him, the orator from whose speeches they cited their most acceptable defence for persevering in the only part of their system or their proceedings, to which wise and well-informed men have ever taken exception. I can remember, too, when the Duke of Wellington, addressing his friend, Dr. Curtis, the Roman Catholic Primate, solicited a respite from the fierce agitation of the day, holding out an insinuated promise of some undefined good, if he could be indulged with a pause, in which he might be enabled to reflect, and shape out the good measure on which he seemed bent; and I cannot forget,—when his request was denied, and agitation blazed the higher for it, how the iron duke yielded to the storm what he had refused to the gentler voice of reason and persuasion, and surrendered to the roused and threatening force of the Roman Catholics, more than in

their most sanguine moments they had ever dared to hope for. When I call to mind that the minister who re-enacted a partial and severe law against Orangemen, when they were submissive, and *seemed* weak, was the same who defended them when they were strong and turbulent—that the duke who conceded to Roman Catholic excess, what he refused to eloquence and a fair remembrance of justice, was the same who had asked, as a boon, a truce or pause from agitation, and was denied—when I remember that the cabinet ministers who accept for national education in Ireland, a scheme traced out by a Roman Catholic, an *élève* of the Jesuits of Stonyhurst—a scheme, accordingly, Papal in its principle respecting Scripture,—consists of the same parties, who, when Protestants were strong, gave Ireland the benefit of an educational system, devised in the spirit of the British constitution, and bearing as its characteristic, honour to the word of God, I cannot bring myself to believe that the real mind, if there be such a thing, of Sir Robert Peel, is more discernible in the policy in which he is now rearing up the Church of Rome, than it was in his votes and speeches before 1829, in defence of Protestantism. Let Protestants take comfort and take heart. If Walpole found out that every man had his price, the Protestants of Ireland may have the satisfaction to feel assured, that ministers, as well as inferior men, are purchasable. Let them only make themselves strong, and they may obtain for the cause they have at heart terms no less favourable than are now made with their prevailing adversaries, or at least far more favourable than are accorded to themselves.

But is there a hope that the Irish Protestants can become strong enough to maintain their righteous cause? Before attempting to answer this question, it will be necessary to enter a little into detail, and to consider the circumstances and the probable views of Sir Robert Peel on his liberality to the Roman Catholic bishops, as well as the circumstances and views of the great Protestant party.

The name of Walpole, when I recently transcribed it, reminded me of a distinction, apparent at least, and very remarkable between his scheme

of undertakership for Ireland and that of Sir Robert Peel. Walpole dictated the outlines of the policy which he desired to see executed, and engaged undertakers to execute his plans. The modern statesman accepts, apparently, the plans and specifications furnished to him, and becomes, as it were, an undertaker of the works which are commanded and directed by the Roman Catholic bishops. They seem to be the architects—Sir Robert Peel the builder under them; and thus far it would appear that the relations which subsisted between minister and men in Sir Robert Walpole's days, are, in our times, inverted.

But we must not be over-hasty in our conclusions. While Peel seems to be the agent of the Roman Catholic bishops, he may be only enabling them to work some great end of his, and engaging them to labour for it. I remember being once struck with Mr. Sheil's frankness in disclosing the nature of Roman Catholic organization, and the source of its power in Ireland. The emancipation act, he said, gave his party the representation of the counties—reform gave them the boroughs, and the municipal act the corporations: the power thus attained, he added, had in it the elements of more. Further, he said that in every parish there was a priest, whom the conduct of the Protestants or of England had converted (a work of supererogation, surely,) into a politician or an agitator (I forget the precise word), and at the head of these militant ecclesiastics, and, through them, at the head of the people, were, as the rhetorician gave to be understood, the bishops of his church. Now, the further object which the Roman Catholic people would seek to attain by the power conferred on them was, is, and it is said, will be, repeal of the legislative union; and in this object, judging of his purpose by his professions, it is Sir Robert Peel's desire and resolution to thwart and defeat them. With this view, it may be said, he would engage *their* bishops as *his* undertakers—would win them, through their personal interests, or their religious principles, to support the interests of British connection, and would enable them to give effect to their improved sentiments and wishes, by placing at their disposal a larger

amount of patronage, considering its direction, than any body of men in Ireland ever dispensed before. Five hundred burses at Maynooth to be distributed, at the discretion of the Roman Catholics bishops, among the peasants of their persuasion in Ireland—more than two, probably than three, thousand, ecclesiastical appointments to be made by them, and to be endowed by the state—the indirect influence, spiritual and temporal, to be exercised (through the medium of these nominees, and of many others whom the bishops and clergy name to various subordinate stations) on all sorts and conditions of men in town and country—on farmers, traders, merchants, professional persons, landlords, tenants, &c. &c., gives to those who wield such patronage a command over action, if not opinion, such as cannot easily be exaggerated. Who knows not the influence and authority of an Indian director, who has occasionally a cadetship in his gift?—and who that reflects will not soon teach himself to understand that a nomination to Maynooth, in the judgment of an Irish peasant, immeasurably transcends, in desirableness and value, the Indian appointment, as estimated by parties who have succeeded in obtaining it. The power bestowed on the Roman Catholic bishops is such as the state has conferred on no similar body in Ireland. Bishops in the Established Church have no such patronage. They must receive or reject such candidates for orders as present themselves, after having provided for their education at their own proper cost and charges. It is thus also with the Presbyters in the Church of Scotland, and the branch of it which has its location in Ireland. There are some free places, scholarships, and sizarships, in the University of Dublin; but they are won by competition, not bestowed by favour—they are gifts and encouragements to a people, not means of influence provided for some favoured individuals. By the Maynooth Endowment Act, followed up by the sequel, now so confidently, indeed, one may say, authoritatively announced, rather than predicted, the Roman Catholic bishops will have acquired power over and in their church, such as removes them from all dependence upon their

people. They can effectually exclude all classes or individuals with the exception of those on whom their favour falls, from receiving orders in their church. They can, if they please, choose the lowest of the people, and filling their great seminary, may fill their priestly offices, with peasants, and the sons of peasants, to the complete exclusion of all who belong to the middle or the superior orders. This enormous power, and all the political influence attaching to it, Sir Robert Peel will have given them. Has he given it that they may promote an object which may be thought his, that of strengthening British connection—or that the power he gives may be exercised to gain the end which these favoured bishops are said to have at heart—has he given it to advance or to defeat the progress of repeal?

Few, I imagine, would hesitate to answer, that Sir Robert Peel strengthens the hands of Roman Catholic bishops, in a hope that they will thus become efficient agents in drawing the bonds of union closer between Great Britain and Ireland. To whatever extent he succeeds in this hope, if there be sincerity and earnestness in the repeal party, it will become estranged from the party of the undertakers; and the country will witness, or will feel the effect of, a trial of strength between the Roman Catholic bishops and the Loyal Repeal Association. It will be curious to see the results when national and religious enthusiasm, instead of being fused into one power, shall become distinct and rival, or rather hostile forces. In favour of British connexion there will be the spiritual influence of the Roman Catholic religion, and there will be the material interests of very ample patronage. Five hundred burses at Maynooth, between two and three thousand well endowed ecclesiastical appointments, and the very considerable amount of patronage created wherever a chapel or a school-house is erected, or is to be kept in order—all this placed indirectly, but effectually, under the control of the Roman Catholic bishops, will constitute the material strength of what will then be the Church and State party of Irish Romanism. In supporting an opposition to it, Mr. O'Connell, or the directory which may hold

his place, will have little except the popularity of their cause, the expectation of some great good to be won by continued agitation, and the discontent of all who have been overlooked or disregarded in the distribution of patronage. The burden of the endowed cause will be the maintenance of British connexion—the strength of the antagonist cause will be repeal; and if repealers are heartless or insincere, and the bishops prove faithful to their new engagements, Sir Robert Peel will have succeeded in making the legislative union somewhat more secure than it now seems to be, at the cost of giving such permanency as the State can give to the Church of Rome in Ireland.

But it is well to consider the reasonableness of the assumptions on which the expectation of this good must rest, if it be a good to purchase relief from agitation at such a cost. One of the assumptions is, that repeal is not the end at which Irish agitation aims, but a pretext set up to give it consequence. If this be true, is it wise to make so great a sacrifice to an unreality? If the agitation for repeal be insincere, will it not die of inanition? Is it wise to encourage such demonstrations by associating the idea of dishonesty with reward? Another of the assumptions is, that the Roman Catholic bishops will become fast and faithful friends to the cause of British connexion as soon as they are paid for their support of it. If this assumption be unfounded, it is evident that the whole endowment scheme, so far as good may be expected from it, becomes a chimera. And the assumption, on what is it grounded? Does it rest on promises made by Roman Catholic bishops? On their professions? On their avowed principles and predilections? No—these would all discourage the hope that they are likely to become allies of the British party in Ireland. On what, then, does the hope rest? On the conviction that the bishops will be governed by a concern for their interests,* and that it will be their interest to maintain British connexion, or at least to discountenance agitation for an object so manifestly unattainable as repeal. Assumption on assumption—the old theory of the world supported on the back of a large tortoise, and the tor-

toise on an elephant, and the elephant on—— Where is the ground for believing that the bishops will take that view of their interests which the necessities of the endowment scheme require? No favourer of this new experiment proposes that the measure shall be one of avowed, or even understood, *gif. gaf.* a measure of which it is an essence that the endowment is given for a consideration, and that, if the receivers of it will not frown upon repeal, they cannot be considered fit recipients for the royal bounty? No such condition is implied. Why, then, may not the bishops maintain their present sentiments, continue in their present courses, and dignify the relation into which they enter as pensioners of the state, by a demeanour which shall ensure to them a continuance of respect from the people? Why may they not be, at the same time, stipendiaries of the government and honorary members of the Repeal Association? Why may they not accept the contemplated pensions as an instalment of their rights, and employ them in enterprises by which at the same time their own ascendancy and their country's independence are to be successfully asserted?

But, in truth, it is dallying with a subject of momentous interest to propose interrogatories of this description, or to hold the doubts in which they might be thought to originate worthy of a notice. The British Government cannot conciliate Ireland by concession. The British empire cannot maintain its power in Ireland, or do justice there, by a government of undertakers. Justice for Ireland is something different from mere concession—religious indifference cannot captivate as if it were liberality, and the state which hopes to win the many by favours which it puts out of its own power and confides to a very few to distribute, may stand self-condemned, but has certainly no just reason to complain, if a scheme, evil in principle and in construction, shall have proved abortive.

I have compared the policy of the present government with that by which Ireland was so long misgoverned; and I should not do it justice if I had not observed upon one at least of the peculiarities by which it is very discreditably distinguished—the peculiarity

that, in the modern scheme, government takes upon itself the office of undertaker to do task-work marked out for it. Walpole framed his own policy, and contracted with Irish undertakers for the execution of it. Peel accepts the policy which adversaries have traced out for him—adopts it as its own—returns it to the parties from whom it has come, and largely remunerates them for carrying it into effect. This is a distinction upon which it befits the Protestants of Ireland to ponder. The system by which Sir Robert Peel hopes to reclaim repealers from their dangerous enterprise is the policy which they themselves appear to have dictated or commended to the minister, and which the minister empowers them to carry out. What is the end to be? Will the Protestants of Ireland remain as they are, and allow repeal to surprise them? Are they altogether regardless of the signs of the times—or are they so wholly unconscious of the elements of power in their possession as to think exertion hopeless? Mr. O'Connell and his Association declare that they must have sixty repeal members in the next parliament—sixty Irish representatives who are to be members of both assemblies. With such a force in parliament how must legislation, whenever the repeal directory so command, be thwarted and embarrassed. With a body so dignified in the Repeal Association—how easily can the anti-Anglican spirit in Ireland be sustained and excited—how naturally will obedience and affection wait upon the proceedings of this domestic assembly, in anticipation of the day when it is to proclaim itself a parliament? Are our rulers alarmed at a state of things so menacing? Or do they cause our alarm to become more acute by their insensibility to our dangers? Is it likely that the menace of Mr. O'Connell will be met by the act with which a vigorous government should rebuke it? Will the registry be purged—will the registration system be rectified—and if Irish members of parliament are to be converted into repealers, will it, at least, be provided, that the metamorphosis shall be effected by a *bona fide* constituency? The very contrary is the rumour. It is said that a Registration Act more vicious than the present is in contemplation—

an act which shall filch from property still more of its rights—and which shall wrest from British connexion more of its few remaining safeguards. If such an act pass, O'Connell's sixty may speedily enlarge into eighty members. He who thinks that in such an event the legislative union is safe, or that Protestant interests and rights will be respected through the struggle in which ministerial concession and repeal aggression contend for the mastery, ought not to be reasoned with.

The Protestants of Ireland may feel assured, that, if they would have their rights guarded, they must themselves endeavour to do the duty of guardians, and must at once address themselves to the first duty, that of consolidating their strength. I have already sketched out something like the form in which their organization, I mean the organization of the wealthier classes, can be rendered most effectual. I will not insist upon the details of any plans for this good purpose, but will content myself with repeating that there should be registration clubs in the counties, where full information as to the statistics of Protestantism should be collected—a registration club in Dublin, to which, as into a common focus, all this intelligence should flow—where it would give a light strong enough to guard the Protestants of Ireland from error, and from which it could be directed, where there is much need of it, to the heart of English society.

Now, I wish to be understood, as not designing—while I propose such an organization as this—that it should be animated with a spirit hostile to the existing government, or to any creature, or community. My views and wishes are purely defensive. I would not wish to have acts, which may be of general effect, and of lasting consequences, committed under the influence of an angry, or a disappointed spirit. I would desire to see Protestants possess themselves of the strength which union gives, simply, that they may have protection. It is not for the purpose of putting out, or putting in, a minister, they should strengthen their representatives in parliament—but in order to compel attention to their rights, their dangers, and the true interests of their country. To do all this, they can make themselves

amply strong, if only they are wise enough to prefer their substantial interests to advantages which are but for a moment—and to a repose which has in it no security. The Protestants of Ireland, even on the report of a census which was taken under circumstances in which it could not do them justice, amount to a million and a half—if fairly enumerated, they will be found, according to the statements of those who know the country best, to exceed two millions; and, as to property, real and personal, they are the depositories of four-fifths of the wealth of Ireland. They are, thus, of the classes in which intelligence most abounds, and would be found—if a census of these classes were taken—to occupy the highest places in all the learned professions; places not the highest to which patronage or favour could advance them, but which they occupy in right of their abilities, and by the free suffrages of the whole people. Having thus wealth and intelligence in the large proportions which are confessedly theirs, and so strong as they are in numbers, they have also the strength of a righteous cause, and this, even in the judgment of men, will tell for much, provided it be faithfully exhibited. The Protestants of Ireland are in themselves, and in their cause, strong, even here—but they are entitled to strengthen themselves also in their claim to be held a portion of the Protestant people of Great Britain. "With a great price obtained they" this proud privilege. They paid for it the surrender of rights, which were certainly very important, and which may justly be accounted of commensurate value. They had a kingdom, which they consented to merge into the British empire, on condition that its inhabitants became part of the British people. They have shown themselves incorruptibly steady to maintain the engagements they contracted in the great national compact of the union. Can it be supposed that, if claims thus established, it might almost be said, consecrated—by sacrifices, and law, and reason, were clearly and perseveringly made known to the British people, they could be disregarded? Can it be thought that England would say:—"it is true you Protestants surrendered to us a kingdom, in order that you might be

classed as fellow-citizens with us—it is true we have profited most abundantly by the sacrifice you have made—it is true you have faithfully adhered to your part of the engagement, and are willing to adhere to it still—but, circumstances are changed—we have availed ourselves of the power you gave us, to take from you further power, and to make a party which is your rival more powerful than it had been—and, because, in doing you this wrong, we have exposed ourselves to inconvenience, we have determined to separate your interests from ours—to exclude you, in our legislature, from the community into which you had purchased membership—to regard your country, for the present, as a colony, and to encourage and assist your rivals, or adversaries, while they scheme to make the colony a kingdom again—a kingdom in which they will domineer as conquerors, or masters, and within which, except in the capacity of slaves, place will no longer be found for the soles of your feet.”

Who will suspect England of saying this? And yet, this is what England is, if not saying, acting, in the course of legislation to which she seems now to have lent herself. And why? Simply, because she knows not what she does—because the rights of Irish Protestants are not championed as they ought to be—because the truth, and justice, and strength, of their cause is not fairly exhibited—because the demands of their rivals are so strenuously urged, and their undoubted claims are so tongueless, that, from not appearing, they are treated as things not existing—or, are classed among those imaginary rights, of which the name only is now had in remembrance.

Nothing is wanting to make their cause understood in its justice and strength, which union among themselves will not supply. It is not numbers which have made their rivals strong; it is steadfastness of purpose, organization, perseverance, boldness. The minister yields to the clamour of a Roman Catholic party, because it insists that he must yield. The minister increases the power of that party, because it persists in making inordinate demands, and he hopes to purchase snatches of repose by each unjust concession. The minister neglects

the rights of the Protestant party, and perseveres in a policy before which their power is rapidly dwindling into decay, because Protestants do not embarrass or impede his course of legislation—because they consent, apparently, to measures by which their adversaries are rendered powerful, and they are unjustly depressed. The wrong that is endured in silence will, in the present constitution of human society, soon come to be thought justice, and the British minister who is placed between two rival parties, of which one clamorously insists upon concession, and the other gives itself up to be sacrificed without a struggle or complaint,—unless he be of a very different character from men of ordinary mould, will feel too strongly tempted to buy off the clamourers or win some remission of strife from them, at the cost of the tranquil party which resigns itself to immolation.

To know the source of existing evil and danger is, in part, to know the path of safety. What Protestants are losing by supineness—or, it may be, mistaken selfishness—they may recover and maintain by strenuous exertions, disinterestedness, and union. Let them form themselves into bodies in which they can take counsel together, and combine their resources for a common good; they will soon be very strong in Ireland, and they will become intimately associated with the strength of the people of England. Their claim of right will be readily intelligible, if it be, as it ought, and I believe it would be, manifestly just. If the Protestants of Ireland expected to see the old ascendancy system revived, they would have to reckon on disappointment; but requiring no more than equal and impartial justice—satisfied if the best men, whatever their religious opinions may be, are selected for the places to which they are legally eligible—if there be no invasion of their rights, no undue encouragement to their adversaries—requiring no more than that law be administered so as to protect life and property, and to restrain evil doers—they may confidently reckon on obtaining a just judgment from a just people, and on having the benefits, as well as the disadvantages, of the system on which the government is, professedly, acting. This avowed system is manifestly a departure from the principle

contained in that most important measure, the Emancipation Act. The great principle of that act was, that in the eye of the state, as in that of the law, religious distinctions were no longer recognizable—that religious opinion no longer was to be accounted a ground of qualification or of disqualification—that while the Established Churches were to be maintained in their possessions and rights, all subjects of the crown were to be alike eligible to such offices as the law opened to them—all forms of worship were to have equal favour, or to experience the same indifference from an impartial government. In short, the object of the act of 1829 was, to obliterate religious distinctions, so far as they could affect political rights, or influence the state in its dispensation of patronage and favour. This principle is clearly violated by those who asserted it at so vast a price. When Sir Robert Peel declared that he would prefer a Roman Catholic to a Protestant, he revived religious distinction in the most odious form it ever wore: when he gave a grant of public money to parties who could receive it only on the ground that they were Roman Catholics, and created places which none but Roman Catholics could fill, he lent the aid of the state to perpetuate a distinction which he passed the Emancipation Act to efface. This he has done because force “from without” constrained him. Let his inconsistency be exposed—let Protestants meet the adverse constraint by a constitutional resistance, strenuously but temperately urged; and they may hope a good result from their wise and persevering exertions.

In conclusion, (happy phrase,) I would say, as the main sum of my argument, and the great motive for Protestant exertion, that the essence of the Peel policy, as revealed unequivocally in its measures—its weakness and its strength—is this, that the government should yield, and should bring the legislature to yield, *to every pressure from without, which, it is seen, will admit of no compromise short of concession.* He that succeeds with the people, will finally prevail in parliament, and ultimately will have the ministers of the crown as his undertakers. This is the policy which has been so long undermining and wasting Protestantism in Ireland; and this is the policy

upon which Protestants may reckon for the recovery of their just rights, if only they will adopt the proper means for turning it to their advantage. And it would be well for them to bear in mind that events are courting each other with a rapidity that forbids delay. The Repealers are strengthening themselves—the Orangemen are gathering; and because Repeal has the stronger section in parliament, it is to be expected that all the partiality of legislation will be in its favour, and that Protestantism, in the Orange body, must expect discountenance, and perhaps oppression. Repeal will benefit by the unwise severities of the government, as well as by its undue indulgence; and if one or two Orange bodies, in their impatience of injustice, drop blindly into the snare which the disaffected lay for them, the fate of British connexion, or at least of Irish Protestantism, will be decided by their culpable indiscretion.

Is it necessary to ask, under circumstances such as these, what ought to be done by men who have high principle to maintain, and who have precious interests at stake? Their course ought to be sufficiently clear—they should combine—take counsel together—and unite their strength for the maintenance of their beleaguered cause. They should open out before the British, as well as the Irish people—before judges, adversaries, friends—what they are—what they complain of—what they desire; and they should make known the resources at their command for the enforcement of their rights. Equal justice should be their cry; and a united people should raise it. England will soon respond favourably to such a demand. She will see, on the one hand, large masses impatient of connexion with her, possessed with a spirit of hatred to her institutions, which concession cannot conciliate, and calling out for increased powers that they may crush fast friends of hers, or perhaps win them over from her through disgusts which she has caused them: on the other hand, she will see a body less numerous, but needing only her encouragement to prove that it is not less powerful—a body which has never yet shrunk from her in any emergency—which has ever rejoiced in her triumphs, and sympathised in her distresses; and she will hear from this body the simple

demand of justice—the demand, that, as they had relinquished to her great powers, on a compact that she herself would use them, she do not hand them over to what they may well call, (from the manner, and because of the principle and spirit in which it will be exercised,) a foreign jurisdiction. She will hear them say, let Ireland be governed as a part of the British empire

—a right purchased at a very high price—and not be regarded as a colony handed over to the power of Roman Catholic bishops. She will hear them ask, that the system of undertakership be altogether abandoned; and this claim, duly and perseveringly urged upon the attention of the British senate, will be heard and granted.

Faithfully yours,
OFELLUS.

JERUSALEM.*

As Jerusalem becomes more accessible, the increasing interest in its topography exhibits itself in a rapidly increasing issue of maps, plans, and critical disquisitions, some of which are works of considerable learning and ability; others shallow enough, and neither accurate, nor elegant. Mr. Williams, author of a handsome octavo, entitled "The Holy City," is the latest candidate for public favour in the historical and topographical department, and claims our notice, on the additional ground of being the first to treat his subject in the manner of that new English school, which is alleged at present to represent the sentiments of Oxford and the junior Anglican clergy. As an indication of the sort of feeling sought to be inculcated on the English mind by the leaders of this school, we cannot but regard the work as one of some curiosity—though, so far as it affects the character of critical learning, or topographical sagacity, we shall not have much to say in its commendation. The subject, however, is so interesting and important, that we willingly take the opportunity of placing it in its general bearings before our readers, many of whom will, probably, have opportunities of observing the present condition of Jerusalem for themselves, and to all of whom, who are not

already familiar with this particular department of learning, it will be satisfactory to be furnished with those broad features of its topography, on which past discussions have chiefly arisen, and regarding which we shall, doubtless, have reiterated discussions from future travellers.

At about two-thirds of the distance between the shore of the Mediterranean, at Joppa, and the northern extremity of the Dead Sea, Jerusalem is situated on a table land, among mountains, which, on the east and south, are lofty, barren, and traversed by deep ravines, through which the brook Kedron and its tributaries carry off the drainage of the district eastward, to the valley of the Jordan. Whatever differences may exist respecting the minor features of the scene, there can be no question that the present city occupies the greater part, if not the whole, of the site of the city of Herod: but between the present aspect of Jerusalem, and that which scholars are prepared to expect from the perusal of works descriptive of the ancient city, there do exist differences sufficiently perplexing—and, for the clearer indication of which we must recur for a moment to the ancient topography.

Ancient Jerusalem stood on two hills—Zion, on the south—and Acra, on the north—separated by a valley

* "The Holy City," or Historical and Topographical Notices of Jerusalem: by the Rev. George Williams, M.A., Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and late Chaplain to Bishop Alexander, at Jerusalem. London: Parker. 1845.

called the Tyropæon, or place of the Cheese-makers. Adjoining to these two hills, on the eastern side, was Mount Moriah, the site of the temple, verging on the deep valley of Jehosaphat, which bounded the city, as it still does, along its eastern side, while the lateral valley of Hinnom, opening into that of Jehosaphat, swept round the base of Zion on the south and west. Thus, the whole circuit of the city, except on the northern side, was bounded by these external vallies of Hinnom and Jehosaphat, while its two principal eminences of Zion and Acra, were further distinguished from one another by the internal subordinate valley of the Tyropæon.

Approaching Jerusalem, the traveller, with these images on his mind, is surprized at the sight of a city, occupying not two distinct hills, but one single ridge, or back of mountain, which, sloping gradually from the north, rises into a bluff of about two hundred feet, over ravines separating it from other higher hills on the east and south—a sort of inland promontory, or broad headland, such as, in Scotland, would be called a “mull,” on the northern slope of which, where it tails out into the adjoining uplands, the city presents her principal gate to Damascus over the champaign.

The form of the city, built entirely on the northern and eastern slope of this eminence, approaches a square: and, at less than half-way between its central point and the city wall, on the western side, stands the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, within the city—in plain language, nearly in the middle of the city.

The traveller at once recognizes in the deep ravine on the east, the valley of Jehosaphat—and in the great terraced platform of the mosque of Omar, and the Harem, overhanging it, the site of Herod's temple—he is satisfied that the triple-topped mountain rising over the ravine on the opposite side is Mount Olivet; but he enquires where is Zion, as contradistinguished from Acra—and how, he says, can I believe this place, in the middle of the present city, to be the place where Christ suffered and was buried, without the gates of the city of Herod?

Thus, two main difficulties suggest themselves to the traveller, who comes prepared to find the city as described

by the Scripture writers, and by Josephus. He finds no trace of any Tyropæon, whereby to distinguish the one hill before him into the two distinct eminences of Acra and Zion; and he can find no room for ancient Jerusalem between the site of the temple and the alleged site of the Holy Sepulchre, so as to leave the latter outside the walls, without compressing the city into the form and proportions of an hour-glass.

Looking at the place in this broad point of view, Clarke, at a glance, made up his mind. This cannot be both Zion and Acra, he said. Here is no Cheesemakers' valley. This is all one sloping continuous ridge, and if either, it must be the more northern of the two, for all to the north is level upland. This being so, the ravine bounding it on the south must be the Tyropæon, and this lofty hill, which now rises wholly without the city, and to which our moderns have assigned the name of the Hill of Offence, must be Zion.

Such was the view of Clarke, which has been adopted in recent times by Buckingham, a man of no learning it is true, but a broad and sensible observer, and such is unquestionably a highly plausible view of the case, being more consonant to prophecy, (for, if we adopt the southern acclivity of the present bluff as Zion, we have it still inhabited, and part of the city, whereas Clarke's Zion is wholly waste,) and affording room for a great and magnificent city, such as ancient Jerusalem is represented to have been, instead of the comparatively inconsiderable place, (not more extensive, on the widest computation, than George's ward of the city of Dublin,) of which the permanent features of the ground could have admitted, on the present site. We observe, also, that the plan of Jerusalem, by the librarian of the Armenian Convent, lately published in the form of a map-picture, accords with this view, in indicating the mountain in question as “part of Zion.”

But while Clarke's view has these plausibilities, and one or two other arguments, to which we shall presently advert, in its favour, it suggests a scope for ancient Jerusalem as much too large as, at first view, the present site might appear too small; for it is impossible to extend the bounds of the

city, so as to embrace Clarke's Zion, without greatly exceeding the bounds and measurement of Josephus, who even to the lines of circumvallation of Titus, embracing the entire ambit of the city, assigns a length of but thirty-nine stadia, not much more than the *enceinte* of the remaining traces of the old city, even excluding the southern declivity of the present so-called Zion. There is, however, in Josephus's measurements one remarkable discrepancy, which, singular to say, has not been adverted to by any writer on these subjects. He has assigned thirty-three stadia for the whole circuit of the city, as it stood in his day, and thirty-nine stadia for the lines of circumvallation which embraced the whole. Now the stadium being, as is well known, one hundred and twenty-five paces, the circuit of the city, at this rate, fell considerably short of three statute miles. But if we add together the particular measurements of the walls, as given by the same authority, we shall have a length of wall which, making every allowance for sinuosities, it will be very hard to confine to these dimensions. There were three walls: one, the most ancient of the three, encircling Zion, having the tower of Hippicus near its north-western angle: another reaching from the gate Gennath, somewhere eastward of the tower of Hippicus, in a sweep round the lower city, to the north west angle of the Temple enclosure, at the tower of Antonia; and a third, built after the crucifixion, which, commencing at Hippicus, embraced a further scope of land on the outside of the second wall, which it joined somewhere near the termination of both at the north of the temple. Thus Zion towards the north was fenced by three walls, its own, the second wall running from the gate Gennath to Antonia, and Agrippa's wall running from Hippicus round the north-western and northern suburbs to the valley of Kedron. Now in this last wall were ninety towers of twenty cubits each in breadth, and having interspaces of ~~two~~ hundred cubits, giving for the length of Agrippa's wall alone, exclusive of the southern circuit of Zion, and of the eastern enclosure of the temple, a length of 19,800 cubits, or taking the cubit at the shortest estimate of eighteen inches, 9,900 yards, being

more than twice the whole assigned circuit of thirty-three stadia, and nearly twice the length of Titus's entire circumvallation. It is hard, we say, on any reasonable supposition of salient and re-entrant angles, to reconcile measurements exhibiting so very wide a disparity; and the same difficulty attends the comparison of the length of the middle and old walls thus estimated, with the alleged length of the *enceinte*, of which they formed only a portion, but which they would thus appear respectively to exceed. At the same time there is no doubt that even though we adopt the circuit of thirty-three stadia, it will leave room enough, considering the close inhabitation of eastern cities, for a population of one hundred and twenty thousand souls, which, we apprehend, may be taken as about the number of permanent inhabitants of Jerusalem in Titus' time; though indeed, if we are to believe Josephus's account of the eleven hundred thousand men slain in the siege, and ninety-seven thousand prisoners, or Ctesias's enrolment, as reported by him, of the two hundred and fifty-five thousand six hundred lambs offered on Easter day, we shall hardly find room for such multitudes in any city of less extent than Clarke's hypothesis would require; but here we look on Josephus as an exaggerator. So far, therefore, as the measurements of the ancient city go, we conceive that notwithstanding what might be said on the lengths of the walls as calculated above, that the general reason of the thing aids Josephus's specific authority for a circuit of less than four miles, and so makes against Clarke and his followers.

Supposing the traveller to be of this opinion, he will endeavour with Robinson, and other recent investigators, to trace out the features of the ancient city among the localities of the ground on which Jerusalem at present stands; and accordingly his first search will be for the Tyropœon.

Robinson conceives that he has found this highly important feature in a shallow depression, which he alleges runs across the city from west to east, cutting off the southern extremity of the hill from the lower city, and deepening into a conspicuous ravine or gully outside the city walls on the south, where it runs down to a fountain supposed to be Siloam, situated at

the junction of the supposed valley of Hinnom, with the valley of Jehoshaphat; and so corresponding with the language of Josephus, who describes the Tyropœon as terminating at that fountain; and accordingly all who affect to trace the Tyropœon begin from that starting point, and thence carry it up through the city, either bending westward from the back of the Harem to the Jaffa gate, so as to cut off the southern extremity of the bluff to from Zion; or, with Mr. Williams, if he has yet enlisted any followers, running it directly up by the back of the temple enclosure to the Damascus gate, and so making Zion consist, not of the extremity of the bluff, but of the whole upper ridge, from the castle of David to the gate of Damascus, in which, indeed, he has the double advantage of the language of Josephus, who speaks of Zion as being "in length more direct" than Acra, and also of an undeniable conspicuous hollow in the ground—whereas one must look very narrowly, indeed, to discern anything of the kind in aid of Robinson's "shallow wady;"—but then to attain these advantages he is compelled to appropriate all the space available for Acra, and has to place that locality in a situation to the north of the temple, which it never could by any possibility have occupied.

All parties, however, as we have said, agree in starting from the fountain at the confluence of the vallies, making the southern extremity of their Cheese-makers' valley, the ravine or gulley we have mentioned. Now, in point of fact, the strata of limestone rock, which forms the body of the hill, crop out all round the southern declivity of the bluff, and it is easy to get a gulley for any antiquarian purpose anywhere along it; but the conspicuous hollow, which all the Tyropœonists, with the exception of our own honest countryman, Wilde, have inserted on all their maps and plans, as running from Siloam up to the south-east angle of the Harem enclosure, is seen in the works of artists who have no Tyropœon theory to support, running, not thither, but aside from that direction, westward, and terminating in a rocky quarry half way up the hill, from whence it palpably never extended either north or west. In fact, the declivity from the angle of the Harem wall,

down which the Tyropœonists carry their valley of the Cheese-makers is as steep as the sea-face of Killiney, and the gulley on which they rely, as the embouchure of the valley, is no more than a fold, as it were, of the natural escarpment. Yet if Clarke be wrong, it is here we must look for the valley in question, and hard as the choice is, we incline to accept this crevice for want of a better.

But whatever difficulty attends our start in search of the valley of the Tyropœon from Siloam up to the back of the Harem wall, the investigation from that point onward is of the most unsatisfactory kind. Robinson and Catherwood carry it westward towards the Jaffa gate. Now it certainly is impossible in any representation of the city not drawn by a Tyropœonist to discover this valley. Mr. Williams flatly denies the existence of any such depression. We look for it in vain in the unsuspected drawings of Roberts. At the same time, a shallow depression, such as in the wreck of ages the Tyropœon might well have become, would readily enough escape the observation of one who had no motive to look for it, and who to see it, if it did exist, would probably have to view it under different lights from those in which he drew; for we can assure our readers that, if it be there at all, it is like the legend on a well-rubbed coin, which can only be made out with the light in the right direction.

But there really can be no doubt of an evident well-defined valley, extending northward from the back of the Mosque of Omar to the Damascus gate. It is strikingly distinguished in Mr. Roberts' large picture of Jerusalem, in the Royal Academy Exhibition this year. But if we take this for the Tyropœon, it will leave us to search in vain for any Acra to the north of it, its own direction being north and south; and Acra, if it were separated from Zion by its intervention, being thus thrown into the place of Bezetha to the east of the separating valley, and to the north of the temple, a thing which all historical testimony assures us could not be.

Mr. Williams, in adopting this as his Tyropœon, is peculiarly unfortunate; for writing his book with a view to prove the identity of the alleged holy sepulchre, he selects a Tyropœon:

which inevitably throws his sepulchre into the middle of the upper town, a result fatal to the credit of the very place which his book was written to defend. The Tyropæon separated Zion on the south from Acra on the north. It, therefore, or part of it, must have run (as Robinson, Catherwood, and Wilde make the upper member of their depression run) east and west. But Mr. Williams's Tyropæon runs north and south through its entire course.

We therefore incline to believe that there is an east and west depression, although certainly very inconsiderable, and, as we shall now show, so little dependant for its obliteration on any event of modern times, as to have been equally imperceptible in the way of exercising any influence on the general slope of the surface, for the last twelve hundred years. We are now about to adduce a virtually new authority, which, after the repeated handlings the subject has recently undergone in the ordinary seats of learning, will probably be regarded as a somewhat singular feat for an Irish writer. The authority is the treatise of our countryman, Adamnan, Abbot of Iona, who, about the end of the seventh century, compiled his tract *De Situ Terræ Sanctæ*, from the relation of Asculf, a Gaulish bishop, who, returning from his pilgrimage to Jerusalem, was cast away on one of the Western Isles of Scotland, and in return for the hospitality of the successor of Columba, communicated to him the particulars of all the holy places he had visited, and moreover, drew on a waxed tablet, for his inspection, a plan of the Church of the Sepulchre, which has come down to our day, both in manuscript, and in the printed copy of the tract published at Ingolstadt, in 1619. We say the authority is virtually a new one; for although references to Adamnan's tract are found in most of the early treatises, we do not observe that the work has been used by any modern, except at second hand. Speaking then of the site of the city, Asculf says—

"The site itself of Jerusalem, beginning from the northern brow of Zion, has been of God, the founder thereof, so disposed, with a gentle declivity extending to the lower parts of the northern and eastern walls, that the most

excessive rain cannot collect in pools in the streets, but runs in streams from the higher to the lower regions, and running out by the eastern gates, carries with it all the soil of the city, wherewith entering Jehosaphat, it swells the torrent Cedron."

It is worthy of remark, that where Beda in his abbreviation of this passage uses the words, "A supercilio aquilonari montis Zion," "from the northern brow of Zion," as we have translated them, the text of Adamnan has it, "A supercilio aquilonaris Zion," "From the brow of northern Zion," as if even then the region on the other side of Hinnom was regarded as part of Zion; as the plan of Jerusalem above referred to shows that the monks of the Armenian Convent still regard it.

But still another argument might be adduced in favour of Clarke's hypothesis, with no small plausibility. Hezekiah brought down the waters of Gihon to the west side of the city of David, and made a reservoir for them between the two walls, that is in the interspace between Zion and Acra, by means of a dam cast across the valley. There is nothing accurately answerable to this description any where in or about the supposed Tyropæons of either Robinson or Williams; but the reservoir, which is now called the Lower Pool of Gihon, formed by casting a dam across the so-called valley of Hinnom, does in all respects answer thereto, the stone dam extending across the valley from side to side still remaining, and forming the most conspicuous pool next to that of Bethesda in or about Jerusalem. If the hill of Offence be Zion, the site of this pool would really be between the two walls, in a Tyropæon too deep for all the desolations of Jerusalem to remove from the eyes of travellers, as long as the world lasts. Again, after Hezekiah had brought the stream of Gihon into the city, the invading Assyrians searched in vain for water outside the walls. How could this have been, if the second greatest reservoir of the city lay outside in the valley of Hinnom? But assuming the so-called valley of Hinnom to be the Tyropæon of Josephus, both this tank and the fountain of Siloam are brought within the compass of the walls; the extent of the city is made proportionate to our ideas of its magnificence, and Zion and Acra again

become distinct features in the landscape.

But again it seems to us that the difficulties exceed the plausibilities. Either the whole bluff must then be regarded as Mount Moriah, being infinitely too large for what we know to have been a mere circumscribed point of rock; or else the present Zion becomes Acra, and instead of lying under the level of Zion and Moriah respectively, overtops both. Then the circumvallation of Titus could never be stretched to encompass so vast an ambit. Even the fifty stadia of Hecateus fall short of the necessary compass, and the maximum population of one hundred and twenty thousand become inadequate to the inhabitation of so great a space of dwellings.

On the whole, therefore, we are compelled to return to our speculation on the probable existence of the Tyropœon under the rubbish of the Jews' quarter—a speculation which can only be tested by the auger or the pickaxe of the excavator: for superficial trace of such a valley as Josephus describes, there positively is little or none. If the auger fails to bear out Robinson, we see nothing for it but to take up with Clarke, and reconcile the distance of Zion from the temple the best way we may; for as to accepting Williams's north and south Tyropœon, it is out of the question.

Assuming, then—at least till engineering investigation shall have driven us from the position—that the so-called Zion is Zion, and that Acra is to be found in the height now occupied by the Latin convent, we come to the question of the sepulchre.

It, as we have said, stands not very far from the middle of the city, on the western side. It is palpably a long way within Agrippa's wall, the foundations of which are still visible, along the ridge of the hill to the west. But Agrippa's wall, it will be recollected, was not built till after the completion of Christ's mission. The crucifixion and interment may, therefore, have been without the gate of the then wall of the city, although within the gates of the subsequently erected wall of Agrippa. What, therefore, was the then wall, and where did it run? It was the middle wall of Josephus, and ran from the gate Gennath, in the old wall of Zion, with a sweep to the tower of Antonia, at the north-

west angle of the temple, and had forty towers in its own *enceinte*. Then where was the gate Gennath? We can only guess that it lay within (*i.e.*, east of) the tower Hippicus, inasmuch as Agrippa's wall, which was external to the middle wall, ran from the latter point. Where, then, was Hippicus? The castle of David, beside the gate of Jaffa, is now assumed as its site, and a tower of Cyclopean masonry, fifty feet by seventy is pointed out as the remains of the identical edifice of Herod. But Josephus makes Hippicus a square of twenty-five cubits by twenty-five. Here, therefore, even in fixing Hippicus, we are involved in a discrepancy. However, we know that the tower and gate were both in the northern wall of Zion; and if we have got Zion, we may assume a point somewhere about the present castle of David, where Hippicus, if it be not still standing, must have stood, inasmuch as the remains of Agrippa's wall join there to the eminence in question. If, then, Gennath was hard by, as seems most likely, the middle wall, starting from that point, and running with a sweep to Antonia, must manifestly have embraced and enclosed the present site of the Sepulchre. If it were half way between Hippicus and the temple, then the middle wall, starting from that point, may have excluded the site of the Sepulchre, though it must have made a sudden bend just north of that point, for the purpose of embracing Acra. Having, then, this latitude for the position of the middle wall, the advocates of the Sepulchre start it from points of the assumed brow of Zion more or less eastward from the site of Hippicus, according to their sense of the danger of contracting the city too much at its central point, the end being answered by any line that will leave the questionable locality ever so little to one side: but it unfortunately happens that in excluding the Sepulchre, they are obliged to leave also outside a great water tank, which, if this be Zion, cannot well be anything else than the very pool of Hezekiah, which was within the city in his days, and, consequently, in those of Herod.

But, in fact, if there were any considerable space between Hippicus and the gate Gennath, Josephus's statement relative to the triple defence of the city on all sides, save where it was

surrounded by precipices, would not be true, inasmuch as between these two points the defence would be double only. It cannot, therefore, consistently with Josephus's account, have been far from the present site of the castle of David; much less can it have been so far eastward of that point as to contract a city of one hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants to a space of less than a quarter of an English mile in breadth, as it must have done, if the wall, starting from it, left the present site of the Sepulchre on the outside, the entire distance from the present church of the Sepulchre to the wall of the mosque of Omar, being only four hundred and seven yards; nor would it be possible, with the circuit given by Josephus, to enclose such a city as Jerusalem in a figure so irregular.

But what chiefly shows the weakness of their position who carry the middle wall eastward of the church of the Sepulchre, is the natural formation of the ground, which slopes with a nearly uniform declivity from the ridge occupied by Agrippa's wall, to the hollow at the back of the mosque of Omar; so that we must suppose the people of Jerusalem not only to have pinched in their city at that point for no assignable reason, to half the dimensions it had every where else, but to have run their wall below and parallel to the crest of the hill at that point, exposing themselves to be overlooked by an enemy, any where from the tower of Hippicus to the hill of Goath.

But if this be not Zion, what then? In that case, the argument for the Sepulchre is nothing better; for while, on the one hand, you get rid of the otherwise insurmountable pool of Hezekiah, you are now incumbered, on the other, with a new Acra, out of the limits of which you cannot extricate a point so central, and which still becomes more central, the more you enlarge the field. But if this be not Zion, of what value are the evidences of tradition? If it be not Zion, the credit of every locality in Jerusalem is gone. If it be, here is Hezekiah's pool, and the church of the Sepulchre falls within the middle wall.

Thus we see the credit of the locality is gravely impeached, take it as we will, on topographical grounds. It is all but impossible that it can be the site of Calvary or of the Resurrection. Say, however, that it is still within the

bounds of possibility that it may be the locality, and we come next to inquire what credit is due to the portions of stone shown as the actual rock on which the crucifixion was perpetrated, and the actual *soros* in which the body of the crucified Messiah lay.

The credit of both depends on the same story—a story full of suspicion. The emperor had declared himself Christian: Judea had just been visited by the empress-mother, to whose lucrative devotion the spurious places of the nativity and ascension had been pointed out. Helena, however, had heard nothing of the Sepulchre or of Calvary being in existence; nor is it till a considerable time after her death that we find the emperor apprised, by Bishop Macarius, of the discovery of the cave or cross, whichever it is we are to understand by the expression *σημειον*, the “sign or monument” of the passion, then recently alleged to have been disinterred. The pagan idol being pulled down, and the earth removed, a cave is disclosed to view, the alleged Sepulchre; and, presently, within forty paces, the cross, the nails, and the other instruments of the crucifixion, are drawn up from a hole in the rock. Then, for the first time, three hundred years after the event, is heard from the fabricators of an ascension from Mount Olivet, the tradition of impious men having covered over these memorials of the passion, to conceal them from the devotion of former pilgrims. Calvary within forty paces of the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea! Each discredits the other; and they stand, if at all, together. But instead of canvassing the motives of Macarius, or the credibility of the tradition, on traditionary grounds, we proceed to advance from Adamnan, new, and, as it seems to us, conclusive evidence, that the alleged sepulchre discovered by Macarius was an arrant forgery.

Eusebius, who saw it immediately after its discovery, describes it in his *Theophaneia* as “a rock standing out erect and alone in a level land, and having only one cavern within it.” It was immediately after crusted over with marble externally, in which state Asculf found it about three hundred years after, when he gave the ground-plan and description of it to Adamnan, whose words we now proceed to cite:—

"Concerning which matters we made diligent inquiry of holy Asculf, but especially as to the Sepulchre of our Lord, and the church erected over the same, the plan of which he also drew for me on a waxed tablet; which church is all of stone, of great size, rising with three concentric walls all round from the foundation upwards, having a broad aisle betwixt each pair of walls, and three altars curiously contrived in three places in the midmost wall. Twelve columns of wonderful size sustain this round church. There are eight entrances—four to the north-east and four to the south-east. In the middle space of this inner round church is a rotund edifice, cut all out of one and the same rock, wherein three times three men can stand and pray, and from the top of the head of a man of moderate stature, standing up, to the vault of that little house, is a foot and a half in measure. The entrance of this hut looks to the east, and on the outside it is wholly encrusted with choice marble, and sustains upon the top a large golden cross. In the northern part of this hut, in the inside, is the Sepulchre of our Lord, cut out of the same rock; but the floor of the hut is lower than the place of the Sepulchre; for from the floor to the margin of the side of the Sepulchre is a space of about three handsbreadths in height. This Asculf, who often frequented the Sepulchre of our Lord, and who accurately measured it, informed me. Here it is fit to notice the difference between what is called the Monument and the Sepulchre; for that so often mentioned round edifice is what the evangelists, by another name, call the Monument, to the mouth whereof they describe the stone as rolled, and again rolled back again from the mouth thereof when our Lord arose. But the Sepulchre is properly that place in the hut, that is to say, in the northern part of the Monument, in which the body of our Lord, wrapped in linen grave-clothes, lay buried: the length whereof Asculf measured with his proper hand to seven feet in measure. Which said Sepulchre is not, as some falsely allege, double, and having, as it were, a partition cut out of the same stone, dividing

and separating the two legs and two thighs, but is all plain from the head to the feet, affording a bed large enough for one man lying on his back, having its entrance like the opening of a cave in the side, looking towards the south side of the monument, and a low lid wrought into a projection above: in which Sepulchre twelve lamps, according to the number of the blessed apostles, burn day and night, whereof four are placed in the bottom part of that Sepulchral bed below; but the other eight are placed above, on the margin, at the right hand side.

And here it is proper shortly to give some account of that often before-mentioned stone, which, after the entombment of our crucified Lord, was, by the exertions of many men pushing, rolled to the door; which Asculf describes as cut and divided into two separate parts, whereof the smaller part is wrought with iron tools, and is seen standing, in manner of a square altar, in the said round church, before the door of the often above-mentioned hut or monument of our Lord; but the greater part of the same stone is also tooled round in like manner, and forms the altar under the grave clothes which is in the east part of the church. But as to the colour of that rock out of which that often mentioned tabernacle has been hollowed by the irons of the stone-cutters, and which has our Lord's Sepulchre in its northern part, cut out of one and the same rock, and which is the monument or hut above-mentioned, Asculf, in answer to my inquiries, told me that that edifice of our Lord's Sepulchre, not being covered with any decoration inside, even to this day shows throughout the whole of its cavity the tracks of the tools which the stone-cutters or excavators used in that work; but that the colour of that same rock of the Sepulchre and Monument was not uniform, but appeared mixed and of two colours, to wit, red and white, so that the said rock is seen of a piebald colour."

Here form and colour are alike conclusive against the genuineness of Macarius's cave. A circular vaulted chamber is not to be found among all

* We subjoin the original text of the more important passages above cited from Adamnan—

In medio spatio hujus interioris rotundæ domûs, rotundum inest in una eadem petra excisum tegurium in quo possunt ter terni homines stantes orare; et a vertice alicujus non brevis stature hominis stantis usque ad illius domunculæ cameram pes et semipes mensurâ in altum extenditur. Hujus tegurioli introitus ad orientem respicit, quod totum extrinsecus electo tegitur marmore, cujus exterioris summum culmen auro ornatum auream non parvam sustentat crucem. In hujus tegurii aqilonari parte sepulchrum Domini in eadem petra excisum habetur interius; sed ejusdem tegurii pavimentum humilior est loco sepulchri; nam a pavimento ejus ad

the tombs of that era throughout Judea; and the mottled colour of the stone proves the structure to have been factitious, for the natural rock of the spot is *grey limestone*, and of grey limestone the present substituted sepulchre is composed.

We say substituted; for we now go on to show that the present sepulchre has not even the credit of being the original fabrication. We take Wilde's description, the accuracy of which will not be questioned—

“The sepulchre within is a square chamber, six feet nine inches every way;

open at the top. On the right-hand side an oblong slab of bluish white marble, raised two feet above the floor, is supported by another upright one of a similar form. The upper horizontal flag was cracked across the centre in the fire of 1808, and it has been actually worn down by the kisses of the many thousands of pilgrims, &c. Within this coating is said to be the actual *coros* or trough in which the body of the Saviour was laid; and, to prevent its being chipped, carried off as relics, or kissed away, this marble was erected. Our party of five just filled the space in this crypt unoccupied by the tomb. Although the top is evidently of modern

sepulchri marginem lateris quasi trium mensura altitudinis palmarum haberi dignoscitur. Sic mihi Asculfus qui sæpe sepulchrum Domini frequentabat, indubitanter emensus pronuntiabat.

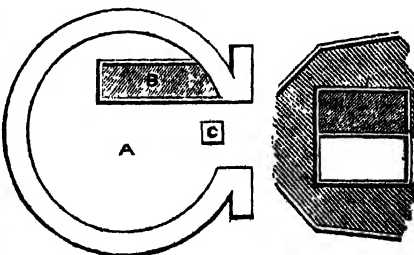
Hoc in loco discrepantia notanda inter monumentum et sepulchrum: nam illud supra sæpe memoratum rotundum *tegurium*, alio nomine evangelistæ monumentum vocant, ad cujus ostium advolutum, et ab ejus ostio revolutum lapidem Domino resurgente pronuntiant. Sepulchrum vero proprie dicitur ille locus in *tegurio*, hoc est in Aquilonari parte monumenti in quo Dominicum corpus linteaminibus involutum conditum quævit: cujus longitudinem Asculfus septem in pedes mensura propria mensus est manu. Quod videlicet sepulchrum non, ut quidem falso opinantur, duplex est, et quandem de ipsa maceriolâ petram habens excisam duo crura et femora duo intercedentem et separantem, sed totum simplex, a vertice usque ad plantas, lectum unius hominis capacem supra dorsum jacentis præbens, in modum speluncæ introitum a latere habens ad Australem monumenti partem c regione respicientem, culmenquæ humile desuper eminens fabricatum. (Cap. ii.)

Sed inter hæc de illo supra memorato lapide qui ad ostium monumenti Dominici, post ipsius Domini crucifixi sepultionem multis trudentibus viris advolutum est, breviter intimandum esse videtur. Quem Asculfus intercisum et in duas divisum partes refert; cujus pars minor ferramentis dolata est, et quadratum altare in rotunda supra scripta ecclesia ante ostium illius sæpe memorati tegurii hoc est monumenti Dominici stans constitutum cernitur; major vero illius lapidis pars æque circum dolata est, et in medio orientali ejusdem ecclesiæ illud altare sub linteaminibus extat.

De illius ergo petræ coloribus in qua sæpe dictum tegurium dolatorum ferramentis interius cavatum Dominicumque Sepulchrum in Aquilonari loco ipsius habens de unâ eademque petrâ excisum quaet monumentum hoc est tegurium, Asculfus a me interrogatus dixit: illud Dominici monumenti tegurium nullo intrinsecus ornatu tectum usque hodie per totam ejus curvaturam ferramentorum ostendit vestigia, quibus dolatores seu excisores in eodem usi sunt opere. *Color vero illius ejusdem petræ monumenti et sepulchri non unus sed duo et permixti videntur, ruber utique et albus, inde et bicolor eadem ostenditur petra.* (c. iii.)

“Adamnani Scoti-hiberni Albatis Celeberrimi De Situ Terræ Sanctæ et quorundam Aliarum locorum ut Alexandriæ et Constantinopoleos Libri Tres. Studio Jacobo Gretseri, S.J. Ingoldstadt, 1619.”

We also add, from Asculf's plan, the ground-plan of the sepulchre, as shewn by him; where A represents the circular chamber, B the tomb, and CC the altars; and, in juxtaposition with this, we give, on the same scale, the ground-plan of the present sepulchre, from Mr. Williams's map. It is plain that the latter cannot embrace the former; and the difference, both of site and of material, forbids us to believe that it embraces even any part of it.



construction, *the sides of the door, as well as the part above it, are hewn out of solid grey limestone rock, which is here distinctly to be seen.*"—Wilde's Narrative, p. 413.

Of compact grey limestone also is the stone now shown as that on which the angel sat, and which occupies the same position relatively to the cave that the smaller half of the stone rolled to the door did when visited by Asculf. The latter is very probably the "Stone of Unction," now shown in the outer aisle of the church, which Wilde describes as "an oblong slab of variegated yellow marble, totally different from any of the marbles found anywhere in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem." (p. 409.)

While the form and colour alone of the cave of Macarius testify to its spuriousness, the modern cave is convicted by its form, by the colour of its material, by its size, and its site, all together. It is square, Macarius's was round; it is a square of six feet nine inches, Macarius's was a circle of about twelve feet in diameter; it is open at top, Macarius's was arched; it can only hold five persons, Macarius's could hold nine; it is of grey limestone, Macarius's was of mottled stone, red and white; it bears from Calvary north-west, Macarius's, as shown on Asculf's plan, due west. Every circumstance shows it to be suppositious—a forgery of a forgery, fabricated in an impossible place.

It is impossible that the circular wall of Macarius's cave can now be concealed in the thickness of the wall which surrounds the present crypt; for, as may be seen by the subjoined ground plans, the diameter of the round chamber described and drawn by Asculf would include the whole present chapel. It is impossible that the marble slab in the present cave can even cover the same piece of rock that formed the bottom of Macarius's fabricated sepulchre. The positions are widely separated, and the materials different; for the constant testimony of travellers of the middle ages, who saw the tomb in the present crypt before the concealment of it by the marble slab, is that it is grey; a trough, besides, if we can believe some of them, and not a shelf, elevated three palms above the floor, as the bottom of Macarius's sepulchre would have appeared were

the sides and lid removed. The Rev. Mr. Nicolayson informed Mr. Wilde (Narrative, p. 475) that, after the fire (of 1808), being desirous to learn what appearance the crypt then presented, "he made many inquiries, and at last found an old Greek priest, a sincere man, and one well worthy of credit, who stated to him that the morning after the fire he went into the tomb, and that as the white marble coating was broken across and not yet replaced, *he saw beneath it a plain trough or sarcophagus, hewn out of the floor of the church, and not composed of masonry, as Dr. Clarke supposed.*" "This man," adds Mr. Wilde, "Mr. Nicolayson described to me as totally unacquainted with any of the disputes regarding it, and knowing nothing whatever of antiquities." So much the worse for the credit of the trough, which if it were part of Macarius's fabrication, would have had its bottom three palms *above* the level of the floor; for, however a floor of natural rock might be lowered, it never could be raised round a sarcophagus cut out of itself.

Such are the principal difficulties attending the settlement of the general topography of Jerusalem, and the leading facts which disprove the particular pretensions of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. As we have said, we incline to seek for the Tyropæon, where Robinson, Catherwood, and Wilde conceive they have found it; but before we conclude ourselves to their view, we earnestly invoke the aid of the surveyor and excavator.

In the midst of the fluctuating opinions and shifting sites through which we have so far conducted our readers, the area of the temple stands fast. Mount Olivet and Kedron forbid it to be mistaken; and the difficulty of supposing it to have been united with any more distant point than that of the present Zion, is one of the strongest arguments against the theory of Clarke. But we cannot believe the substructure on which the platform rests, to be, to any great extent, of the age of Herod. Catherwood, who penetrated these forbidden precincts, has brought away a drawing of the arcade which leads from the so-called beautiful gate under the platform, towards the Mosque of Omar. The architecture is plainly Byzantine, not Corinthian, as was that of Herod's

temple. The whole aspect of this arcade looks to the era of Julian, or Justinian, although doubtless the great stones in the basement of the outer wall may be remains of the original structure, but whether *in situ*, or built up again at the time of the erection of the internal arcades, it would be hard to affirm. At all events, we make little account of Dr. Robinson's arch, at the back of the harem, which he regards as the remains of the bridge which, in Josephus's time, united the temple court to Zion. It seems part of the system of arched substructions, of which we have been speaking, all the characteristic architectural features of which look to Christian times, and besides, if the site of the tower of Antonia has been truly ascertained, the temple area cannot have extended so far south. But the topography of the temple is too large a subject to interpolate in a general sketch of this kind, and we are bound to return to Mr. Williams and his "Holy City," which we deem noticeable as representing in some degree the present tendencies of the English mind.

The English, it must be owned, are very generally becoming superstitious, a natural consequence of too much luxury. Mr. Williams is a good specimen of the pious sophistication and ostentatious credulity which have taken the place of the sincere reasoning and manly spirit of inquiry that used to distinguish the men of Cambridge.* He makes a merit of persuading himself into the idlest beliefs by the silliest circles and *ambages* of argument, and is continually engaged in pious frauds on his own understanding. To get rid of Hezekiah's pool, he makes the most laborious exertions, and after painfully confounding all the watercourses of Jerusalem, makes out that the waters of Gihon, which Hezekiah brought straight down to the west of the city of David, and gathered in a pool in the midst of the city, are the waters of Siloam, on the east of the city of David, 'outside the walls altogether—brought not from

Gihon at all, but from some hidden source, as he thinks, north of the Damascus gate.

"This same Hezekiah also stopped the upper watercourse of Gihon, and brought it straight down to the west side of the city of David.' Now, it is at once granted that if this language be taken to describe the course of Hezekiah's conduit, (what else can it be taken to describe?) and if by the city of David, what Zion is to be understood, then the theory above proposed, however strongly supported, must fall to the ground, because the course which has been there marked out for the aqueduct is *to the east* and not to the west of Mount Zion. But is it certain that Mount Zion must be intended by the city of David? In the Book of the Kings there can be no doubt that they are synonymous, but in the books written after the captivity, the city of David seems to be taken, if not in a different, at least in a wider acceptance; and if the 48th Psalm dates before the captivity, an equivalent expression of the second verse must clearly be referred, not to Zion, but to the other division of the city. We have seen above that Millo is so called in one passage in Chronicles; in the Book of Nehemiah the name is apparently given to Ophel; and, as has already been remarked, that in the Book of Machabees, Moriah is usually so designated. From these facts we must conclude that the name was used for 'Acra,' or 'the lower city,' by the Jews, after the captivity: and if so, may we not suppose that they had some warrant for this designation in their canonical books? May we not believe that the word is used in this sense by Ezra, in the passage under consideration? If so, the course marked out for the aqueduct along the Tyropæon, (*i. e.*, along his, Mr. Williams's Tyropæon,) will exactly answer to the description which is there given."

Why, you foolish man, how will it help your argument, though Acra and Millo were shown to be called the city of David in every chapter of Chronicles, since Siloam is east of Acra, and east of Millo, and east of all Jerusalem? But here, indeed, is an additional authority, which, if true, would dispense with all argument on the point. "This conclusion is con-

* Another fellow of King's College, Cambridge—a Mr. Meador—has recently distinguished himself by some efforts in the same direction, which have called down the censure of a writer in the *North British Review*. It is to be regretted that this writer does not possess more learning and temper; for the value of his protest is compromised by meagreness of information, and by a pervading tone of angry excitement.

firmed by the fact, that the reservoir which Hezekiah made is clearly placed by the language of holy Scripture at the end of this valley, viz., at the pool of Siloam." This, however, we are painfully obliged to say, is not true; but when the authenticity of the Sepulchre is concerned, we need not be surprized at any misrepresentation of a monument, seemingly so much less important, in comparison, as the Bible. Mr. Williams makes no scruple of dealing very cavalierly with Luke, where the testimony of the evangelist opposes itself to Macarius's putrid tradition of an ascension from the top of Mount Olivet. So, to save Macarius's sepulchre from the fatal embrace of Josephus's middle wall, it is not surprizing that he should allege that the Scripture says what it does not, and what, in fact, is wholly irreconcilable with what the Scripture does say, viz., that Hezekiah brought the waters of Gihon straight down to the west side of the city of David; Gihon being, as we know, a valley lying outside the city, on the western side, such as is the valley still recognized by that name, and from which the waters still flow, by a straight conduit, into the alleged Pool of Hezekiah. After contending with such blind and unscrupulous devotion for the authenticity of the Sepulchre, Mr. Williams, as may naturally be expected, yields himself up in a delirium of credulity to the superstitious genius of the spot. We have seen Mr. Wilde's account of the effects of the fire of 1808, in cracking the marble covering of the supposed tomb. Here is Mr. Williams's version of that event, with some prefatory observations, which afford a good specimen of the mystical pleonastic style affected by writers of this new monkish school.

"From this period, (A.D. 1542,) the holy city has been the scene of a warfare of a different character, the circumstances of which I pass over without regret to myself, or injury to the reader. Not a year, scarcely a month, has passed for three successive centuries, without disputes between the three principal Christian communities which divide the sacred city. Suffice it here to say, that the limits fixed to their respective possessions within the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, as shown in the coloured plan, have been invaded by hostile encroachments, and defended, inch

by inch, with an animosity, which, however creditable to their veneration for the holy places, is most disgraceful in every other view. It was even suspected that the destruction of the sacred building, by fire, at the commencement of this century, was the result of the disappointment of the Armenians, in a contest for the acquisition of power over the Greek possessions in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre; and although the charge is not proved by the mere fact of the fire having originated in their church, yet, the imputation of such awful sacrilege demonstrates the spirit that animates those who could insinuate it. Though the circumstances of the fire are not of sufficient interest to call for a detailed account, the only fact which I would record, is certainly a most remarkable one. The heat was so excessive, that the marble columns which surrounded the circular building, in the centre of which stood the Holy Grotto, were completely pulverized. The lamps and chandeliers, with the rest of the vessels of the church, brass, and silver, and gold, were melted like wax; the molten lead, from the immense dome, which covers the Holy Sepulchre, poured down in torrents; yet, the Holy Cave itself received not the slightest injury externally, or internally; the silk hangings and ornaments remaining unscathed by the flame—the smell of fire not even having passed upon them."—p. 241.

Such is a specimen of the sort of belief which Mr. Williams's section of the Protestant church would inculcate on the hitherto strong-minded and rational people of England. Unless the most unobservant of mortals, he must repeatedly have witnessed with his own eyes, the evidences of the effect of this very conflagration in the cracked and broken covering of the tomb. Indeed, we can hardly believe it possible that he should be unacquainted with the facts described by Dr. Wilde; and, if so, what must we think of the moral bewilderment of a man, who, to sustain the credit of a locality so often called in question, alleges a miracle which he can hardly be supposed not to have known to be utterly unfounded? The credit of Cambridge is not advanced by such statements, put forward by fellows of its university; neither does it augur well for the success of the Anglican establishment at Jerusalem, to find Bishop Alexander's chaplaincy so soon invaded by the monkish genius of the place.

That a growing appetite exists in England for this sort of mental aliment, is but too apparent from the increasing quantities of the commodity brought to market. Sensuality tends naturally to superstition: and too much ease has made a large section of the English people, if not sensual, at least sensuous, and prone to accept material exponents in the place of the intellectual reality. If the spot could be ascertained on which Christ hung from the tree, or in which his body lay before the resurrection, there is hardly any limit on this side of idolatry to which the sensuous propensities of the class for whom Mr. Williams writes would not carry them, in their eagerness to realize every thing by earthly eye and touch. Such an inducement, seizing on the present facilities of communication, would hurry the English of whom we write in thousands and tens of thousands to Jerusalem; and the enormities of the ancient pilgrimages would be cast far into the shade, by the confluent licentiousness of the richest and most luxurious people of modern times. Most fortunate, indeed, it is, that human eye cannot discern nor human hand touch any specific object so consecrated. For it would be of little avail to say to a man kneeling in a trance of idolatrous devotion before a stone that had been touched by the hand of Christ—"This, that, every stone in the universe, has been touched by the hand of God. Every spot in the universe has been and is consecrated by the presence of God. Your own body, which you debase, grovelling before a less perfect object, is God's own last and completest piece of workmanship." He neither sees, nor tastes, nor smells, nor touches your expostulation; and therefore, though he may hear it, it is thrown away. You ought to come with pictures and coloured beads to such a man, as you would to a child of savage life; so true it is, that the extremes of humanity approach each other.

From the debasements of the false Sepulchre we turn with feelings of relief to the Mosque of Omar, where an invisible Deity is still worshipped by men who scorn idolatry, and where, from the time of Abraham to that of Christ, the worship of the ONE Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, was preserved in spirit and in truth by His own appointed priesthood. As it

is the only spot in all Jerusalem that has preserved its identity, so it is the only part of the city which has escaped the grosser profanations of superstition. The platform on which it stands, with its massive substructions, while it possibly comprises some of the materials of even the oldest house of God in the world, is, as we have said, most probably of Christian erection; but although the ploughshare of desolation has, we believe, been driven over every part of the surface of Mount Moriah, the rock itself defies the hand of time and the fury of war, retaining in its inviolated recesses the remains of those surprising water-works by which the ancient Temple was preserved free from the impurities of its sacrifices. An abundant supply of water on a rock which originally stood, to a great degree, isolated from the surrounding eminences, and in which there appears to be no natural fountain, can only be accounted for by ascribing an unusual skill in hydraulic operations to those who brought it thither; and the artists employed by Solomon appear to have been skilled in hydraulics as well as architecture. The earliest pagan notices of the Temple of Jerusalem, dwell on its cisterns, its leaden pipes, and waterworks, as the most remarkable of all its features; and in the remotest prospects of prophecy we see the spread of holiness and purity typified by the overflow of these same famous fountains. Turkish jealousy at present prohibits any investigation of the wells and galleries within the precincts of the Mosque; but all round that inaccessible spot, the rock is channelled into conduits, in the exploring of which much personal enterprise and topographical sagacity have been exhibited. Here we are glad to have something favourable to say of the labours of Mr. Williams, to whom, with whatever contempt we regard his proneness to superstitious reverence for material objects, we desire to deny no credit due to activity in exploring the actual vestiges of antiquity. It has long been known that the Fountain of Siloam is fed through a subterranean channel of about six hundred yards in length, which brings down the waters of the Well of the Virgin from beneath the southern declivity of Mount Moriah. To Mr. Williams is due the credit of connecting these two reservoirs with a further system of water communications on the opposite side of the Tem-

ple area. After describing the Pool of Siloam, and the peculiar "sweetish" taste of its waters, and their connexion with the well of the Virgin above-mentioned, Mr. Williams proceeds :—

"The next fountain which I shall mention is one within the city, near the area of Grest Mosk, known only by report until very lately, when an enterprising traveller undertook to explore it; and the company to whom he related the adventure in the small shed built over the mouth of the well by which he affected his perilous descent, will not easily forget the thrilling sensations which his narration produced.

"This fountain is used to supply a bath, which has been briefly noticed above as existing near one of the western entrances to the haram. The present mouth of the well is on the roof of the buildings attached to the bath, and is found to be about twenty feet above the level of the street. Dr. Robinson had in vain sought permission to explore this well, but the reports which he had heard of it excited the curiosity of a countryman of his, who was at Jerusalem in the winter of 1841-2, and he resolved at all events to descend. Having endeavoured, without success, to induce the keeper of the bath to assist him in the undertaking, he prevailed on two peasants of a neighbouring village to aid him in it. This was in the month of January. At the dead of night, attended only by a servant lad, furnished with candles and matches, a measuring rule, moreover, and a compass, forth he sallied, equipped as for an aquatic excursion. Arrived at the well's mouth, he tied a cord round his body, and was lowered through the aperture by these fellows, who had kept their appointment, but would, without doubt, have let the rope slip, and left their employer to his fate on the slightest alarm. However, he survived to tell the tale, an outline of which shall here be given.

"The entrance to the well is not quite two feet square, but a few feet lower down it expands and becomes about twelve feet square, and is apparently hewn in the rock. His first adventure in this aerial journey was meeting the leathern bucket which had been tied at the other end of the rope as a counterpoise. It was 'streaming at a dozen apertures, and for the rest of the way he was under a cold shower-bath, and could with difficulty keep his light without the circle of it.' The well was eighty-two and a half feet deep, and the water about four feet and a half. On arriving at the bottom, the vibrations of the rope, before he could get a

footing, extinguished his light, and he was left in total darkness. He had observed in his descent four arched recesses in the rock opposite to one another, and lower down, six feet above the water, a door-way leading into an arched chamber, which he contrived to reach, and here he refitted for his further voyage. The matches were dry, and other candles soon illuminated the darkness. The excavated chamber in which he found himself, was only three or four feet in height, fifteen long by ten broad, and did not seem to be constructed with any reference to the water. Opposite to this chamber he discovered a passage which formed the water-channel. He had taken the precaution of bringing with him an india-rubber life-preserver, which he found useful in his further explorations. He now descended into the water, and entered the passage, and soon passed another excavation in the rock, of which he could make nothing. The passage beyond this was two or three feet wide, and about five feet high, covered with stones laid transversely, and but very irregularly; in some places were fragments of polished marble shafts, and in one place the end of a granite column had sunk obliquely into the passage. The bottom of the channel was not flat, but grooved, and the passage was not straight, though its general course was direct; and 'the cutting so uneven as to suggest the thought that advantage might have been taken of a natural seam or fissure in the rock.' Having followed this passage eighty feet he was stopped by a basin or well of unknown depth, on the opposite side of which the wall shut down to the water, and presented another obstacle, even could the water have been passed. Unhappily he was obliged to return without any more satisfactory result. His exit is amusingly characteristic of cool intrepidity. He had barely breathing room or space for his candle between the surface of the water and the roof of the passage; and one would think must have felt rather uncomfortable in such a position; but he first measured the passage with his rule, then illuminated it with his spare candles, and having taken a last fond look, left them burning there, and returned to the well to prepare for his ascent. The rope was still there, and the natives above. The signal was given, and he again found himself, swinging in mid-air, and in darkness, the candle which he had reserved having been extinguished as before. 'His descent had been uniform, but he was necessarily drawn up at intervals, which caused a greater vibration. He spun round the dark vault, striking against one side and another,' and was not sorry

to find himself again 'beneath the open heaven.'"

On making further inquiry, Mr. Williams learned from the attendant of the bath, that the water issues from what he describes as an immense reservoir beneath the Harem; but it did not appear that his informant had himself penetrated so far. The same peculiar taste distinguishes this water also. So at least says Mr. Williams; and in a matter of sensation we accept his authority with all reliance. We now proceed to a third point lying north of the temple cave:—

"I had heard of a constant and abundant well of water within the precincts of the Church of the Flagellation, close to the seraglio, which supplies the Franciscan monastery during the driest summer. I visited it on March 13th and 14th, 1843, and obtained the following additional particulars from the monk who had the charge of the premises. The church is very ancient, but had fallen into ruin until the Franciscans, about a year and a half before my visit, had procured a firman for its restoration. In the course of the repairs an immense quantity of water was required, and the well in question was exhausted, and cleaned out. In two days it was full again, although it was towards the end of the dry season, before any rain had fallen. When I saw the well there were in it between eight and nine feet of water, which completely filled a cavity in the rock, and came up to its mouth, which was also bored through the rock. The water was almost within arm's reach of the opening, and remarkably clear. The cavity I learnt extends some distance east and west; but as I was disappointed in seeing the man who had been employed to cleanse it, I could not understand its nature so exactly as I wished. I tasted the water—there could be no mistake—it was the 'water of Siloam!'

"Thus then we have at these three different points three fountains, without any apparent connection one with another, all supplied with this peculiar water, utterly unlike any I remember to have tasted in that neighbourhood, or elsewhere. I am strongly disposed to conclude from this fact, that there must be a connection, but how it is very difficult to determine."

These singular facts, taken in connection, give a new interest to the statement of Aristæus—a fragment preserved by Eusebius in his *Evangelical Preparation*—that the waterworks of

the temple extended their ramifications to a distance of five stadia on every side. We may here add a Mahomedan tradition from Ialâl Addin, respecting another well, that called after Job, situated still lower in the valley than that of Siloam:—

"I have heard that water being very scarce in the Holy City, men had recourse to the well; they sank it to the depth of eighty cubits, and the size of its head or spring was ten cubits; four of which were blocked up by great stones, every stone being five cubits long, and from one to two in length and breadth; so that they wondered how these stones could have been brought down to such a place. Amidst these stones the fountain sprang up brisk and cool. . . . Here also was a cave, whose entrance was three cubits by one, from the midst of which rushed a wind of intense coldness. Then they brought a light there, and saw the cave blocked up by immense masses of stone; and entering more nearly, the light could not be kept in, by reason of the force of the wind proceeding thence."

Whether this is the same water that appears at so many other points, we have no means at present of ascertaining; but the well seems to be of the same artificial formation, and to derive its supply as the others do through a subterranean gallery, tending, we dare say, to the main reservoir, however that may be supplied, under the site of the temple. It is an interesting fact, in connection with this inquiry, that the Mahomedan tradition of the site of the temple fixed it by reference to a sewer, through which Omar crept on his hands and knees until he arrived at the spot corresponding to his information, however derived. The description of this proceeding of the great Mussulman conqueror from Ialâl-Addin is worth perusal:—

"Thus we entered the church, which is called the Church of the Resurrection, and the patriarch said, 'This is the Mosque of David.' Whereupon Omar considered attentively, and said to him, 'Thou hast spoken falsely; for the apostle of God (upon whom be the blessing and peace of God!) described to me the Mosque of David, a description which answers not to this.' Then we proceeded with him to the church called Sion, and said, 'This is the Mosque of David.' Upon this Omar said, 'Thou hast spoken falsely.' So

he went with him to the Mosques of the Holy City, until he came at last near to a gate, called the Gate of Mahommed; and he drew down all the filth that was on the steps of the gate, until he came to a narrow passage; and he went down a number of steps, until he almost hung upon the top of the interior, or upper surface. Then said the patriarch to him, 'Thou canst go no farther, except creeping on hands and knees.' Then said Omar, 'And I will go, even creeping on hands and knees.' So Omar went upon his hands, and we went upon hands and knees after him, until we came to the central sewer. And we stood here upright. Then Omar looked, and contemplated a long time. Then he said, 'By Him in whose hand is my life, this is that which the apostle of God (upon whom be the peace and blessing of God!) described to us.'"

No Christian in recent times has been admitted to these adyta, with the exception of Mr. Catherwood; and he, during his furtive visits, had enough to do in transferring to paper the details of the arches and colonades which support the upper platform. He reports, however, various indications of further subterranean chambers to which he could not obtain access, and among which it seems not unreasonable to expect that the governing reservoir of these numerous surrounding water-courses may yet be discovered, in which case we should entertain a better hope of seeing genuine vestiges of works of Solomon than we can possibly indulge in reference to any existing monuments on the surface. Indeed there can be no doubt that the whole site of Jerusalem abounds in subterranean works. Mr. Catherwood gives us the plan of a curious gallery cut in the rock which was discovered in sinking the foundations for the new Anglican church on the present Mount Zion, recalling very vividly the account given by Josephus of the hiding-places of the fugitive Jews, after the capture of the city by Titus:—

"The multitudes of those that therein perished exceeded all the destructions that either man or God ever brought upon the world. For to speak only of what was publicly known, the Romans slew some of them, some they carried captives, and others they made search for under ground, and when they found where they were, they broke up the ground, and slew all they met with. As

for John, he wanted food, together with his brethren, in these caverns, and begged that the Romans would now give him their right hand for his security, which he had often proudly rejected before: but for Simon, he struggled hard with the distress he was in (Antiq. lvi., c. 9). This Simon, during the siege, was in the upper city; but when the Roman army were gotten within the walls, and were laying the city waste, he then took the most faithful of his friends with him, and among them some that were stone-cutters, with those iron tools that belong to their occupation, and as great a quantity of provisions as would suffice for a long time, and let himself and them all down into a certain subterranean cavern, that was not visible above ground. Now, so far as had been digged of old, they went onward without disturbance; but where they met with solid earth, they dug a mine underground, and this in hopes that they should be able to proceed so far as to rise from under ground in a safe place, and by that means escape; but when they came to make the experiment, they were disappointed in their hope, for the miners could make but small progress, and that with difficulty also, inasmuch as their provisions, though they distributed them by measure, began to fail them. And now Simon, thinking he might be able to astonish and delude the Romans, put on him a white frock, and buttoned on him a purple cloak, and appeared out of the ground in the place where the Temple had formerly been." (lvii., c. 2).

Hence it appears that a subterraneous communication exists between the temple area and the upper city of Josephus, or Zion. The discovery of such a passage leading to the Hill of Evil Council, or to the present Zion, would go far to settle their contending claims. With the daily increasing resort of Englishmen to the spot, it seems not wholly improbable that some enterprising explorer may hit upon the passage; and we own it would not greatly astonish us, if the gallery under the English church were found to communicate with the very excavation traversed by Simon and his companions.

We have abstained in our discussion of the general question of the site of the Sepulchre, from noticing the popular belief relative to the supposed change of site effected at the foundation of the new town of Elia, on the ruins of the city, after its desolation by Titus. If the present Zion be the

true Zion, there can have been little, if any change of site, the modern, as the ancient Jerusalem, being still, literally speaking, "on Zion, on the sides of the north." The imputed motive for the change of site—a desire to confound the Christian recollection of the sacred localities—is inconsistent with the older allegation of pagan idols having been erected on the same spots, to attract the Christian adoration; neither, indeed, can this latter allegation be reconciled with any reasonable probability; for while the idol was erected to desecrate the spot, and usurp the prayers of its votaries, the spot itself was heaped over with earth and stones, which would remove it alike from desecration and from notice—that heap of earth and stones, again, having been piled up at a labour much greater than would easily have sufficed to remove every trace of the rock and grotto underneath. Neither have we, on the other hand, insisted on the alleged destruction of the cave by the calif Hakim, in the beginning of the eleventh century: for although the words of Glaber, "funditus dirutum," have obtained general currency ever since the days of Gibbon, whose guarded language has been repeatedly misconstrued, it is but justice to say that the annalist goes on to declare that Hakim's emissaries failed, although they endeavoured, with strokes of iron implements, to destroy the cave itself. Yet nothing can be more certain, for the reasons we have adduced above, than that the fabricated cave, as it existed in the seventh century, has been "funditus" destroyed by some one or other—most probably, indeed, by Hakim, notwithstanding the pious exception in its favour by the monkish annalist.

Having said so much in disproof of the pretended Calvary of Macarius, (for, of course, the whole of the localities under the roof of the Church of the Sepulchre, stand or fall by the credit of the cave,) we may naturally be expected to offer an opinion in reference to the true scene of the crucifixion; and on this subject we can do nothing better than present our readers with the words of the learned writer in the "Universal History," speaking of the hill of Goath, which (although the writer supposed it to be within the

city) lies at a little distance outside Jerusalem on the west:—

"As the word גֵּתְהָ, which, according to the Masoreth's pointing, is called *Goath*, may as well, if not better, be pronounced either *Goutha* or *Gotha*; and as the word גֵּל, admitting of two sounds in the composition of known names. Galhed and Gilhad, does as naturally sound *Gol*, we should think the etymology of Golgotha is found to our hand, and its signification most plain, viz. the hill of Gotha. However, the great likeness the sound of the same word Golgotha had to *Gagultha* in Syriac, (which dialect is called Hebrew in the Gospel, because a mixture of both was spoken at Jerusalem,) it seems to have been commonly understood as having a near relation to *Gugultha*, a skull, and therefore was expounded by *καρπιου κόρας*, which, from the Latin *Calvaria*, a skull, is called in our language *Calvary*."—*Univ. Hist.* vol. iv. Dissertation on the Temple, xlviii. n. x.

We are aware of nothing more plausible, or founded on better learning, and present the passage to the notice of our readers as the best information, uncertain at best, that we are hitherto permitted to possess on the mere locality of that momentous event.

We have not exaggerated the difficulties—we have only not disguised them. And it is well that, in the present temper of a considerable section both of the church and people of England, these difficulties should not be disguised or made little of. God forbid that we should ever see the free Christians of these islands kissing stones or grovelling on particular spots of ground, venerating the rubbish of earth. God, the proper object of all worship, fills his creation—his word is in our hands—we have him with us here as much as in any particular plot of ground on the face of the globe. The Protestants of Ireland and Scotland do not require to be told this; but it must be shouted in the ears of some of the nominal Protestants of England, choked, though they be, with the fat of luxury, and hard of hearing to all but the voice of middle-age sensualism, till they be brought back to the intellectual level of their companions, from which they have sunk, or else be driven from the fold of freedom to take up their quarters with our open antagonists.

ANTHOLOGIA GERMANICA. NO. XXI.

THE LATER GERMAN POETS—HEINE—FREILIGRATH—BUCKERT—PRUTZ—WERNER—
CHAMISSO—ZEDLITZ.

Neue Gedichte, von H. Heine. New poems, to wit, by Heinrich Heine. Alas! the title of this volume is much too flattering both to the powers and propensities of its author. If there be anything new under the sun, it is not from such a quarter that we expect it. "Can the Ethiopian change his hue, or the leopard his spots?" Can Heinrich Heine ever give us aught but the same old packages of poison from his literary upas-tree? Never—it is not possible! and those "new" poems are in truth but *rifuccimenti* of the old ones, or, perhaps we should rather say of the Old One's, supposing that Belzebub ever dabbles in poetry, for anything more darkly diabolical than the general tone of Heine's "Gedichte" it would be a labour of no slight difficulty to extract from even the worst samples of morality bequeathed to us by Machiavelli or Voltaire.

And yet the fellow has infinite humour in him too, which is not always ill-humour. His prose is racy and sparkling—equalling Wieland's in all but logical induction, and far surpassing Goethe's in force, rapidity of thought, and a peculiar clearness of style, which almost deserves the epithet of transparent. Neither are the better impulses, too often suffered to lie inoperative in the hearts of nobler men, wholly absent from the spirit of his songs. Sometimes, indeed, one considers it almost a pity that any body else should ever have been beforehand with him in treating a theme of devotion, or chivalrous heroism, or bruised affection, the little he has done in this way so abundantly testifies to what he could achieve, had he but "ample room and verge enough" for the exercise of the higher sentiments, that is, were he free from the apprehension of being laughed at for trying to render sublime what others, with purer intentions, have only succeeded in making ridiculous. But the curse of the sneerer is on Heine, he sees nothing

in his neighbours but so many reflections of himself; they are perpetually on the *qui vive* to outsnear him—he knows this, he feels it; and, under the influence of a delusion which bestrides him like a nightmare, he has almost ceased to struggle for the attainment of a healthy condition of mind. He is, after all, more an object of compassion than condemnation; and none, perhaps, can deeper lament the melancholy misdirection of his glorious faculties than those who the strongest repudiate the moral and social principles he advocates.

We say "moral and social," for of course we have no quarrel with a man's politics—philosophers often boast of having none, and among our own acquaintance we are happy to reckon men of all political hues, from the darkest purple to that pale shade of hybrid green which nearly melts into grey. Heine is, we were about to say, a thorough democrat, but democracy comprehends at least the party of the people, and Heine we really believe, dangles at the skirts of no party. He is rather a *leveller*, one who would fuse all parties into one body, and leave that body to provide itself with a soul whence and how it could. He seems to have little or no sympathy with such men as Herwegh, Hoffman von Fallersleben, Kinkel, Freiligrath, and Arndt; they are too sternly in earnest for him. It is not so much by hatred of oppression as by a certain instinct of opposition that Heine seems animated. In this point he closely resembles Byron, who tells us that if the mob were once fairly in the ascendant he, for one, would

"—wax an ultra-royalist in loyalty."

Heine's hostility to established institutions has its birth rather in the imagination than in the feelings; and there is every probability that if the revolution which he is labouring to accomplish were actually to explode, he himself, like Marmontel and Mira-

beau under similar circumstances, would be among the first to deplore the event.

As a sample of that want of sympathy with his contemporaries to which we have just alluded, take

the following address to Herwegh, who, as our readers may be aware, was recently banished from Prussia for being a little too unmeasured in his metres anent kings and constitutions.

To George Herwegh.

When Germany got drunk upon French brandy
O, George, 'twas bride and lover, she and thou.
Her words were sweeter than sugarcandy;
But things are changed—'tis wife and husband now!

Recovering from her brief *delirium tremens*,
The stately dame was pleased to appear displeased.
Thou flaredst up as usual about freemen's
Rights, wrongs, and soforth—but she sneered, or sneezed.

And when old Fred* and thou had that queer quarrel
Which ended in thy showing a pair of legs,
In lieu of crowning thee with wreaths of laurel,
By Jove, she pelted thee with rotten eggs!

Poor youth, I sympathize with thee! Oh, don't I?
'Tis odd how men can let a man, because
His arm-chair chances to be called a throne, tie
Their free-born tongues up thus within their jaws!

Besmeared with eggs and apples, and escorted
By dull dragoons, who jested at thy fame,
I really marvel how thou wert supported
Beneath such crying, trying, frying shame!

Come over, George, to Paris; and if quill, lip,
Moustache, or cock of hat, betray thee here,
I'll introduce thee to my friend King Philip,
Who'll either make thee a peer, or—disappear!

Heine's humour sometimes, like the novelist Hoffman's, verges on the fantastic: it would seem as if he avenged himself for his forced abstinence from any delineation of the gentler affections by indulging in that intoxication of fancy which, however agreeable for the moment, earlier or later wears out the intellectual powers, and at last ends by petrifying the heart itself.

Here is another specimen of his manner—though we ingenuously plead guilty to having somewhat overdone it. Any one who may wish to compare our translation with the original will find the latter on p. 168 of the volume; and if he want the volume itself we will cheerfully let him have it.

Lament of a Young Old-Germanist.

Oh, I have lost the most entrancing
Dream that ever lighted slumber!
Such a dream!—of musical fountains,
Orient palaces rare and rich,

* The King of Prussia.

And the fabulous Golden Mountains,*
 In comparison with which
 All whereof your poets *can* sing
 Were but so much lifeless lumber !

How I came to dream this dream your
 Fancy scarce will serve to show you.
 Hear me, therefore ! On last night I
 Drank Souchong with Fraülein Tyrl.
 Mischief revelled in the bright eye
 Of this wicked, wanton girl ;
 And, just think ! she filled the cream-ewer
 First with Hock, and then with Noyau ;

Then with Gin, then *Kirschenwasser*.†
 I quaffed on without inquiry,
 Munching from my muffin-laden
 Plate, at moments, more or less.
 How she laughed, meanwhile, the maiden !
 Still, I shammed unconsciousness,
 Though I felt my cup and saucer
 Wax, each gulp I took, more fiery !

By-and-by a drowsy humming
 Filled mine ears, and then there followed
 That ecstatic inner Vision—
 Oh, I ne'er shall know it twice !
 All things round me seemed Elysian.
 Strange, how such a Paradise
Could be born of that o'ercoming
 Mess of hogwash I had swallowed !

Fair pavilions o'er pavilions—
 Bowers of roses—halls of rubies—
 Dazzled me and each beholder.
 Long I gazed with soul enflamed,
 Till a finger touched my shoulder,
 And a sweet soft voice exclaimed—
 " O, thou oaf in fifty millions !
 O, thou blindest of all boobies !

" Why this gaping ? If there be a
 Sight here for thine eyes to seize on,
 'Tis myself. Turn round and see me !"
 I obeyed. She *did* eclipse
 All Titania's train for dreamy
 Loveliness ! With stammering lips
 Thus I answered—" Thine—idea,
 Queen of Beauty, stands—to—reason !

" All my eye—e'er—took for—matchless,
 Save thyself—some—blemishing—spots damn.
 Buy—by—sticks—Styx—thou hast broken
 My—hem !—heart, like Dresden delf !
 Tol—lol—lol !" Thus much I had spoken,
 When I awoke, and found myself
 Hatless, coatless, cashless, watchless,
 In the New Black Hole of Potsdam !

* *Goldene Berge* is an idiomatical German phrase for any thing visionary or unreal.

† Cherry-brandy.

Whether this be *visé* at the anti-Matthewite habits of a certain class of the Old-Germanists we shall not pretend to determine: it is, at all events, a felicitous *jeu d'esprit*; and the abrupt transition from dream to vigilancy, at the conclusion, is rather characteristic of Heine.

One of Heine's cleverest poems is a

rhymed narrative of his recent tour through Germany, in twenty-seven chapters. Perhaps we may, one of these days, attempt a perversion of it, omitting the very—the *devilishly* clever passages—of which there are only too many. In the meantime we will try our traductorial hand on a single chapter.

My Tour through the Fatherland.—Chap. XXX.

"Il faut hurler avec les loups."

FRENCH PROVERB.

A cloud came over the moon's pale rays,
And what I had long foreseen would
Occur took place. Our vagabond chaise
Broke down in the middle of the greenwood.

I leaned against the old bandy affair,
Enveloped in my cloak of camlet;
While my guide rode off, less in hope than despair
Of help, to the nearest hamlet.

You'll think, of course, that I didn't much like
(Inasmuch as I am neither Cid, Knight,
Nor Saint) being left, without pistol or pike,
Thus alone in a forest at midnight.

You are wrong! The reign of Bandit and Elf
Disappeared with old Veit Weber:*
I think Number-Nip must have hounded himself,
For he's never met now by a neighbour.

The wolves alone are lords of the wood,
Which they still give an air of romance to.
They form an Old-German Brotherhood,
Though we find them in Italy and France, too.

They and I, that night, stood face to face,
And they howled, impelled by hunger,
Like Berlinesse reviewers in chase
Of a Radical ballad-monger!

I felt, as I gazed in their eyes, which glowed
Like flambeaux, proud of this visit,
So I bowed very low, in a manner that showed
I was far from intending to quiz it.

It was clear to my mind they had heard, somehow,
Of my *late* arrival in the forest;
And I made them a speech in a style which thou,
My dear prim Public, abhorrest!

* Veit Weber (or rather he who wrote under this appellative, his real name being Wachter) was a celebrated romancer of the old lamp-and-dagger school—the male Mrs. Radcliffe, in fact, of Germany. His inventive powers were very great; but his characters, generally, are too fond of tumbling down lifeless. He died, we believe, about twenty years ago.

I said—" Mine excellent Wolves, I am glad
 You and I meet here together in
 Good-fellowship to-night, for, allow me to add,
 I have always hailed you as brethren !

" I can howl, as you hear—and, as to my port,
 It is more of a Wolf's than a Man's port.
 I feel, in short, at this moment a sort
 Of unchainable cannibal transport.

You know, I hope, that no possible bribe
 Will ever avail to win me :
 To you I belong—to you and your tribe ;
 So place your confidence in me !

" You have heard, I suppose, that sometime ago
 I ratted to the side of the Shepherds ;
 But that was a slander ! You very well know
 I can herd but with Wolves—or Leopards !

" Another and quite as villanous a lie—
 How party prejudice blunts men
 To a sense of justice !—was, that I
 Had joined the Königsberg Huntsmen !

" 'Tis true, I wear on mine outward form
 Habiliments of sheep-and-lamb-skin ;
 But only, I assure you, to keep myself warm,
 For I'm neither ewe's nor ram's kin !

" Don't mind, I beg of you, my sheep-skin dress ;
 I am neither Sheep, Man, Bull, Fish,
 Hound, Hog, or Fox—I'm a WOLF, I guess,
 And my tusks and my claws are wolfish !

" I'm a Wolf—that's flat !—and I herd with the pack
 Wherever they go a-prowling ;
 I couch in their dens—I follow on their track,
 And I chorus their noble howling !"

Such, friends, was the speech which fell, in a fit
 Of—candour, that night from *my* tongue,
 Though Kolb has shockingly garbled it
 In the *Allgemeine Zeitung*.

Zeitgedichte, von Freiligrath.—
 Rhymes for the Times, by Freiligrath.
 This volume we noticed in a former
 paper. It is a pity, but Freiligrath
 has of late declined in vigour—per-
 haps because mere political poems (and
 he now writes few others) are, from
 their nature, less receptive of the energy
 which the *mens divini* communicates
 to romance and high heroic narrative.
 We have here a poetical tribute to the
 memory of the brave but unfortunate
 Carlist, Don Diego Leon, who was
 shot by order (we believe) of Espar-

tero, on the 15th of October, 1841.
 Though penned before Freiligrath
 had adopted the belief that there
 is no God in politics except the
Amos, and that Young Germany is
 his prophet, it lacks a portion of the
 furnace-heat which burns in his earlier
 and more purely imaginative produc-
 tions. Yet there are some passages
 in it that we like better than any
 thing we met with in his first volume,
 but these we leave the reader to dis-
 cover for himself.

The Execution of Diego Leon.

(WRITTEN IN SPAIN, OCTOBER, 1841.)

"Exoriare aliquis nostris ex oculis Ultor."

The smoke has rolled away—the crowds are gone—
 The echoes of the musquetry have ceased.
 A few guests only from the Bloody Feast
 Yet linger, and converse in smothered tone.
 Hussars!—this infamy was yours!—for hire,
 Base hire, you pierced that noble breast of his!
 To you in scorn he spake the upbraiding—"Fire!"
Exoriare aliquis!

"Fire!"—Ay!—it well might be his life's last word!
 Oft had he employed it when about to win,
 Amid the artillery's thundershock and din,
 Fresh laurel-wreaths for his immaculate sword.
 Oft battled he in midst of your array—
 Oft struck for Spain—how bravely you know best!
 For Spain—for you! And you could turn to-day,
 Oh, God! your arms against his breast!

And Who condemned him? He who grasps in vain
 With iron hand this reeling kingdom's helm—
 A brother-warrior of their common realm!
 They slept beneath one roof—were known to drain
 As friends the one camp-cup—wore the same attire.
 You knew this, for you saw it—could not miss
 In truth to see it—and yet now—*now!* . . . "Fire!"
Exoriare aliquis!

"One favour, one alone, I ask!"—so prayed
 The gallant youth—"Give me my sword and steed,
 And let me die in harness! If my meed
 Must needs be death I perish undismayed,
 Come what come will—then grant me again to wield
 My wonted weapons!—let me feel again
 As when I poured upon the battle-field
 My first young blood for suffering Spain!"

But no!—for him no favour. His farewell
 To a life that Siander never dared to stain
 Was that of one dishonoured! When he fell
 The dust lay dark upon his charger's mane,
 Whose neighings told how he began to tire
 Of waiting for his master—ah! now his
 No longer, poor forlorn one!—for, hark! . . . "Fire!"
Exoriare aliquis!

With firm step he descended from the car,
 Then drew a gold Madonna from his breast,
 And kissed it, saying—"Thou faithfullest and best
 Of Mothers—many a year my guiding star!—
 To thee in perilous hours I have owed my life
 Full oft, albeit thou canst not save it now!
 Return to her whose gift thou art—my wife—
 She needeth help—console her thou!"

Thereon, that none who fired might miss his mark,
 Himself arranged the line of carabineers—
 While many a soldier's brow around grew dark,
 And many a bronzed cheek was wet with tears—

Then spake to a friend—"Fulfil my last desire—
 Give this to Elvira—to the Regent this!"
 These were the image and a seal-ring: . . . "Fire!"
Exoriare aliquis! . . .

The sign was given. Another. Now the last.
 "Present!" and still he stood unblenchingly.
 "Fire!" All was over! His great soul had passed
 Into that world where Mind and Truth are free.
 Such was his death! I count it, as it was,
 Mournful, if beautiful!—a death, in sum,
 For me to chaunt in verses broken as
 Sepulchral tones of muffled drum!

"But he sustained a tyrant." Be it so!—
 I care not! He was brave, and claims my tears.
 Since Homer sang, since Ilion's lyric years,
 The Poet's bosom beats for friend and foe!
 He reverences Napoleon's mighty mind,
 Yet weeps, too, when the Bourbon d'Enghien dies.
 His love is catholic! Never think to bind
 Apollo's child by party-ties!

And, should that prayer of One—the hard from whom
 I quote*—at length be answered once for all—
 Should yet some Demigod rise, as from the tomb,
 To avenge the nations, may his vengeance fall
 Alike on Peoples and on Potentates—
 And let, Great God! that holy vengeance be
 The eternal Justice due to long-wronged States—
 New Life, new Light, new Liberty!

Thee, martyred Spain, unhappiest land of lands,
 Nor swords nor scaffolds can avail to heal.
 Thou need'st a Friend—a Father—one whose hands
 And heart will work in unison for thy weal!
 Thou need'st a Matador—of Peace, not War—
 To save, not slay—not ruin, but restore!
 Knowest such a Chief? Canst find him near or far?—
 A kingdom for this Matador!

For, like thine own encaged and maddened steer,†
 Whom each fresh wound but serves to exasperate,
 Thou rushest blind and bleeding on thy fate!
 Alas! and is there no Deliverer near?
 No Shield to avert from thee the mortal blow?
 No Arm to snatch thee from the bared abyss?
 A Caballero to the rescue, ho!
Exoriare aliquis! . . .

It is almost startling to read the sequent political professions of faith.
 ninth stanza of this poem, and com- And when we meet with a verse like
 pare it with some of its author's sub- the following:—

"There in tears he stood, and heard Derision's
 Laugh break forth o'er Schubart's blasted youth.‡

* Virgil, as our readers are of course aware.

† An allusion to the bull-fights of Spain.

‡ Schubart was a poet of a most impetuous and fiery temperament. He flourished in the last century, and appears to have suffered much from the despotic nobles of his time. In one instance he was arbitrarily shut up in a fortress for ten years—his crime being the perpetration of a lampoon!

‘Freedom dwells but in the Dreamer’s visions,’
So spake Schiller—and with bitter truth !”

and then with this other verse—

“Be my goal or not a wild chimera,
From this day the People’s Cause is mine !
‘MARCH, O, POET, WITH THY LAND AND ERA !’
So henceforward read I Schiller’s line,”

and both by one writer, and in the one volume—what can we feel but a pardonable surprise?—mingled, of course, with a deep sense of satisfaction that, since such changes of opinion *do* occur in the best-regulated minds, they are always dictated by conscience, and what Philosopher Square calls

“the Rule of Right.”

But to proceed. Rückert has lately brought out another volume, and, as usual with his books, one of appalling bulkiness. Take we from it, for the present, this little poem on the great Cathedral at Cologne, (*der Dom zu Köln*.)

The Cathedral of Cologne.

“Sorrow seizes the heart of every spectator who looks on that unfinished, but still glorious structure, the Cathedral of Cologne. It is only a fragment ; but it is such a fragment as the strength and intellect of the Titans of old . . . might have reared for their primeval worship. . . . There are many stories told of its origin and progress ; but the fact of the architect’s name who planned it being altogether unknown, and even the very circumstance of its remaining unfinished through a long series of superstitious ages,† are as singular and as strange as any thing said of it by fiction.”—SNOWE’S *Legends of the Rhine*, vol. I. p. 19.

The Dome, the Dome of Cologne !
Antique, unique, sublime,
Rare monument from the Elder Time,
Begun so long ago,
Yet never finished, though wrought at oft—
Yonder it soars, alone,
Alone, aloft,
Blending the Weird and Stern and Soft,
The Cathedral-dome of Cologne !

The Dome, the Dome of Cologne !
Whence came its Meister’s‡ Plan ?
Before or since to the eye of man
Was never aught like it shown !
Alas, the matchless Meister died !
Alas, he died !—and none
Thereafter tried
To fathom the mystery typified
By the marvellous Dome of Cologne !

* This line is taken from the following verse of Schiller’s poem, “The Opening of the New Century.”

“In des Herzens heilig stille Räume
Musst du fliehen aus des Lebens Drang !
Freiheit ist nur in dem Reich der Träume,
Und das Schöne blüht nur im Gesang.”

“To thy bosom’s cloister, still and lonely,
Flee, oh, flee from Life’s infecting throng !
Freedom’s realm exists in Dreamland only,
And the Beauteous bloometh but in Song !”

† It is said to have been founded in the year 1248.

‡ Meister, more properly *Baumeister*, i. e. architect.

The Dome, the Dome of Cologne!
 In the troublous times of old
 The Soldier alone won fame and gold—
 The Artist passed for a drone!
 War's hurricanes rocked and wasted Earth;
 Men battled for shrine or throne;
 None sate by his hearth
 To ponder the means of a second birth
 For the holy Dome of Cologne!

The Dome, the Dome of Cologne!
 To God be immortal praise
 That now at length, in our own bright days,
 THE MEISTER'S PLAN IS KNOWN!
 Research hath brought the relic to light
 From its mausoleum of stone—
 We hail with delight
 A treasure so long concealed from sight,
 THE ORIGINAL DOME OF COLOGNE!

The Dome, the Dome of Cologne!
 Its hour of glory is nigh!
 Build ye it high as the sapphire sky!
 As noonlight never hath shone
 On Temple of such a magnificent
 Ideal from zone to zone,
 So, aid its ascent
 To the sapphire blue of the firmament,
 The Cathedral-dome of Cologne!

A young poet of considerable promise has lately begun to attract attention in Prussia—Robert Eduard Prutz, a native of Stettin. He, too, has thrown himself into the Movement, and has suffered banishment for his opinions; but, though a partisan, he is not a violent one; and his writings afford ample evidence

that he delights to do honour to the virtues both of Tyrian and Trojan, even to those virtues the love of which many persons imagine to be incompatible with a revolutionary spirit. We shall quote from him a poem that the most zealous "life-and-fortune-man" breathing might scarcely be ashamed to have written.

A Scene off the Coast of Bretagne.

(A. D. 1794.)

On the broad green shores of Brittany
 Strange and songful sounds are nightly heard:
 Are they mermaid-voices from the sea?
 Are they warblings of a bird?
 None can tell!—but be they whence they may,
 They are not the birth of Ocean's caves,
 Not the hymn of mariners in the bay,
 Nor the music of the waves.

O'er these shores a race of men are spread,
 Primitive, generous, hardy, brave, and gay;
 None breathe who for Cross or Crown would shed
 Gladlier their blood than they.
 But the dark, dark time so long foreseen,
 Revolution's Festal Year, was come—
 Slain, alas! were now their King and Queen,
 Slain their priests, or chased from home!

Trustfully these humble, simple men
 Bowed, as children, to their Father's will.
 "Yes," they said, "our King is dead, but then
 God Almighty liveth still—
 God Almighty liveth everywhere,
 Liveth everywhere and evermore,
 And in Life and after—here as there,
 Him Bretagne will still adore!"

'Tis a starless night in Autumn's close,
 And again the winds are wild and high,
 And the pale blue lightning gleams and glows
 Through the dark rifts of the sky;
 And by that blue sheen the stranger sees
 Gliding ghostlike towards the far-off bay
 Groups of pious pilgrim Brittanese,
 There to meet their Priest, and pray.

Stranger, climb this cliff with me, and bend
 O'er it! What a sight we hence behold!
 Brethren, sisters, lover, virgin, friend,
 Wife and husband, Young and Old,
 (Mindless of those harbingers of Death,
 The sad winds, which o'er a million graves
 Toll the funeral knell of those beneath)
 Allbut walking on the waves!

In the centre he whom all revere
 Drifts, with Crucifix and Pix in hand,
 Preaching Hope and Love, baptizing here,
 Binding there the nuptial-band;
 While, in choral contrast with the storm,
 As the sullen billows fall or swell,
 Mingle prayerful words and blessings warm,
 And the silver altar-bell.

And he weeps, he weeps, that white-haired Priest—
 Weeps, but more in joy of soul than grief,
 Thus to find his long-loved flock at least
 Faithful to their old belief;
 And his tears, like those bright flowers that bloom
 O'er volcanoes, almost clear the air,
 Even although the menacing thunders boom,
 And the restless lightnings glare!

"Lord!" he cries, "Thou rulest everywhere,
 Rulest everywhere and evermore!
 Lord! we trust in Thy paternal care—
 Thou hast made both sea and shore.
 Save us in this hour, thou God of Love!"
 Hark! the rolling roar of musquetry!
 And a fierce shout from the crags above—
 "Sink the wretches in the sea!"

Yes! they are spied—their blood is tracked even here!
 Countless bayonets bristle on each steep;
 Volley peals on volley, cheer on cheer,
 And the Slain sink in the deep.
 Fire and sword above them—storm around;
 Could the Living even gain the strand
 It were now no refuge. Shot or drowned,
 Death is theirs by sea or land!

"Lord! Almighty Sovereign!"—thus they prayed,
 "Even here Thou canst assail our souls!
 Sea so well as shore Thy hand hath made,
 And albeit the dark wave rolls
 O'er our lifeless bodies, which we hoped
 Might have slept in consecrated clay,
 Thou wilt raise them when the tombs are oped
 On the great Accounting-Day!"

So they died—so perished on that wild
 Night a thousand human creatures! Wife,
 Husband, offspring—Woman, Man, and Child,
 Passed, so massacred, from Life
 Into Eternity! No single corse
 Floated shoreward. But next morn a Pix
 Was found on the beach among some gorse,
 And, near that, a Crucifix.

And midnightly now, by crag and fell,
 Strange and songful melodies are heard.
 Are they but the tinklings of a bell,
 Or the warblings of a bird?
 None can guess; but be they what they may,
 They are not a birth of Ocean's caves,
 Not the hymns of mariners in the bay,
 Nor the music of the waves.

A new edition of the works of Zacharias Werner—one of whose tragedies, *The Twenty-fourth of February*, we translated some years back, has just appeared in Germany, and is read with avidity. Werner was one who wrote rather for the Future than for his own time. His mind was too full of its own grand and incomprehensible schemes for the restoration of the Golden Age—too highly charged with the electro-magnético-psychological theories of Boehm, Swedenborg, Basedow, and the whole host of ancient and modern Illuminati, to adapt itself to the soberer (and, we may add, stupider) views of his literary and political contemporaries. His appetites and passions also, unfortunately, played his intellect false, so that, except perhaps in his latter years (when his over-sensitiveness of conscience led him, like Tasso, to pass sentence of condemnation on all that he had written), he was never able to appear before the world in his genuine character—that of a truly amiable philanthropist, with a heart that bled for the miseries of mankind—a soul perpetually self-tortured by the contradictory impulses which alternately swayed it, now to the Base, and again to the Beautiful—a judgment which erred only because its operations were

never allowed fair play by his other faculties—and an imagination (but that indeed always shone as public as the sun) surpassing that of any writer in any land, from Shakspeare's days to Shelley's. "Werner," observes one (and not the most uncharitable) of his reviewers, "was, and had long been, what is, or used to be, emphatically called a *dissolute* man—that is, a man enervated and *loosened asunder* by a long course of vicious indulgences;" and we can but wonder how, under such circumstances, his genius was enabled to achieve even a partial triumph over the difficulties which, like rocks around a valley of diamonds, encompassed it about on all sides. This extraordinary man, after having for twenty years dreamed of bestowing a new religion on the world, went to Italy, turned Roman Catholic, was in three years afterwards ordained a priest, preached before the sovereigns of the Holy Alliance in 1815, wrought numerous conversions of sinners, and at length, in 1823, in the fifty-fifth year of his age, died, a sincere penitent we believe, and, not impossibly, a broken-hearted man. Peace eternal be with him! It appears from his journal that he had had some intention of leaving behind him a volume of Autobiographical Confessions, after the manner of

St. Augustine, and had only abandoned the idea from an apprehension that such a legacy would do more harm than good. "If," he writes, "I, until that Day when all secrets shall be laid bare, draw a veil over my past life, it is not merely from false shame that I so act; for, though not free from this vice neither, I would willingly make known my guiltiness to all whom my voice might reach, could I thus hope to atone for what I have done, or save a single soul from perdition. Two motives, however, forbid me to make such a personal revelation: first, my fear lest the opening of a pestilential grave might prove pernicious to the health of the uninfected lookers-on; and secondly, my hope that in my writings (the which may God forgive me!) there may possibly, amid a wilderness of poisonous weeds, be also found here and there growing a medicinal herb, from which

those poor patients to whom it may be useful, would start back with shuddering, did they but know the rottenness of the soil from which it sprang." We confess that we, for our own part, are not inclined, whatever may have been the errors of Werner's life, to regard his works with other than a feeling of admiration; and we believe it to be far from improbable that the few trifles we have ourselves written, harmless as they now appear to us, may hereafter awaken in us as bitter a remorse as this distinguished man ever felt for having written the two most splendid tragedies in the German language.* We must request the reader's forgiveness for this prolix introduction to the following short poem, penned by Werner at Florence, in 1812, in the interval, namely, between his change of religion and his ordination.

The Coming Time.

"There shall be sung another Golden Age."

BERKELEY.

It is born!—I mark its advent,
As the rainbow's through the raincloud.
Rapine, Battle, Blood, in vain cloud
That bright vision—still it shines!
Yet my emotions find no glad vent
As I gaze. The wretch who pines
In a dungeon's darkness
Loathes, not loves, to think how teems
God's fair earth with life and beauty.
Death in all its ghastly starkness
Haunts alone *his* dismal dreams.
And thus I, too, feel and fare,
Seeing afar the golden booty
Which I dare not hope to share.

Yes!—despite the baleful myriad
Agencies that mar its progress,
(Time destroys them, as the Ogress
Slays the brood herself brings forth)
IT WILL COME, THE ILLUMING PERIOD,
Kindling souls from south to north!
And thou, land I adore most!
O, mine own Germania, thou,
Eagle-eyed and lion-hearted,
Thou, be sure, shalt flourish foremost
Of the nations then, as now!
But, that ere the grand event
This race will have long departed
All must feel, and most lament!

Die Söhne des Thals (the Sons of the Valley), and *Das Kreuz an der Ostsee* (the Cross on the Baltic.)

All must feel it, most lament it,
 Others lightlier, I more inly;
 I more inly, as more thinly
 Day by day the fugitive hairs
 Shade my brow. My life hath spent it—
 Self to nought in blank despairs,
 Pains, and swindling pleasures;
 And now, glancing from To-Day's
 Watch-towers o'er the looming Morrow,
 And surveying the wondrous treasures
 Mankind's Future Time displays,
 I feel manacled as a slave;
 And my longing and my sorrow
 Bow me doubly towards the grave!

Yet, this eve, as 'neath the glorious
 Heaven of Italy I wander,
 I can bear to look with fonder
 Eyes on Life; above the wreck
 Of mine years Hope soars victorious,
 And in cheerier mood I check
 Mine ungenerous wailing.
 Hark! the holy vesper bell,
 Pealing far o'er plain and grotto,
 Calls my thoughts from this travailing
 Scene to where the angels dwell!
 Cling no more, my soul, to dust,
 But be this thy immortal motto,
 "JESUS REIGNS—IN HIM I TRUST."

We have never, we believe, introduced our readers to Adalbert von Chamisso, the author of the celebrated romance, *Peter Schlemihl*, or the

Shadowless Man, which was so long ascribed to the pen of De la Motte Fouqué. Here is one of his many eccentricities.

A Melancholy History.

There once was a native of Yemen,
 Who spent his youth among ships and seamen,
 But finding the maritime life, on a few
 Rather ugly occasions, not much to his mind,
 He cut it, but suffered his pigtail Queue
 To hang, *uncut*, at his neck behind.
 He had a regard for that Queue!

But come!—I'll shorten the big tale
 I fancy *you* fancy I'll tell of this pigtail!
 He wore the Queue, and was proud of it too,
 But still he longed, and yearned, and pined
 To see it in front; and *therefore* the Queue
 Would hang at his poll behind—
 It would have its own way, this Queue!

"'Tis a bit of a *Whig*, I find," *thought* he;
 And so he exclaimed, one day, with haughty
 Demeanour and tone, "You democrat, you!
 "Did any one ever?—I'll have you fined—
 Flogged—shot—shaved off."—But it wouldn't do—
 The Queue still dangled behind.
 What a queer—what a queue-rious Queue!

So, long he sat and wondered,
 And longer still he lay flat and pondered—
 Then sprang to his legs—"Ha! ha!—I knew
 I had it!" he cried. "That's well opined!"
 And he wheeled to the right—but, alas! the Queue
 Hung never-the-less behind.
 What a very irrational Queue!

"There are only the wrong and the right way,"
 Quoth he, "I have heard; but, however that *might* weigh
 With Aristotelians, I'll try the two!"
 So he wheeled to the left—but still couldn't blind
 Himself to the mournful fact that the Queue
 Persisted in hanging behind.
 And a Whig *hangs behind* like a Queue!

Then he went to the King, and said, "O, King,
 I've something to tell you of highly provoking!
 I wear a Queue, and am proud of it too;
 'Tis as famous a sample of pigtail-kind
 As you ever surveyed; but it hangs perdue,
 And I want it *before*, and not behind,
 Quite out of my view!"

"Humph!" muttered the King; "Very proper!"
 Then beckoned to some one who held a huge chopper,
 And said, "Cut *that* off!" In a trice the head flew
 To the foot of the room, like a bladder of wind.
 "Well done!" cried the King; "but I meant the Queue,
 And not the pumpkin it hung from behind!
 You rascal, that *wasn't* your Cue!"

The head is yet shown on a platter;
 The Monarch affecting to laugh at the matter.
 But the Queue remains a bewildering bore
 To persons of Aristotelian mind,
 For it hangs behind, the same as before,
 But *not* before, the same as behind,
 This most paradoxical Queue!

But our limits warn us that we are stanzas by Baron Zedlitz, which will
 approaching our final page; and, scarcely extend beyond it.
 unfortunately, we have just lighted on some

The Midnight Reveil.

I.

When Midnight's hour is come,
 The Drummer forsakes his tomb,
 And marches, beating his phantom-drum
 To and fro through the ghastly gloom.

He plies the drumsticks twain,
 With fleshless fingers pale,
 And beats, and beats again, and again,
 A long and dreary Reveil!

Like the voice of abysmal waves
 Resounds its unearthly tone,
 Till the dead old soldiers, long in their graves,
 Awaken through every zone.

And the Slain in the land of the Hun,
 And the Frozen in the icy North,
 And those who under the burning sun
 Of Italy sleep, come forth.

And they whose bones longwhile
 Lie bleaching in Syrian sands,
 And the slumberers under the reeds of the Nile,
 Arise, with arms in their hands.

II.

And at Midnight, in his shroud,
 The Trumpeter leaves his tomb,
 And blows a blast, long, deep, and loud,
 As he rides through the ghastly gloom.

And the yellow moonlight shines
 On the old Imperial Dragoons ;
 And the Cuirassiers they form in lines,
 And the Carabineers in platoons.

At a signal the ranks unsheathe
 Their weapons in rear and van ;
 But they scarcely appear to speak or breathe,
 And their features are sad and wan.

III.

And when Midnight robes the sky,
 The EMPEROR leaves his tomb,
 And rides along, surrounded by
 His shadowy Staff, through the gloom.

A silver star so bright
 Is glittering on his breast ;
 In an uniform of blue and white
 And a grey camp-frock he is dressed.

The moonbeams shine afar
 On the various marshalled groupes,
 As the Man with the glittering silver star
 Proceeds to review his troops.

And the dead battalions all
 Go again through their exercise,
 Till the moon withdraws, and a gloomier pall
 Of blackness wraps the skies.

Then around their Chief once more
 The Generals and Marshals throng ;
 And he whispers a Word oft heard before
 In the ear of his Aide-de-camp.

In files the troops advance,
 And then are no longer seen.
 The challenging watchword given is " France !"
 The answer is " St. Helene !"

And this is the Grand Review
 Which at midnight on the wolds,
 If popular tales may pass for true,
 The buried Emperor holds.

COSTELLO'S VALLEY OF THE MEUSE.*

As pleasant a book as we have ever read on a wet day, and the author of it seems too much disposed to enjoy his out-of-door amusements to be very angry with us if we tell him we had intended not to have looked at his book or any other for the next two months. Winter evenings are the true times for reading—and in August or September, when no one is or ought to be in town, it can only be by the merest accident that even a reviewer is found at his post. Reviewers, like authors, must have their seasons of recreation, and to be perfectly happy must be in some place which never saw even advertisements of new books.

Such perfect happiness in our railroad days, does not seem to exist for any of the children of men. Books, however good; are now and then an evil. We would have preferred passing the day in any other way than reading. We have a hundred plausible excuses for idleness, yet fate is too strong for us, and, lo! having passed the last three or four hours in tracing Mr. Costello's steps along the Meuse, we find ourselves disposed to introduce our readers to his singularly agreeable volume.

Early in the month of August, 1844, the party whose adventures, our author records, having projected a journey to the continent by the valley of the Meuse, left London for Dover, intending to proceed by Ostend. The state of the wind, however, made them change their purpose when they arrived at Dover. They crossed over to Calais, and proceeded at once to Dunquerque; at Dunquerque they took lodgings and remained for a fortnight. They then made their way on, not by the coast as they had originally purposed, but by a ~~pleasanter~~ though more circuitous route inland. A voiturier from Bruges took them to

Ypres. They were delighted with the fertility of the soil and yet more with the beauty of the road between Bergues and Oest-cappel, the frontier village of Belgium. We will not dwell on his short visits to Bruges, Ghent, Antwerp, and Brussels, but proceed at once to Liege. The improvements within a few years have been such, that our author's recollection of the town which he had visited fifteen years before was of little use to him in finding his way from the point where he was first set down. "The general aspect of Liege," we are told, "is comparatively modern, but in the quays that extend beyond the Port des Arches, ranges of buildings appear carved and decorated with all the fantastic ornaments that used to mark the dwellings of the citizens during the 15th and 16th centuries." Our author gives from the old chronicles, an account of Liege from the period of its foundation, and passes to a topic of more interest, the Walloon language. The language of the people on the banks of the Meuse between Liege and Givet, is different from that of any of their neighbours. With Prussia on one hand and Brabant on the other, the language is neither German nor Flemish. This language is the Walloon.

In Quentin Durward, Scott has made the citizens of Liege speak Flemish—and Victor Hugo has followed his example. They are not, it would seem, without authority for what it would appear probable is an error—for Paquot, a man of learning, and a native of the province of Liege, says that a part of the inhabitants of Liege formerly spoke Flemish. The Liegeois are offended at the imputation, which they say is disproved, as none of their monuments contain any inscriptions connected with the Flemish

* A Tour through the valley of the Meuse, with the legends of the Walloon country and the Ardennes. By Dudley Costello. London: Chapman and Hall. 1845.

tongue. They regard the still spoken language of the people as a decisive fact against Scott's supposition.

The Walloon language, as far as it exists in written documents, is plainly the old *langue Romane*, or degenerate Latin—the common parent of the French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese languages, and which resembles most the present French language—from which, indeed, it differs far less than Anglo-Saxon from English. The language, which the populace of Liege speak, is a *patois*, of which the chief element is common to it with the French. Natives of France are understood by them, but their *patois* is so intermixed with other elements, or so disguised by pronunciation, that a Frenchman can seldom understand them, and never without the closest attention. The earliest written remains of this language are the songs of the jongleurs. Mr. Costello gives us the Lord's Prayer in the Walloon language:—

“ Nos peec kest â cîer, santifié se ti nom. T'i royâme nos avienne. Ta volonteï so faite en l'terr com â cîer. Diné no nos pein k'tidien ajourdhu; et pardon no pechei com no pardonin no detteu. Et nos indus nin in tentation mein delivre no de mal.—Amen.”

A curious story is told by our author, from M. Henaux, for the

purpose of showing that the Walloon language was unchanged for a period of four hundred years. In the year 1447, seven Hungarians, who had made a pilgrimage to Aix-la-Chapelle, came by invitation to Liege,—they spoke perfect Walloon. In explanation, the strangers said that they formed part of a colony of Liegeois, who, in consequence of a famine in their own country, left it for Agra, in Hungary, in the year 1052. An uncultivated district was assigned them, which they soon peopled. Their villages were called “*Gallica Loca*.” On examination of ancient documents, the facts of the famine, and of the migration of some of the inhabitants of Liege, were found stated in the ancient records.

The earliest work in the language is a collection of Riddles in verse—then come collections of Ballads, &c.—and rhymes are preserved, which seem to have belonged to the grotesque Mysteries and Moralities. Then come Political Jokes, and Satires against nobles and churchmen. Our author does not give us any specimens of these, nor have we to complain of this; but of their religious poems, and the sort of Christmas carols, or *noels*, common all over Christendom, and nowhere more than in England, a few pleasing verses are printed by him:—

“ Doux Diew, so-j 'ewaraye! qu'est c'qui j'o dire?
In ang' vez les doze heure est v'nou d'a cîre,
Qu' a v'non dire a biergi qu' estit a champs
Que le Messeie estent v'non qu'on demandé tant;
Oh! ouiss' corez v' si vit' kipér Bietme?
L'av' oiou dire ossi d'ouss' qui vos v'nez ?

“ Sweet God, how astonished I am! what is it I hear,
An angel towards midnight is come from heaven;
Has come to tell the shepherds, who were in the fields
That the Messiah was come, so much asked for,
Oh, where do you run so quickly, father Bietme?
Have you heard it also where you come from?”

There is no object in transcribing as much of the poem as Mr. Costello gives. What follows is entirely in the

tone of our English Christmas carols. The affectionate simplicity of the next stanza is to us very beautiful. •

“ He is born in a stable, this little King of heaven,
An ox and an ass breathe to warm him,
Without that, I don't know how he could live,
The well-beloved trembles all over—he will die of cold.

The persons who hold the dialogue are supposed to reach the spot where

the infant Jesus is laid—one of them says—

" You never, in your life, saw so well-made a child,
He is white as an egg, and so plump,
One could eat him undressed, he is so lovely."

They then address the Virgin mother—

" Good day, well-beloved lady, we have come to see you,
We have brought a quarter of a hundred of new-laid eggs,
And a loaf which was only baked yesterday,
I have also a covering to wrap up
Your poor little child, who is frozen."

Another of these *noels* presents the variety, of the angels speaking in the dialogue. These are, probably, poems of a later era. The angel speaks a language almost identical with modern French—the shepherds an old Walloon dialect.

The *crârnignon* is next described—² it is a dance of great antiquity, accompanied by a song, which, like all national songs, is made to blend with political feeling. The fact of the words approaching to nonsense, does not render it less applicable to such purposes, or less dangerous. In 1685 it was proscribed. It, however, survived prohibitory ordinances and state prosecutions. It is, however, we are told now all but forgotten.

It appears, at one time, to have been so popular, as to have been performed every evening. It began as soon as winter was over, and was repeated every night through the summer and autumn. "It was danced sometimes by girls, sometimes by young men, but more frequently by both together, hand in hand, forming a chain of great length, which went winding and turning through the streets; along the quays, across the squares, and in every nook and corner of the city, waking the inhabitants, if any slept, with the loud chorus, its accompaniment." The words of the song are merely expressive of the determination of one of the dancers—Monsieur Piron—not to dance, till he is supplied with every article of dress of the best kind. Each article is the subject of a successive stanza.

" Piron will not dance at all,
Unless he have new shoes,
And shoes quite round
To make Piron dance."

And thus he goes through all the articles of the toilette. Mr. Costello tells us, that the air to which such

words are sung is, notwithstanding the levity of the language, and its seeming insignificance, "rather plaintive than gay."

A satire, decrying the efficacy of the mineral springs of Tongres, was written in the Walloon language, in 1700. The satirist was successful in putting Tongres out of fashion. The lines which Mr. Costello quotes lead us to think there may have been some life in the verses. "The greatest good the waters do," says the old rhymist, "is to the Flemings, who have bribed thirty-two doctors to praise them. Herod never gave so much to cause the death of innocents."

The Walloon language has suffered the fate of others; a more copious vocabulary than it supplied was wanted when any thing was to be expressed by persons possessed of the acquirements of modern science—and the old idiom is dying away. Literary societies did what they could to discourage and discountenance it; and they had scarcely begun to be successful when they suddenly discovered that all this was working in a wrong direction, and efforts are now made to revive and cultivate it.

The superstitions, unconnected with religion, in the Walloon country, have received considerable attention from Mr. Costello; and yet, we think him not unlikely to have made some mistake on this subject. The fact that traditional stories of ghosts and goblins are connected with every robber-castle, may perhaps render it probable that such stories were at one time believed, but adds nothing at all to the probability of their being now believed by any one; and we ourselves happen to know that in our own favoured island, wherever legends are looked for, they are supplied in direct proportion to the credulity of the inquirer. Mr. Costello's party appear to have been on the search for such things;

and, straightway, spirits of the mountain and the mine arise. Halvenmannikins and Kaboutermannikins crowded every cavern. In one place, a story was told our travellers, that on occasion of some great war, the dwarfs came to the country; that they dwelt in the woods, in holes dug in the ground, and now and then came to the villages to ask for one thing or another. They had wives, of whom when they wished to get rid, they gave them a small fresh loaf of bread, made them enter a hole in the ground, and then carefully closed it up. The peasants did not disapprove of this practice, and described the dwarfs as a very harmless tribe.

Some of our readers may remember our translation of a German poem by some writer whose name we forget, about the little Heinzelmenn who did their work for all the idle tradesmen of Cologne. At the village of Gelrode, something like this is said to be believed. The miller of the place, whenever his grindstone was out of order, had only to place it at his door, with a slice of bread and butter, and a glass of beer, and a Kobold came and whetted the grindstone—he also washed the linen. At a village near Mechlin, a miller sifting flour discontinued his task, and when he went away forgot a slice of bread and butter. Next morning he found the flour sifted, and the bread and butter gone. He repeated the experiment with the same result. On the third night he watched, and at midnight saw a naked dwarf hard at work. He pitied the poor little fellow, and with the bread and butter left a complete suit of clothes. After this, the little creature never appeared without being dressed from head to foot. The popular tales in most of the Flemish provinces, are of dwarfs. At Liege, the goblins are of larger size. There the name, we are told, is *Sotays*.

"It 'longs not to our part
Infernal things to know"

with any accuracy; but we are inclined to think that the name *Sotays* is generic, and means merely "subterraneous," and that dwarfs as well as

giants are so designated. The lubber fiend, however, of Liege and the neighbourhood, is a tall, proper, clever fellow. He works hard and is poorly paid—he will thresh the corn and winnow it—he attends to the cow-house, and he curries and rubs down the horses. Night is his time of work, and before daylight all the work of the house is finished. His reward is, as in the days of Milton, the cream-bowl duly set. There is, however, something to be dreaded in the disposition of the very best of their spirits. Their good-nature is entirely to be relied on till they take offence, and they are not altogether unsuspicious. Our Scottish friends have, we believe, found the browny is not "canny;" and it is not quite safe to have any dealings with the *Sotays* either. Their services appear to be rendered on the principle of favouritism rather than justice; and a disposition to show their power, led, we fear, now and then to a capricious exercise of it. This the Lord of Montfort experienced. He had unluckily for himself, as the event proved, formed a very close intimacy with the King of the *Sotays*—the "*Verd Bouc*," as he was called. In peace and war, the counsels and the assistance of the *Verd Bouc* secured his success. How he was led to fall out with his friend is not told, but fall out with him he did. He had spoken disparagingly of his services, and the slight was not to be forgiven. Unluckily for Montfort, at this time the sons of Aymon† were wandering about in search of adventures. It has a modern sound, no doubt, but the story says they were called on by some of Montfort's men to pay some toll. They in vain pleaded that they were knights-errant, and that such a thing never was heard of; and, having slain his men, the sons of Aymon assailed Montfort's castle. Now was the time for the *Verd Bouc's* revenge. He assumed the disguise of a ram, knocked down walls, and made a breach through which the Paladins entered. Rinaldo's blade swept all before him; the *Sotays*, who came in crowds to the assistance of their king, threw yellow powder into the eyes of Montfort's

* *Sub terra*.

† See Dublin University Magazine, Vol. XXVI. p. 196, article, Italian Poets—Ariosto.

men-at-arms; and Malagigi the enchanter, cut off the devoted chieftain's head.

The Sotays are devoted to metal-lurgy, and fond of mending kettles. Every ruin in Namur has its evil spirit, called by the Walloons *gattes d'or*, goats of gold. They are said to live in caverns, under the ruins, where they guard concealed treasures. When treasure-seekers are rash enough to employ a spell, then the power of these Spirits is increased, and they exercise a sort of fascination, by which they lead on the avaricious wretch, till he is lost in the bowels of the earth.

It would appear that the temptation of riches, and covetousness, the root of all evil, lead persons of better education now and then to the insanity of believing these legends of hidden treasures, which are to be extorted from the guardianship of spirits by spells and witchcraft. A priest was found on a late occasion, with a censer and missal, chanting in a low and earnest tone, while two persons, in peasants' dress, were busy, with crow and pickaxe, making excavations in search of buried gold.

These superstitions are said to be common to all the nations claiming a northern origin. The fact is that they may, in their essence, be described as common to all mankind—being, after all, but indications of the intellect remaining uncultivated, and the passions of avarice or ambition giving their own colouring to the dreams of the imagination. Omens are regarded by the Walloon peasantry, and of these several are enumerated by our author. Meeting a priest is deemed unlucky, and is enough to make the unfortunate adventurer, to whom it occurs, desist from the most promising undertaking. The hooting of owls, the howling of dogs, the crossing of forks, spilling salt, and the number thirteen, at a feast, are mentioned as unlucky. The bed of a dying person is placed in the same direction with the rafters of the room; for the belief is, that the agonies of death would be prolonged by the bed and rafters being in opposed directions. Precious stones are possessed of uncommon properties;—the turquoise saves from falls, and such accidents. The aerite detects thieves. Diamonds, pearls, and emeralds, are good to prove—perhaps, too, to create—infidelity among married

people. A few of the superstitions seem to speak of humanity. There is an unwillingness to burn reeds, because, they say, the ox will feed on it, and the ox was present at our Saviour's birth. To take a wren is sure to be visited with misfortune. Death is the more frequent retribution for the wanton cruelty.

On Christmas eve, the yule-log is burnt, as in many parts of England and Ireland. Among the Belgians, a fragment is carefully kept, and put under the bed, to act as a preservative against lightning. The willow branch, blessed on Palm-Sunday, is supposed to possess similar efficacy, and is carefully preserved. Local customs are stated, arising in the same state of feeling. At Fosses, in the province of Namur, at the period of the annual fair, the women touch the image of St. Bridget with osier wands, and, on their return home, touch their cattle with the wands, to preserve them from the murrain. At Courtrai, at funerals, when the procession comes to a cross-road, the bearers lay down their load, and utter a short prayer. They pray at the cross-roads, it is said, that the dead may not, in the event of his returning to earth, be misled from the right path by evil spirits. At Dost-mallen, when the husband dies, the widow seats herself astride on the bier, and thus accompanies the corpse to the grave.

The author gives us an amusing account of what was called the "Cour du Coucou," at Polleur, to which the bird that mocks married men gave its name. Polleur is an old village in the Valley of the Hœgne, which lies between Verviers and Spa. On the first Sunday after the 15th of August, a mock court of justice was formed, which held its sittings at a public house adjoining the river. Here were summoned all husbands whom their wives were supposed to have deceived in any way, or beaten, or, in short, whom the public took the liberty of laughing at, for any reason connected with their domestic relations. There were formal pleadings, and the farce of solemn advocacy, and, finally, judicial sentence and execution. A neighbouring dunghill was the bed in which the poorer delinquent paid the penalty imposed. The richer, in general, found the means of commuting it for a fine, to be spent in jollification, for the benefit of

mine host of the tavern where the court was held. The closing act of the court of justice was to seize the last married man in the village, and give him a ducking in the river. This concluded the out-of-doors fun. The night was passed in dissipation. In 1789, the fête of the Cour du Coucou was abolished, and a banner, on which were painted some pagan emblems, destroyed. At Moerbeke, in the district of Fermonde, an amusing piece of popular satire was annually acted. A well-dressed woman was taken to the old chapel of Hoogcastelle, in a dung-cart, drawn by four wretched horses. Here she conferred offices on all the neighbours. The post of receiver-general was bestowed upon any person supposed not to have kept his accounts correctly—state coachman on him who had upset his vehicle—the most turbulent scoundrel in the neighbourhood was appointed to keep the peace. These appointments were followed by a mock auction, in which were put up to sale rights of fishing on some hill, where there was no water—of cutting wood on the surface of a lake, and other such things, which, in a dull country, are esteemed jokes, and jokes which seem better on every repetition.

May is celebrated every where in the neighbourhood of the Meuse. May-poles are planted before the roadside chapels and shrines, and before the priest's house.

A tradition is related of the family of a Count of Argewille, to whom a fairy was believed to have given a crystal goblet, as a token of her love. The goblet passed, by marriage, into the house of Croy, and was accidentally broken. The belief of the family was, that good fortune attended the possession of the fairy gift, and the lady to whom it belonged had the virtue of faith. "If I cannot keep it whole," said she, "I can preserve the fragments." Her faith was rewarded, for on opening the cabinet in which she had placed the fragments, she found the goblet as perfect as before the accident.

A legend, at all times, misleads our author from the direct stream of his narrative. A month, it would seem, was now pleasantly past since he had left England, and we find him, one morning of unusual beauty, at the close of August, setting out from Liege, to explore the

beautiful scenery of the Meuse, and make his way to the French frontier. He left the steam-boat to Namur to pursue its course, and set out in an open carriage. He had the promise of settled weather, and "for his driver one of that civil, obliging race which seems to be indigenous to Liege." He describes the road, when they had lost sight of the river, as running, for three or four miles, through a fertile plain—on the left hand manufactories in full activity—on the right, hills cultivated to the very summit—corn fields below and vineyards above, and every where, at intervals, the houses of the wealthy proprietors of the manufactories.—After passing the villages of Schlessin and Tilleur, they rejoin the Meuse at Jemeppe, and, to the delight of our author, who loves the romantic of old times, meet two chateaux, that speak of the thirteenth century. Each has its story, telling of rapine, and the vulgar ambition of the great, and our author stops to relate them. But a few miles further on, and connected with the pretty village of Fontaine, is a tale which he tells with more delight, of the castle of Lexhy, and its chateau, Ameil the One-eyed. Ameil was young, was rich, and was loved by all the ladies. It was a burning day in August, when Ameil, finding himself alone in his castle, and feeling the heat and the solitude oppressive, wandered to the fountain of St. Oude. As he approached he saw a lady richly attired, and of surpassing loveliness—he soon learned from her that she was nobly descended, and—from a far country—she was now on a pilgrimage to Aix-la-Chapelle, but overcome by heat and fatigue, she had paused to rest beside the fountain, while her attendants were gone to the adjoining town for provisions. She was persuaded by Sir Ameil to allow herself to be conducted to his castle, and whatever he could do to make her welcome was done. "Every appliance," says our author, "that love could lend was remembered, and every precept that morality inculcates was forgotten." Morning came and the lady rose—she thanked Ameil for his hospitality—"but do you know," saith she, "who I am—I will tell you—know that last night you slept in the embraces of the devil."—"The devil?—be it so!—go back to hell with the feeling that the devil for once

has tasted happiness." The words do not seem sufficient to account for the fury with which they were at once resented, except on the supposition of the demon's assuming the passions of woman's heart with the female person. She flew upon the knight, and buried her fingers in his hair, nor did she leave him till she tore out his right eye—hence his name, Ameil the One-eyed.

Our party passed through Flemalle, and then the scenery improved—the hills were higher and their surface more picturesque. "At a turn in the road we suddenly came in sight of the magnificent towers of the Chateau de Chokier, apparently suspended above the village, so deeply are the rocks on which it stands mined on this side." The towns have their chronicles, and the story of Jean Surlet de Lardier and Paquette the Innocent is told. Paquette the Innocent had neither beauty nor intelligence—was almost an idiot—the single feeling of her mind seemed to be admiration of De Lardier—she used to watch for his appearance in the streets to look at him, or to kiss the hem of his garment. Jean de Lardier was an idol of the people—but patriots have, in every country, had to learn what the idolatry of the people is worth. It would appear that for the single purpose of wounding his heart, they murdered the poor fool that still loved him, when he was an object of detestation to his former admirers. They threw her into the river. Her last words were, "Adieu, beau sire De Lardier."

On the opposite side of the river was the town of Aigremont, which recalls stories of its supposed original builders, the sons of Aymon, and of a later possessor, William de la Marck.

William de la Marck, the Wild Boar of Ardenne, was the scourge of his prince-bishop. The death of Louis of Bourbon was followed by a seeming reconciliation of his successor and William—but the bishop only watched his time. After a banquet he was set on by ruffians, one of whom showed him an order for his "arrest." "Say," said De la Marck, "for my death." He was right. He was instantly taken to Maestricht, and, after a form of trial, sentenced to be beheaded next day. Next morning he was brought out on the square of the Vrythoff, and executed.

In the year 1674, near the high altar of the Church of the Dominicans, at Maestricht, was found a skeleton, wrapped in a robe of red silk damask; a skull, covered with a red cap of the same stuff, lay beside it. The silk garments were perfect, and stains of blood recognised on the dress. These were the remains of De la Marck.

From gazing on the towers of Aigremont, our author next turned his view to the ruins of a mountain, "half of which shorn away by a deep quarry, has left behind a broad surface of pale yellow, streaked with rich veins of deep red, which glowed in the bright sunshine like stains of blood." These are the rocks of Engis. From Engis, at the opposite side of the Meuse, is seen Clermont, built by Pepin, the father of Charlemagne; and not far from Clermont, are the turrets of Ramioul, the seat of Godfrey of Bouillon. They passed the vineyards of Jehay and the abbey of Flone. The church of Amay, with its three spires, for a moment detained the eye. Beyond Amay the scene became more beautiful. The rocks rise perpendicularly above the road, leaving barely space for the road: the summits of the rocks are wooded, and wherever there is a favourable spot on the sides for the cultivation of the vine, are vineyards. At Ampsin the smoke of furnaces interfered with our author's seeing, with such distinctness as he wished, the castle where Bassin, Count de Huy, poisoned the Count de Looz, in a cup in which he was pledging the health of Charlemagne.

But the thought of Charlemagne and his paladins was now put to flight, for another sweep of the river brought before the eyes the citadel of Huy. "There are few towns," says Mr. Costello, "more picturesquely placed than Huy. The Meuse here makes a sudden curve, retreating from the hills, which have for some miles confined it on the right bank, and sweeping now beneath the ridge that protects the left." The citadel seems suspended above the cathedral, and till you have crossed the bridge, it is difficult to imagine where the road runs that is to let one out of the town. On Mr. Costello's first visit, he thought the citadel and cathedral were all that the place contained, and the town on the right bank altogether

escaped his notice. The cathedral is, however, the great object for which it is worth while to visit Huy. Its date is 1311. The interior is of dark grey marble: the lofty roof is painted "like the borders of the illuminated manuscripts of the period, in a pattern of many-coloured flowers. "The form of the windows, and particularly of the rose window at the west end, is extremely beautiful."

"But the most interesting feature of the building is the curious gateway forming the entrance from the street. It is called the 'Portail de la Vierge,' and merits description.

"The lower part, which is open, is supported by three pillars, forming a double entrance, whose grotesque carved capitals are surmounted by three figures the size of life—the Virgin and Child in the centre, and two bishops—one of them the founder of the cathedral—at the sides. The upper part, which contains a high-pointed arch, subdivided into compartments, is covered with quaint sculpture in high relief, the subjects of which are, the Nativity, on the left hand, and the Adoration of the Magi, on the right. In the central compartment is represented the Murder of the Innocents, and the figures of saints and angels, under richly-carved canopies, border the arch. The Annunciation and Descent of the Holy Spirit are figured above. The whole of this sculpture is uninjured, and is stained a deep yellow."

Huy, our traveller tells us, may be seen in a couple of hours; but he advises a couple of days to be given to the banks of the Meuse at Statte. Half an hour's walk from Statte brought our author and his party to the village of Moha; and it is not likely that any future rambler in that direction will leave it unvisited, after reading Mr. Costello's very beautifully told story of Gertrude of Moha and the troubadour Thibaut. The tale is told in *De la Motte Fouqué's* best manner.

The party pursued the course of the Meuse, whose banks became yet more picturesque, with wilder and more abrupt rocks, and whose stream was now more turbulent and impetuous. They saw the villages of Fumal and Fallais, one on the right, and the other on the left bank of the river. A legend more romantic than that of *Sestos* and *Abydos* is connected with the castles of Fallais and Fumal. Marie

de Fumal, the daughter of the chateellan of Fumal, a man of coarse and brutal habits, was wooed by a man whom she abhorred—the sire Collard Baldin of Hosden, a lordship on which the fief of Fumal was dependent. The match was what fathers consider prudent. She was eighteen—not too young to marry: he was forty—not too old. Still she did not like him, and on one pretence or other resisted her father's wish to unite their fortunes.

It was about the middle of the thirteenth century, and girls of eighteen liked men of forty then even less than they do now.

There was a dispute about boundaries between the communes of Fallais and Warnant, and the limits within which the jurisdiction of the authorities of each extended was determined by the annual ceremony of casting the pear. The inhabitants of each marched to an elevated rock, on which the banners of Fallais and Warnant were planted, and to a young peasant selected for the purpose was presented, on a trencher, a slice of pear or apple, which he flung as far as he could. The spot where it fell formed the boundary for the ensuing year.

On the Continent the social festival and the religious holiday are one, and the "Jeu de la Poire" was celebrated by a pilgrimage to the shrine of the Virgin. As Marie de Fumal offered her vows, she saw and was seen by Richard de Fallais, and they loved. "The summer day on which they met was the happiest that either had yet known." Alas! for true love!—the incident but hastened the preparations for her bridal with Baldin. The bride, as a betrothed virgin is called in Germany, was delivered to her intended husband. Her own servants were dismissed on the occasion. One of them at once went to De Fallais, who determined on rescuing Marie. With one assistant he succeeded in doing so. Baldin, who resisted, was killed by a blow of his gauntletted hand, and the lady taken to a neighbouring convent, till arrangements could be made for their marriage. They married, but the lady was not even then safe; and our author, whose legends are linked together like the stories of *Scherazade* in the *Arabian Nights*, has a tale of the discomfiture of a dissolute bishop, for which we have not room.

From Huy the party went to An-denne and Selayn. From this they proceeded on foot, wishing to loiter beneath "the magnificent rocks that border the way as far as the ruins of Samson. It is in this part of the valley of the Meuse that the peculiar character imparted by the castellated forms of its numerous crags, becomes first apparent. Broken into separate masses, and standing out in high relief against the clear blue sky, with fissures 'like reefs of ruin,' it is impossible at a distance to distinguish them from the gray walls of feudal times, and the deception is the more natural, from the apparition of ruined towers and battlements throughout the valley."—p. 160.

At Samson the rocks are most picturesque, and ruins are there that seem as ancient as the rocks. An old castle, in which is the tomb of Sybella de Lusignan, sister of Baldwin the Fourth, King of Jerusalem, tells of the twelfth century; and it is said that on the same foundation, in the time of the Romans, was a temple of Mercury. Their walk was continued by moonlight, and they saw with sufficient distinctness the outline of a modern castle, built on the site of an old abbey. This abbey had been built by ladies whose husbands were engaged in the holy wars in Palestine, and there they remained till the return of their husbands restored some to the ordinary duties of life, and accounts of the death of their natural protectors led others to take the final vows which bind them to the church. At midnight our travellers reached Namur.

Of Namur, with the exception of the superb view from the cathedral, our author had little to see, and that little is not very interesting; however, it gives him the opportunity of writing a pleasant chapter about stilts. Namur was exceedingly exposed to floods from the inundations of the Meuse and the Sambre, at the confluence of which it is built. This made the use of stilts necessary; then came games on stilts, and finally faction-fights. Stilt-had to be put down by law—that is, laws were made prohibiting it, unless with the permission of the magistrates, which permission it was impossible to obtain. It was attempted to be revived in 1803, when Napoleon arrived in Namur; but the old excitement could not be revived, and it was the

pretence for a quarrel, which was only appeased by military interference. Again an attempt was made in 1814, when it was thought to celebrate the return of William of Nassau, but this also failed. The effort to re-enact any of the old amusements of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, cannot but fail—still more so to endeavour to revive their modes of thinking, a more serious matter. The modern tournament of the noble is as little likely to succeed as the stilt-fight of the plebeian, except indeed in the not impossible supposition of society's approaching a second childhood.

The next place of any considerable interest which they visited, was the ruin of Creve-cœur. Creve-cœur was besieged and taken by Henry the Second of France, in 1554. Among the defending army were three knights, whose wives determined to share their danger; they fought with them on the ramparts, and witnessed their fall. After their husbands' death they fought on, and the annalist from whom Mr. Costello quotes describes them as surviving all their companions in arms. They, with good reason, feared worse than death if they fell into the hands of the French soldiery. "When, therefore, all hope was gone, when the power of resistance was over, and death from their enemy's hands evaded them, they boldly compelled their fate. Hand-in-hand they ascended the parapet, and slowly walking to the extreme verge of the battlements, then raising their eyes for a moment in prayer, they threw themselves from the tower, and were dashed to pieces on the stones below. The name of Hermeline has alone been preserved; those of her sisters in heroism are unknown."—p. 188.

The tourists arrive at Dinant, and Mr. Costello gives the history of Dinant, and its decline and fall. For this we have not room. Dinant he made his head quarters for a little while, and found the Hotel de la Porte better and cheaper than any lodgings he could procure. Every thing there in the way of provision was excellent. The Meuse gave them grayling, perch, and trout in abundance; the ditches crawl-fish of enormous size; game and wild fowl were in plenty; the mutton of Ardennes was as good as its venison; but the leading article in this magazine of good things is

still to come. "This is the *Jambon de Bastogne*, which we found so good, that we begged the chef to give us his receipt for curing it; and here it is:—'The ham is cured in a brine of salt, saltpetre, and aromatic herbs, viz.: a few berry leaves, wild thyme, a handful of juniper berries, and a little garlic. It is steeped for about six weeks, and then dried in the smoke of the chimney over a wood fire. When wanted for dressing, it is buried in the ground for twenty-four hours, and then boiled, with the addition of the same aromatic herbs in the water. After boiling, the bone is taken out, and the ham pressed under a heavy weight.'—p. 211.

A little way from Dinant, is the rock of Bayard. Its resemblance to a ruined castle is such as to deceive the quickest eye. The name is not improbably derived from Rinaldo's celebrated horse; and, at all events, it gives the author the opportunity of relating a tale of Charlemagne and his Paladins.

The ruins of Poilvache, a few miles below Dinant, are peopled by local superstition with ghosts and goblins. The "Nutons," or beings of the night, haunt the caverns in the rock, and one larger crevice is inhabited by the ghost of Bertha, an avaricious lady once, who sold her true love for gold, and is now, by just retribution, herself a *gatte d'or*. Being about to be united in marriage to a man of her own humble rank, she was tempted to abandon him, and become the mistress of the chatellain of Poilvache. Her lover perished in the dungeons of this castle; while she appeared, on every public occasion, decked with the richest pearls. She suddenly disappeared. After a long search, her body, loaded with gold chains, was found in the dungeons where her lover had died. Ever since that time a *gatte d'or* has haunted the place, blazing with gold and pearls. This is Bertha, still guarding her treasures of gold, or tempting treasure-seekers to their destruction.

After about three weeks' sojourn at Dinant, our travellers proceeded to the Ardennes.

Of their actual adventures we have little or no farther account. Of the legends preserved among the peasantry, and still more, of those to be found in old chronicles and romances, several

are very pleasingly told; but we have exceeded the space that can be reasonably allowed for our review, and will close by mentioning one amusing circumstance which Mr. Costello records.

In the early days of aerostation, Blanchard had advertised an ascent from Liege. All the world came to witness the ascent. Among the spectators were the prince-bishop, and his court. Some sudden fear seized Blanchard, when he was seated in the air:—

"Madame de Berlaimont, who sat beside the prince, descended from the platform, with a bouquet, which she presented to the aeronaut. Blanchard, affecting to stoop to receive it, desired the soldiers to cut the cords, and at the same time that the balloon rose with the rapidity of lightning, quietly slid down to the ground, where he lay as if stunned by the fall. In the meantime, the tenantless balloon soared majestically into the air, was for some time kept in view, and finally disappeared in the direction of the Ardennes.

"Now it happened, *sur ces entrefaites*, that a great discussion had arisen in the little village of La Roche, in which piety and poverty were at issue. The images of the patron saint and the Holy Virgin were both in a pitiable condition as regarded costume, and the inhabitants were too poor to supply the wants of each. A collection was made, but it did not realise more than enough to purchase a robe for one. Opinions were divided, some declaring for the patron-saint, others for Our Lady. The partisans of the former were in the majority, and on the day of his *fete*, he appeared 'clinquant-neux,' in a garment of great splendour. But scarcely had his image received the honour due, when a wondrous object greeted the astonished eyes of the villagers, by the appearance in the sky of an enormous globe of resplendent hue, which descended directly on the tower of the church. It was found, on examination, to be composed of silk, and the inhabitants of La Roche were convinced that it was a present from the Virgin to deck her image! They acted immediately upon this impression; the balloon was at once cut into pieces, and a series of robes was made, that has honourably sustained the credit of the Virgin's wardrobe from that day to this."

Oh, what a subject would this have been for a Southey in his early days, when he threw into undying verse the stories of Cornelius Agrippa and the Old Woman of Berkeley!

THE WELSHMEN OF TIRAWLEY.

[SEVERAL Welsh families, associates in the invasion of Strongbow, settled in the West of Ireland. Of these, the principal whose names have been preserved by the Irish antiquarians were the Walshes, Joyces, Heils (*a quibus* Mac Hale), Lawlesses, Tolmyns, Lynotts, and Barretts, which last draw their pedigree from Walynus, son of Guyndally, the *Ard Maor*, or High Stewart of the Lordship of Camelot, and had their chief seats in the territory of the two Bacs, in the barony of Tirawley, and county of Mayo. *Cloghan-an-n'dall*, or "the Blind Men's Stepping-stones," are still pointed out on the Duvowen river, about four miles north of Crossmolina, in the townland of Garranard; and *Tubber-na-Scorney*, or "Scrag's Well," in the opposite townland of Carns, in the same barony. For a curious *terrier* or applotment of the Mac William's revenue, as acquired under the circumstances stated in the legend preserved by Mac Firbis, see Mr. O'Donovan's highly-learned and interesting "Genealogies, &c. of Hy Fiachrach," in the publications of the *Irish Archaeological Society*—a great monument of antiquarian and topographical erudition.]

Scorney Bwee the Barretts' bailiff, lewd and lame,
To lift the Lynott's taxes when he came,
Rudely drew a young maid to him;
Then the Lynotts rose and slew him,
And in Tubber-na-Scorney threw him—
Small your blame,
Sons of Lynott!

Sing the vengeance of the Welshmen of Tirawley.

Then the Barretts to the Lynotts gave a choice,
Saying, "Hear, ye murderous brood, men and boys,
Choose ye now, without delay,
Will ye lose your eyesight, say,
Or your manhoods, here to-day?"
Sad your choice,
Sons of Lynott!

Sing the vengeance of the Welshmen of Tirawley.

Then the little boys of the Lynotts, weeping, said,
"Only leave us our eyesight in our head."—
But the bearded Lynotts then
Quickly answered back again,
"Take our eyes, but leave us men,
Alive or dead,
Sons of Wattin!"

Sing the vengeance of the Welshmen of Tirawley.

So the Barretts, with sewing-needles sharp and smooth
Let the light out of the eyes of every youth,
And of every bearded man
Of the broken Lynott clan;
Then their darkened faces wan
Turning south
To the river—

Sing the vengeance of the Welshmen of Tirawley—

O'er the slippery stepping-stones of Clochan-a-n'all
They drove them, laughing loud at every fall,
As their wandering footsteps dark
Failed to reach the slippery mark,
And the swift stream swallowed stark,

One and all,
As they stumbled—
Sing the vengeance of the Welshmen of Tirawley.

Out of all the blinded Lynotts, one alone
Walked erect from stepping-stone to stone ;
So back again they brought you,
And a second time they wrought you
With their needles ; but never got you
Once to groan,
Emon Lynott,
For the vengeance of the Welshmen of Tirawley.

But with prompt-projected footsteps sure as ever,
Emon Lynott again crossed the river,
Though Duvowen was rising fast,
And the shaking stones o'er cast
By cold floods boiling past ;
Yet you never,
Emon Lynott !
Faltered once before your foemen of Tirawley !

But, turning on Ballintubber bank, you stood,
And the Barretts thus bespoke o'er the flood—
“ Oh, ye foolish sons of Wattin,
Small amends are these you've gotten,
For, while Scorney Bwee lies rotten,
I am good
For vengeance !”
Sing the vengeance of the Welshmen of Tirawley.

“ For 'tis neither in eye nor eyesight that a man
Bears the fortunes of himself or of his clan ;
But in the manly mind
And in loins with vengeance lined,
That your needles could never find
Though they ran
Through my heartstrings !”
Sing the vengeance of the Welshmen of Tirawley.

“ But, little your women's needles do I reckon ;
For the night from heaven never fell so black,
But Tirawley, and abroad
From the Moy to Cuan-an-fod,
I could walk it every sod,
Path and track,
Ford and togher,
Seeking vengeance on you, Barretts of Tirawley !

“ The night when Dathy O'Dowda broke your camp,
What Barrett among you was it held the lamp
Showed the way to those two feet,
When through wintry wind and sleet,
I guided your blind retreat
In the swamp
Of Beál-an-asa ?
O ye vengeance-destined ingrates of Tirawley !”

So leaving loud-shriek-echoing Garranard,
The Lynott like a red dog hunted hard,

With his wife and children seven,
 'Mong the beasts and fowls of heaven
 In the hollows of Glen Nephin,
 Light-debarred,
 Made his dwelling,
 Planning vengeance on the Barretts of Tirawley.

And ere the bright-orbed year its course had run,
 On his brown round-knotted knee he nursed a son,
 A child of light, with eyes
 As clear as are the skies
 In summer when sunrise
 Has begun;
 So the Lynott
 Nursed his vengeance on the Barretts of Tirawley.

And, as ever the bright boy grew in strength and size,
 Made him perfect in each manly exercise,
 The salmon in the flood,
 The dun deer in the wood,
 The eagle in the cloud
 To surprise
 On Ben Nephin,
 Far above the foggy fields of Tirawley.

With the yellow-knotted spear-shaft, with the bow,
 With the steel, prompt to deal shot and blow,
 He taught him from year to year
 And trained him, without a peer,
 For a perfect cavalier,
 Hoping so—
 Far his forethought—
 For vengeance on the Barretts of Tirawley.

And, when mounted on his proud-bounding steed,
 Emon Oge sat a cavalier indeed;
 Like the ear upon the wheat
 When winds in autumn beat
 On the bending stems, his seat;
 And the speed
 Of his courser
 Was the wind from Barna-na-gees o'er Tirawley!

Now when fifteen sunny summers thus were spent,
 (He perfected in all accomplishment)
 The Lynott said "my child,
 We are over long exiled
 From mankind in this wild—
 —Time we went
 O'er the mountain
 To the countries lying over-against Tirawley."

So out over mountain-moors, and mosses brown,
 And green stream-gathering vales, they journeyed down;
 Till, shining like a star,
 Through the dusky gleams afar,
 The bailey of Castlebar,
 And the town
 Of Mac William
 Rose bright before the wanderers of Tirawley.

"Look southward, my boy, and tell me as we go,
What seest thou by the loch-head below."

"Oh, a stone-house strong and great,
And a horse-host at the gate,
And their captain in armour of plate—
Grand the show!

Great the glancing!

High the heroes of this land below Tirawley!

"And a beautiful Bantierna by his side,
Yellow gold on all her gown-sleeves wide;
And in her hand a pearl
Of a young, little, fair-haired girl——"
Said the Lynott, "It is the Earl!

Let us ride

To his presence."

And before him came the exiles of Tirawley.

"God save thee, Mac William^{*}," the Lynott thus began;
"God save all here besides of this clan;

For gossips dear to me

Are all in company—

For in these four bones ye see

A kindly man

Of the Britons—

Emon Lynott of Garranard of Tirawley.

"And hither, as kindly gossip-law allows,
I come to claim a scion of thy house
To foster; for thy race,
Since William Conquer's * days,
Have ever been wont to place,

With some spouse

Of a Briton,

A Mac William Oge, to foster in Tirawley.

"And to show thee in what sort our youth are taught,
I have hither to thy home of valour brought
This one son of my age,
For a sample and a pledge
For the equal tutelage,

In right thought,

Word, and action,

Of whatever son ye give into Tirawley."

When Mac William beheld the brave boy ride and run,
Saw the spear-shaft from his white shoulder spun—

With a sigh, and with a smile,

He said—"I would give the spoil

Of a county, that Tibbot Moyle,

My own son,

Were accomplished

Like this branch of the kindly Britons of Tirawley."

When the Lady Mac William she heard him speak,
And saw the ruddy roses on his cheek,

* William Fitz Adelm de Burgho, the conqueror of Connaught.

She said, "I would give a purse
 Of red gold, to the nurse
 That would rear my Tibbot no worse ;
 But I seek
 Hitherto vainly—
 Heaven grant that I now have found her in Tirawley !"

So they said to the Lynott, "Here, take our bird !
 And as pledge for the keeping of thy word,
 Let this scion here remain
 Till thou comest back again :
 Meanwhile the fitting train
 Of a lord
 Shall attend thee
 With the lordly heir of Connaught into Tirawley.

So back to strong-throng-gathering Garranard,
 Like a lord of the country with his guard,
 Came the Lynott, before them all.
 Once again over Clochan-a-n'all,
 Steady-striding, erect, and tall,
 And his ward
 On his shoulders—
 To the wonder of the Welshman of Tirawley.

Then a diligent fosterfather you would deem
 The Lynott, teaching Tibbot, by mead and stream,
 To cast the spear, to ride,
 To stem the rushing tide,
 With what feats of body beside,
 Might beseem
 A Mac William,
 Fostered free among the Welshmen of Tirawley.

But the lesson of hell he taught him in heart and mind ;
 For to what desire soever he inclined,
 Of anger, lust, or pride,
 He had it gratified,
 Till he ranged the circle wide
 Of a blind
 Self-indulgence,
 Ere he came to youthful manhood in Tirawley.

Then, even 'as when a hunter slips a hound,
 Lynott loosed him—God's leashes all unbound—
 In the pride of power and station,
 And the strength of youthful passion,
 On the daughters of thy nation,
 All around,
 Wattin Barrett !

Oh ! the vengeance of the Welshmen of Tirawley !

Bitter grief and burning anger, rage and shame,
 Filled the houses of the Barretts where'er he came ;
 Till the young men of the Bac
 Drew by night upon his track,
 And slew him at Cornasack—
 Small your blame,
 Sons of Wattin !
 Sing the vengeance of the Welshmen of Tirawley.

Said the Lynott, "The day of my vengeance is drawing near,
The day for which, through many a long dark year,
I have toiled through grief and sin—
Call ye now the Brehons in,
And let the plea begin

Over the bier
Of Mac William,

For an eric upon the Barretts of Tirawley."

Then the Brehons to Mac William Burk decreed
An eric upon Clan Barrett for the deed;
And the Lynott's share of the fine,
As fosterfather, was nine
Ploughlands and ninescore kine;

But no need
Had the Lynott,

Neither care, for land or cattle in Tirawley.

But rising, while all sat silent on the spot,
He said, "The law says—doth it not?—
If the foster-sire elect
His portion to reject,
He may then the right exact

To applot
The short eric."

"'Tis the law," replied the Brehons of Tirawley.

Said the Lynott, "I once before had a choice
Proposed me, wherein law had little voice;
But now I choose, and say,
As lawfully I may,
I applot the mulct to-day;

So rejoice
In your ploughlands

And your cattle which I renounce throughout Tirawley.

"And thus I applot the mulct: I divide
The land throughout Clan Barrett on every side
Equally, that no place
May be without the face
Of a foe of Wattin's race—

That the pride
Of the Barretts

May be humbled hence for ever throughout Tirawley.

"I adjudge a seat in every Barrett's hall
To Mac William: in every stable I give a stall
To Mac William: and, beside,
Whenever a Burk shall ride
Through Tirawley, I provide
At his call

Needful grooming,

Without charge from any Brughaidh of Tirawley.

"Thus lawfully I avenge me for the throes
Ye lawlessly caused me and caused those
Unhappy, shamefaced ones,
Who, their mothers expected once,
Would have been the sires of sons—

O'er whose woes
Often weeping,

I have groaned in my exile from Tirawley.

"I demand not of you your manhoods; but I take—
 For the Burks will take it—your Freedom! for the sake
 Of which all manhood's given,
 And all good under heaven,
 And, without which, better even
 Ye should make
 Yourselves barren,
 Than see your children slaves throughout Tirawley!

"Neither take I your eyesight from you; as you took
 Mine and ours: I would have you daily look
 On one another's eyes,
 When the strangers tyrannize,
 By your hearths, and blushes arise,
 That ye brook
 Without vengeance
 The insults of troops of Tibbots throughout Tirawley!

"The vengeance I designed, now is done,
 And the days of me and mine nearly run—
 For, for this, I have broken faith,
 Teaching him who lies beneath
 This pall, to merit death;
 And my son
 To his father
 Stands pledged for other teaching in Tirawley."

Said Mac William—"Father and son, hang them high!"
 And the Lynott they hanged speedily;
 But across the salt sea water,
 To Scotland, with the daughter
 Of Mac William—well you got her!—
 Did you fly,
 Edmund Lindsay,
 The gentlest of all the Welshmen of Tirawley!

'Tis thus the ancient Ollaves of Erin tell
 How, through lewdness and revenge, it befel
 That the sons of William Conquer
 Came over the sons of Wattin,
 Throughout all the bounds and borders
 Of the land of Auley Mac Fiachra;
 Till the Saxon Oliver Cromwell
 And his valiant, Bible-guided,
 Free heretics of Clan London
 Coming in, in their succession,
 Rooted out both Burk and Barrett,
 And in their empty places
 New stems of freedom planted,
 With many a goodly sapling
 Of manliness and virtue;
 Which while their children cherish,
 Kindly Irish of the Irish,
 Neither Saxons nor Italians,
 May the mighty God of Freedom
 Speed them well!—
 Never taking
 Further vengeance on his people of Tirawley.

IRISH RIVERS.—INTRODUCTION.

"AND sure it is yet a most beautiful and sweet country as any is under heaven, being stored throughout with many goodly rivers, replenished with all sorts of fish most abundantly; sprinkled with many very sweet islands and goodly lakes, like little inland seas, that will carry even ships upon their waters." So does Spenser speak enthusiastically of Ireland, after describing the desolation of the country in the fourteenth century by the Scots, under Edward Bruce. We know no fitter words to introduce a projected series of papers relative to those "goodly rivers," and we place them at the opening accordingly, in preference to any of our own. We believe, besides, they will speak audibly to our reader's prepossessions, and win us at least a patient ear, while we seek to unfold something of our ideas and intentions.

We are not indulging offensively in self-laudation, when we say that from the commencement of our labours we have steadily kept in view the elucidation of all subjects connected with Ireland. Our own country has a claim to pre-eminence in our pages, and deservedly she obtains it. We have laboured, therefore, with diligence and faithfulness, in what we believe allotted duties. We have given illustrations of her history, and chiefly of those hidden "by-ways" which generally escape the ken of the inexperienced investigator. We have sought to pourtray the mind and character of her mighty dead—sons, of whom any country in the world might be proud. We have given, and shall give, the lineaments—mental and corporeal—of her distinguished living, that our countrymen may know of their blessings, ere they are removed from them. And our every number contains evidence of the genius of her sons and daughters, in the articles our chosen band of contributors furnish us with; but of these last we may not speak with more particularity.

Our periodical is thoroughly Irish in its aim and tendency. Yet at times we have thought that our pages dealt out a scant measure of justice to the natural advantages of this "most beautiful and sweet country," as the poet of the Faerie Queene so truly calls it. We have largely spoken of her annals—we have detailed her biography; but—conscience tells us—we have not sufficiently or systematically investigated her scenery and its associations. This defect we shall now remedy. Let not our most benign reader "pshaw!" at the announcement, protesting that this is more the department of the artist and steel engraver: we disclaim all pretension to rivalry, no less from choice than from necessity, with such labourers, and very heartily we wish them God speed in their work, if only they be dealing honestly by us. We have just as little idea of encroaching on the tourist's province, or of anticipating any lady or gentleman who desires to shine in a full-blown octavo, having "*Ireland in 1845*" on its title-page, and Daniel O'Connell for its frontispiece. Let them write and publish to their heart's content, and when they have attained this wished-for consummation, our critics will do their part with the leaders at least of the herd. But for ourselves, we will not supersede any of them in their amusing vagaries.

What, then, our intention? It is to take the natural beauties of our country for illustration, and strive to make them as well known and as dearly prized by others, as they are known and prized by ourselves. We have already, in earlier volumes, given some papers on the scenery and attractions of Ireland; and we shall more fully carry out our ideas in the series which we this month commence. We propose more immediately to consider our *RIVERS*; and let not the reader deem the plan too contracted, for it is far otherwise. It has been chosen after much thought, and will supply us with an inexhaustible range of subject. A river is at all times the opening scene of human civilization: on its shore the wigwam of the savage first sends up its wreathing volumes of smoke; and by-and-by the settlement is formed, and some chief chosen to give laws to the community. Then ships come from far, and commerce struggles

into being: new productions, both of nature and art, are introduced; new thoughts are imparted to the simple-minded colonists; lines of towns and cities are marked out, and the virgin country passes into the hands of a foreign possessor. We witness these things in our own day; and so was it with Ireland ages ago. In earlier times, as man's knowledge grew, the shores of a river assumed an importance almost unknown to us. Ascending the stream, the feudal lord would plant his castle on some well-defended crag, and by its means hold the key of the neighbouring pass, which secured him the possession of his district. Here, too, though founded with no such haughty intention, the monastery would arise, and its contemplative inmates find addition to their serenity in the chiming fall of the tranquil waters. Many, too, are our rivers, consecrated to us by the homes of genius near at hand, or sung to in their verse, or spoken of in their prose writings:

“Great men have been among us; hearts that penned
And tongues that uttered wisdom!”

We shall have much to tell of these things, and have no fears of wearying in their declaration. We shall not be antiquarian, nor historical, nor biographical, nor legendary, nor picturesque; and yet we shall not lose sight of all these qualities. When we stand at the river's head in the lone glen, with the wild cry of the plover ringing in our ears, our readers will not blame an occasional rhapsody, or will inflict but a gentle censure for reflections higher and more poetical than every-day conversation. Then, while passing the ruined fortress, or abbey, we shall weave for you the old legend about their inmates, and tell of the cowed heads and knightly forms that were wont to issue from their precincts. Nor shall we omit—without putting it obtrusively forward—the true account of their foundation, so that you may compare the local tradition with the circumstances history has authorised. We shall make our topography brief, but full; and we hope to satisfy our readers that we have at home, among our unvisited districts, scenery not a whit inferior to that of the sister island, or of continental Europe.

Graver themes we shall have to discuss, when we come to speak of the desperate war-struggles our distracted country has so continually witnessed. We shall tell of times too many, when those pure streams were polluted with kindred blood; when brother met brother in terrible antagonism; when hearts which should have grown together in love throbbed wildly in the bosoms of foemen, and Religion herself, the handmaid of heaven, was invoked as the Nemesis of contending armies. Few are the Irish rivers of which that melancholy ditty might not be sung:

“Rio verde! Rio verde!
Quantos cuerpos en ti se bana
De Christianos y de Moros,
Muertos par la dura espada.”

only that, while it was the life-current of the Paynim darkened the Spanish waters, the blood of natives, poured forth by their brethren, as well as by strangers, flowed down the tideways of our own.

These, to be brief, are our wishes—for their execution the articles themselves must speak. We do not intend the series to be either polemical or political, and shall, as far as possible, avoid what can be fraught only with unhappy recollections. But where the case requires it, we shall not shrink from the discussion, which will resolve any social or historical difficulty. Should we allude to the past, it will be neither to palliate excesses, if committed by friends, nor hide nobility of actions where it existed among foes; but to write the truth about both. We desire, however, to dwell in preference on gentler themes—to meet our reader with fresh pictures from nature—to speak of our scenery with pride, though of its associations with sorrow—to give panoramic pictures of some of our finest rivers. These will occupy us more happily and more worthily. We commence with the most romantic of our streams, by general consent, and shall follow it up immediately with others. We cannot

disclose our private arrangements so far as to furnish the names in any specified order; but, ere long, we shall introduce to our dear public the Lee and the Liffey—the Shannon and the Boyne.

THE BLACKWATER IN MUNSTER.

'Swift Awniduffe, which of the Englishman
Is calld Blacka-water.'

FAERIE QUEEN^t.

THE river Blackwater, in the south, has been called, by reason of its picturesque scenery, "the Irish Rhine;" and we may plead the flattering cognomen as reason sufficient for placing it in the forefront of our proposed series. With the wonted mischance of Ireland, notwithstanding, its beauties—well known as they were to the native, and duly acknowledged by every passing tourist—have been only rendered accessible within the last two or three years. By the appliance of steam they are at length thrown open; and the visitor can now see and judge for himself, as he traverses, with ease and rapidity, the more important portion of the river—the fifteen or twenty miles immediately above the sea. As the first-fruits, we suppose, of this desirable accommodation, we are presented with the well-written hand-book whose title we have given below,* and to the pages of which we shall occasionally refer with pleasure in the course of our article.

Among our Irish rivers, the Blackwater ranks the third, or fourth, in point of size; while, as regards its scenery, and the amount of its historical associations, we believe, with hardly an exception, it excels them all. The country through which it passes is of comparative unimportance in our own day; but in the Virgin Queen's reign, many of the fiercest struggles to maintain English supremacy in the island occurred on its banks. We shall, perhaps, speak more fully of them in the sequel. The general tourist, as he floats upon its waters, cannot fail to be interested in its "castled crags," haunted by many a wild legend; in the rich woods which almost continuously clothe its banks; and in the spiry mountain chain behind them, through the defiles of

which the river has to fight its way. Here and there, too, interspersed among the mouldering towers of the Desmond, his eye will be greeted by proud mansions, or the quiet hamlets "where poor men lie," uniting the interval between populous towns, all astrir with life and business. The late Mr. Inglis, a cold, but correct observer of our island, exhibited something akin to enthusiasm when speaking of this Munster river; and averred that, with the beauties of the Rhine, the Rhone, and the Danube present to his memory, he deemed the Blackwater "unsurpassed by any" of the three. It is right to receive his judgment with the qualification, that, if we speak of these Continental rivers for the purpose of comparison, we must altogether exclude the idea of size or superficial extent. The Blackwater, at its widest part, is little more than an English mile across; while, from its source at King Williamstown on the confines of Kerry to the sea at Youghal, its probable length is about eighty miles. We shall trace it from the ocean upward.

Youghal, where the Blackwater discharges itself into the sea, is a considerable town, with a population of 10,000 souls. It is a place of great antiquity, and was once strongly fortified, as the walls yet existing on its western side, with some strong flanking towers, would show. Indeed, from its position at the mouth of a navigable river, it is probable that human settlements were formed here even in the earliest times. The aboriginal savage would find his inducement to tarry on a spot where, by launching his canoe, he could immediately satisfy his animal cravings for food in the deep-sea fishing. The Anglo-Norman adventurers, passing

* *The Blackwater in Munster*, by J. R. O'Flanagan, Esq. London: Jeremiah How, 1844.

on from Waterford, early made it one of their strongholds, and with a colony from Bristol laid the foundation of the town, as it at present exists. A charter was granted by King John in 1209, which subsequent sovereigns found it politic to confirm under a variety of modifications or enlargements; and Youghal remained an incorporated town, until the operation of the Irish municipal reform bill of 1840. The singular name of the place (pronounced *Yawl*) is supposed to be derived from *O-chill*, "a forest," that is, *Eochaill*, i.e., *eo yew*, and *caill* a wood, on account of the woods which originally occupied the site of the town. Old writers give the quasi-Latin appellation *Ochella*; and our Continental neighbours make their hopeless attempt at its pronunciation by *Jokile* and *Yokelain*. According to Hollingshed, the first Franciscan friary in Ireland was here established in 1229, by Maurice Fitzgerald, who himself took the habit, and died within its walls in his eightieth year. No vestiges of this building, which was called the South Abbey, now exist; though, in the view of the town given in the *Pacata Hibernica*, the edifice is seen in a perfect state at the close of the sixteenth century. A second religious house, named, from its situation, the North Abbey, was founded in 1268, by another Geraldine; and the collegiate church and college house—which form the chief attraction of the place—were built in the year 1464, by Thomas, Earl of Desmond, then the head of the same family. The last institution was richly endowed both with money and lands, and comprised a community of a warden, eight fellows, and eight choristers, who lived in a collegiate manner, having a common table and all other necessaries allowed them, together with an annual stipend each.

It is more the local historian's province than our own to give the annals in continued regularity; yet there are a few more prominent occurrences, which we deem advisable to mention. When Edward Bruce invaded Ireland in 1317, he continued his ravages from the north of the kingdom as far south as Limerick and Cashel; and at last was encountered by Sir Roger de Mortimer, the lord justice, who had landed at Youghal with thirty

eight knights from England. On the lord justice's advance, Bruce retreated into Ulster, whither he was pursued, and slain, with most of his men, and his head was sent over to King Edward II. During the wars of the Earls of Desmond, when that powerful family sought to break from their necks the English yoke, their favourite town experienced a variety of fortune—being taken and re-taken more than once on either side. It at last was plundered by Sir John of Desmond, in 1579, and the effects of the inhabitants removed to the earl's Castles of Strancally and Lisfinny, in the county of Waterford. In the great rebellion of 1641, the Earl of Cork, feeling the importance of the place, maintained it in person with forces whom he paid himself; and thus he writes to the Lord Goring:—"To prevent the yielding up of this town to the rebels, as weak and infirm as I am, I am commanded hither; and I have brought, for my guard, one thousand foot and sixty horse, which I have here with me, in defence of this poor weak town, where the Irish are three to one of the English; and if it should be lost, all the hope and retreat of the English in the province is gone. And, God willing, I will be so good a constable to the king, my master, as I will die in the defence thereof; although I have no great hope to defend it, yet we will bestir ourselves like Englishmen." And the brave earl successfully held his post, until succours arrived from England in the year following, when Sir Charles Vavasour, with a thousand men, and other supplies, landed at Youghal. In the autumn of 1642, assisted by his sons, the Lords Dungarvan, Broghill, Kinalmeaky, and Barrymore, the Earl of Cork held quarter sessions of the peace here, at which eleven hundred of the gentry of Munster were indicted of high treason, and of having been more or less concerned in the late revolt. Youghal embraced the parliamentary cause in 1649, without striking a blow, chiefly through the interest of Lord Broghill, and afforded Cromwell timely aid after the hard-fought siege of Clonmel. The Protector found here excellent winter quarters for his troops. He examined attentively the improvements made in the district by

the Earl of Cork ; and when he saw the towns, the churches, alms-houses, and schools which owed their origin to that nobleman, he is said to have exclaimed—"If each province of the kingdom possessed such a benefactor, the Irish could never have rebelled." On the 29th of May, 1650, having appointed Ireton, his son-in-law, general of the army in his stead, Cromwell here embarked for England ; and from the frigate's deck, as she cleared the harbour, those stern eyes looked their farewell for ever of our shores.

But there is one name, as yet unmentioned, which will "start a spirit" sooner than any of the foregoing. To the pilgrim, who loves to linger on scenes which genius has hallowed by sojourning amongst them, the whole place is full of—*RALEIGH*. His house is here, quite unchanged in its outward appearance, and but slightly modified in its internal arrangements ; and while one gazes on that roof-tree, it is hard to keep the fancy from wandering away to the incidents in the chivalrous being's history. Generations have come and gone since then ; and from Raleigh's day to our own, his old mansion has never wanted occupants—but what of them ? "How lived, how loved, how died they ?" will comprise everything : they fretted out their little hour here, and then the grave-sod sufficed to enwrap their fame and their frailties all at once ; and you, good beholder, care not for their names, nor inquire for their condition. It is not so with the soldier-poet, he is not only your one leading thought, but—without effort—the broken events of a life where romantic adventure was a daily occurrence, pass before you in shadowy review. Ay, with half-closed eye you behold again the first introduction to his sovereign—so admirably painted in *Kenilworth*—when the 'brodered cloak, hastily removed from the shoulder, was made a carpet for the royal foot to tread upon ; and you remark the benignant expression of that proud woman's eyes, as with one glance she rewarded such duteous gallantry. You see him again, when ambition had enkindled her fires in his bosom, tracing out on the pavilion's window-frame, the legend,

"Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall,"
that motto, which first conducted him

to the proudest heights of glory, and then brought him down to defeat and ruin. You accompany his restless spirit to the new world, where in remembrance of its royal donor, his settlement received the name it yet bears, "Virginia"—a graceful and acceptable tribute. You picture him, too, a prisoner in the Tower, with his matchless lady, sharing joyfully his captivity, when the evening closed in, dark and wild, after his busy day ; and still you behold a great man. He turned, as you know, calmly to study and reflection ; and prepared to meet death with a serenity of purpose, which baffled the malice of his many foes. And then the last scene of all flits before you—the headman's axe in the Old Palace Yard, "that sharp cure for all diseases"—the myriads of human faces in every quarter encircling the scaffold, some indignant, some pitying, a few triumphant ; the sun-rays flashed back from the descending steel ; the dull dead sound, and—stillness.

And in the gardens of his Youghal retreat—with the world all untried by him as it then was—you can readily imagine what day-dreams were, doubtless, present to that mind, now expanding in youthful freshness and vigour. Beneath those trees—they are not too young for the honor—he must often have sate, in his fixed musings on the *Dorado* which he was never to find ; and here, in more thoughtful moments, were haply composed some of those writings which remain to our own day, to prove him an almost universal genius. Youth is the period of our busiest thought—of endless and unwearied speculation. To all it is the season of romance ; but to those whose lips the muse has touched with her hallowed fire, it is also the era of their chief poetical expression. What visions of fame are theirs, and of future greatness ; what desires to live and to make known the thronging, tumultuous imaginings of their minds ! What longings, too, to be known beyond the small circle of their daily acquaintance, yea, more ! beyond the generation born with them, who are daily passing down into the gaping grave—that they may not, like the rest, "die and be forgot," but hereafter be kept in memory—

"Contemporains de tous les hommes,
Et citoyens de tous les lieux."

These feelings, and others still higher and exceeding our expression, were, we doubt not, present to the heroic knight on these scenes; for here, with Spenser himself for a companion, did he linger over the Faerie Queene, as yet in manuscript, and pronounce on it the approving fiat which gave it forth to an admiring world.

But our words are themselves, you will deem, imaginary; and, instructed as you are in this matter-of-fact world, you mock them for their unreality and by-name us "enthusiasts." It may be so; and yet, O doubter! no palinode shall we offer. To us—we take up the word—to us "enthusiasts," who look upon poets as beings set apart from mankind by a high and holy vocation—who deem the chaplet of bays more lofty adornment than the diadem of the monarch, how consecrated the home of genius! Changes may be there; centuries do not pass by without leaving their footmarks; and calm reason may assure us that *his* mortal part, whom we delight to honor, lies in another land unmade in dust—still, Imagination can o'erleap the dividing gulf, and repair every deficiency. The sky, we know, spreads overhead the same canopy of blue; the Autumn sun sends its shimmering rays on the trees in the same combinations of light and shadow; the dim outline of the distant hills is the very same as when those eyes could take in their beauty. Here was Raleigh's young home, and as the guerdon of his military services, its very possession must have been for him a source of pride. On the breaking out of Desmond's rebellion in 1579, reinforcements had been sent to the Lord Deputy from Devonshire; and Raleigh, who was then in his twenty-seventh year, accompanied the detachment, in command of a troop of horse. With his few troops he did such good service, and withal exhibited so much personal heroism, tempered by discretion and firmness, that he rose at once to the highest honours. Before the close of the succeeding year, we find him one of three commissioners, who were appointed to govern Munster during Ormond's absence in England; and on the attainder of Desmond, he received, by royal grant, three seignories and a half of the earl's forfeited lands in the counties of Cork and Waterford. His con-

nexion with Ireland subsisted through the twenty years following, and was only severed when Raleigh's sun went down at the death of Elizabeth.

The locale of the forty-two thousand acres, which fell to the lot of Sir Walter Raleigh, was the valley of the river Blackwater, extending from the town of Youghal to that of Lismore, both towns being included in the warrant. With the progress of the Reformation, the college of Youghal, founded a century before by the Desmonds, had been suppressed, and its revenues sequestered; and the warden's house and grounds were selected by Raleigh for his own residence. In the latter he is said to have first planted that *root*, literally and figuratively, of Ireland's bane or blessing, the potato; and the traditional story, as given by Smith, the Cork historian, is amusing:—"The person who planted them, imagining that the apple which grows on the stalk was the part to be used, gathered them, but not liking their taste, neglected the roots, till the ground being dug afterwards to sow some other grain, the potatoes were discovered therein, and to the great surprise of the planter, vastly increased; from these few, this country was furnished with seed." Cobbett's denunciation of the plant is too well known to be more than alluded to; but a greater than Cobbett—Goethe—recommended festivals to commemorate its introduction, and these were actually holden in many parts of Bavaria during the autumn of last year. We may only remark, *en passant*, that our Deutsche friends seem to have strangely confounded history; for the bust of Sir Francis Drake was crowned with garlands, and rapturous praises given to him as the discoverer of the poor man's staff of life. We believe the praise or blame of the matter is unquestionably to be ascribed to Raleigh and his colonists of Virginia.

How long Raleigh may have resided here, it is difficult to determine, but he seems to have made of it his home in the intervals, at least, of his stirring life. He was Mayor of Youghal in 1588, which implies a settled residence at that season; and in the next year he was also in Ireland, for we find him then visiting the poet Spenser at Kilcolman. Our records after this are few and far between. In

1592 he was far away, being general of the Panama expedition against the Spaniards; and in the next year came his marriage with the lovely Elizabeth Throgmorton, and his subsequent residence at the English court. With the succession of James to the throne came the blighting of all Raleigh's hopes. He was accused by Lord Cobham of having participated in the alleged treason of Lady Arabella Stuart; and through the subservience of an easy jury was found guilty, when his committal to the Tower followed instantly. In 1602, being apprehensive of an attainer, he disposed of all his Irish estates to Sir Richard Boyle, subsequently created Earl of Cork. It has been contended—and with every show of reason—that the shrewd Boyle, who had advanced himself by his sagacity from very small beginnings,* must have taken advantage of Raleigh's misfortunes, and overreached him in this transaction; for whatever allowance is to be made for the relative value of the money, fifteen hundred pounds was an inadequate price for property so extensive. In the patent confirming the sale of the lands, special mention was made of the College of Youghal, where the Earl of Cork now established himself as owner and occupier; and here he died in the month of September, 1643. His son the second earl, in the year 1670, disposed of the house and demesne to the Hayman family; and in their possession, we believe, the place has continued to our own day.

About the middle of last century, this interesting place received the name it now bears, of "Myrtle Grove," from the luxuriant myrtle-trees which embower it, some of which have attained the height of twenty feet. Never was baptism worse bestowed. We can only except the case of those villanous edifices, as Hartley Coleridge styleth them, which mar the entrance to every city. It may be appropriate; it may be countryfied; it may be even musical to a Cockney's ear; but, dear reader, should you not choose the

name by which Raleigh knew it, and abhor every other, though proposed under pretence of "improvement?" The mansion itself is built on the usual plan of the old English manor-houses; three tall gables form the front, and beneath the central one are the hall and entrance doorway. If you examine a print of Raleigh's birth-place in Devonshire, Hayes Farm; without any aid from fancy, you will perceive what a general resemblance his Youghal dwelling bore to it—a resemblance so strong, that the quick mind of the Wanderer himself must have often perceived it.

Within, the house has undergone but little alteration. The windows have been modernized, probably within the present century, as we have conversed with those who remembered the old glazing to have consisted of small diamond panes set in lead; and the position of the chief staircase has been changed; these are the only apparent alterations. The interior is throughout wainscotted with Irish oak, now through age of almost ebony hue, and the panelling is in many places richly decorated. There is a chimney-piece in the drawing-room also of oak, reaching to the ceiling, and covered over with grotesque figures in elaborate carving, which would not disgrace Grinling Gibbons. Behind the wainscoting of this room, a recess was a few years since revealed, in which a part of the old monkish library, hidden at the period of the Reformation, was discovered. The volumes, so far as we have been able to ascertain, were, with a single exception, of little value; and the only wonder is, why such trouble should have been taken for their concealment. The excepted book is a curious specimen of early printing, and consists of two distinct portions—one printed at Mantua in 1479, in black letter, with coloured initials, being a compendium of scriptural events from the creation to the days of the apostles; the other portion was printed at Strasburgh in

* See his memoirs—"When I arrived at Dublin," he writes, "all my wealth was then [on the 23rd of June, 1588] twenty-seven pounds, three shillings, in money, and two tokens which my mother had formerly given me, viz., a diamond ring which I have ever since worn, and still do wear; and a bracelet of gold worth about ten pounds; a taffety doublet cut with and upon taffety; a pair of black velvet breeches, laced; a new Milan fustian suit, laced and cut upon taffety; two cloaks; competent linen and necessaries; with my rapier and dagger."

1483, and is Peter Comestor's Ecclesiastical History, dedicated to Prince Gonzales by John Schallus, Professor of Physic at Hornfield. The owner took some pains to inscribe on its leaves, more than once, his name and his ability to establish his claims, if disallowed. We drop the hint for the advantage of such readers as have suffered equally with ourselves in the way of book-lending. He wrote very plainly and legibly the solemn words—*"Johannes Nellang verus est possessor hujus libri; potest producere testem."*

We do venture on the hope that the good monk's piety was not on a par with his Latinity.

Adjoining Raleigh's residence, and only divided from it by a fence and some trees, is the old Collegiate Church, the description of which we shall leave to Mr. O'Flanagan, who has done it so well as to forbid rivalry:—

"The ancient church of Youghal was the finest specimen of the pointed English or Norman style of architecture in Ireland. It consisted of a nave, transept, and choir, with a square belfry or tower on the north side, about fifty feet high, which is still in good repair. The choir is now roofless and deserted; its magnificent east window, glorious even in decay, fills the mind with melancholy when seen as the stranger enters the churchyard; and this impression is not removed by the condition of that part of the ancient building still preserved in repair for divine service, namely, the nave and a portion of the ancient aisles. In the middle of the last century, when the old roof was repaired, the person employed as architect was so utterly incompetent that he quite destroyed the original design; at the same time the painted ceiling of the interior was removed, and a uniform coat of white-wash substituted in its place. Pews and galleries were built according to the taste, or rather the caprice, of the several parishioners, and though several alterations have since been made, they have been all further departures from the type of the original architecture, so that the interior is now an anomalous compound of a collegiate church and a meeting-house. The south division of the transept which still retains the name of chancel, is the mausoleum of the Boyles; and it is much to be wished that the heir of their vast domains would bestow some little attention on the repair and preservation of their monuments. The northern division of the

transept is disfigured by the most perverse specimen of Vandal deformity to be found in Christendom. A square vestry-room, with a naked roof, has been erected inside the church, cutting off several fine monuments of ancient families; one of which, and that the most curious, is consigned to the coal-cellar of said vestry-room. The communion-table is placed in a recess projecting into the ruins of the ancient choir; and this modern addition is built in a style at utter variance with the original structure of the church, and is ornamented with several tablets, containing the creed, the commandments, &c., which neither harmonize with the old structure nor with the modern changes in it. Nevertheless, the people of Youghal are proud of their old church, and have reason to be so, in spite of all their perverse efforts to spoil it.

"The interior of the deserted choir is now nearly filled with tombs, but these are almost hidden in the rank vegetation and tangled weeds which have been allowed to spring up unheeded in the neglected sanctuary. We doubt if there is any other part of Britain, possessing such an architectural gem as this choir, where it would have been permitted to remain in so deplorable a condition as in Youghal. The tombs offer much to interest the antiquary, who, like Old Mortality, loves to recover the half-defaced inscriptions which tell the tale of by-gone days. There are many such around this ruined choir. Let us rescue a few from oblivion. Here is the altar-tomb on the north side of the choir. There is little to mark the occupant—his name alone—*Hic jacet Thomas Fleming*—

"That, only that, to single out the spot,
By that remember'd, or by that forgot."

No date, no trace by which his lineage might be guessed, or his deeds recalled. Another, with some characters which I could not decipher, bears a Runie inscription; the date is tolerably clear, 1517; the remainder much defaced. It is supposed to be the tomb of a mayor of Youghal. The one surmounted by a head over the cross is called Ronayne's tomb. He was also a mayor in Queen Elizabeth's reign. There is a large monument to the Boyle family, dated 1619. This is in a chapel much exposed to the weather. An epitaph to Sir Richard Villiers, Lord President of Munster, who died in 1626, is quaint and terse—

"Munster may curse the time that Villiers came
To make us worse, by leaving such a name

Of noble parts, as none can imitate
But those whose hearts are married to the State;
But, if they press to rival him in fame,
Munster may bless the time that Villers came."

"The churchyard of Youghal is one of the most picturesque burying-grounds in the three kingdoms. It occupies the slope of a hill, rising gradually from the church to the old town wall, which is here in tolerable repair, and it is judiciously planted with trees and shrubs. Some years ago, walks were cut through the ground, and flights of steps erected to facilitate some steep ascents. . . . The view of the river, and the opposite coast of the county of Waterford, from the terrace laid out at the upper side of the churchyard, is very extensive; the broad part of the river has all the appearance of a lake inclosed by hills, and suggests strongly the idea of a time when it found its way to the sea by a course different from the harbour of Youghal."

And now, most sweet companion, art willing to entrust thyself to us, on this bright, autumnal morning, for the ascent of the river? Come with us, and pleasant it will be, as we speed along, to turn over together the pages of the hand-book, look upon its well-drawn illustrations, and compare them face to face with the honest original, and learn the history and antiquities of each crumbling abbey or castle, ere they fade away behind us in the shadowy distance. Familiar to us for many a long day has been each winding of the Blackwater, even from its far-away source to the sea; and willingly shall we enact the "guide, philosopher, and friend," if promised the recompense of your society for so doing. See!—the tiny passage-boat is blowing off her steam, and the fore-castle bell is clanging fiercely, and the man of business on board beckons with most eloquent warning to quicken our steps; and almost at the same moment that we are treading the deck of the *Star*, the connecting plank falls off, the paddles revolve, and the little vessel shooting rapidly ahead, leaves behind her a broad wake of tormented water. All is the work of an instant, and we are in motion. At a short distance above the town, where the tideway narrows somewhat, yet is still an English mile from shore to shore, you perceive a bridge of wood thrown across the river. This structure was erected in 1828, from a design by the late Mr. Nimmo, at a cost of £30,000,

raised by shares, and has proved, we believe, a fruitless speculation. On emerging from its portcullis, our vessel's prow being now due north, a precipitous hill abuts the water on the left hand and, on its summit—you can see them distinctly now in that warm glint of sunshine—are the ruins of Rhincrew Abbey, once a preceptory of the Knights Templars, and suppressed along with their other houses, in 1304. As a military position it was well chosen, and must have been deemed of importance, if we may judge from the extensive works, and the evident care bestowed on their construction. The order flourished in Ireland during the greater part of the thirteenth century; but their rich establishments were too tempting a prey for royal cupidity, and King Edward I. at last grasped their fine endowments in the above-named year. Nor was sufficient pretext wanting; for if we credit contemporaneous authority, the rapacity, violence, and cruelty of the Templars almost justified the severe measures employed for their extermination. Their "beauseant" banner was tarnished by every crime which the human heart, inventive as it is of wickedness, can first suggest, then pursue, and finally palliate. The *pauperes commilitones Christi et templi Solomonis*, as they loved hypocritically to designate themselves, grew at last into a confederacy powerful in numbers and wealth, and tremendous from a lawless and vindictive spirit that laughed at all authority, whether human or divine. The whole order was finally extinguished in 1311, by a decree of the council of Vienne, in Dauphiny, and the revenues were bestowed on the Knights Hospitallers, or of St. John. Let us have the guide-book's account of them, in connection with their ruined house before us:—

"We have very scanty materials for the history of the knights templars that settled in Ireland; but there is reason to believe that the preceptory at Rhincrew was very richly endowed, for castles belonging to its agents are found in many parts of the counties of Cork and Waterford, which were erected both to protect their vassals and to enforce due payment of rent and feudal service. Some old peasants in the neighbourhood of Rhincrew averred that there were formerly some statues among these

ruins, and they described them as representing the well-known costume of the Templars—the open helmet, cross-handled sword, and crossed legs, which intimated service in Palestine. They attributed their destruction to the iconoclast fury of Cromwell's followers, and the Puritans who succeeded them; but in some cases the peasants themselves have lent aid in the work of destruction. Higher up the little stream, which runs into the Blackwater below Rhincrew, stands the baronial castle of Kilnatoora, which until lately was one of the most perfect specimens of a Norman fortified residence in Ireland. A farmer in the neighbourhood demolished a great part of the upper story and a beautiful stone window, to get materials to build an addition to his house, and only desisted when he found that, owing to the strength of the cement, it would be cheaper for him to obtain stones from a neighbouring quarry. Within an hour of our having heard this account from one of the persons who had actually taken part in this barbarous demolition, we met another peasant, who ascribed the breach to Cromwell's cannon, and who was quite indignant when he found that we were in possession of what he did not deny to be the real state of the case.

"On the abolition of the Knights Templars, it had been stipulated that their preceptories, commanderies, and estates should be transferred to the knights of St. John of Jerusalem, or, as they were afterwards called, the Hospitallers. We have not been able to discover whether any part of the lands belonging to Rhincrew were assigned to this, the rival order of its original possessor, for we have found no traces of the Hospitallers in the south of Ireland; the priory of St. John, in Waterford, which has indeed been sometimes described as a foundation of their order, was really a monastery of Benedictines. In the Maltese records, however, we find Irish knights holding high rank, and entries of money received from estates belonging to the order in Ireland; and there is also evidence to show that the lands of Rhincrew were not seized by the crown previous to the general dissolution of the monasteries, after which they were granted to Sir Walter Raleigh.

"There is a tradition that spacious apartments, now choked with rubbish, were excavated by the knights in the rock on which the preceptory stands, and that thence subterranean passages led to secret sally-ports, at different parts of the river. The ruins were too dilapidated to admit of such researches

as would test the truth of this tale, and we fear that there is not enough of antiquarian enterprise and enthusiasm in the neighbourhood to stimulate to so toilsome and expensive an investigation. On the hill between Rhincrew and Temple-Michael there are traces of some field-entrenchments of considerable extent; but tradition and history are silent as to their nature or object."

Temple-Michael, which, is now fronting us, was a strong outpost belonging to the same ambitious brotherhood; the second portion of the name was derived from the allusions of Scripture to the war in heaven, and the great leader of the angelic armies was the chosen patron of the militant heroes of earth. Of a square embattled tower, the mere shell remains; two of the walls are standing, but they promise, before long, to topple headlong, and the work of ruin will then be completed. This castle of the Templars is divided by a narrow inlet from Molana, once an island, but now united to the mainland, where a monastery was founded in 501, by St. Fachnan, called hence Molanafides. In one of the cloisters is a modern statue of the saint, which represents him in the flowing robes of his order. Among the ruins of Molana Abbey lie the bones of Raymond le Gros, the noblest of the band of adventurers who attempted the conquest of Ireland. An arched window, in part filled up, contains his tomb, with his name, and 1186, the year of his death, inscribed; the sepulchre is surmounted by a funeral urn, but this latter does not seem of coeval date. The abbey and its grounds now form a portion of the demesne of Ballinatra, the seat of Richard Smith, Esq., brother-in-law to the Prince of Capua.

Some of the scenery around Ballinatra is not excelled by any in Wicklow, to which it bears a strong resemblance in the shapes of the mountains, and the luxuriant woods clothing their sides. One sequestered little dale, in particular, called Glendyne, deserves a visit; and here is a legend almost as romantic as the place itself:—

"In the valley of Glendyne, a rocky basin, not so perfect now as it was some years ago, is kept constantly full by a stream falling from a cliff above, the

superfluous water dripping over the sides of the basin. Tradition states that there were sorcerers who could raise the shadows of futurity on the surface of this fluid mirror; and it required but little exertion of the credulous imagination to give form and pressure to the varying shades which indistinctly appear on its dark waters. Similar legends are found attached to these natural rock basins in all parts of Europe, confirming Warburton's assertion, that hydromancy is one of the most widely-spread forms of divination. He thinks, from the name of the place where the witch resided who invoked Samuel—"Endor," i. e. 'perpetual fountain'—that she had intended to consult the shadows on one of those natural mirrors; and that this will explain her astonishment, when a spirit appeared instead of a shade. An old man in Glendyne had some faint recollection of a tradition, which described a fair lady going to discover in the rocky basin the fate of her lover, who had enlisted in the Irish brigade; she beheld him falling in battle, and soon after died of a broken heart. On the day of her funeral, intelligence arrived of her lover having fallen in some skirmish, nearly at the time when she beheld the fatal vision."

A mile or two higher up the river, we come to Strancally Castle, one of the chief fortresses of the original lords of the soil, the Earls of Desmond; and a little way further, to its new compeer, which usurps its name, the seat of John Keily, Esq. Strancally of the Desmonds is seated on a bold cliff, overhanging the river, here particularly deep. The massive rock forming its foundation exhibits a tunnel, evidently of artificial formation; art, at least, was employed to carry out in it the attempt of nature. This is called the Murdering Hole; and, in explanation, you are told that the lord of the castle was wont at times to make his guests—very naturally we

say—of the rich and powerful who dwelt around him; nay! he was even so forgiving and merciful, that he would reconcile himself to his most hated foe, provided that foe, now a friend, would come home and sup with him. But when the hearts of his guests were now made merry with wine, when every wrinkle was smoothed, and every eye beamed with smiles, when the cares of this naughty world were all very cordially eschewed, and, for a wonder, obeyed the dismissing command; then the earl's trained band were silently admitted. A few rapid cuts and blows—each thrust letting out a life—a brief struggle—two or three convulsive groans—and the inimitable host had terminated his banquet, for none were left him to entertain—while, as a *finale*, the corpses, with weights attached, were lowered into the river by this secret communication. His guests' broad acres were added to his own; and not an enemy in the world had the happy man now to harm him, until his mischances should raise up some more, to be used in the very same way. Strancally was taken by assault, in 1579, by the English forces, under the Earl of Ormond, and was forthwith blown up with gunpowder: the effects of the explosion are still visible in the riven walls and masses of masonry tossed about in wild confusion. On a former occasion, we made some allusion to these events; and expressed our belief that the writer of the *Faerie Queene* described them in his allegorical story of the cruelties of Pollenté, and his subjugation by the good knight, Sir Artegall. Let the reader keep in mind what we have said above, while perusing these brief passages in Spenser; and we shall answer for his judgment:—

"His name is hight Pollenté, rightly so,
For that he is so puissant and strong,
That with his powre he all doth overgo,
And makes them subiect to his mighty wrong;
And some by sleight he eke doth underfong:
For, on a bridge he custometh to fight,
Which is but narrow, but exceeding long;
And in the same are many trap-fals pight,
Through which the rider downe doth fall, through oversight.

" And underneath the same a river flowes,
This is both swift and dangerous deepe withall;
Into the which whomso he overthrowes,
All destitute of help doth headlong fall.

" Then doth he take the spoile of them at will,
And to his daughter brings, that dwells thereby:
Who all that comes doth take, and therewith fill
The coffers of her wicked treasury;
Which she with wrongs hath heaped up so hy,
That many princes she in wealth exceeds,
And purchast all the countrey lying ny,
With the revenue of her plenteous meedes,
Her name is Memera, agreing with her deedes."

Then, as to the destruction of the building, where these scenes were enacted,

" And, lastly, all that castle quite he razed,
Even from the sole of his foundation,
And all the hewen stones thereof defaced,
That there mote be no hope of reparation,
Nor memory thereof to any nation."

Dromana, the seat of Lord Stuart de Decies, is not less attractive from the beauty of its scenery, than from the number of its historical associations. It is situated on the opposite bank from Strancally, on the right hand as we approach the town of Cappoquin. The present noble owner, though a peer of but recent creation, is lineally descended from the Earls of Grandison, who had here their residence; and again through them from the Earls of Desmond. Eleanor, Countess of Desmond, and widow of James, the thirteenth earl, was born here in the early part of Edward the Fourth's reign. She lived to witness the ruin of her princely house, by the attatnder passed in 1586: when one hundred and forty years old, made her appearance at the English court, to solicit the restoration of her jointure, and we believe it was immediately ordered. The cherry was first domesticated in this country, at Dromana, having been brought from the Canary Isles, by Sir Walter Raleigh; and the countess' death is attributed to have at last taken place, in consequence of a fall

from a high branch of a favourite cherry tree, into which she had climbed to get at the fruit. A furious battle was fought at Affane, in this neighbourhood, in February, 1564, between the retainers of the rival Earls of Ormond and Desmond. The latter had two hundred and eighty of his men killed, and was himself taken prisoner. When the victors were bearing him from the field, their leader rode up to satisfy his malignant gaze, and taunted the captive with the inquiry, "Where is now the great Earl of Desmond?" "Where?" was the fierce reply of the wounded chief, as with pain he lifted himself upon his elbow—"where, but in his proper place, still on the necks of the Butlers?" It is pleasant to add, that through the intervention of Commissioners appointed by the English government, a reconciliation took place, though at first of so uncertain a nature, that an aperture was made in the oak door of St. Patrick's chapter-house, Dublin, for the purpose of enabling the rivals to shake hands, without the hazard of either being poignarded by the other.

HORACE WALPOLE'S MEMOIRS OF THE REIGN OF GEORGE III.*

Two more volumes of the mysterious contents of one of the "wainscot chests or boxes in the library at Strawberry Hill," described with such minuteness in the will of Horace Walpole:—

"I desire," says the testator, "that as soon as I am dead, my executor and executrix will cord up strongly and seal the larger box, marked A, and deliver it to the Honourable Hugh Conway Seymour, to be kept by him unopened and unsealed [sealed?] till the eldest son of Lady Waldegrave, or whichever of her sons, being Earl of Waldegrave, shall attain the age of twenty-five years, when the said chest, with whatever it contains, shall be delivered to him as his own. . . . The key of the said chest is in one of the cupboards of the green closet, within the blue breakfast-room at Strawberry Hill; and that key I desire may be delivered to Laura, Lady Waldegrave, to be kept by her till her son receives the chest."

In compliance with the supposed wish of the author, when the destined time came, two volumes of "*Memoirs of the Last Ten Years of the Reign of George the Second*," which formed part of the contents of this strong box, were published by the late Lord Holland; and early in the present year, the two first volumes of the publication by Sir Denis le Marchant, the third and fourth of which are before us.

Walpole was favourably circumstanced for observation, and details pleasantly enough the intrigues and cabals for power, in which he himself was in an humble degree an actor. It has been said by Lord Byron, that Walpole's literary talents are undervalued from the circumstance of his being "a gentleman"—the word being used by him in an offensive acceptance, fortunately becoming each day less intelligible, which would confine its meaning to the accident of birth. Walpole's works of fiction are disregarded, not because of his rank, but because

they are little worth reading; and his historical works are read, not because of their merit—for they have little—but because his position gave him opportunities of observation which were not neglected. The war of caste, which is every now and then assumed to exist in literature, appears to us altogether imaginary. Works of any such merit as to fix attention, are read by the public with little concern whether they are produced by peers or peasants; and if there be a difference in the chances of their being read, it is in favour of the peer. In Walpole's time some such war did exist. Is there a man of any rank in our day who could think in the feeling in which the following passage is written? It is Walpole's account of Burke's first appearance:—

"There appeared in this debate a new speaker, whose fame for eloquence soon rose above the ordinary pitch. His name was Edmund Burke, an Irishman, of a Roman Catholic family, and actually married to one of that persuasion. He had been known to the public for a few years by his '*Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful*,' and other ingenious works; but the narrowness of his fortune had kept him down, and his best revenue had arisen from writing for booksellers. Lord Rockingham, on being raised to the head of the Treasury, had taken Burke as his private secretary, as Mr. Conway had his cousin William. Edmund immediately proved a bitter scourge to George Grenville, whose tedious harangues he ridiculed with infinite wit, and answered with equal argument. Grenville himself was not more copious; but with unexhausted fertility, Burke had an imagination that poured out new ideas, metaphors, and allusions, which came forth ready dressed in the most ornamental, and yet the most correct language. In truth, he was so fond of flowers, that he snatched them if they presented themselves even from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. His wit, though prepared, seldom failed him; his judgment often. Aiming always at the brilliant, and

* *Memoirs of the reign of King George the Third*, by Horace Walpole, youngest son of Sir Robert Walpole, Earl of Orford. Now first published from the original MSS. Edited, with notes, by Sir D. Le Marchant, Bart. Vols. III. and IV. London: 1845.

rarely concise, it appeared that he felt nothing really but the lust of applause. His knowledge was infinite, but vanity had the only key to it; and though, no doubt, he aspired highly, he seemed content when he had satisfied the glory of the day, whatever proved the event of the debate. This kind of eloquence contented himself, and often his party; but the house grew weary at length of so many essays. Having come too late into public life, and being too conceited to study men whom he thought his inferiors in ability, he proved a very indifferent politician—the case of many men I have known, who have dealt too much in books or a profession; they apply their knowledge to objects to which it does not belong, and think it as easy to govern men when they rise above them, as they found, when themselves were lower, and we their superiors, by flattery. It is, perhaps, more expedient for a man of mean birth to be humble after his exaltation than before. Insolence is more easily tolerated in an inferior, than in an inferior mounted above his supe-

The feelings which Walpole betrays in this passage seem to have been the influencing principles of his life, and to have been shared with thousands. It is impossible to read a single page of the history of half a century ago, and not to feel that society has in late years made almost incredible advances. The triges for place which are here recorded—the diplomacy, every sentence of the language of which seemed an exercise of dishonest skill—the pitiful shuffling—the daring bravado—and, where nothing else would do, the bold, unblushing lie—all these things have past away; and political honesty is a word not absolutely without meaning. In Walpole's times, whenever he did not understand a man—when the motives on which a man acted were not intelligible on any of his narrow views—he had the ready solution, the man was mad, or a Methodist, and straightway came a cloud of anecdotes to establish insanity in the form of devotion or some other.

The volumes before us open with the year 1767, and with an account of the expulsion of the Jesuits from Spain. The measure is said to have been so wholly unexpected by them, that they were made prisoners in their convents throughout the kingdom, without having the least suspicion of what was intended. If this be indeed so, it goes

far to acquit them of the talent for intrigue with which they are charged. It is indeed strange, that a design such as that of their entire removal, could have existed for any time without being suspected by themselves, or communicated to them by some devotee in so pious a country as Spain.

“That fabric of human policy and wickedness fell to the ground in an instant. Not a murmur was heard against the rigour of the sentence, though they were conducted to the sea-coast like exiled malefactors, thrust into ships, and sent like cargoes of damaged goods to their proprietor, the pope.”

The pope did not receive them, on account of the expense attending their support; and they were at last despatched to Corsica, and given a franc a day to live on. Walpole was given an account of the causes that led to this, by M. Mello, the Portuguese minister in England, and attributes the bold step of thus getting rid of them, to the genius of Count D'Ocyras, the prime minister of Portugal. D'Ocyras found the Portuguese settlements that bordered on the French extremely neglected. The queen-regent of Spain had agreed to an exchange of lands, ceding to Portugal part of the Jesuits' territory of Paraguay, and intending to involve the court of Lisbon in a quarrel with the Jesuits.

“The Jesuits refused the exchange, and imputing the machination to D'Ocyras, endeavoured to excite the confessions of both kings and queens to attempt the ruin of that minister.”

This drew on them D'Ocyras's resentment, and their own ruin.

Such is Walpole's account of the matter, and if not accurate, is not absolutely irreconcilable with the true account given by Muriel in his supplementary chapter to the French translation of Coxe's History of the Spanish Bourbons. The exchange of lands to which Walpole refers was resisted for a considerable time by the Indian militia of the Jesuits. This led to the expulsion of the order from Portugal in 1759, and was not without influence on their fate through Europe. In 1764 they were driven from France. The real author of the measure ascribed to D'Ocyras, by Walpole, was

Don Pedro D'Aranda, President of the Council of Castile. His plans for the improvement of the country were inconsistent with the existence of the order. Their contriving to be employed in all the departments of the state identified them in the opinion of the people with all the abuses of an ill-governed country. D'Aranda succeeded in quelling a fierce insurrection, which for some hours had placed the royal family and the capital at the mercy of the mob; and when the danger was over, he arraigned the Jesuits as the instigators of the tumult. He obtained the royal edict for their expulsion; and no sooner was it obtained, than it appeared that arrangements had been already made to have it carried into instant execution.*

The period of English history with which these volumes commence was one of considerable importance—importance not felt as it ought by Walpole, with whom every thing is regarded rather as a struggle for power between individuals and representatives of family interests, than as involving principles, best discussed when all such interests are forgotten. The administration of Lord Rockingham had been broken up on the 30th of July, 1766, after a reign of one year and twenty days. They fell, and deserved to fall, being united by no principle. The individuals composing that ministry were respectable, but on the most important points they differed with each other. Burke spoke “of the distractions of the British empire having been composed by the repeal of the American stamp act.” It is hard to agree with him in this as a matter of fact; and we cannot but think that mischief, and little but mischief, could have arisen from the course pursued by the Rockingham administration, who at the same moment repealed the stamp act and asserted the right of arbitrary taxation of English colonies as existing in the British parliament. Their conduct on the American question was indecisive, and seemed almost to have been governed by accident. Nugent

(afterwards Lord Clare) insisted that the honour of England was pledged to support the stamp act, while General Conway expressed his entire agreement with the views urged by Pitt. The course suggested by Pitt, and supported by his most powerful eloquence, seems to us to have been the only safe one. He insisted on the mother country's unlimited power of legislation over her colonies, but he denied that taxation was any part of legislative power.

“The taxes are,” said he, “a voluntary gift, and grant of the Commons alone. If taxation be a part of simple legislation, the peers have rights in taxation as well as yourselves—rights which they will claim—which they will exercise, whenever the principle can be supported by power. There is an idea in some, that the colonies are virtually represented in the house. I would fain know by whom an American knight is represented here. Is he represented by a knight of the shire in any county in this kingdom?—or will you tell him that he is represented by any representative of a borough—of a borough which, perhaps, its own representatives never saw? This is what is called the rotten part of the constitution. *It cannot continue a century. If it does not drop, it must be amputated.* The idea of a virtual representation of America in this is the most contemptible idea that ever entered the head of any man. It does not deserve a serious refutation. . . . I rejoice that America has resisted. Three millions of people so dead to all the feelings of liberty, as voluntarily to submit to be slaves, would have been fit instruments to make slaves of all the rest.”

It is not probable that any course which might have been adopted could have much longer enabled us to retain America; but it seems not possible to have imagined any, less likely to be of use, than that which was adopted. To have distinctly repudiated the principle of the stamp act, when repealing it, would have been undoubtedly a more becoming course than the strange one of asserting the right,

* “The most minute arrangements had been made throughout Spain for its immediate execution by Campomanes, then a young man, and lately appointed to the ministry; and the skill with which this was accomplished is still cited by the native historians as the masterpiece of that statesman, high as his reputation deservedly stands as an economist, a writer, and a minister.”—*Sir D. Le Marchant.*

and admitting the want of power to enforce it. Before passing these contradictory measures, witnesses were examined, and, among others, Franklin, who expressed an opinion that the colonists would be satisfied with the repeal, even though accompanied with an act declaring the right of parliament to impose taxes at pleasure. A Whig ministry, every member of which entertained opposed views—disliked and distrusted by the king, whose personal feelings were mixed up with the American question to such a degree, as to make him resent any concession,—ill seconded even by the usual adherents of ministry, as several of the offices were occupied by the remains of Lord Bute's party, who defied every effort to dislodge them,—and assailed by the thunder of Pitt's indignant eloquence, could not long stand. They were destined to fall by internal treason, or what can be scarcely distinguished from such. Lord Northington, who held the great seal, had differed with his colleagues on several occasions, but does not appear to have communicated to them his intention of releasing himself from office, or his conviction of their inability to carry on the business of government. Early in 1766, it would appear, from Lord Henley's Memoir, that his health was much impaired, and that he desired an "honourable and quiet retreat." "To obtain this, he determined to break up the administration of which he formed a part, and to accept a subordinate, but less laborious situation, among their successors." On the 5th of July, he informed the king that the ministry could not retain their situation, declined attending any more cabinet meetings, and recommended his majesty to send for Mr. Pitt. Lord Northington, on the 7th of July, forwarded a note from the king to Mr. Pitt, and in a postscript to the letter enclosing this note says—"I have not uttered a word of this business but to Lord Camden." —

The formation of the Chatham administration disappointed all who were concerned in it, except, perhaps, Lord Northington, who, in the new arrangements, was lord president. The king intended that most of the existing ministry should remain in. This was found unmanageable, from the differences between Pitt, (Lord Chatham), and Lord Temple. Charles Townshend, an important figure in the drama about to commence, had been paymaster-general, and was now made chancellor of the exchequer. The great difference of income between the office which he held and that which was offered him, made the negotiation with him of some difficulty,† and his delays and indecision seem to have lost the ministry the important aid of Dowdeswell. A letter of Dowdeswell to his wife, written on the day the Rockingham went down, augured too truly the fate of the Chatham adventure:—

"Lord Dartmouth has resigned. Stanley goes to Petersburg. . . . Politicians at court conclude, that Pitt being made a peer, means to say he has formed a ministry, and they may now shift for themselves. Fine discordant elements. On my conscience, if they offer me, I shall doubt the prudence of accepting, where the administration is so little likely to be lasting."

Before the end of the year Sir Charles Saunders, Sir William Meredith, and Admiral Keppel resigned their places at the admiralty, and the Duke of Portland and other Lords withdrew their support.‡

There was a failure of the harvest this year; there was an actual scarcity of grain, and the popular feeling expressed itself in several acts of violence. The military were called in, and several lives lost. The price of grain was said to have risen in consequence of forestalling and monopoly, and proclamations were issued against these very doubtful offences. Another proclamation was sent forth, prohibiting the exportation of wheat, and an

* Chatham Correspondence, Vol. II. p. 435, and Sir Henry Cavendish's Debates, Vol. I. p. 577.

† The paymaster-general's office was worth £7000 a year—the other £2500.—See the king's letter to Mr. Pitt.—*Chatham Correspondence*, Vol. II. p. 454.

‡ Memoir of Dowdeswell, by his son.—*Cavendish's Debates*, Vol. I., Appendix, p. 580.

embargo laid on all outward-bound ships laden with corn.

November came, and with it the meeting of parliament. The urgency of the occasion had led the ministry to impose the embargo without the sanction of the legislature, and they now came to ask an indemnity for the officers who had acted under the orders of council. The opposition was strong, and a vexatious amendment was moved, which proposed to include in the bill of indemnities the ministers who advised, as well as the officers who had executed this stretch of the prerogative, which it was insisted violated the first principles of the constitution. Lord Chatham was confined to his house by illness at the time the embargo was discussed in council, but his strenuous advice was for it; and Lord Camden, the chancellor, insisted, in the House of Lords, that the prohibition was a due exercise of authority. "The crown," said he—"the sole executive power is to be intrusted with the safety of the state during the recess of parliament, which is at most a forty days' tyranny." Lords Mansfield, Temple, and Lyttleton, stood forward against this doctrine. "Dispensing with the consent of parliament was expressly mentioned in the bill of rights as one of the grievances under the despotism sought to be established by James II. In no tyranny on earth was any plea ever used but that of the good of the people." But Camden's thunder was that which produced the loudest and most prolonged echo. "Forty days' tyranny!" How often had the noble lord been heard to say that the price of one hour's liberty none could tell but an English jury: but forty days' tyranny—of the crown—over the people—who could endure the thought?

"My lords," said one of the speakers, "less than forty days' tyranny, such as the country has sometimes felt, would, I believe, bring your lordships together, without a summons, from your sick-beds, riding even upon post-horses, in hot weather, faster than our great patriots themselves, to get a place or a pension, or both: yet establish a dispensing power, and you cannot be sure of either liberty or laws for forty minutes. The dispensing power is the rock which English history has warned against with such awful beacons—an

attempt that lost two princes their crowns, and one his head, and that at length expelled his family out of this land of liberty to the regions of tyranny."

In these difficulties, Chatham made an abortive attempt to attach the Bedford interest to his side; and this failing, he sought to withdraw from that powerful family some of their adherents, by the gift of peerages. A more unpopular demonstration of weakness was a sort of coalition with the court party: Lord De Spencer, who had been Lord Bute's Chancellor of the Exchequer, was made Postmaster; and Mr. Jenkinson (afterwards Lord Liverpool), who had been Bute's private secretary, was made a Lord of the Admiralty.

At the close of the session of 1766, a committee had been appointed to inquire into the affairs of the East India Company, and an order made for printing their papers, which was violently resisted by the directors, as tending to expose confidential letters. The inquiry involved questions of scarcely less moment than those which the American dispute forced into agitation. The right of the Company to its territorial possessions was denied, as not included in, or in any way derivable from its charter as a trading corporation; and, on the other hand, the inquiry was treated as an invasion of the rights of private property. On this, as on the American question, the argument, *ab inconvenienti*, was urged beyond all fair application. The Americans can have committed no offence, it was argued in the one case—as, though you may put them on their trial for treason or sedition, you will find no juries to convict; and in the same way was the case of the India Company dealt with. The crown can have no rights, it was said, for there are no courts in which such rights could be tried; the absence of any right was argued, from there being no known machinery of the law applicable to the occasion. In both cases the practical answer is the same. If laws cannot be carried into effect, the country is compelled to new legislation. The very fact of there being no legal remedy in cases where the defect cannot be supplied by the courts of equity, is an imperative reason for the inter-

ference of the legislature. An inquiry was ordered, and Walpole tells us that, on the reassembling of parliament in the following Spring,

"The directors of the East India Company, alarmed at the strength of the evidence against them, had determined to make a compromise or bargain with the government; and, fearing that Lord Chatham would reject their proposal, had sent severally round to the members of the cabinet to desire to treat. At a council held the evening before the meeting of parliament, Conway brought them all over to his opinion for a treaty; and he, with the Duke of Grafton and Charles Townshend; were commissioned by the rest to negotiate. The last was grown a great advocate for the Company, and said that now, on the death of his wife's mother, the Duchess of Argyll, he himself was become a considerable proprietor of India stock. All the truth was, that he intended to be so; the duchess had not a shilling in that fund. He had acted with the same lightness when, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, he had been to open the budget before the holidays. He had caused Onslow to make his excuse on pretence of illness, and then appeared there, walking about the House. Two days after, he did open it; but of that more hereafter, when I come to speak of his proposed taxes."—*Vol. III. pp. 12, 13.*

An agreement was at last come to between the company and the government, which was amusingly interfered with by the proprietors. A court of proprietors was called to ratify the terms, and they, instead of proceeding to the business for which they had been called, chose to treat themselves with a dividend before the funds should be tied up for the purposes of the treaty. The directors had anticipated this danger, and forewarned ministers of it, but were afraid to acknowledge to the court of proprietors that they had made the communication. The House of Commons was indignant at what was certainly, in the circumstances, a gross breach of faith. The directors were examined at the bar of the House, and Mr. Dyson moved for leave to bring in a bill for regulating the making of dividends.

"It was on that day, and on that occasion, that Charles Townshend displayed in a latitude beyond belief, the

amazing powers of his capacity, and the no less amazing incongruities of his character. He had taken on himself, early in the day, the examination of the Company's conduct; and in a very cool sensible speech on that occasion, and with a becoming consciousness of his own levity, had told the House that he hoped he had atoned for the inconsideration of his past life, by the care he had taken of that business. He had scarce uttered this speech, but, as if to atone for that (however false) atonement, he left the House and went home to dinner, not concerning himself with Dyson's motion that was to follow. As that motion was, however, of a novel nature, it produced suspicion, objection, and difficulties. Conway being pressed, and not caring to be the sole champion of an invidious measure, that was in reality not only in Townshend's province, but which he had had a principal hand in framing, sent for him back to the House. He returned about eight in the evening, half drunk with champagne, and more intoxicated with spirits. He rose to speak without giving himself time to learn, and without caring what had been in agitation, except that the motion had given an alarm. The first thing he did, was to call God to witness that he had not been consulted on the motion,—a confession implying that he was not consulted on a business in his own department; and the more marvellous, as the disgrace of which he seemed to complain or boast of, was absolutely false. There were sitting round him twelve persons who had been in consultation with him that very morning, and with his assistance had drawn up the motion, on his own table, and who were petrified at his most unparalleled effrontery, and causeless want of truth. When he sat down again, Conway asked him softly, how he could affirm so gross a falsehood? He replied carelessly, 'I thought it would be better to say so;' but before he sat down, he had poured forth a torrent of wit, parts, humour, knowledge, absurdity, vanity, and fiction, heightened by all the graces of comedy, the happiness of allusion and quotation, and the buffoonery of farce. To the purpose of the question he said not a syllable. It was a descant on the times, a picture of parties, of their leaders, of their hopes, and defects. It was an encomium and a satire on himself: and while he painted the pretensions of birth, riches, connections, favour, titles; while he affected to praise Lord Rockingham, and that faction, and yet insinuated that nothing but parts like his own were qualified to preside; and while he less covertly arraigned the

wild incapacity of Lord Chatham,* he excited such murmurs of wonder, admiration, applause, laughter, pity, and scorn, that nothing was so true as the sentence with which he concluded, when speaking of Government; he said it was become what he himself had often been called—a weathercock.

“Such was the wit, abundance, and impropriety of this speech, that for some days men could talk or inquire of nothing else. ‘Did you hear Charles Townshend’s champagne speech?’ was the universal question. For myself, I protest it was the most singular pleasure of the kind I ever tasted. The bacchanalian enthusiasm of Pindar flowed in torrents less rapid and less eloquent, and inspires less delight, than Townshend’s imagery, which conveyed meaning in every sentence. It was Garrick writing and acting extempore scenes of Congreve. A light circumstance increased the mirth of the audience. In the fervour of speaking, Townshend rubbed off the patch from his eye, which he had represented as grievously cut three days before: no mark was discernible, but to the nearest spectators a scratch so slight, that he might have made, and perhaps had made it himself with a pin.† To me the entertainment of the day was complete. He went to supper with us at Mr. Conway’s, where, the flood of his galaxy not being ex-

hausted, he kept the table in a roar till two in the morning, by various sallies and pictures, the last of which was a scene in which he mimicked inimitably his own wife, and another great lady with whom he fancied himself in love.” —*Vol. III. pp. 23–26.*

The India affair was finally settled by a compromise with the directors; but the act of the general court of proprietors led to important changes in the constitution and powers of the company. The qualification to vote was restricted to persons possessed of a larger quantity of stock, and the amount of dividends itself was regulated. In argument the ministry undoubtedly had the best of it; as previously the company had the power of declaring dividends without reference to the actual state of its funds. The fluctuation in India stock introduced a spirit of gambling into the country, which, when India stock was at all high, was cherished at the expense of other stocks, and what was felt of most moment, the dividends declared encroached on the revenue of the late territorial acquisitions of the company, and it was far from certain that there might not be actual loss from that

* Mr. Townshend had not many months before entertained a very different opinion of this great man, as appears from the following passage in the Duke of Grafton’s MS. Memoirs. “On the night preceding Lord Chatham’s first journey to Bath, Mr. Charles Townshend was for the first time summoned to the Cabinet. The business was on a general view and statement of the actual situation and interests of the various powers in Europe. Lord Chatham had taken the lead in this consideration in so masterly a manner, as to raise the admiration and desire of us all to co-operate with him in forwarding his views. Mr. Townshend was particularly astonished, and owned to me, as I was carrying him in my carriage home, that Lord Chatham had just shown to us what inferior animals we were, and that as much as he had seen of him before, he did not conceive till that night his superiority to be so very transcendent.”

† The following more friendly account of this singular scene is transcribed from Sir George Colebrooke’s Memoirs.

“Mr. Townshend loved good living, but had not a strong stomach. He committed therefore frequent excesses, considering his constitution, which would not have been intemperance in another. He was supposed, for instance, to have made a speech in the heat of wine, when that was really not the case. It was a speech in which he treated with great levity, but with wonderful art, the characters of the Duke of Grafton and Lord Shelburne, whom, though his colleagues in office, he entertained a sovereign contempt for, and heartily wished to get rid of. He had a black ribbon over one of his eyes that day, having tumbled out of bed probably in a fit of epilepsy, and this added to the impression made on his auditors that he was tipsy, whereas it was a speech he had meditated a great while upon, and it was only by accident that it found utterance that day. I write with certainty, because Sir George Younge and I were the only persons who dined with him, and we had but one bottle of champagne after dinner, General Conway having repeatedly sent messengers to press his return to the House.”

‡ See, however, the protest in the House of Lords, understood to be drawn up by Burke.

territory, if, indeed, it could be at all preserved. The bill was carried, but with a minority so strong as to show the weakness of ministry. Of the debates on the India question no reports have been preserved: but in a letter of Sir Henry Fetherstonehaugh to Lord Clive, Burke's is described as having been the finest piece of oratory. Lord Chatham, the head of the ministry, was at the time ill, and a mysterious silence was observed as to the nature of the disease, which gave rise to all manner of reports, some of which we shall mention before closing this article. By some the illness was altogether denied—by some strangely exaggerated. The cabinet, the great strength of which was his name, appeared strangely deprived of his services; yet he was mysteriously referred to as the unseen agent of a power behind the throne, and greater than the throne. From Fetherstonehaugh's extracts from the speech, it appears to have been wildly extravagant, irreverent, and in Burke's very worst style.

"Perhaps this house," said he, "is not the place where our reasons can be of any avail. The great person who is to determine on this question may be a being far above our view—one so immeasurably high, that the greatest abilities (and he pointed to Mr. Townshend), or the most amiable dispositions (and he pointed to Mr. Conway) that are to be found in this house, may not gain access to him—a being before whom

'thrones, dominations, principedoms, virtues, powers,' (and he waved his hand over the treasury bench, which he sat behind)—all veil their wings; but though our arguments may not reach him, probably our prayers may."

He then apostrophised into a solemn prayer to the Great Minister above that rules and governs over all, to have mercy upon us, and not to destroy the work of his own hands—to have mercy on the public credit, of which he had made so free and large an use. "Doom not," added he, "to perdition that vast public debt, a mass, seventy millions of which thou hast employed in rearing a pedestal for thy own statue!"*

But India and its concerns were as nothing compared with the difficulties of the American question.† On the 27th of February, 1767, Townshend had, in the committee of ways and means, moved that the land-tax should be continued at four shillings in the pound. In time of peace, the tax had usually been three shillings, and on an amendment to reduce it to that rate, ministry were left in a minority of eighteen. This was the first money bill in which the minister had been defeated since the Revolution, and it was looked upon as a fatal symptom. "The majority was composed of the gentlemen composing the Cocoa-tree,‡ the Bedfords, Grenvilles, Rockinghams, and Newcastle, united with

* Life of Lord Clive, Vol. III. p. 199.

† On the 18th February, the ministry were in considerable danger. Flood was present at the debate, and gives an account of it in a letter to Lord Charlemont:—"The house sat till eight—an excellent debate. American extraordinaries were the subject, and the question was put upon a motion of George Grenville, that an address be presented, to pray that the extraordinary expenses in America may be lessened, and that the troops be withdrawn from the frontiers and forts to the internal part of the provinces. The numbers were 62 to 139; the most powerful minority that has yet appeared, especially considering that few of the Rockinghams voted. There was a great deal of good speaking. Conway spoke often and well; George Grenville very little in two hours; Charles Townshend, who would probably have been silent, had he not been called up by Rigby, excelled himself. I never heard even him so well: he harangued most inimitably on both sides of the question, and by turns was cheered by every party in the house. Burke did not speak. His brother had the misfortune to break his leg, and his uneasiness at this unlucky accident was one cause of his silence."

‡ Gibbon describes this club in his journal (Nov. 1762) "That respectable body, of which I had the honour of being a member, affords every evening a sight truly English. Twenty or thirty, perhaps of the first men in the kingdom in point of fashion and fortune, supping at little tables covered with a napkin, in the middle of a coffee-room, upon a bit of cold meat or a sandwich, and drinking a glass of punch. At present, we are full of King's Councillors and Lords of the bed-chamber, who, having jumped into the ministry, make a very singular medley of their old principles and language with their modern ones."—*Miscellaneous Works, Vol. I.*

others who had county or popular elections. The measure cripples the treasury operations to such a degree this year, that it is a most disheartening thing to those who wish to do a little good.* This defeat had results that were at the time little anticipated. The diminution of the land-tax compelled Townshend to look round for other sources of revenue, and in an unhappy hour he remembered a distinction often urged in the debates on the American Stamp Act between internal and external taxation. It was said that nothing could be more reasonable than imposing customs for the regulation of trade; that taxes levied for the purpose of raising a revenue were altogether different, and that the Americans would never think of resisting duties which, though levied in America, were not laid on American growth or American industry. This led the Chancellor of the Exchequer to affirm, perhaps to believe, that American pride was concerned with the matter more than any deeper feeling, and that by changing the form of the thing he would reconcile them to a substantial payment. The real fact seems to have been, that the court never abandoned the principle of taxation—that they thought they had power to crush America at any moment—that they were not indisposed to punish what they regarded as the treason of the resisting provinces, and that Townshend wished to ingratiate himself with the court; for the possible amount to be derived from these taxes was very inconsiderable—not more, according to his own estimate, than from thirty-five to forty thousand pounds a-year. He was misled, too, by the Americans themselves, who said to him, "Take the tax; let it but bear the appearance of port duties, and it will not be objected to."† The measure itself was opposed but by a small minority; and even to that minority its due weight was not given, as it appeared influenced by merchants engaged in the American trade, who were supposed to be panic-stricken by their fear of losing the debts due to them in the Colonies.

"The country, also," says Sir D. le Marchant, "had taken umbrage at the intemperate language of the colonists, and regarded with some distrust the moderate policy of the government, so that Mr. Townshend had to contend with the taunts of the Opposition, the popular voice, and the wishes of the court—a combination far too strong for a statesman of his temperament to resist."

Townshend's speech was a clever one, and carried the House with it; but it set America in a flame. "Authority," says Walpole, "never measures liberty downward. Rarely is liberty supposed to mean the independence of those below us; it is our own freedom from the yoke of superiors. The Peer dreads the King—the Commoner the Peer—the American the Parliament. Each American trader thought himself a Brutus or Hampden, while he wrestled with the House of Commons; yet his poor negroes felt that their master, Brutus, was a worse tyrant than Nero or Muley Ishmael. Had the parliament of England presumed by one god-like act, to declare all the slaves in our colonies freemen, not a patriot in America but would have clamoured against the violation of property, and protested that to abolish the power of imposing chains was to impose them. O man! man! dare not to vaunt your virtue, while self-interest lurks in every pore." Walpole, in analysing the motives of those who took a part in the debate, describes Beckford, who pleaded for the colonies, and against some measures of punishment which accompanied Townshend's scheme of taxation, as acting in concert with Lord Chatham, with the object—more likely to occur to Walpole than to Chatham—that while the ministers humbled the colonies, he might himself be still thought favourable to them. Walpole adds that duplicity of the period ran through the whole of Chatham's second administration. Walpole was persuaded of Chatham's actual madness, and he tells a long story to prove it.

When Lord Chatham inherited Sir

* Chatham Correspondence, Vol. III. p. 224. *Letter of the Duke of Grafton.*

† See Thomas Townshend's speech, *February 8, 1769. Cavendish's Debates*, Vol. I. p. 213.

William Pynsent's estate, he removed to it, and sold his house at Hayes—a place which had cost him vast sums of money, and yet exhibited but little trace of such expenditure, a great part having been consumed in purchasing contiguous tenements to free himself from neighbourhood; much had gone in doing and undoing, and not a little in planting by torchlight, as his peremptory and impatient temper could brook no delay. His children he could not bear under the same roof, nor communications from room to room, nor whatever he thought promoted noise. "At the commencement of his second administration, when he settled at Hampstead, he took four or five houses, to ward off the noises of neighbourhood. At Pynsent his caprices were in the same way displayed." "A bleak hill bounded the view; he ordered it to be planted with cedars and cypresses. All Somersetshire would not furnish the hundredth part necessary, and they were brought from London. His abstemious privacy bore a considerable article in his housekeeping. His sickly and uncertain appetite was never regular, and his temper would put up with no defect. Hence a succession of chickens were boiling and roasting at every hour, to be ready when he should call." He now formed a strong desire to repossess Hayes, which he had sold to Thomas Walpole. In the course of the negotiation, Walpole communicated the matter to the chancellor, who thought Chatham mad. James Grenville was sent for. Grenville said that he had seen Lord Chatham the day before, and thought him better. "Was Hayes mentioned?" "Yes, and he then became furious." Walpole adds that he was calm and cheerful till politics were mentioned, and "then started, fell into trembling, and the conversation was broken off." There seems no reason to think that Walpole was right in the inference that Lord Chatham's incapacity for business arose from mental alienation: but the fact itself of his absence, and the belief that on the American question his opinions differed from those of his colleagues, were sufficient to add fearfully to the dangers of the ministry. Assistance from some quarter or other was necessary, more particularly as on the Indian bill the cabinet itself was

divided, and their disunion was exhibited in the debates on that question. New arrangements were plainly required, and in negotiating these, Walpole seems to have been an active party.

"The Duke of Grafton himself, who could not penetrate to Lord Chatham, thought some change necessary. Lord Northington, alarmed for himself by the attack in the *Canada* papers, and apt to scent decay in a ministry, told Lord Hertford the present system could not hold. I engaged Lord Hertford to warn the king not to open his closet precipitately on Lord Northington's alarm. But I was not without apprehension myself on meeting the Duke of Grafton returning very privately from Richmond—nothing being so unusual as his majesty seeing any ministers there. The king had sent for him, and insisted on his seeing Lord Chatham the next day. The duke was very inquisitive to know how Lord Chatham was. I told the duke he would find him much disordered. The duke said to me, 'If we can beat them well in the House of Lords next Tuesday, perhaps we may get the Bedfords.' I was struck, and concluded that Lord Bute was terrified at the Duke of Bedford's and Digby's late attacks; on that Lord Northington had alarmed both him and the king; but Lord Hertford assured me that the duke's own propensity lay towards the Bedfords."—*Walpole, Vol. III. p. 49.*

Sir D. Le Marchant gives us the Duke's own account of his interview with Lord Chatham:—

"Though I expected to find Lord Chatham very ill indeed, his situation was different from what I had imagined: his nerves and spirits were affected to a dreadful degree, and the sight of his great mind, bowed down, and thus weakened by disorder, would have filled me with grief and concern, even if I had not long borne a sincere attachment to his person and character. The confidence he reposed in me demanded every return on my part, and it appeared like cruelty in me to have been urged by any necessity to put a man I valued to so great suffering. The interview was long and painful: I had to run over the many difficulties of the session, for his lordship, I believe, had not once attended the house since his last return from Bath. I had to relate the struggles we had experienced in carrying some points, especially in the House of Lords; the opposition, also,

we had encountered in the East India business, from Mr. Conway, as well as Mr. Townshend, together with the unaccountable conduct of the latter gentleman, who had suffered himself to be led to pledge himself at last, contrary to the known decision of every member of the cabinet, to draw a certain revenue from the colonies, without offence to the Americans themselves; and I was sorry to inform Lord Chatham that Mr. Townskend's flippant boasting was received with strong marks of a blind and greedy approbation from the body of the house; and I endeavoured to lay every thing before his lordship as plainly as I was able, and assured him that Lords Northington and Camden had both empowered me to declare how earnestly they desired to receive his advice as to assisting and strengthening the system he had established by some adequate accession, without which they were satisfied it could not nor ought to proceed.

"It was with difficulty that I brought Lord Chatham to be sensible of the weakness of his administration, or the power of the united faction against us, though we received every mark we could desire of his majesty's support. At last, after much discourse and some arguing, he proceeded to entreat me to remain in my present station, taking that method to strengthen the ministry which should appear to me to be the most eligible; and he assured me that if Lords Northington and Camden, as well as myself, did not retain our high places, there would be an end to all his hopes of being ever serviceable again as a public man."

The duke reported this interview to the king, whom he describes as being greatly agitated. The king was not disinclined to treat with Lord Rockingham; but of George Grenville he would not hear. Grenville's offences were of a kind not easily forgiven. In the regency bill on George the Third's first illness, Grenville had omitted the dowager princess; and the mysterious influence of the lady and Lord Bute were supposed still to influence the mind of the king. In the India bill he

alleged that the object of the ministry was not to vest the money that might be obtained from the company in the "public," but in the "crown." "The king," says Walpole, "highly resented the insinuation — perhaps resented Grenville's dislike of such a disposition." It was his perverse fate to annoy the king at all times. When part of the Green Park was taken in to form a new garden for Buckingham House, the fields on the opposite side of the road were to be sold—the price twenty thousand pounds. This sum Grenville would not issue from the treasury. The ground was sold to builders, and houses erected, which, to the king's great annoyance, overlooked his private walks. There were other causes of offence; and the king asserted that he had almost sooner resign his crown than consent to receive George Grenville again. It was proposed to call in Lord Rockingham and his friends; and some overtures were at first made, in which the extent of power to be given to them was not so distinctly stated as to remove the possibility of mistake or evasion.* The fact seems to be that the king's object was to have an ostensible minister, while all real power was to be his own, or that of the secret junto, which, whether truly or not, was supposed to be directed by Lord Bute as its animating spirit. Lord Rockingham had been really and truly minister; but he was compelled to resign from his wanting the confidence of the king. Chatham was also a real minister; but his broken health, and the peculiar impracticability of his temper and nature, withdrew him from business, and affairs again fell into the hands of men who consented to act as the servants of the court.† The maxim that had been expressed by Lord Bath at the close of the former reign, and in which Lord Bute had expressed his concurrence, namely, "*that official persons were the servants of the executive power, and not that*

* The dealing with Lord Rockingham appears to have been throughout insincere. Walpole tells us, without seeming to feel how disgraceful his own conduct was, "I told him (the Duke of Grafton) there were but three options—to *take the Rockinghams, and get rid of them again as soon as possible*; to engage Mr. Conway to accept the treasury, which I could scarce think practicable; or to place the Duke of Northumberland there, since, if Lord Bute would govern, he and his friends ought to stand in the front of the battle, instead of exposing others to danger for him."—*Walpole*, Vol. III. p. 67.

† See Le Marchant.

power itself," seems to have been the principle which George III. at all times sought to reduce to practice. The Grenvilles were the chief cause of the impossibility of any arrangement. Sir D. Le Marchant quotes a letter of the Duke of Bedford's to Lord Rockingham, written during these negotiations, which shows that he would have been satisfied with such a share of power as would "rescue the king and country out of the hands of Lord Bute, and restore strength and energy to the government, and a constitutional footing, free from *favours* and the *guidance* of a minister not in a responsible employment." Grenville's concurrence depended on the condition that a plan of measures should be adopted to the satisfaction of Lord Temple and himself, and particularly the capital measure of asserting and *establishing* the sovereignty of Great Britain over the colonies. This latter condition, considering its necessary meaning in the mouth of Grenville, the author of the stamp act, rendered union with the Rockingham party impossible. "Mr. Burke," says Sir D. Le Marchant, "must have strangely deceived himself, when he complimented the Marquis on his magnanimity in refusing office at the price of the abandonment of his friends. It was the union of the Bedford and Grenville parties that had broken up his administration, and now alone prevented his reconstructing it with the additional injury of almost destroying the opposition." The intrigues ended in keeping in the ministry, with the accession of Lord North, and in the Bedfords putting in Lord Weymouth as secretary of state, and Lord Gower lord president, in the place of Northington. During these arrangements, Charles Townshend died. We transcribe Walpole's character of him. It is probably more just than Burke's panegyric:—

"On the 4th of September died Charles Townshend, of ~~the~~ neglected fever, &c. I think, the forty-second year of his age. He met his approaching fate with a good humour that never forsook him, and with an equanimity that he had ever shown on the most trifling occasions. Though cut off so immaturally, it is a question whether he had not lived long enough for his character. His genius could have received no ac-

cession of brightness; his faults only promised multiplication. He had almost every great talent, and every little quality. His vanity exceeded even his abilities, and his suspicions seemed to make him doubt whether he had any. With such a capacity he must have been the greatest man of this age, and perhaps inferior to no man in any age, had his faults been only in a moderate proportion—in short, if he had but common truth, common sincerity, common honesty, common modesty, common steadiness, common courage, and common sense."—Vol. III. pp. 99, 100.

Walpole's editor adds, in a note, the following information about Townshend, from Mr. George Colebrooke's memoirs:—

"The ambition of Mr. Townshend would not have been gratified but by being minister; and doubtless had he lived to see the Duke of Grafton resign, he must have had the offer which was made to Lord North, who succeeded him as Chancellor of the Exchequer. But he never would have remained premier as long as Lord North did. Though much his superior in eloquence and abilities, he wanted the nerve necessary to conduct business with steadiness; and instead of engaging in hostilities with America, he would have been the first to flinch from them, had he lived, and been allowed to guide. So far, therefore, his death may be considered as a public loss. As a private man, his friends had used to say that they should not see his like again. Though they were often the butts of his wit, they always returned to his company with fresh delight, which they would not have done had there been either malice or rancour in what he said. He loved society, and in his choice of friends preferred those over whom he had a decided superiority in talent. He was satisfied when he put the table in a roar, and he did not like to see it done by another. When Garrick and Foote were present, he took the lead, and hardly allowed them an opportunity of showing their talents of mimicry, because he could excel them in their own art. He shone particularly in taking off the principal members of the House of Commons. Vanity was his ruling passion, and he sacrificed, even before his wife and daughter, all sense of decorum to a joke: I have seen instances of this which would have shocked Lord Rochester. Among the few he feared was Mr. Selwyn; and at a dinner at Lord Gower's they had a trial of skill in which Mr. Selwyn prevailed. When

the company broke up, Mr. Townshend, to show he had no animosity, carried him in his carriage to White's; and as they parted, Mr. Selwyn could not help saying, 'Remember, this is the first set-down you have given me to-day.' As Mr. Townshend lived at considerable expense, and had little paternal fortune, he speculated occasionally both in the French and English funds. With regard to the first, he had a concern with me in *contrats sur le cuir*, in which we lost, and he gave me his bond for his share of the difference, which was paid after his death. When he was Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Duke of Grafton gave a dinner to several of the principal men in the city to settle the loan. Mr. Townshend came in his nightgown, and after dinner, when the terms were settled, and everybody present wished to introduce some friend on the list of subscribers, he pretended to cast up the sums already admitted, said the loan was full, huddled up his papers, got into a chair and returned home, reserving to himself by this manœuvre a large share in the loan. Where he was really a great man was in parliament. Nobody, excepting Mr. Pitt, possessed a style of oratory so perfectly suited to the house. He read sermons, particularly Sherlock, as models of eloquence and argumentation."—pp. 101, 102.

To please his brother, Lord Townshend had been sent over to Ireland. On his first coming, he was popular. "He carried with him the consent of the king, that the judges there should hold their places as in England, *quandiu se bene gesserint*." Walpole tells us that "obstinate against advice, thirsting for low popularity, and void even of decorum, he soon lost all consideration. Drunkenness and buffoonery, unsupported by parts or policy, rendered him the scorn even of the populace. That he might exempt himself from the reproach of whatever in its instructions was disagreeable to the Irish, he spoke of himself as intrusted with no power, and giving a loose to his turn for caricature, he drew ridiculous pictures of himself, in ignominious attitudes; with his hands tied behind him, thus shunning opposition by meriting contempt."

During Townshend's viceroyalty the bill for limiting the duration of parliament became law. The parliament had hitherto lasted for the life of the reigning king. So long ago as the

year 1761, the measure was introduced in the Irish House of Commons, but was negatived by a large majority, under circumstances that made the public who were anxious for the bill distrust the sincerity of their representatives. In the two following years it was again brought before the house, and at last, after a languid progress, having passed the House of Commons, was, according to the usage of that period, sent to the privy council, in the hope of its being thrown into a corner. They judged rightly—it was thrown aside and neglected, and nothing could be done for another session. Again the people petitioned, and again the Commons passed the bill and sent it to the privy council, hoping the same result. The Commons thought to have had the cheap popularity of passing the measure, sure of its never becoming law. They were disappointed. "The privy council"—we quote from Hardy's life of Charlemont—"began to feel that this scene of deception had been long enough played by the Commons, and being out of humour that the plaudits of the nation should be bestowed on the Commons, while the privy council was rendered odious to the country, dropped the curtain at once, and certified the bill to the English privy council, satisfied," says Hardy, "that it would encounter a chilling reception there. The aspect of affairs was again changed. The Irish privy council had disappointed the Commons—the English cabinet now resolved to disappoint and punish both. They returned the bill, and gave orders for the calling of a new parliament."

The account which we have abridged from Hardy is not substantially different from Walpole's narrative of the passing of the septennial, or rather the octennial bill (for it was altered to this extent), but we think there is very great reason to doubt that the movement of the Irish privy council or the English cabinet was altogether adopted in such anger, and from such accidental impulses as it is attributed to. That the Irish *undertakers*, as they were called, had determined to trip the bill at some stage, we have no doubt, and their disappointment at its passing can scarcely be exaggerated. But a letter from Lord Camden to the Duke of Grafton proves that the plan

was part of the policy of the English government for the better conduct of affairs in Ireland. He tells him "that the time must come when a different plan of government ought to take place in Ireland. Lord Chatham had intended to begin it; and to enable himself to contend with the powerful connections there, proposed to establish himself on the basis of a just popularity, by shortening the duration of parliament, and granting other measures which the Irish seem most to have at heart. These views," he adds, "went far beyond the reach of Lord Townshend."

Of the way in which the bill was received in Ireland by the *undertakers*, Hardy has preserved an amusing picture.

"It is impossible," he says, "not to mention in this place an anecdote, which I heard from Lord Charlemont, as well as others. He happened, at this time, to dine with one of the great parliamentary leaders,—a large company, and, as Bub Dodgington says of some of his dinners with the Pelhams, much drink and much goodhumour. In the midst of this festivity, the papers and letters of the last English packet, which had just come in, were brought into the room, and given to the master of the house. Scarcely had he read one or two of them, when it appeared that he was extremely agitated. The company was alarmed. 'What's the matter?'—nothing, we hope, has happened that ——— 'Happened!' exclaimed their kind host, and swearing most piteously—'Happened!' the Octennial Bill is returned!" A burst of joy from Lord Charlemont, and the very few real friends of the bill, who happened to be present! The majority of the company, confused, and, indeed almost astonished, began, after the first involuntary dejection of their features, to recollect that they had, session after session, yearly voted for this bill, with many an internal curse, heaven knows! But still they had been its loudest advocates; and, therefore, it would be somewhat decorous not to appear too much cast down at their own unexpected triumph. In consequence of these politic reflections, they endeavoured to adjust their looks to the joyous occasion as well as they could. But they were soon spared the awkwardness of assumed felicity. 'The bill is not only returned,' continued their chieftain, 'but the parliament is dissolved!' 'Dissolved!—dissolved!—why dissolved?' 'My good

friends, I can't tell you why or wherefore; but dissolved it is, or will be directly.' Hypocrisy, far more disciplined than theirs, could lend its aid no further. If the first intelligence which they heard was tolerably doleful, this was complete discomfiture. They sank into taciturnity, and the leaders began to look, in fact, what they had been so often politically called, a company of undertakers. They had assisted at the parliamentary funeral of some opponents; and now, like Charles the Fifth, though without his satiety of worldly vanities, they were to assist at their own. In the return of this fatal bill was their political existence completely inurned. Lord Charlemont took advantage of their silent mood, and quietly withdrew from this group of statesmen, than whom a more ridiculous, rueful set of personages in his life, he said, he never beheld."

Towards the close of the session an abortive attempt was made to introduce a bill against bribery at elections. The bill was introduced by Beckford, and resisted by Dowdeswell and Burke, on the ground of its multiplying oaths, and while it restrained the Commons, they said, it left the power of corruption in the crown and nobility. One clause went to disqualify those who bribe. The bill went into committee, but was lost. "The house," says, Walpole, "reasoned too soundly to attempt a vain cure for corruption, by increasing a blacker crime—perjury." The popular party who declaimed in favour of the bill, were not sorry, on the eve of a general election, to have it lost; and they thought to preserve their character at a cheaper sacrifice than the proposed act required. Luckily for them some boroughs were advertised for sale; and a couple of attorneys, who trafficked in such things, were sent to Newgate—a cheap way of settling the whole business.

"On the 11th of March, 1768, the parliament was dissolved. Thus ended that parliament, uniform in nothing but its obedience to the crown. To all I have said I will only add, that it would have deserved the appellation of one of the worst parliaments England ever saw, if its servility had not been so great that, as the times changed, it enacted remedies for the evils it had committed, with the same facility with which it had complied with the authors of those evils. Our ancestors, who dealt in epithets, might

have called it the *Impudent Parliament*."—*Early part of George the Third's Reign*, Walpole, Vol. III. p. 163.

Of the literature of the period we have a meagre account from Walpole. A few pamphlets of Burke's and Franklin's are all that are worth mentioning, in the way of politics or political economy. In poetry, the names that were then eminent, were Dalrymple, author of a Hudibrastic poem, called "Rodondo, or the State Jugglers," which Walpole praises, but of which he gives extracts, which show the praise was scarcely deserved; and Richard Bentley, son of the critic, and author, says Walpole, of one of the "wittiest satires in the language." He was lucky enough to hitch Lord Bute's name into a feeble rhyme, and this miserable compliment to the favourite brought him, we are told, "an accumulation of favours. In addition to a commissionership of lotteries, and other small places, he received a pension for his wife and himself of £500 a year." "Two other poets of great merit arose, who meddled not with politics—Dr. Goldsmith the correct author of the 'Traveller,' and Mr. Anstey who produced as original a poem as Hudibras itself, the new 'Bath guide.'"

"I do not know," adds Walpole, "whether this period may not be said to have given birth to another original poem; for notwithstanding its boasted ambiguity, and the singularity of its style, it remains in doubt with me and many others, whether 'Fingal' was not formed in this age from scraps, perhaps not modern, but of no very early date. Its sterility of ideas, the insipid sameness that reigns throughout, and the timidity with which it anxiously avoids every image that might affix it to any specific age, country, or religion, are far from bespeaking a savage bard, who, the more he was original, the more naturally he would have availed himself of the images and opinions around him. Few barbarous authors write with the fear of criticism before their eyes. The moon, a storm, the troubled ocean, a blasted heath, a single tree, a waterfall, and a ghost, take them away, and Cadmus's warriors, who started out of the earth, and killed one another before they had time to conceive an idea, were

as proper heroes for an epic poem, a Fingal and his captains."—*Walpole*, Vol. III. pp. 175, 176.

There was a day when Walpole would have given a different account of the Ossianic poems. Walpole mentions Robertson with vague praise, giving the preference to his history of Scotland over his other works, and thinking his Charles the Fifth his worst. Mrs. Macauley is mentioned with an anxiety to weigh praise with blame. With Walpole himself history would have become little more than gossiping anecdote, and the story of accidents and adventures—no providence to overrule—no principle to guide men. With Mrs. Macauley, on the contrary, some broad design of establishing a monarchy or a republic is regarded, in defiance of all evidence, as the sole motives which actuate the shadows of men whose actions she is describing—or, at least, as the only motives worth the commemoration of historic record. Her books are a heavy load, yet they are not much worse than Smollet or Belsham.

Walpole was not a member of the next parliament, nor are his accounts after 1768 of the shiftings of party as interesting as before. It is plain that there were inner movements of the court party with which he never was acquainted, and on which, in spite of all the private journals and letters that have since seen the light, a mystery hangs that has never been dissipated. It is certainly a remarkable thing, that although Walpole describes himself as a party negotiating between the Duke of Grafton and the representatives of the great interests whom it was sought to conciliate, his name does not occur either in the Duke of Bedford's narrative of these negotiations—in the extracts from the Duke of Grafton's journal, which have been published—or in Mr. Dowdeswell's memoir of his father. What is more extraordinary is, that although Lord Bute seems to have been the great object of fear with those who were then best informed, yet all later evidence seems to prove with certainty, that between him and the king there was no intercourse whatever, after his short administration. The extraordinary difficulty

which an examination of that evidence offers is, that conversations seem to have been carried on with the king on the supposition of such intercourse still subsisting. The Duke of Grafton, for instance, giving an account of some negotiations with Grenville previous to the formation of the Rockingham administration—"Grenville," he says, "in the name of the rest, acquainted the king that before they should again undertake his affairs, they must lay before him some questions to be answered by his majesty—on which the king, taking him up, said, 'Terms, I suppose, you mean, sir—what are they?' Mr. Grenville answered, that they should expect further assurance that Lord Bute should never meddle with state affairs of whatever sort." In reply to a letter of Lord Rockingham, dated June 16, 1765, the Duke of Bedford expressed himself favourable to a coalition, "as a means of rescuing the country out of the hands of Lord Bute."† The Duke of Bedford in an account of an interview with the king, June 12th, 1765, describes himself as asking the king, among other questions, on the part of the ministry, "whether he (the king) is not in his retirement beset with our avowed enemies?—whether the Earl of Bute's representing the ministers in a bad light to him, either by himself or his emissaries, is not an interfering (at least indirectly) in public councils?" He then tells us, that the king in reply stated, that Lord Bute was not consulted, and that "he had never done me any ill offices with his Majesty." There can be no doubt of the feeling being gene-

ral which connected Bute with the secret counsels of the court; and that the feeling was shared by ministers themselves, the documents we have quoted prove beyond all possibility of doubt: yet while we think that there is yet to be revealed much of the secrets of the early part of George the Third's reign, and his effort to govern with a nominal ministry, we believe that Lord Brougham is substantially right in what he says on this subject.‡

The next session was remarkable for the contests of the court and the House of Commons with Wilkes. We must be permitted a sentence to explain his position. Wilkes was member for Aylesbury, at a time when the court party and Lord Bute were assailed with all manner of offensive publications. Of these publications, the most offensive was the *North Briton*, of which he was the known author. On the 30th of April, 1763, a warrant was issued by Lord Halifax to take up the authors, printers, and publishers of a seditious and treasonable paper called the *North Briton*, No. 45. This was called, in the language of the law, a general warrant, no individual being specified in it. Wilkes was arrested on this general writ, and committed to the Tower. On the 8th of May Wilkes was discharged by the Court of Common Pleas—not on the ground of the illegality of general warrants, nor because the warrant did not specify the parts of the publication charged as libellous, but upon the ground of privilege of parliament, which could be forfeited only by treason, felony, or actual breach of the peace. On his discharge

* Extracts from MS. life of Duke of Grafton. Le Marchant's Walpole, Vol. IV., p. 389.

† Cavendish's Reports, Appendix, p. 604.

‡ "The assertion that the common reports are utterly void of all foundation, and that no communication whatever of any kind, or upon any matter public or private, ever took place between the parties, we make upon the most positive information—proceeding directly both from George the Third and from Lord Bute."—*Lord Brougham's Statesman—Lord North*. On reading this, first, we thought Lord Brougham meant to say that George the Third and Lord Bute themselves conversed with him on the subject. As, however, he proceeds to *argue* the matter on other grounds, we presume that all he means to say is, that his information is from some person or persons who conversed with the king on the subject, and from others, or, perhaps, the same, who conversed with Lord Bute. His lordship's language is more positive than precise. His inference from all the facts he states is, we think, just; and it is plain is confirmed to his own mind by some other facts which he does not state distinctly. We do not, however, think his words are to be understood as those of one who ever conversed with either George the Third or Lord Bute on the subject.

by the Common Pleas, the question of privilege was brought before the House of Commons by the Government. The paper entitled No. 45 of the North Briton was voted to be a seditious libel, and ordered to be burned by the hangman. In the course of the debate the anonymous author of the paper was called by Mr. Martin a scoundrel. Wilkes acknowledged the authorship, challenged, fought, and was wounded in a duel by Martin. On this he withdrew to France.

Government succeeded in carrying resolutions in the commons, declaring that parliamentary privilege did not extend to the case of libels. In this debate, Pitt spoke with great energy against the resolutions, and against Wilkes too; for it was plain that, whatever Wilkes's opinions were, every man's liberty was interested in denying the legality of general warrants, and the privilege of parliament was worth little, if limited within the bounds suggested by the court doctrine. Wilkes himself, at this time, had no respectable supporters. The commons, having voted the North Briton a libel, proceeded against its author. He made a pretence of his wounds not to return. This apology was not received, and he was expelled the house. The House of Peers also proceeded against him, and passed a vote of censure. His popularity declined with all classes, when it was learned that he was the author of a profane and indecent production called an "Essay on Women." He was prosecuted for blasphemy, and not appearing to the indictments against him, was run to outlawry.

The general election (1768) was the season of his re-appearance; and the court appear to have at first regarded him with entire contempt. He solicited a pardon, and his supplication was disregarded. The only course open to him seemed to be the desperate experiment of exposing his person to arrest, and taking the chance of exciting some popular sympathy. He declared himself a candidate for the city, and failed. He next tried the county of Middlesex. On the 28th of March the election commenced at Brentford. The populace was with him, and would let no man approach the hustings who had not a blue cockade inscribed with

the name of "*Wilkes, and No. 45.*" Not a constable was left in London—all were sent to Brentford. The riots in Westminster increased. In Piccadilly the windows of every house that did not illuminate were destroyed. Lord Bute's house and Lord Egmont's were attacked. The Duke of Northumberland was compelled by the mob to appear, and to give them liquor, and to drink with them to Wilkes's success. That success was very decisive. He was not only elected himself, but his second votes determined the other successful candidate. Walpole tells us of the mob being furious against the Scots. They were offended more than others by the North Briton, and would not illuminate. For three hours the house of the Dowager Duchess of Hamilton was assailed, and the pavement torn up for the purpose of effecting an entrance, in vain.

"The Count de Seilern, the Austrian ambassador, the most stately and ceremonious of men, they took out of his coach, and chalked '45' on the sole of his shoe. He complained in form of the insult. It was as difficult for the ministers to help laughing as to give him redress."

It is not easy to relate the story of those times without leading people to think that Wilkes was the author of the riots. This, it would appear, is altogether a mistake. On the contrary, the great agitator it was who kept all quiet. He had his head pacificator and his police to keep all quiet. In short, it was to him the peace of Westminster was to be ascribed.

"Elated with his success," says Walpole, "the triumphant tribune assumed a tone that heaped new mortification on the court. In his printed thanks to his constituents, he besought them to give him their instructions from time to time, promising that he would always defend their civil and religious rights. Hearing that the Privy Council intended to issue a proclamation against riots, the new defender of the faith instructed his committee, or privy council, to preserve the peace, and ordered them, as they returned in procession, from Brentford, not to pass by St. James's Palace, that no insult or indecency might be offered to the king. He vaunted that his committee had patrolled the streets of the capital on the night of the 30th; and had kept them all quiet."

Of a truth there is nothing new under the sun.

Meanwhile Wilkes appeared in the Court of King's Bench. The questions arising on the outlawry were argued, but a decision was postponed to the following term. In the course of the proceedings against him, on one occasion when he was leaving the court the people stopped his coach on Westminster bridge, took off the horses, hurried him to a neighbouring tavern, dismissed the tipstiffs, and insisted that he should not go to prison. Wilkes, however, who was less of a Wilkite than his followers,* stepped out by a back door, eluded his mob, and surrendered himself at the King's Bench prison. The cabinet were perplexed, and knew not how to act. The King himself felt strangely anxious for Wilkes' expulsion from parliament. Walpole and others thought that parliament was the place where he would do least harm. They were right; but it is not surprising that in this hour of madness they were not listened to. The most amusing scene that occurred in the whole proceedings, was the reversal of the outlawry in the Court of King's Bench. After disposing in detail of all the arguments which had been urged by Wilkes' counsel, and refusing to allow them as cause for reversing the outlawry, Lord Mansfield, with a tone of amusing seriousness, mentioned how little he valued life, and how determined he was to risk it in the performance of his duty, unawed by the violence of mobs, and proceeded—to do what the mob most wished, to reverse the outlawry. We are far from agreeing with Walpole's sneer, who speaks of "the prodigious danger" to be apprehended "when he was doing an act of popularity, and which probably he would not have done but from timidity." It is curious enough that the ground which the court took did not suggest itself to Wilkes' counsel as the writ of exigent in the particular case differed from all the precedents. Still it was scarcely a case in which any man could have with judicial gravity said, *fiat justitia, ruat cælum*, and expect others to forbear smiling.

Of Wilkes's case we have no intention to say more than that it is dwelt on by Walpole to an extent disproportionate to its interest. In the debates arising out of his petitions, and the motions for expelling him, most of the leading men in England took part, "and several," says Walpole's editor, "were drawn into a line of conduct contrary to their former principles." The scenes which preceded the close of the Duke of Grafton's administration, are well described by Walpole. Lord Camden, who at first disregarded the Wilkes case, gradually felt its real strength, and his latter view of it was disregarded by the cabinet. The duke determined to get rid of him; and on some interposition, at Walpole's suggestion, by General Conway, in favour of the Chancellor, the Duke said to Conway he was to see a person of consequence that night on that subject. "That person," said Walpole, "is Charles Yorke, who is afraid of being seen going to the Duke's house by daylight." Before trying Yorke, however, the seals were offered to Lord Mansfield, who mentioned the offer, and it got wind, and came to Lord Camden's ears. Lord Camden would if he could have kept the seals. He was poor, and they were worth £13,000 a year. "All he got was a *flying pension* of £1500 a year till his son should obtain a teller's place, of which he had the reversion." There was serious difficulty in supplying Lord Camden's place. Yorke refused. Walpole, who seems to have known what the bar of the day was, tells us that "not a lawyer could be found able enough—or if able enough, bold enough—or if bold, decent enough—to fill the employment. Norton had all the requisites of knowledge and capacity, but wanted even the semblance of integrity, though for that reason he was probably the secret wish of the court. Sir E. Wilmot had character and abilities, but wanted health. The attorney-general De Grey wanted health and weight, and yet asked too extravagant terms. Dunning, the solicitor-general, had taken the same part as his friends, Lord

* The king once told Lord Eldon that on his saying to Wilkes at the levee, he was glad to see his friend, Sergeant Glynn, looking so well, he replied—"he is no friend of mine. He was a Wilkite—I never was."—*Twiss's Life of Eldon*.

Camden and Lord Shelburne. Hussey determined to resign with Lord Camden. Of Lord Mansfield there could be no question; when the post was dangerous, his cowardice was too well known to give hopes he could pretend to defend it."

In these circumstances, the Duke of Grafton, who was indolent and in every difficulty threatened to resign, was at his wits ends, and his resignation was resolved upon. We have from the Duke of Grafton himself an account of the circumstances that followed, not essentially different from Walpoles. Yorke had given him reason to think he might accept the seals—on the next day, after a communication with his friends, he refused so decidedly that the duke said no more. He, however, requested an audience of his majesty, this was granted, and when it was over, the king wrote to the duke, saying that Yorke had declined.

"On his appearing soon after at the levee, his majesty called him into the closet immediately it was over; what passed there says the duke, I know not, nothing could exceed my astonishment when Lord Hillsborough came my dressing room, in order to tell me that Mr. Yorke was in my parlour, and that he was Lord Chancellor through the persuasion of the king himself in his closet."

Walpole says the temptation was a

peerage with remainder to his second son, the eldest being likely to succeed to the title of his uncle Lord Hardwicke. Within three days he committed suicide.

"The great seal," says Walpole, "was never affixed to his barony, and the king had not the generosity to make atonement to his family, by confirming the promise, for having forced the unhappy person to take a step that cost him his life."

The resignation so often threatened at last came. With Walpole's observations on it we close our extracts from this amusing medley.

"He was the fourth prime minister in seven years who fell by his own fault. Lord Bute was seized with a panic, and ran away from his own victory. Grenville was undone by his insolence, and by joining in the insult on the princess, and by his persecution of Lord Bute and Mackenzie. Lord Rockingham's incapacity overturned him; and now the Duke of Grafton by a complication of passions and defect of system destroyed a power that it depended on himself to make as permanent as he could desire."

These volumes are edited with exceeding care. We look with anxiety for the new work which Sir D. Le Marchant announces—Historical illustrations of the early year of the reign of George the Third.

IRELAND AND HER CHURCH.*

It is very clear to us that the people of England are beginning to take an earnest interest in the state of Ireland. A conviction prevails that a fine country has been for a long time misgoverned, and that its present wretchedness is much owing to neglect on the part of our rulers, and errors in legislation. An anxious desire is, therefore, felt to atone for past misconduct, by such measures as our present necessities would seem to indicate; and we are persuaded that our British neighbours only require to be properly enlightened as to our real condition, in order to set about the suitable remedies for the disorders and the miseries by which our country is afflicted, with an energy proportioned to their importance.

Much has been hitherto done by which the English mind has been abused. An infidel, a radical, and a popish press have been united and indefatigable in their efforts to disparage, misrepresent, and malign the Protestant party in this country; and a perseverance in falsehood, against which no proper system of counteraction was adopted, has but produced its natural effects, when it has caused a degree of prejudice to prevail against those who have so long been obnoxious to it, by which, even in the estimation of well-judging individuals, they have been grievously injured. We are, therefore, persuaded that a better service cannot be performed, either to England or Ireland, than that of presenting a faithful picture to our English fellow-subjects, of the real condition of this country, and the views and the objects of the several parties who assume a guidance in its affairs, so that honest and intelligent men may be enabled to judge aright respecting their objects and their pretensions.

And for this purpose, it is necessary to commence from the very beginning, and to show the state of religion in Ireland anteriorly to its occupation by English rulers. It is very important

to establish the fact, that the supremacy of Rome was not acknowledged in this country until it was subjugated by British invaders, and that therefore all those claims to antiquity, which make popery so venerable in the eyes of an ignorant and a superstitious people, are without any real foundation. If this truth were as generally understood as it is clearly and fully evinced in the work before us, "Ireland and her Church," by the Very Rev. the Dean of Ardagh, but little would be wanting to sever the Irish Romanists from a system based in usurpation and in falsehood, and to transfer their attachment to that "more excellent way," which is built upon scriptural truth, and confirmed by ecclesiastical antiquity. In the Dean's former work, "Outlines of the History of the Church in Ireland," much was done to show that our national church was independent of the Church of Rome; and the very favourable reception of that little treatise it was which has led to the present publication, which may be considered as a new edition of the former, enlarged and augmented, so as to place in the clearest light the fact, that the Irish Church only lost its liberties when the nation lost its independence.

How sore the Romish ecclesiastics are, whenever such a fact is intimated, appears clearly in a letter addressed by a Dr. Rock to Lord John Manners, upon the occasion of that young nobleman intimating (in the debate upon the Arms' Bill in 1843) that "the Roman Catholic Church was not the church of the Irish people originally." "It was," says the Doctor, "because, in Prosper's Chronicle, we have an account of the mission of Palladius by Pope Celestine, and he is described as their first bishop—*et primus episcopus mittitur*. Prosper's evidence," the Doctor adds, "is most weighty; he was one of the leading men of the age; he lived at the time, and was intimately acquainted with the

* Ireland and her Church. By the Dean of Ardagh. 8vo. Seeley, Burnside, and Seeley, London: 1844.

personages, who acted in the above rehearsed events. Could we, therefore, bring forward no other witnesses, this single testimony, which has never been impeached, would alone be quite enough to show that to a bishop of Rome was pagan Ireland indebted first for her conversion to the Gospel, and afterwards for her hierarchy." But what will be said to this, when it is found that Palladius was not sent to Pagan Ireland, but to the congregation of faithful men in that island? The words of Prosper are, "*ad Scotos in Christum credentes.*" These manifestly imply the pre-existence of at least Christian congregations. And what will be thought of the mission of Palladius, when it is a notorious fact, admitted by Roman Catholic writers, (Dean Murray cites Nenius, and Joceline, the biographer of St. Patrick), that the Romish emissary was not received. Is it possible to account, rationally, for his rejection by the Irish Christians, in any other manner than that suggested by the Dean of Ardagh—namely, "that the Irish clergy and people of that day *would not listen to his foreign commission*, and therefore they rejected the Pope and his delegate; and such is the tenor of our ecclesiastical history from the second to the twelfth century."

The mission of Patrick was more successful. He may be said to have given the first great impulse to the spread of Christianity in Ireland. But there are no historical grounds whatever for asserting that he derived his commission from the Pope; on the contrary, as far as negative proof may be relied on, we have every reason to believe that he never visited Rome, and neither sought for nor obtained any authority from the Roman pontiff, when about to enter upon his missionary labours. This should be decisive against the supremacy claimed by the Church of Rome; while it is to be observed that the contrary would not be decisive in its favour, as usurpation, though successful, can never be alleged as satisfactory evidence of a rightful claim.

Of the legends of later ages, the compilations of fancy and of fraud, Roman Catholic writers are glad to avail themselves, when any shadow of support can be derived from them in

favour of the pretensions of their church; but such driveling puerilities can impose on none who possess any clearness of judgment, or even soundness of understanding. The true merits of the question can only be known or conjectured from consulting cotemporary authorities, and seeing how far they justify the notion, that the Irish Apostle was commissioned by the Pope, and that his mission was intended to establish a church in subordination to the Roman Pontiff.

How, then, stands the case? Patrick is not once mentioned in the Chronicle of Prosper. That writer was a violent partizan of the papacy, and takes care to emblazon in his annals the mission of Palladius, which was a decided failure. Why, then, omit all mention of the mission of Patrick, the success of which was just as remarkable, if of that missionary it could be asserted that he derived his authority from the court of Rome? Such an omission is inconceivable upon any other supposition than that no such assertion could be hazarded.

Indeed, so suspicious did this omission appear in all the properly Roman documents in which a mention of our saint and of his labours might be expected, that Dr. Ledwich was led to doubt his existence. Such silence, however, proves nothing more than his independence of the Church of Rome; while the Irish documents, which abundantly testify to the existence of the saint, furnish no grounds whatever for supposing that he came to establish the Pope's supremacy.

"The elder Cumian, the disciple and biographer of Columba, who wrote at the close of the sixth or the beginning of the seventh century, calls St. Patrick, *the first apostle of Ireland*. Thus it appears that while the papal writers make Palladius the first apostle, and take no notice of Patrick, the Irish make Patrick, the *first*, and take no notice of Palladius.

"The hymn of Fiech, of the same antiquity, also opposes the Roman hypothesis. In the first four stanzas, we have the parentage of the apostle, his captivity, and flight from Ireland; then the story proceeds as follows:—

"He traversed the whole of Albion,
He crossed the sea; it was a happy voyage;
And he took up his abode with German,
Far away to the south of Armoric.

"Among the isles of the Twopen sea,
There he abode, as I pronounce,
He studied the Canons with German,
Thus it is that the churches testify :

"To the land of Erin he returned,
The angels of God inviting him,
Often had he seen in visions,
That he should come once more to Erin.

"Here the route of the apostle is traced for us with the accuracy of a map. From Ireland, through Britain, across the channel, through Armorica, to the south-east corner of Gaul, on the coast of which are situated Lerins, and some other islands, the seats, in those days, of collegiate institutions. When his studies were concluded, he was brought back to Ireland. And through the sequel of the poem, he is represented as continuing there for the remainder of his life. Through the whole piece, Italy is omitted; and in a narrative so orderly and circumstantial as this is, omission is equivalent to exclusion.

"I now come to the Cottonian MS., this very curious and important document concurs entirely with the Hymn of Ptoch; it makes him a student of Lerins. It says that the bishops German and Lepus nurtured him in sacred literature; that they ordained him, and made him the chief bishop of their school among the Irish and Britons.

"On the subject of the Roman mission of St. Patrick, these documents maintain a profound and eloquent silence. A direct contradiction to the hypothesis, we cannot expect from them, without ascribing to their authors the gift of prophecy; but they do what is equivalent, they leave no room for it. They give us all the particulars, of which we reasonably expect to be informed. They tell us both the place of his birth and education; they state who instructed him, who ordained him, who sent him to preach in Ireland, and finally they show, that after the commencement of his ministry, he never left the island. On the other hand, it has appeared, that the adherents of Rome are at silent contradiction to Patrick, as Patrick and his mission are, with respect to Rome."

The one solitary instance in which something like an appeal to the Church of Rome was made, does, when truly considered, negative the presumption that a submission to the supreme authority of the Roman Pontiff, for which it is alleged, was thereby intended. Among the many proofs which may be adduced in support of the independence of the Irish Church,

one is, that the Irish observed the eastern custom in the celebration of Easter. Upon this subject a letter was addressed to the bishops and abbots of Ireland, by Laurentius, Archbishop of Canterbury, the successor of St. Augustine, about the year 609; and a few years later, a similar letter was addressed to them by Honorius I., exhorting them not to set their own judgment in opposition to the rules of computation, sanctioned by the whole Christian world. This was no more than might be allowably done by Christian prelates of any nation professing a common faith, and desirous of maintaining the "unity of the spirit in the bond of peace." And as such it was responded to by the Church of Ireland. They met, not to receive implicitly, as mandates, the communications that had been made to them, but to deliberate upon their import, and, with respect to the exhortation which they contained, to take the best means in their power of coming to a sound conclusion. For this purpose it was determined, at a synod held at or near Old Leighlin, "that some wise and humble persons should be sent to Rome;" and these having arrived at the "eternal city," and witnessed the celebration of Easter by people of various countries, at one and the same time, were satisfied that a conformity, in that particular, to the Roman practice was advisable. Now, in all this is there anything whatever which savours, either of the assertion on the one part, or the admission on the other—of the Romish doctrine of the pope's supremacy?

"In this account, is there one word said about the pope, or about going to Rome for judgment? If the messengers had carried an appeal to Rome, why did they did not bring back the authoritative papal instructions, instead of simply reporting to the synod, the result of their own observation, that the Roman Easter was celebrated throughout the whole world? Does not the very report indubitably prove that they were sent to Rome, not to ask for any papal rescript, or decision, but to see with their own eyes, and report to their brethren, the result of their own observation, with regard to Easter, among the great concourse of Christians from all parts of the world, who were consciously looking to that great city,

"And yet Dr. Rock exults in this, as if it supplied an unanswerable proof of the modern Roman doctrine, 'that the popes claimed and exercised, without being gainsaid, their spiritual supremacy over the early church in Ireland.'"
—p. 30.

The deputies, we are told, were sent to Rome, as "children to their mother;" and from these words it is sought to be inferred that the Irish at that time acknowledged the supremacy of the Holy See. But no such special pleading could prove what the transaction itself negatives; and Dean Murray shows that the term "mater" was applied by Eadmer to the See of Canterbury, and was never intended to signify more than primacy, which was acknowledged as belonging to every metropolitan church. It is one thing to respect the wisdom, it is another and a very different thing to be subject to the authority of another state, or another system. And it is, also, to be held in mind, that the Irish deputation was sent *long before* Rome had fallen into her worst corruptions. There was, at that time, no creed insisted on as essential to admission to Catholic unity, by which man's devices are made to take the place of God's written word, and the faith is rendered, literally, of none effect by human traditions. Had such been the case, the Irish Church would have eschewed the peril of communicating with an erring sister, who could so far have departed from the truth as it is to be found in God's unadulterated word; and we cannot doubt that the learning and the orthodoxy for which our island was then remarkable, would have been exerted strenuously in opposition to innovations upon apostolic faith and practice, by which virtually "the Lamb of God" was supplanted by the "Man of Sin," and the bondage of the law made to overrule the free grace of the Gospel.

That churches holding a common faith should maintain a friendly intercourse and communication with each other, for objects in which they must have felt a common interest, was no more than might have been expected at that early period, and may, assuredly, have been the case, without any claim of arrogant supremacy on the one hand, or admission of ecclesiastical subjection on the other. And that a

deferential respect for the elder should be manifested by the younger Christian communities, and a disposition evinced to profit by their superior wisdom, should only be regarded as a gratifying proof of the predominance of a spirit of genuine humility and love, produced by an efficacious reception of the Gospel. We can scarcely imagine any thing more interesting or more beautiful than the intercommunion and fellowship which might thus subsist between the most distant nations, combining them into one family in Christ, their common Head, while their profession of his holy religion was, in every instance, made compatible with the most perfect national independence.

What a spirit of unity might thus be produced, and what sentiments of benevolence thus enkindled and reciprocated, by which the fiercer passions of humanity might be mitigated, and the baleful causes of wars and commotions extinguished! And what is it that prevented or interrupted this most desirable state of things? Was it not the usurping and worldly spirit which so early showed itself in the Church of Rome, seeking to "lord it over God's heritage," in all other churches, and almost literally proclaiming, "My kingdom shall be of this world." That it was which put an end to international Christian unity. That it was which converted into rivals or enemies those who might have otherwise, to their mutual comfort and edification, maintained a brotherhood in the bonds of the Gospel. Among the enormities of the papal see, this is to be especially noted, that by insisting on terms of communion incompatible with scriptural truth, and in which she departed from the simplicity of the apostolic symbol, she compelled into estrangement from, or hostility to her, the churches which refused to be led captive by her delusions. And now to have recourse to those instances in which a respectful or even a deferential spirit may have been manifested towards her, *before* the pretensions which she afterwards put forth were full blown, in order to establish a claim to an universal supremacy, can only be paralleled by the conduct of the tyrant ruler, who should refer to the powerless and orderly conduct of a people who refused to acknowledge law, as a proof that they should

submit to him while he was trampling upon it, and outraging the spirit of the constitution. Were it not for such pretensions, so put forward and so maintained, we do not see why a sort of ecclesiastical council might not have been established in Christendom, similar to the Amphyctyonic Council among the states of elder Greece, by which, in virtue of their common-bond of faith, nations and kingdoms, though widely separated by physical boundaries, might be spiritually united. For the absence of any good which might arise from the influence of such a body, in calming and regulating the troublous spirit of controversy, preserving, in its integrity, the substance of scriptural truth, and maintaining all the essentials of ecclesiastical catholicity, amidst the accidental diversities of institutes, and of national character, which distinguish the nations, papal Rome is properly chargeable. She it was who rendered Christendom as a house divided against itself, by insisting upon inadmissible terms of communion. When union with her implied a denial of the faith, or a denial of the sufficiency for Christian membership of the things most certainly believed by Christians for the first three hundred years, she compelled the separation of all who maintained that the holy Scriptures contain all things necessary for salvation, and that the judgment of ecclesiastical antiquity, in the earlier and purer ages, is more to be relied on, as in accordance with the Divine Word, than the talmudical glosses and commentaries of later ages, by which it has been overruled, or rendered, in many instances, worse than useless.

But if one instance may be alleged in which the Irish church shewed a deference to the judgment of the see of Rome, (and such may have been the case, without involving any submission to papal authority,) others are not wanting in which complaints were made that she was somewhat too sturdy in the maintenance of her ancient and peculiar usages, and in the assertion of her independence.

"The Irish, we are told by St. Bernard, in his *life of Malachy*, 'rejected auricular confession, as well as authoritative absolution.' They confessed to God alone, as believing 'God alone could forgive sins.' They would neither give to the Church of Rome the tenths,

nor the first-fruits; nor would they be legitimately married; that is, according to the forms insisted on by the Romish Church. Before the Council of Cashel, convened by Henry II., in 1172, marriage was regarded as a civil rite, and was performed by the magistracy; at that council the priests were authorized to perform the ceremony, and therefore we find the ancient Irish Christians denounced as 'schismatics and heretics,' by St. Bernard; and as being in reality Pagans, while, calling themselves Christians.'

"Such were the charges brought against the early Irish Christians, and such were some of the heresies which Adrian authorized Henry to root out of the land. But these were not all,—the early Irish Christians did not believe in the efficacy of prayers to saints and angels. They neither prayed to dead men, nor *for* them, nor was the service for the dead ever used by the Irish Church, till they were obliged to attend to it, by the Council of Cashel, as may be seen by a reference to the proceedings of that convention.

"That the doctrine of transubstantiation was not held by the early Church of Ireland, is evident by the reception which it received, on its being first promulgated, by several Irish divines. Among others by the justly celebrated Joannes Scotus Erigena, so highly esteemed at the court of Charles the Bald, for his learning and piety, and whose book was condemned by the pope and the Council of Versailles, as the only way they could confute it. Previous to this the Irish received the Lord's Supper in both kinds, and they called it, 'the communion of the body and blood of their Lord and Saviour.'

"In their places of worship, they had no images, nor statues; on the contrary, their use was not only expressly condemned, as we learn from Sedulius, one of their early divines, but mentioned also by others of them, 'as heathenish and idolatrous.' So far were the early Irish Christians from believing in Purgatory, that until the period of Henry and Adrian's usurpation, the word does not appear to have been known to the Irish writers. That a number of the ceremonies of the Romish Church, such as attending to canonical forms, singing in choirs, the use of the consecrated chrism in baptism, the sacrifice of the mass, and the dispensing of indulgences, were unknown, or at least unpractised in Ireland, until the period referred to, is a matter of undoubted historical record; the fact being alluded to by various Romish writers, who complain of the stubbornness and heretical

feeling of the Irish on these points, and who have happily furnished the most undoubted testimony, as to the comparative purity of the church they so fiercely endeavour to malign." —pp. 43-45.

Her origin from the eastern, not the western branch of the Catholic church is thus indicated by Dean Murray, and upon authority which should leave no doubt on any candid mind.

"St. John the Evangelist; Ignatius, the immediate disciple of St. John; Polycarp, the disciple of Ignatius; Pothinus, Irenæus and others, the disciples of Polycarp, who preached the gospel with success in Gaul, through whose means flourishing churches were established in Lyons and Vienne, of which Pothinus was the first bishop. From thence the gospel sounded forth throughout all that country. Bishops Lupus and Germanus, the descendants of these holy men, ordained St. Patrick, and made him chief bishop of their school among the Irish, and from St. Patrick to the present day, we have our regular succession of bishops, not from Rome, nor through Rome, but through the successors of the apostle John, the patron of the Irish Church.

"We shall now conclude this part of our subject, with a quotation from a Roman Catholic writer on the ecclesiastical affairs of Ireland. 'There is,' says the writer in question, 'something very singular in the ecclesiastical history of Ireland. The Christian Church of that country, as founded by St. Patrick, and his predecessors, existed for many ages free and unshackled. For above seven hundred years this church maintained its independence.' It had no connection with England, and differed upon points of importance with Rome. The first work of Henry II. was to reduce the Church of Ireland into obedience to the Roman pontiff. Accordingly he procured a council of the Irish clergy to be held at Cashel in 1172, and the combined influence and intrigues of Henry and the pope prevailed. This council put an end to the ancient Church of Ireland, and submitted it to the yoke of Rome. 'THAT OMINOUS APOSTACY has been followed by a series of calamities, hardly to be equalled in the world.' From the days of St. Patrick, to the Council of Cashel, was a bright and glorious æra for Ireland. From the sitting of this council to our times, the lot of Ireland has been unmix'd evil, and all her history a tale of woe." —pp. 49, 50.

The first interruption to the tranquillity and prosperity of the Irish church was caused by the Danish invasion. The troubles and commotions which these roving freebooters occasioned, lasted for three hundred years, during which the miseries which the country suffered were extreme, extending not only to the destruction of many monuments of art, which would attest a high civilization—but of records, and of documents, by which the early history of the church, and the state of learning in our numerous schools and colleges, from which it is acknowledged on all hands, so much light was diffused throughout Europe, might be illustrated. It is supposed that the invaders carried away with them many manuscripts, some of which, to a recent period, were in existence, and may, probably, still be found in some of the seats of learning in their country. And had the bequest of the enlightened Flood, to our university, taken effect as he intended, and been appropriated to the foundation of an Irish professorship, and the purchase of ancient Irish manuscripts, wherever they could be found—it is extremely likely that much would thus be secured, and placed beyond the reach of accident, by which the obscurity which rests upon our early annals would be removed. Let us hope that some success may yet attend the researches, in that department, of the sagacious and enlightened. It would, we think, be well worthy the attention of the Philo-sophic Association.

But, three centuries of cruel and devastating war—a war prompted and carried on, not so much for purposes of conquest, as of plunder, were abundantly sufficient to break down the spirit, and to destroy the prosperity of any people: and it is to be observed that the season of this calamity extended over the whole of the period during which the papacy was making the greatest strides to universal dominion, and claiming and receiving submission and homage from all the other states in Europe!

The English invasion followed, before any sufficient time was allowed to recover from the calamities caused by the Danes; and it is well known that the bull upon which Henry founded his title to the kingdom, was granted

upon the express condition that he should reduce the church in Ireland to a conformity with, and subjection to, the Church of Rome. The following is an extract from this precious document:—

“We, therefore, with that grace and acceptance suited to your pious and praiseworthy design, and favourably assenting to your petition, do hold it right and good, that, for the extension of the borders of the church, the restraining of vice, the correction of manners, the planting of virtue, and increase of religion, you enter the said island, and execute therein whatever shall pertain to the honour of God, and the welfare of the land: and that the people of the said land receive you honourably, and reverence you as their Lord, saving always the rights of the churches, and reserving to St. Peter the annual pension of one penny upon every house.

“If, then, you be resolved to carry this design into effectual execution, study to form the nation to virtuous manners; and labour by yourself and by others, whom you may judge meet for the work, in faith, word, and action, that the church may be there exalted, the Christian faith planted, and all things so ordered for the honour of God and the salvation of souls, that you may be entitled to a fulness of reward in heaven, and on earth to a glorious renown throughout all ages.”—p. 105.

It is very clear, as Dean Murray observes—that, “at the date of Pope Adrian’s bull, Ireland was not considered within the boundaries of the Romish church; for else, how could those boundaries have been extended by Henry’s invasion?”

“It is also evident,” our author adds, “that the Irish had not been in the habit of paying St. Peter’s pence—and that, both in doctrine and discipline, they differed widely from the Roman model; for, what else can be the meaning of the words, ‘to declare to that illiterate nation the verity of the Christian faith?’—or, of another expression, which I shall quote in the original, on account of its peculiar force: ‘ut ibi plantetur, et crescat fidei Christianæ religio?’”

That attempts were made, at former periods, to win over the Irish ecclesiastics to a conformity with the Romish ritual and discipline, is very true; the bribe offered being, benefit of clergy, or exemption from lay authority, which

was felt as most oppressive by them. And it is no wonder that many of our priesthood were but too glad to take refuge from the tyrannous exactions of the Irish chieftains, in the great ecclesiastical confederation which was now assuming so commanding an attitude, and exercising so powerful an influence, amongst the states of Europe. But that the majority still adhered to the national customs, and refused to purchase papal protection by the surrender of any of their ancient and peculiar privileges, is equally certain. Nor was it until after the invasion by Henry that the romanizing party felt themselves in a position to make any open demonstration of their intentions. Then, for the first time, in a synod held at Cashel, articles of union, as Dean Murray calls them, between the Anglo-Irish church and state, were enacted. By these it was provided:

“That church lands should be free from the customary exactions of the chieftains, from all demands, whether of money, or of entertainment.” “That they should be likewise exempt from certain fines imposed by the Brehon law; that all the faithful should pay tithes of their cattle, fruits, and all other increase.” And this was explained and enlarged a few years after, by a sweeping commentary of the Dublin Synod, as including the tithes of provision, hay, flax, wool, the young of animals, and the produce of gardens and orchards.

“It was also enacted that all the faithful should pay a third of their moveable goods for a solemn burial, and for vigils and masses for the repose of their souls, and that, if they died unmarried, or without legitimate children, the bequest should be increased to one half.”—pp. 111, 112.

The result was, the assimilation of the Irish church to that of England, which was, at that period, in a state of vassalage to the see of Rome; but this did not extend beyond the part of the country in the possession of the English. Dr. Lanigan, a Romish historian, expressly informs us, that wherever the natives maintained their independence, “clergy and people followed their own ecclesiastical rule, as if the synod of Cashel had never been held.”

“Such was the origin,” Dean Murray tells us, “of the two churches in Ireland. The one the Church of the Anglo-

Popish aristocracy, and of the ascendant party, the other the Church of the Irish Clergy and people. The former, though a plant of foreign growth, had certain facilities for striking root, and overwhelming a rival in the night-shade of its branches, which the genius of Christianity did not allow to its opponent. Yet notwithstanding every disadvantage, the native church continued for three centuries, and discovered even some languishing symptoms of life as late as the reign of Henry VII."—pp. 112, 113.

Thus it was that popery became the established religion of Ireland. An ambitious monarch and an encroaching pontiff conspired against its temporal and spiritual independence. Henry agreed to reduce the church to an ecclesiastical subjection to the Church of Rome, as the price of being acknowledged as the sovereign lord over its lands and its inhabitants. It is not surprising that the great temptation held out to the clergy, not only of station and dignity, but of ample possessions, should have won many of them to the cause of the invaders. Rome was at that time, in the plenitude of its power and greatness, and pointing to the kingdoms and the glory of the world, could say to those from whom she claimed homage, "all these will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me." The wonder is, that there remained so many sturdy recusants, by whom this splendid and dazzling offer was resisted. But every day must have diminished their numbers. In proportion as the power of England prospered, the religion of Rome must have prevailed. And the acknowledgment of the English sovereign as the undisputed lord, would necessarily have involved the establishment of the pope's supremacy; and this, in point of fact, became established and recognised, and the phalanx of popery organized and completed, just about the time when the church in England began to be actuated and agitated by a spirit of enlightened reformation.

The stuff of which the Romish prelacy were at this time composed, will be made manifest by the following incident, for which no parallel can be found in the ancient Church of Ireland:—

"About the same time there occurred

an incident of a different character from any of the preceding, but equally illustrative of that daring spirit, with which the prelates tried their power upon the highest orders in the state. The Bishop of Ossory summoned dame Alice Ketler, a woman of some rank, with her family and dependents, before his spiritual court, to answer to a charge of witchcraft. She was accused of going through Kilkenny every evening between complin and curfew, sweeping the refuse of the streets towards her son's door, and muttering this incantation as she went,

To the house of William my son,
Lie all the wealth of Kilkenny town.

It was also said that she made assignments, near a certain cross-road, with an evil spirit, whose name the bishop discovered to be Robin Artys-son; and that on these occasions she feasted her paramour upon nine red cocks, and some unknown number of peacock's eyes. The last allegation against her was, that various implements of sorcery had been found in her house, particularly a sacramental wafer having the name of the devil imprinted on it, and a staff upon which, when duly oiled for an expedition, she and her accomplices were accustomed to ride all the world over. Such things would be ridiculous, were they not made a pretext for atrocities at which nature shudders. One of her domestics was condemned and executed; her son thrown into prison; the lady herself, happening to escape on the charge of witchcraft, was put to trial a second time, upon an accusation of heresy, found guilty, and sentenced to the flames; and Adam Duff, a gentleman of considerable family in Leinster, was seized at the same time, and burned as a heretic. The Lord Arnold de la Poer, seneschal of the palatinate to which Kilkenny then belonged, having interested himself in favour of these unhappy persons, was involved by the bishop in the same accusation; and upon his appealing to the Lord Deputy, the undaunted prelate extended his charge to that personage himself.

"The head of the civil government was now formally arraigned of heresy before the bishops; and the business of the state, not of the executive department only; but of the law courts, (for the lieutenantcy was at this time filled by the Chancellor,) was interrupted, until the majesty of the Church should announce its awful decision. The investigation was long and solemn; the lord justice made it appear, that

his accuser was actuated by personal resentment against de la Poer; and that as to himself, he had given no other ground of suspicion, than his interference on behalf of an injured man; he was acquitted and pronounced a true son of the Church; and sacrificing the vanity of station to a natural impulse of joy, he celebrated his narrow escape, with an entertainment open to all who chose to be his guests.

"But in the mean time, the unfortunate nobleman, who had besought his protection, experienced the bitterness of episcopal vengeance. It was the law in those days, that when a bishop gave a certificate, under his sign manual, of the excommunication of a layman, the civil authorities were obliged to act upon it, the writ *de excommunicato capiendo* was issued in the king's name, and the offender seized and thrown into prison."—pp. 156—158.

This was in the year 1334. Thus was the representative of royalty degraded into an instrument of papal vengeance, and compelled to execute a sentence against which his heart and his judgment alike revolted. Here we have the spirit of popery strongly exemplified as contra-distinguished to the spirit of Christianity; and this spirit ruling in the body who were at that time the recognized prelates and pastors of the people. It is no wonder that a clergy thus pampered should be enamoured of their newly-acquired rights and privileges; and that when a better spirit began to dawn in England, their allegiance to Rome, which they recognized as the source of their influence and power, should prevail over their attachment to a country and to laws which they only knew as those of victorious invaders.

We hear much of the Church of England, as at present constituted, being regarded as a badge of conquest, and that the Irish will never be satisfied until the disgrace and the humiliation of its establishment are removed. But the true badge of conquest was the Church of Rome. Vassalage to the Roman pontiff was the stipulated price of Ireland's subjugation. Until the invader had made his power to be felt, the pontiff could not procure any undisputed acknowledgment of his supremacy; and the last links of the papal fetters were only rivetted when the sanction was given to the military enterprize which ended

in the prostration of our national independence. If, indeed, a badge of conquest be detestable, we know of nothing which should excite the indignation of our poor deluded countrymen more than that very church which they are ignorantly taught to believe primitive and apostolical, and which, by a combination of force and fraud, was made to supplant the ancient religion of Ireland. We do not here say that the early Christianity which prevailed in this country was without any intermixture of error or of superstition. We know that in all ages, and in all countries, not excepting even the apostolic times, human error, human weakness, and human depravity, have been but too busy and too successful in corrupting and adulterating genuine religion. But this we do aver, that the ancient Irish Church was much nearer both in spirit and in character to a conformity with the Church of England at the present day, than to an identity with the Church of Rome; and that if a recurrence to primitive standards were sincerely and rigidly adopted, the Church, as at present established and administered, would be found (making due allowance for the asceticism which, at a very early period, began to deform the Eastern Church, from which the Irish derived its origin,) in such close resemblance with that of St. Patrick and St. Columbkille, that it would not be easy to establish any essential distinction between them.

In truth, the English succeeded much more effectually in establishing the papal power, than in compelling a submission to British authority. The one was very fully acknowledged, while the other was very imperfectly asserted. To the priesthood, the change was one from comparative poverty and dependence to aggrandizement and power. To the people, it brought with it only impoverishment and spoliation. And therefore, while the latter were always but too ready to rebel, the former had reason to be well-contented with a state of things which not only relieved them from great oppression, but gave them a place of station and dignity which enabled them, in their turn, to exercise a sort of lordship over their former tyrants. We cannot, therefore, be surprised, that while the people loathed a connection with England,

the priesthood should be enamoured of their connection with Rome.

But it is a curious and an interesting fact, that when Henry the Eighth asserted his title to supremacy in the church, within the British dominions, no where was it more readily or joyfully assented to, than in Ireland. All parties seemed to vie with each other in the gratulations and the acclamations with which it was received. They abolished, with one consent, the title of Lord, the only one which the pope had permitted the English sovereign to assume, and proclaimed him King of Ireland, and as a natural consequence, the rightful possessor of all that power for the exterior regimen and government of the clerical body, which was essential to the completeness of his sovereignty over the whole kingdom.

This was eight years after Paul the Third had passed his final sentence against Henry, as an obstinate heretic, by which, as far as such a sentence could effect it, he was not only dethroned, but declared infamous—cut off from Christian burial, and doomed to eternal curse and damnation.

It is, we repeat it, interesting to see, at such a period as this, all the acknowledged representatives of the Irish nation, not only the great English lords, but the old Milesian chiefs, coming forward, and by solemn deeds of indenture, setting their hands and seals to a declaration which bound them to maintain, in all its plenitude, the newly-assumed authority of the sovereign, against all aiders and abettors of the pretensions of the Roman pontiff.

“As these deeds are objects of considerable interest in our day, and all drawn up in nearly the same terms, a copy of one of them is inserted here.

“This indenture, made on the 26th day of September, 34 Henry the Eighth, between the Right Hon. Anthony St. Leger, &c. on the one part, and the Lords Barry, *alias* Barrymore or the great Barry; MacCarty More; the Lord Roche, MacCarty Beagh; Thadeus M'Cormick, Lord of Muskry; Barry Odge, *alias* the young Barry; O'Sullivan Beare, Captain of his nation, O'Sullivan, first of his house; Barry Roe, *alias* the red Barry; M'Donogh of Allow, head of his nation; Donald O'Callaghan, first of his house, and Gerald Fitz John, knight, on the

ier part

Lord Barry, &c., do agree, consent, and engage, jointly and separately, for themselves, their heirs, successors, assigns, tenants, and followers, that they will hold and perform all and singular articles, pledges, and conditions, which are contained on their part in said indenture. ‘Imprimis.’ They and each of them, do and doth acknowledge the king's majesty ^{aforesaid}, to be their natural and liege lord; and will honour, obey, and serve him, and the kings his successors, against all creatures of the universe. And they will accept and hold his said majesty, and the kings his successors, as the supreme head on earth, immediately under Christ, of the Church of England and Ireland, and they will obey and serve his lieutenant or deputy, in this kingdom of Ireland, in all things concerning the service of his said majesty, or of the kings his successors. And as far as lieth in their power jointly or separately, they will annihilate the usurped primacy and authority of the Bishop of Rome, and will expel and eradicate all his favourers, abettors, and partizans, and will maintain, support, and defend all persons, spiritual and temporal, who shall be promoted to church benefices or dignities by the king's majesty, or other rightful patron; and will apprehend and bring to justice, to be tried according to the laws made, or to be made in such behalf, all who apply for provision to the Bishop of Rome, or who betake themselves to Rome in quest of promotion, &c.’

“And so far from any force being used, it is recorded for the first time in her annals, that Ireland was now at peace under one acknowledged sovereign. So universal indeed was the tranquillity, that a considerable body of troops was spared for the king's service before Boulogne, where an Irishman had the honour of defeating the French champions, and another force of three thousand men was sent into Scotland, to the aid of the Lord Lennox. Even the great feud between the two races was forgotten for a season; and while English and Irish crowded together from all quarters of the island, to receive law from the throne, the loyal impulse with which they were animated, seemed already to have borne its most appropriate fruits in the feeling of a common country, and the kindly affections of neighbourhood.”—pp. 190–192.

Such was the unforced and unanimous declaration of all Ireland, upon this important subject. By this one act the ax was laid to the root of

papal domination; and that, notwithstanding the most extraordinary endeavours to stir up the prejudices, and excite the superstitions of the Irish people against a sovereign whose sturdy proceedings had drawn down upon him so many papal maledictions. These appeals, Dean Murray tells us, whether to superstition or enthusiasm, were unsuccessful; as—

“It was too obvious that the opposition of Rome and its partizans, was nothing more than a struggle for temporal dominion, and not a sword was drawn in the quarrel of the ecclesiastics, during the remainder of Henry’s reign, and that of his son Edward the Sixth.”—p. 194.

In the reign of Mary, the partizans of the papacy were too much occupied with the state of religion in England to permit of their bestowing much attention upon ecclesiastical affairs in this country. Here the distinction of races was as marked as the distinction of churches; and as the Protestants were chiefly of English descent, and as such alone could be relied on as the firm maintainers of British power, any acts of severity towards them, such as were boldly ventured upon in England, where the queen gave a full license to all her vengeful bigotry, might have perilled the security of the kingdom. But, towards the end of her reign, the absorbing passion obtained an ascendancy over her, and her zeal for the propagation of “the Catholic faith” began to outrun her discretion. It was then fully resolved that the same persecuting measures, which filled England with lamentation and mourning, should be enacted here—and the first steps were taken for enkindling the fires in which heretical pravity was to be destroyed, when an accident, which the pious regarded as a providential interference in their favour, frustrated the object of the government, and before it could be remedied, Queen Elizabeth was upon the throne. ¶

As soon as her declaration in favour of the reformed faith was known in Ireland, “the whole body of the Romish priests abandoned their connection with Rome, and adopted the liturgy of the Church of England,” and they were followed in this act of ecclesiastical submission by the entire

mass of the population. The bishops, with but two exceptions, all conformed. They agreed unhesitatingly to substitute the Book of Common Prayer for the Missal, and the English service for the Latin mass. So that the reformation was in all respects as complete, and as completely established by legal authority, in the one country as in the other. “For eleven years,” Doctor Phelan writes, and in this he but echoes the acknowledgements of Roman Catholic historians:—

“The measures of the queen were unmolested by the papal government, and received without opposition by the great body of the Roman Catholics. The laity every where frequented the churches; multitudes of the priests adopted the proscribed changes, and continued to officiate in their former cures; and the majority of the prelates leading, or following the popular opinion, retained their Sees, and exercised their functions, according to the reformed ritual. At length the patience of Rome was exhausted, and that spiritual sword unsheathed against these countries, which, as it would appear, is never to be returned into the scabbard. Elizabeth was excommunicated, and her subjects absolved from their allegiance by four successive popes. Her life was assailed by numerous conspiracies; her kingdom given up to the vengeance of Spain, (at that time the greatest power on the continent), and to the more mischievous intrigues of the new order of Jesuits.”—p. 207.

Of the intrigues by which a spirit of opposition was stirred up against an order of things so generally acceptable, and the weakness on the part of government by which they were permitted, we have not space to speak. Those by whom they were promoted well and ably did the business both of the Court and Church of Rome. But we cannot avoid expressing a sentiment of contemptuous indignation at the temerity and the ignorance of the very presumptuous and ill-informed persons who call the Reformed Church, as then established, a *new* religion, which was attempted to be *forced* upon the people. Never were any assertions more utterly opposed to historic truth. Lord Alvanly, in a pamphlet which he has published upon the state of Ireland, but echoes the misrepresentations of the priests and agitators by whom he has been misled, when he talks of the

Roman Catholic ministers being deprived of their benefices, their possessions seized, and their functions usurped, by those of an opposite communion. No such deprivation or substitution took place. The officiating prelates and pastors, and no other, who possessed the sees and the benefices, in the reign of Mary, were those who continued to hold them in the reign of Elizabeth, and for eleven years after she commenced to reign.* It was by their assent and consent, freely given, and in which they were followed by the great bulk of the people, the changes were effected in the established services, which substituted not a *new* religion for an *old*, but the faith as professed in the primitive Irish Church, for a system of glozing superstition and priestcraft, which had its origin in the ambition of papal Rome. Which is, then, the intrusive church in this country?—that which, being established by lawful authority, had received the willing assent of the clergy and the people?—or that which owed its rise to the machinations of the emissaries of the papal government, by whom the queen was denounced as a heretic, and her subjects absolved from their allegiance? Here we have queen, lords, commons, prelates, and people, all conforming to a system of liturgical doctrine and discipline, which they believed to be agreeable to the best models in apostolic times, and continuing in this conformity for eleven years, without an objection or a murmur, until fomenters of religious strife find their way into the country, and, making religion a pretext for rebellion, create an *opposition establishment*, by which popery, in its worst form, is revived, and hostility to the queen proclaimed as a virtue, and loyalty denounced as a crime. Which, then, we ask, is the intrusive church? We do not ask which is the *true* church. The intrusive may be the true, and the established false, or *vice versâ*. But the church which all the lawful authorities of the nation agreed to establish, and to which the people either actively or passively consented for so long a period, must surely be called the church of the nation; and any adverse establishment which afterwards arose, can only be regarded like any other system of dissent, which may, or may not, have claims to toleration or respect, but the

existence of which can never invalidate the prior claims of that which has the full sanction of acknowledged law, to the consideration and the confidence of the entire people. It remains, therefore, that whatever be the character of our establishment, it was the church established by law; and whatever be the claims of popery as a scriptural institute, it has no more claim than any other dissenting body to the temporalities which have been assigned by the state for the sustentation of religious ministrations.

Elizabeth has been denounced as a persecutor by those who are not ashamed to extol Mary as a pattern of exemplary queens. But they do not choose to remember that the latter persecuted for conscience sake, and to compel a conformity to a hated creed, and that what is called the persecution of the former was nothing more than the proper punishment of conspirators and traitors. Let us listen to the voice of authentic history.

“In 1575, James Geraldine, the individual mentioned in the Pope's Bull of this year, and one of the Irish lords, engaged in plotting an insurrection against his sovereign, Queen Elizabeth,—went over to Philip II. King of Spain, on whom Pope Pius V. had conferred the dominions of the queen, and sought assistance from him, for the Irish Romanists. He then went to Rome, where after some time he obtained from the pope a pardon for all the bands of *robbers*, who then infested Italy, on condition that they should undertake an expedition to Ireland, for the exaltation of the See of Rome. An army thus composed was headed by a titular bishop of Killaloe, Cornelius O'Melrian, and by the Jesuit Saunders; and it landed in Ireland not long after. This expedition, however, entirely failed, but the same titular bishop, a few years afterwards, is found introducing supplies of men, money, and arms, from Spain, for the relief of the insurgents. Another, assuming the title of Archbishop of Armagh, came with orders from the King of Spain, that the Irish should revolt; and having excited a rebellion, he fell in battle with the royal troops. O'Hely, called Archbishop of Tuam, was sent afterwards, by one of the Irish chieftains, to the King of Spain, whom he exhorted to invade and subdue Ireland.

"When the next insurrection broke out, we find M'Egan, a titular bishop and vicar apostolic, issuing an excommunication against all who should give quarter to the prisoners taken from the queen's army. M'Egan caused *all such persons to be put to death in his presence*; and he himself at last fell in battle against the royal army, leading a troop of horse, with his sword in one hand and his breviary and beads in the other. In consequence of these proceedings, Ireland became the scene of war for thirty years, in which the bishops, Jesuits and other priests, sent by the pope, took a most active and leading part. In this war, numbers of the poor and ignorant people were exposed to the arts of the popish emissaries; and persuaded or forced to forsake the church, in order to show their hostility to the queen."—pp. 214, 215.

In our judgment Elizabeth erred not in her severity, but in her moderation. She should, from the first have denounced the traitors by whom she was herself denounced. She should have dealt with them, not as religious dissenters, but as public disturbers. What they claimed was the right of making religion an instrument of sedition. Her title and her legitimacy were denied, and she was herself pronounced accursed and excommunicate; and it was the right of propagating these opinions, and stirring up the people to act upon them, until the nation was involved in a civil war, that the worthies claimed who suffered for their misdeeds, and who would, had they been successful, have shewn but little mercy to their heretical enemies. Had the government been conducted with a firm hand from the commencement, much of the mischief which was afterwards done by these clerical incendiaries would have been prevented. It was not, merely, as the reader will observe, a contest between one mode of faith and another. The queen's dominions had been already granted by the pope to the King of Spain; and to him the leaders of the Romish party, both lay and clerical, had transferred their allegiance. They had, therefore, forfeited the protection to which they would be entitled as good subjects; and were they arraigned and tried for that single offence, they would have nothing to

say why sentence of death should not be pronounced against them. But no vigour was manifested by the government corresponding to the energy and the audacity of the conspirators and the insurgents. And much of evil was wrought in secret, before any care was taken to lay an arrest upon the guilty parties, who when tried, were tried, not for heresy, but for treason. It is idle, therefore, to compare the measures of precaution taken by Elizabeth, who acted strictly upon the defensive, against those who plotted against her person, her crown, and her dignity, with the measures of vengeance taken by Mary upon those who only differed from her and her ecclesiastics upon abstract points of faith, and who would rather die themselves, than enter into any conspiracy by which her life would be endangered. Mary might have lived honoured and respected, had Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer been spared. Elizabeth could have had no security for her life for a single day, if she neglected to take the proper precautions against the formidable conspiracy that was formed against her.

But, in truth, no machinations of the Jesuits could have succeeded in countervailing the influence of divine truth, and staying the progress of the reformed doctrines, had they not been seconded by the mispolicy of government, who, in their zeal for the banishment of error and ignorance, were betrayed into measures which greatly militated against the interests of true religion.

The value of the Irish language, as an instrument of civilization, was then unknown, and not only were no pains taken to employ it as a medium for the instruction of the people, but it was by legislative enactment, every where discountenanced and interdicted. The laws against the Irish habit were equally ill conceived, and could only have operated to the prejudice of those who made them, causing them to hate and abhor, as tyrants and oppressors, those who could thus make war upon peculiarities endeared to them by a thousand associations.

While the spirit of the natives was thus stirred up against those

by whom their dear mother tongue was dishonoured, and the dress in which they delighted proscribed, the great confiscation of Church property which took place so impoverished the clergy, that no sufficient sustenance remained for spiritual ministrations, and the requisite supply of religious teachers could not be found. Spenser, who spent much time in Ireland during Elizabeth's reign, thus writes :—

“ There was a statute, by which it was enacted, that ‘ any Englishman of good conversation being brought to the bishop, should be nominated to a vacant living *before any Irishman*; but that, though well intended, little was wrought by it, for there were not sufficient English sent over; but the most part of such as came over of themselves, are either *unlearned*, or men of *bad note*; for which they have forsaken England; or the bishop *being Irish*, rejects him, or if good, he carries a hard hand over him, so that he soon wearies of his poor living.’ And lastly, ‘ the benefices are so mean here, and of so small profit in those Irish counties, through the ill husbandry of the Irish, *that they will not yield any competent maintenance for any honest minister to live upon.*’ And then he adds, ‘ even were all this redressed, what good could any minister do among them, who either *cannot understand him*, or will not *hear him*; or how dare any honest minister commit his safety to the hands of such neighbours, as the boldest captain dare scarcely dwell by?’—pp. 231, 232.

Is it any wonder that, under such circumstances, but little progress should have been made by the Reformation?

During the reign of James, but little could be done for the spiritual enlightenment of the people. The parliament that was called together, and by which it was hoped national concord would be produced, only served to engender strifes and animosities, by which Romanists and Protestants were still more divided. And the great measure of the plantation of Ulster, which has eventually proved the best stay of British connection, was not carried into effect without acts of harshness and severity, which left behind them, in the minds of the oppressed, a spirit of discontent, and a thirst for vengeance, which rendered them but too ready instruments of the

active and subtle spirits who were at that time indefatigable in plotting the downfall of heresy, and the severance of Ireland from the British crown.

The reign of the first Charles was one of trouble and of blood. England was herself convulsed, and could but little attend to the distractions of Ireland. In our last number, our readers have seen the manner in which the papal nuncio, Rinuccini exerted himself to widen the differences between the Romish party and the King's representative, so as to prevent the pacification by which they were about to be reconciled, and thus the happy consequences that might have ensued, had Ormond been enabled to reinforce his royal master. The massacre in 1641, the most deliberate, cold-blooded, and brutal butchery on record, which a sagacious observer of the signs of the times had predicted twenty-seven years before, from his observation of the teachings and the doings of the priests and Jesuits, who were freely permitted to instil their pernicious dogmas into the people, greatly desolated the church wherever the power of the insurgents prevailed, and produced wide-spread and heart-rending misery. And the wars of Cromwell which followed, when the parliament was triumphant, and which might be regarded as the retaliatory vengeance of the Protestant party for the cruelties and the indignities they had been made to suffer, reduced, indeed, the power of the Romanists, but left the country such a wreck, that but little could be done, if the fanaticism of the time permitted any wise attempt to be made, for the re-edification of the church, or the furtherance of an unadulterated Gospel. Of the Irish Church at this period, Carte, in his life of Ormond, thus writes :—

“ It was in a deplorable condition, the cathedrals in many places destroyed, the parish churches nearly ruined, unroofed, and unrepaired; the houses of the clergy left desolate, and their possessions alienated, during the wars and confusions of former times. Most of the tithes had been appropriated, or sold to private persons, and made lay-fees. In some dioceses there was scarce a living left that was not farmed out to a patron, at two, three, or four pounds a year for a long time, three lives or one hundred years. The vicarages were for the most part stipendiary, and their stipends so

miserably sordid, that, in the whole province of Connaught, there was scarce a vicar's pension which exceeded forty shillings, and in many places they were but sixteen shillings. The bishopricks themselves, though many in number, yet but of small revenue, having the greatest part of them depauperated in the change of religion, by absolute grants and long leases, some of them not able to maintain a bishop. Several were by these means reduced to fifty pounds a year, as Waterford, Kilfenora, and others; and some to five marks, as Cloyne and Kilmacduagh, and as scandalous livings naturally make scandalous ministers, the clergy of the Established Church were generally ignorant and unlearned, loose and irregular in their lives and conversations, negligent of their cures, and very careless of observing uniformity and decency in divine worship, in a country where they were endangered on the one hand by an infinite number of obstinate recusants, and on the other hand, by a shoal of factious and irregular puritans, brought out of Scotland, who offered daily insults to the established church government, and treated the rites of administering the sacraments with insufferable contempt."—pp. 367, 368.

The reign of the Merry Monarch exhibited a reaction, by which men were carried from one extreme to another, and in their hatred or contempt for puritanism, forgot what was due to true religion. Charles, who was himself a papist in principle, as he was a profligate in conduct, was but too ready to sell himself to a foreign power as the instrument for re-establishing the Romish creed in his dominions. But he was compelled by circumstances to respect what he deemed the Protestant prejudices of his people, and "let I dare not, wait upon I would." James, an undisguised Romanist, openly attempted what Charles covertly desired; and the attempt led to a resistance to tyranny, which ended in the glorious Revolution. But during all this time, what could be done by a proscribed, betrayed, or plundered church for the effective dissemination of the true profession of the Gospel?

Then came the wars of William, another season of strife and convulsion. This was certainly followed by the utter prostration of the Romanist, and the decided ascendancy of the Protestant party. But religion did

not benefit in this country as it might and ought to have benefitted, from the success which attended the arms of its victorious asserters. For more than half a century the government was in the hands of the Whigs, by whom the church was not so much regarded as an institute for upholding and propagating divine truth, as looked upon as a store-house of patronage, to be employed as best might serve their need in their contest with political rivals. "The glorious memory" was toasted, but the men who were most loud in thus vociferating their loyalty, were often the most indifferent about that righteousness by which alone a nation can be truly exalted. No better Protestant than Walpole; but there were few by whom even the decencies of an exterior morality were more despised. Could the church have spiritually prospered in such hands, or is it surprising that its highest places were too often filled by political, indolent, timeserving ministers, who, provided they secured their own share of the good things of this life, were but little solicitous for the spread of the Gospel? Bright exceptions, certainly, did occur, by which the doctrine of our Lord and Saviour was richly adorned. Archbishop King in Dublin, and Berkeley in Cloyne, were, indeed, as professors of godliness, men worthy of the apostolic times; and in many an humble vicarage a holy man was to be found, who breathed the spirit and was imbued with the sanctity of the sacred ordinances which he was appointed to administer. But the general character of the clergy could not fail to be affected by the system of patronage by which preferments were bestowed; and as that was predominantly worldly and political, so its fruits must have partaken of its nature, and savoured much more of this world than of the world to come.

The consequence of this was, that a secular clergy gave rise to a profane and godless laity; and these, when they came to have political power, did not scruple to visit a church which had been thus abused, with pillage and confiscation. The wresting from the clergy the tithe of agistment, so impoverished parishes, that a necessity was created for unions of several benefices, in order to make up a sufficiency upon the most moderate calculation for the

sustenance of a single minister. Thus were the clergy overburdened with duty at the same time that they were deprived of the means of efficiently performing it; and, as usually happens in all such cases, when more than can be accomplished is required, less than might be effected is performed. Men become careless of attempting any thing, when all their efforts must still leave them miserably behind-hand in the thing appointed them to do. Hence but little was done in extending the boundaries of the church, and making its light to shine, and its blessings to be felt by a benighted Roman Catholic population. That the Established Church maimed its numbers, and that vital godliness did not utterly perish, we owe, under God, to the scriptural ordinances, the efficacy of which could not be entirely hindered by even the most unworthy administration of them. Our beautiful liturgy still existed, and kept true religion alive, at a time when but little could be expected beyond the merest routine duty from those who were denominated spiritual advisers. The Bible was no sealed book to our laity, nor was it unprofitable in the hands of many by whom its divine treasures were duly appreciated; and thus there was preserved and perpetuated, even during the darkest times, a haven of sound doctrine and of vital piety, which afterwards wrought upon the whole mass of society, both lay and clerical, a marvellous regeneration.

But we have already exceeded our limits. Our object has been to show, that if the Irish church has fallen short of the measure of usefulness that might be desired, that has arisen from circumstances over which her ministers could have no control, and for which she should not be brought up for judgment. In another number we may enter more particularly into the actual working of the Establishment; and

we mistake much if we do not exhibit an amount of usefulness which may well put to shame her ignorant, or malevolent, or infidel traducers. That she is unfit for the station which she occupies, and that popery is more worthy of a state alliance, as more congenial with the mass of the people, are now propositions eagerly insisted on by her rancorous enemies, and which those who ought to be her defenders, do not refuse to entertain. As we have before, so we now again warn them of the peril and the wickedness of such courses. Never was there a time when her prospects of usefulness were greater, or when she was more fitted to dignify and adorn the position in which she has been placed. The people are athirst for Divine knowledge, and she alone can adequately supply their need. Education is every day producing its proper effects, and the Church of England alone can meet the growing views and the expanding capacities of an inquiring people. It is not a Latin mass, or the superstition of legends and rosaries which constitute the staple of Irish popery, which can satisfy those, and they are a numerous and an increasing class in the Church of Rome, who begin to understand scriptural doctrine, and to desire a reasonable service. Maintain our Establishment in its proper efficiency, and it will soon manifest its blessed efficacy in turning many a sinner from darkness to light, and from the ways of error to the paths of truth—which are no other than the paths of the ancient church of Catholic Ireland. Destroy it, and raise up another upon its ruins, and the blow will be struck by which the connection with Great Britain will be severed—nor is it possible for imagination to exaggerate the evils which that one act of blinded and infatuated folly and wickedness may entail, not only upon this country, but upon England and the world.

THE LUCK OF LYNHURST.

CHAPTER I.

"My mind misgives.
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
Shall bitterly begin its fearful date
With this night's revels."

ROMEO AND JULIET.

LYNHURST COURT is one of those curious old black and white mansions which still remain in Cheshire and Lancashire, and are, I believe, peculiar to those counties. It is situated on the side of a hill, on the northern border of Lancashire, and commands a lovely view of the distant country. A curious maze of yew hedges and terraces forms the pleasure-ground on the southern side of the house, and beyond rise the splendid oak woods, for which Lynhurst has long been celebrated.

On the north, some venerable yew trees divide the grounds from the old church yard, and the grey tower and now broken church-yard cross cast their long shadows over the turf, and give a calm and subdued character to the otherwise cheerful landscape. The house has, of late years, changed proprietors many times: vague traditions people the old walls with supernatural visitants, and the fate of the last of its ancient possessors still casts a gloom around the scene of his faults and of their punishment. The very buildings seem to speak of decay, and neglect, and desolation; and their mossy stones, and ivied roof, and forsaken galleries, seem yet to re-echo the sad exclamation of the last of the Cliffords—"Broken faith, broken fortunes!"

But at the time of which we write—All-souls Eve some seventy years ago—all was light and gladness at Lynhurst. The old house belonged to Sir Ernest Clifford, whose family had for many centuries possessed it, and after a long absence, he and his widowed mother had returned to it, and the family had assembled in the great hall to celebrate his coming of age.

Ernest was a gay, light-hearted creature, beloved by all, and almost adored by his mother, with a noble form and a fine manly face, though his bright blue eye had a restlessness of expression which, while it gave, at first sight, animation to his counte-

nance, indicated to a closer observer a certain versatility of character which had never been repressed by his indulgent parent. But none felt inclined that evening to speculate coldly or harshly on Ernest's disposition; least of all Lady Julian, whose soft eyes, as they rested often on her only son, spoke all the tenderness of a mother's feelings: and as the remainder of the party assembled round the fire, after the departure of the greater number of the guests, to drink Ernest's health in the crystal cup which had for many generations been used on all such occasions, and which was emphatically called "*The Luck of Lynhurst*," a happier group could not well be imagined.

Family tradition recorded that a cup of water had been presented on his knees, by the young heir of the then Lord of Lynhurst, to Queen Margaret of Anjou, as, exhausted in body, but unsubdued in spirit, she prepared for flight, after the fatal battle of Northampton.

"Well hast thou done thy devoir, true knight," said the lion-hearted queen; "lay up this goblet among the records of thy house. So may thy children's children, like thee, preserve their loyalty to their prince, and faith to their knightly vows, and the blessing of Heaven will never depart from thine house."

The large blue eyes of Frances Gerard beamed with pride, as she listened to Lady Julian's account of the devotion of their ancestors to the unfortunate Margaret in her greatest need—for she, too, was of the house of Clifford.

Mrs. Gerard was the only sister of the late Sir Thomas, and during his life time no year passed without a part of it being spent by her at Lynhurst.

Since his death, Mrs. Gerard had mourned over the early grave of her beloved husband. Frances becoming, in some sort, the sharer of her mother's

griefs, had feeling and reflection far beyond her years. Her buoyant spirit cheered and gladdened all within her gentle influence, while the beauty of her young fair face and fragile form had procured for her the name of the Snowdrop of Sedgely.

The childish intimacy of Frances and Ernest deepened into love, when, after a separation of some years, they again met in the old haunts of their happy childhood; but Mrs. Gerard knew the depth of her child's feelings, and the careless light-heartedness of Ernest. She wished, therefore, some proof of the strength of his attachment, and forbade for the present any engagements between them.

"Frances is only seventeen," she said, "and Ernest has to return to Oxford, and afterwards to travel; let us speak on this subject again two years hence."

Ernest submitted with difficulty.

"Two years!" said he; "it is a long long time to look forward to."

"Prove yourself worthy of her, Ernest," said Mrs. Clifford gently but seriously, "by the way in which this long interval is spent."

"Be it so, then," answered Ernest. "This day two years let us meet again here. Promise me," he continued, in a low, deep voice, to his cousin—"promise me not to forget All Souls Eve. I feel as if my whole life hangs upon that day."

He clasped her unresisting hand, and drawing a diamond, his own gift, from her finger, he added, solemnly—

"I will write our compact upon this old cup; what shall be the word?"

"Faith," whispered Frances.

"F E.," continued Ernest, eagerly—"your initial and mine. It is a good omen that the letters united should form that word. Remember, dearest, that they can never more be separated till the Luck of Lynhurst is broken for ever."

CHAPTER II.

"I do notice

That grief and patience, rooted in her, both
Mingle their spurs together. Grow, patience,
And let the shrinking elder, Grief, entwine
This perishing root with the increasing vine."

CYMBELINE

A year passed away, Ernest was still abroad, and his letters had, for some time past, become fewer and more hurried.

Mrs. Gerard remarked with sorrow the nervous anxiety with which Frances awaited their arrival, and the look of disappointment with which she used to lay down his short and unsatisfactory epistles. Ernest had finally quitted Oxford about three months after the meeting at Lynhurst, and they had since heard from himself of his visit to some distant connexions in Wiltshire, and of the happy fortune which had enabled him to assist his friend's sister, Theresa Lyttleton, in a situation of some danger. She had been run away with in a little carriage, in which she was herself driving two spirited ponies, and for some time she contented herself with guiding them, till, finding that they were rapidly approaching a steep bank, at the foot of which was a small pool of water, she summoned all her energies determining rather to overturn the carriage, and so arrest their progress, than be hurled down into the deep water below.

Her mother, who was an invalid, was too much occupied with the care of her little dog, and with her own fright and fears, to estimate the full extent of their danger; and Theresa, pulling the ponies' heads sharply round, and at the same time cutting them suddenly with the whip, succeeded with admirable presence of mind, in her determination; and Ernest arrived in time to save both Mrs. Lyttleton and Theresa from the overthrown carriage and struggling ponies. No one was hurt; but in the excitement of moments like these, feelings of intimacy and interest spring up, which the usual intercourse of daily life fails to awaken; and Ernest, strong, as he believed, in his faith and attachment to Frances, did not avoid this dangerous friendship, till by degrees the charm of Theresa's conversation, and the excitement of her high spirit and daring disposition, became more and more necessary to him.

He left Wiltshire abruptly; but it was winter, and his travels were deferred till summer, and in London they met again. Lady Julian's earnest endeavours were not wanting to

withdraw her son from a course so dangerous to his future peace; but Theresa, young and imperious, delighted in her power, and gloried in exerting it. Ernest ceased to mention her in his letters, and his visit to Sedgeley was daily deferred, till he was obliged, he said, to start for the Continent without again meeting Frances.

Rumours of his undisguised admiration of Theresa Lyttleton had reached Mrs. Gerard, even in her quiet home, and though the subject was carefully shunned by Frances, her mother watched, with ever increasing anxiety, her pale cheek and unquiet slumbers.

One day—it was All Souls Eve—she returned from her walk with a hurried step, and a face paler and more subdued than usual.

“Dear mother,” she said, as she rested at her mother’s feet, and her long bright ringlets almost concealed her countenance—“I met old Ailes in the wood this evening; I stayed out later than usual; for I was thinking of this day last year, and of our happy party at Lynnhurst. When I saw the old woman coming towards me, my mind misgave me,” she continued, forcing a smile; “for she has never quite forgiven my forgetfulness of her messages to Mrs. Mills, about the spinning; but she came towards me, and said very kindly, though in her own strange Scotch way—

“‘What ails my bonny bairn; for it is lang, lang since I hae seen the blink o’ her bright een.’

“Then she rambled on in the unconnected way you know she has ever since old James’s death, muttering something about deceivers, and a great deal which I could not understand.

“Then turning suddenly round, she looked full into my face with her deep set eyes, bending her head low down, and putting her arms akimbo, till I felt, with all my pity and regard for her, as if she were a witch, coming to foretell some misfortune.

“‘Do ye hear me, Miss Gerard,’ she said, ‘or are your thoughts far awa’ the noo? It’s an auld woman wha speaks, and ane wha can never forget that she owes all to your mither, and your mither’s house. I wad ask ye the news of Sir Ernest. They tell me he’s no’ to be at the Hall this year. Forgi’e me if I am owre bold; but I wad ask ae question mair, and gie ye ae word o’ warning. Is he your cousin only, my bairn, or far, far mair? I hae offended,’ she continued, but answer me truly; for Heaven’s truth has aye been on your young lips.’

“What could I say, dearest mother? You know it is long since we heard from him, and I could not speak of such things to Ailes, so I answered at last—

“‘He is only my cousin now.’

“And she drew herself up to her full height, and looking keenly into my face, said—

“‘What ye tell me may be owre true, though ye dinna believe it yoursel’. Poor young thing,’ she muttered to herself, and she turned away towards her own cottage.

“It is very foolish, dear mother; but her words and her face haunt me, and I feel as if evil were coming soon.”

She laid her face on her mother’s shoulder, and a tear stole down her pale cheek.

From that day she never spoke of Ernest; for her worst apprehensions were soon confirmed. Unaccustomed to self-control, he followed his impulses, which being generally good and noble had seldom been restrained, and, thrown by circumstances, much into the society of Theresa, he was not proof against fascinations, which were, indeed of no common order, but which, if compared with the pure, unselfish spirit and high principle of Frances, would have seemed dim and earthly, as the glow of a fire looks red and lurid when contrasted with the mild light of the evening star.

CHAPTER III.

“I hae made thy bed softly,
That thou mayest lie doon;
They are watching thee now,
Wha will follow thee soon.”

Old Ballad.

ANOTHER summer had passed away, and Frances had long known that it was the last she should ever see.

The day was closing, but the Octo-

ber sun still gleamed faintly through the casement of the dying girl.

Frances seemed better; the much-dreaded day—the second anniversary of

All Souls Eve—was well nigh past, and earthly sorrows had long given place in her mind to the peaceful hope of a better world, and the joys which had once brightened her path here, grew faint before the gleam of eternity, which is, we humbly believe, sometimes vouchsafed to brighten the death-path of the pure in heart.

"Dear mother," she said, "sit by me; you look pale and exhausted. You have watched me too long, too tenderly, and when I think how often I have failed in my duties to you it makes my heart sink, though I know you have forgiven me long long ago. If I had told you all, trusted you with all, I should have borne it better, perhaps, but there are things of which one can hardly bear to speak. Now that all is passed, and that I can look back upon my life, and see it, as it were, in the solemn light of eternity, I can speak of it—all that I have thought and felt for years past rises up before me so clearly. One thing," she said, speaking slowly and with effort. "I must say—it is not since—since all that has happened only that I have felt ill. I used before often to think that I could not live long; and the night at Lynhurst—the night of Ernest's birth-day, when we had been so happy—I felt it then; and as I knelt in my own little quiet room, a solemn awe crept over me, and something (do you think it was presumptuous in me to believe it was something from heaven, dear mother?) which told me that all this happiness would not last long; and as I looked out on the old yew trees beneath my window, I thought how many generations they had seen pass away, and I prayed to Heaven that my heart's treasure might be laid up there. Was it not strange that I whom you used to call your merry child, should have been so full of solemn thoughts at such a happy time. But in the midst of all our amusements, the thought of that still moonlight night never quite left me, and I have often thought that the sorrows and disappointments which have come upon me since then, were sent in answer to my prayers; and Mr. Evans did not think it wrong in me to believe so. I know, dearest mother, it will comfort you afterwards to remember that I have felt weak so long—that my illness was not caused by any earthly hand; and Ernest's na-

ture, too, is good and noble; the day will come for him, too, when it will be a relief to him to hear it."

Mrs. Gerard could not interrupt her, she had suffered too long and too much to give way to violent emotion even when she saw her beautiful, her only child fading away; but as she knelt by her bed-side, and listened to her faint voice, there was deep resignation in her countenance, though her drooping form, and the heart-broken expression of her pale face, forcibly suggested the idea that the mother and her child would not long be parted. The faithful nurse who had watched over Frances in her childhood, now came to her bed-side. She brought the few last autumnal flowers, which the affectionate gratitude of the poor school children, who had shared in Frances's kind offices, daily supplied, and with them their anxious inquiry whether she was better, and whether they might sing their hymn—the last hymn which she had taught them beneath her window.

Frances was now calm; the holy rite of which she had that morning partaken, had strengthened her, and she leant on her mother's shoulder, and listened to their young voices as they sang—

"Lord have mercy, and receive us
Early to thy place of rest,
Where the heavens are calm above us,
Still more calm each sainted breast."

Tears of mingled sorrow and gratitude rolled down the pale cheeks of the mother, and she also at that moment felt that the prayers of her child had been heard.

The night came on grey and cold, with fitful gusts of wind, but Mrs. Gerard still sat by her daughter's bed—still with a low, clear voice, read her the prayers for the sick, and cheered and strengthened her by the sight of her own calmness.

The usual hour for rest was long past, but their hearts were full, and Frances could not compose herself to sleep. She called her faithful nurse, and after thanking her for all her kindness and watchfulness, besought her always to remain with her mother; then signing to her to leave them alone, she raised herself on her pillow and said—

"If it were possible, dearest mother, if indeed such wishes are not sinful, my last desire and prayer would

be, that I might see *him* once more, that I might show him that crystal cup on which his promise was engraven—not to reproach him, but to raise his thoughts upwards from that earthly faith which has been broken, to faith in the mercy and compassion of heaven. It was your example, your words, dearest mother, that taught me that

blessed faith, and my soul thanks and blesses you for it."

Her head bowed on her mother's bosom, and with that last wish and prayer her spirit had passed away. The midnight bell sounded as Mrs. Gerard with her own thin hand closed her eyes, and then knelt in silent agony in the chamber of death.

CHAPTER IV.

"Give thy prayers to heaven.

Pray—albeit but in thought, but die not thus."

MANFRED.

AND how, in the meantime, passed the day with Ernest Clifford? In all the wild joy of hopes fulfilled, he brought his young bride to his father's halls, all thoughts of care banished from his full heart by its excess of happiness; and as the tall chimnies of Lynhurst Court rose from the midst of the oak woods, and he saw Theresa's gaze of admiration, he pressed her to his heart and welcomed her to her future home. Part of the evening was spent in exploring the old house. The tall turret and the great bell, which in 1646 had sounded to summon the brave peasantry to arm for their king, could not well be visited till day light, but they wandered through the long gallery, which tradition said had been graced by Queen Elizabeth, and where she had danced a minuet with the then Lord of Lynhurst, who, be it observed in passing, was, according to the picture still preserved of him, one of the handsomest men of his time.

The rooms which had been prepared for Theresa, and the suits of armour which still remained in the old hall, had all been examined and admired before the great bell warned them to prepare for dinner.

But whispers had already passed amongst the old servants, for Theresa's haughty tone and careless eye contrasted painfully with the gentle manner and kind look of Lady Julian, and a shadow even darkened the brow of Ernest as she pushed lightly by his mother's picture, which he had placed in her sitting-room, and said—"the costume of that day was insufferable; we will have it altered, Ernest;" but Theresa's bright smile soon effaced the momentary impression, and he led his fair bride into the dining-hall with a proud step and a happy heart.

Theresa's spirits rose as she looked

at her husband's beaming eyes; but a thrill passed through her heart as she saw him turn suddenly pale, when the old steward presented her, according to custom, with the crystal cup, the luck of Lynhurst. She raised it to her lips, and smiled as she drank his health, then held it out to her husband; but the word *FIE* caught his eye—a sudden pang shot through his heart as old times recurred to his mind, and the pale, sweet face of Frances seemed to rise before him. With a deep sigh, almost a groan, he motioned to the astonished old man to take it away; but before he could seize the cup, it fell from Ernest's trembling hand, and "the luck of Lynhurst lay shivered into a thousand atoms at his feet."

"Broken faith, broken fortunes," muttered he in a low voice, for the mysterious connection between the crystal cup and the fortunes of the Cliffords had been strongly impressed upon his mind from childhood, and the pang of conscience had not yet passed away; nor did the horror-stricken countenance of old Brindley reassure him, till he caught the eager face of Theresa, who was half alarmed at his paleness, half amused at the tragical countenances of the attendants, and the reverence with which Brindley on his knees collected the fragments of the broken goblet.

"My dearest Ernest," she said, and the colour mounted to her temples, "are you ill? The luck of Lynhurst," she continued, reassured as he gradually recovered himself, "is quite safe as long as you are well, and do not look quite so serious. But what could induce your ancestors to entrust such a treasure to such a very fragile receptacle, I cannot imagine; and here is Brindley inquiring what must be done with the pieces. Oh, keep them, by all means—luck in any

shape is not to be thrown away; and now I shall leave you, if you are really quite well again; and pray," she whispered as he opened the door, "don't be infected by their foolish superstitions, but let me see you look as you did before this ill-fated cup made its appearance.

Theresa drew her chair close to the fire in the large oak drawing-room, feeling for the first time in her life the loneliness of having no mother, no sister to whom to express her feelings—no one with whom she could laugh over the broken cup and Brindley's comical panic, she said; perhaps it would have been more correct if she had said, no one from whom she could inquire the cause of Ernest's agitation, and the whole history connected with the goblet which had so shaken his high spirit and strong pride.

The wind rose and moaned mournfully round the house, and roared in the wide chimney, and she rang to ask for the old housekeeper, from whom she hoped, without direct inquiry, to learn some of the traditions of the family, and with whom she would at least have the satisfaction of hearing a human voice to dispel the gloom which was gathering round her; for Theresa had been ever accustomed to be watched and worshipped, and solitude is irksome to all who have not disciplined feelings and a reflecting mind.

"Mrs. Mills," she said, relaxing from the careless tone which had hurt the old woman's feelings in the morning, "I have a great curiosity to see Lady Julian's sitting-room; besides, we did not open half the doors which open out of that long gallery, and I believe all the old furniture remains at that end of the house just as it was many, many years ago."

Mrs. Mills led the way, delighted to speak of Lady Julian, and to see the softened manner of her new mistress. But the long passages and shadowy corners of the old house were not calculated to raise her spirits, and she determined to return to the drawing-room.

"This must surely be the shortest way," said Theresa; "surely this door must lead towards my room;" and opening it quickly, she started at finding herself in a large empty apartment.

"Not that way, not that way, ma'am," said Mrs. Mills—who, staying

carefully to lock the door of Lady Julian's room, had not overtaken the light step of the young bride. "Don't pass that way—that room is seldom used—it will chill you. You should not step into it on your first day at Lynhurst, my lady; it is only used on sorrowful occasions—and it is called the Corpse Chamber."

Theresa started; but the sound of Ernest's voice reassured her—he had been following her wanderings over the house; and she went quickly back into the gallery to meet him, and returned with him into the drawing-room.

Ernest had recovered his composure, but not his gaiety—an unquiet conscience, once awakened, is not easily soothed—and his depression infected, though at the same time it piqued Theresa.

He shunned the subject of the goblet, however; and, kissing her tenderly, said he only grieved that any thing should have saddened her first day at Lynhurst. Theresa retired to her room; and, her maid dismissed, she sat for a few moments watching the flickering shadows from the fire, and looking at a door which she had not before noticed, and which she fancied must open into the Corpse Chamber; but, making an effort to dismiss such ideas, she undrew the heavy crimson curtains, and laid her wearied head on her pillow.

The wind moaned fearfully, and the old yew trees groaned as they swung backwards and forwards in the storm. She almost thought she heard the great bell toll; and, sitting up in bed, she listened attentively. At that moment the mysterious door opened gently, and a slight girlish figure, dressed in white, slowly entered the room. Her long fair hair fell over her face and shoulders, and in her hand she carried the cup—the crystal cup—now apparently whole. She passed, or rather glided to the foot of the bed; and while Theresa, with parted lips, and hands convulsively strained together, felt frozen beneath her gaze, she shook her head slowly and seemed about to depart. At this moment, Sir Ernest entered the room. The vision turned towards him, and the light of the fire fell upon her still, pale face, and upon the letters on the mysterious cup.

"My God!" gasped Ernest, slowly, "is my brain turning? Frances, for-

give me," he exclaimed frantically :
"one word, one word in mercy!"

She raised her arm slowly towards heaven with a gesture of warning, almost of supplication, and then vanished away,

Ernest strove to follow her—but his limbs seemed to fail him, and he staggered towards the bed, falling, rather than throwing himself upon it. Theresa could not speak ; but she felt his arm fall heavily across her chest, and she heard the bell toll midnight. Breathless and exhausted, she lay still and in silence till the minutes seemed hours, and the arm seemed colder and colder, and weighed more and more heavily on her trembling heart. One dreadful idea shot like lightning through her mind, and she strove to raise the cold arm, and to unlock the closed fingers ; but in vain—it was his death-grasp.

Many years have passed since that fatal night, and the ancient mansion of Lynhurst is now in the hands of a distant branch of the Clifford family ; yet the house itself, save from decay

and neglect, is unaltered. The Corpse Chamber is still connected with the apartments of the family ; nor has modern refinement—prone as it is to put aside all thoughts of futurity, in order not to disturb the enjoyment of the present—dared, in this case, to separate the funeral from the bridal chamber. Nay more, it is believed in the neighbourhood, that, when any season of trial or sorrow awaits the present inhabitants of Lynhurst, the same fair pale face and fragile form flits through the chamber, raising its hand towards heaven—as if the spirit of Frances Gerard still lingered round the old halls where she had first learned to know the passing nature of earthly happiness—commissioned, perhaps, from above, to enforce the lesson which heaven is daily, by providences, and warnings, and sorrows, and blessings, alike teaching mankind, and which they, alas ! learn so slowly ; *i. e.* that our hearts' treasure should not be entrusted to the broken cisterns of earthly happiness, but raised and fixed on the unchangeable joys of an eternal world.

THE COTTER'S BIRTH-DAY.

Let venal poet chaunt the fleecing sang,
To celebrate the birth-day of a king :
'Tis base to sing that kings can ne'er act wrang !
It is not praise, but satire's keenest sting.
O ! truth is glorious as the sun of spring,
That shines on a' alike, an' a' to bless ;
He gies his love unto the meanest thing
That blooms or chirrup in the wilderness ;
An' truth glints bright on those whom tyrants would oppress.

I sing the Birth-Day o' the Cotter-man—
A reverent patriarch three score years an' ten,
Wi' lyart locks gracing his haffets wan—
A dainty husband, an' the best o' men ;
Fresh in his eild as the green simmer glen,
An' still he effort maks his bread to earn—
His aim to hae a canty but-an'-ben,
Wi' something aye to spare to ilka bearn,
That they the gude auld hospitality may learn.

To Elspeth Elphinstone, his auld wife dear,
An' faithfu' sharer o' his waes an' joys,
It is the happiest day in a' the year.
He was *her* chosen 'mang the playsome boys,
An' she was *his* at a' their youthfu' ploys—
At Yule, at Maiden-feast, an' Hallowe'en ;

An' now, while gather round them bairns an' oes,
To ane anither doubly dear, I ween ;
An' memory hallows owre their love at deft eighteen.

To Elspeth 'tis a holyday—his love
For twa score years an' ten hath made it so.
Now frae the kist maun come the *sacred glove*,
Which she pu'd aff wi' the maist fervent glow,
To gie him hand an' heart—come weal, come woe.
Blithe on her ain gude man blinks Elspeth's smile,
While in her e'e joy's siller dew doth flow ;
An' when she sees him comin' through the stile,
'Tis a' her care to cheer him, wearied sair wi' toil.

The sun is shining through the afternoon,
An' on the gable-wa' o' Breckanshed,
Owre which an ancient rowan, nature's boon,
Hangs its bright haterels* o' berries red.
The hairst is shorn, an' ilka stook is led ;
Keen owre the stubble-fields October blows ;
The maukin seeks her grassy, cozie bed ;
Thick to the fir-wood hie the fatten'd craws ;
While sons an' dochters meet within their father's wa's.

As frae the distant parishes they come,
Each meets the welcome o' their parents dear ;
An' a' are glad to see their childhood's home,
Their mither loved, an' father hale an' fere.
The urchins at their elders mickle speer,
An' marvel what can be ayont the hill !
Elspeth prepares the feast o' rural cheer ;
An' she has brew'd a brewst o' nappy yill,
An' baken fowth o' cakes o' meal new frae the mill.

Amid the floor the fauldin' table's placed,
Its ample *leaves* extend on ilka side ;
Now wi' the gusty haggis it is graced,
An' dainty sweet-milch kebbuck—granny's pride,
That frae the chizzart† cam at Lammas tide.
Behand, around, the filial lovin' hearts,
An' smiling faces o' their circle wide,
Unknown to affectation's hollow arts—
To a' the sire a rustic dignity imparts.

The patriarch lays aside his bonnet blue,
An' in a hamely, but maist solemn way,
His heart owreflowing wi' thanks an' reverince due,
He hums the grace his gutchert‡ wont to say :
Sweet as the laverock's consecrated lay,
When owre the cottages he chaunts at noon,
Winged wi' the love o' mony a pious day,
That simple *grace* gaes to the throne aboon,
To *grace* the soul when flesh shall lie in death's deep swoon.

The glistening gullie deep incision makes,
An' a rich, fragrant *oam* § the shieling fills ;
Blind Elspeth hands about the *carvie* || cakes ;
Adown the haggis stream clear oily rills.
Healthy an' hungry is the wight that tills
The rugged moorland soil frae morn to night ;
The plates are heapit up like little hills ;
Parents an' bairns now feast wi' a delight
Unknown to those used to the daily banquet bright.

* Clusters.

† Cheese-press.

‡ Father.

§ Steam.

|| Caraway.

Fu' o' the *gurfie* * meal their hyths they *staich*,†
 An' mony a dainty whang the kebbuck tholes;
 The glorious nappy *reams* ‡ in many a quaiçh,
 To cheer their unsophisticated souls;
 A happier scene is not atween the poles!
 An', Scotland loved! that happy scene is thine.
 Simplicity yet mony a heart controuls—
 Oh! mayst thou never that true blessing tine,
 But in thy music, sang, an' manners ever shine.

Beside her ain gudeman loved Elspeth sits;
 Proud o' his bairns, he views them round—but *one*
 Is missed. Quick frae his pleasant visage flits
 The smile, which, for a time, arrests the fun.
 Adown his cheek the sad saut tear has run—
 He thinks him on his Alice—where is she?
 Ah! Alice is where never glints the sun!
 She sleeps wi' death in her virginity,
 Even like a dreaming strain o' unborn melodie.

She was her father's pet—which Elspeth knows,
 An' sees his aged heart wi' sorrow wrung;
 But it was ever hers to balm his woes,
 An' sympathy an' love are ever young;
 Sae there are hinnie words upon her tongue
 As into hers she clasps his toil-worn hand—
 “Oh! weep nae mair! Like lily fair has sprung
 Our Alice' spirit in a blessed land,
 To bloom in bliss for aye amang the sainted band.

“An' wha, my ain dear Willie, wha can say,
 But that our bairn may wi' the lave be here?
 Though far aboon, she yet may mind the day
 That was to her on earth sae fu' o' cheer,
 For nane could love ye mair, nane mair revere.
 Ah! heaven has truths which heaven alane can prove;
 The *blest departed* may at times be near,
 To soothe our sorrows wi' their spirit-love,
 Or mix our simple joys wi' holier frae above.

“Right glad am I that ye believe sich thing;
 For, let the minister preach whate'er he will,
 It is a sweet belief, frae which aft spring
 Thoughts holy, like the starns when a' is still,
 Save the soft wimple o' the crystal rill;
 The soul is weaned frae worldly cares the while,
 An' at Love's sacred fountain drinks its fill.
 E'en now methinks I see our Alice smile,
 As she was wont when leaning owre the ivy-stile.

But for sic thoughts, oh what were mortal life?
 Love wadna find on earth a dwelling-place,
 Nor joy nor sorrow eith; husband an' wife
 Nae mair be household words; an' filial grace
 Ne'er liq affection's smile in infant's face;
 While hope an' memory wad pine an' dee,
 An' leave not in the mind ae happy trace
 Of what has been, or what is yet to be—
 Divinest truth lives in what mortals canna see.

“An' what, my ain gudeman o' Breckanshed,
 Maks this to you an' me a holy day?

* Unctuous.

† Fill.

‡ Foams.

Because that we a lovin' life ha'e led
 Frae rosy youthhood till our heads are gray ;
 Because it is a type o' heaven's ain way,
 Met a' thegither thus in love an' joy ;
 For, when our souls shall cast their sloughs o' clay,
 We'll meet aboon, wi' naething to annoy,
 Husband an' wife, dochter an' son, an' ilky oe.

He feels his Elspeth's holy reasoning—
 That Alice now is heaven's adopted bairn.
 Stjll memory to the lovely dead will cling,
 An' wi' our years affections warmer yearn :
 It may be wise, but nature winna learn,
 To smoor* our grief for a departed love,
 For death will ever point wi' finger stern
 To the mute lips that could sweet feelings move—
 To the closed een that with gay smiles youth's garland wove.

An' thinking on his Alice dear inspires
 His heaven-devoted mind to solemn mood,
 An' wi' the eloquence of hope it fires,
 An' lifts the soul to its eternal good—
 To worship Him wha gies the raven food—
 To love each other in their love o' Him,
 An' alway to eschew the evil brood
 Of vice, which makes to thousands heaven's way dim,
 An' fills wi' harsh regret life's cup—dark to the brim.

The while his Elspeth feels a pious joy,
 Affection twa'fauld for her leal gudeman.
 Anither daud o' kebbuck gets ilk oe,†
 Anither dram flows frae the grey-beard can—
 Round gaes the wish, to lengthen far the span
 Of life, wi' blessings to the reverent sire.
 Such scenes alone domestic love can fan,
 Until 'tis kindled to a sacred fire,
 Which never can but wi' the heart itself expire.

But think na the night's hartsomeness is gane,
 For there are lads an' lasses in the ha' ;
 Maggie whispers to Tam, an' Tam to Jane,
 An' Jenny to her laddie tells it a',
 Then he to granny, granny to grandpa ;
 The smile o' kind consent blinks in his ee.
 Tables and chairs are set back to the wa',
 While Jock, the herd, is sent for tweedle-dee,‡
 An' in high tift are lad and lassie for a spree.

Twa lang Scots miles the laddie has to gang
 Ere he be at famed Robie Petrie's farm—
 Than whom, at auld strathspey, or reel, or sang,
 Nane better ever kittled hair on thairm ;
 Gray eild an' youth his cunning harp can charm,
 Inspire the heart wi' glee or soft lament,
 An' a' the gentle happy feelings warm—
 Oh, wi' his fiddle Rob is music's saint,
 For Scotia's muse her sweetest notes to him hath lent.

Yet, my loved Scotland, where on earth the land
 That boasts a genius which surpasses thine ?
 It was thy manners Ramsay's fancy fann'd ;
 Hence is his pastoral a' but divine,

* Smother.

† Grandchild.

‡ Fiddler.

Which thou, whilst thou art Scotland, wilt not tine.
 An' matchless, too, thy doric melody
 To calm, exalt, an' a' the heart refine!
 Ah! he wha feels thy sang, he will be free—
 'Tis to the mind as simmer is to flower an' tree.

The minstrel's nae yet come, an' a' think lang,
 For the excited heart soon wearies sair;
 It is requested Jane maun gie her sang.
 An' wha' is that sits by her mither's chair?
 'Tis he wha thinks Jane fairest o' the fair—
 Oh, many a smirk hae they exchanged unseen.
 The sangstress wales an ancient native air;
 The subject is a happy one, I ween,
 'Tis nature's happiest—love in twa soft-smiling een.

When I sing o' love to thee
 Like a bird on leafy bough.
 Laddie, gin thou lovest me,
 Tell me true, an' tell me now.
 Those wha wait to-morrow's hour
 Aften find sweet turned to sour;
 Love is but a summer flower,
 An' wanting warmth it winna grow.

Laddie, gin thou lovest me,
 Tell me now, an' tell me true;
 Be thou frank as I am free—
 But ne'er say what thou mayst rue.
 I am tired o' wooin', wooin'
 Making maut an' never brewin',
 Trysting aye an' naething doin',
 Love's doocot big*—I'll be thy doo.†

Frae lass and lad, frae mither, an' frae sire,
 A smile o' sweet applause her frankness won;
 The lover blusht, glowing wi' love's true fire;
 The mither kindly call him—her gudeson?‡
 A dainty, thrifty chield, an' fu' o' fun.
 He kens na how to look, nor what to say;
 But, lately, he a verse or twa had spun,
 An' he wad sing to them his rustic lay—
 Gin Jane's betwitching een marr'd na his rude assay.

O! there is little in this life
 To cheer the heart o' man;
 The feck o' it has been care an' strife
 E'er since the world began:—
 The rich wi' a' their wealth are poor
 Whan they wi' cares are vext;
 The toiling poor their hearts inure,
 An' farna what comes next.

But care may come, an' care may gae,
 Joy sometimes blinks atween—
 An' sweet, after the night o' wae
 Its bonny morning sheen!

* Dove-cot build. † Dove. ‡ Son-in-law.

The sweetest joy aneath the lift
 Kythes in twa slae black een—
 An' it is Nature's loveliest gift
 To Jane o' Breckan-Green.

O! pure, pure are the blobs o' dew
 That frae heaven's spring-cluds fa'—
 An' chaste, chaste is the hly's hue
 That maks a' Nature braw;
 But there be chaster in the breast
 Where simmer aye has been,
 The lily-thoughts that make her blest—
 Fair Jane o' Breckan-Green.

Forbye her lightsome smiles sae meet,
 The couthiest heart has she;
 An' thin her cherries twa, sae sweet,
 Are nae for fools to prie!
 O! he may bless his star for life,
 Earth's happiest wight I ween,
 Wha woos an' wins to be his wife,
 Fair Jane o' Breckan-Green.

Blithe to the ditty list the twa auld fouk,
 Weel-pleased to see their bairn lo'ed by a lad
 Wha is nae thriftless loon, nor menseless gouk;
 An' there lurks naething in his heart that's bad
 To break the *holy-row*, an' mak it sad,
 But wha could picture Jeuny's look the while?
 Like May she blusht—was something mair than glad;
 An' aye she tried to hide the dimpled smile—
 The mair she tried, the mair was seen its fairy-wile.

'Maist out o' breath, the herd comes running in
 Roaring wi' a' his might—"The Fiddler's come!"
 Wi' very joy ilk heart louns in its skin!
 Now, but an' ben, there is a busy hum,
 An' nae a face is there looks sour an' glum;
 The very dog is blithe, an' yowffs wi' glee;
 An' brisker *broond** the *spanks*† up the wide *lum*—
 The beggars at the door are glad to see
 The famous music-minstrel o' the "North Countrie."

The *sage* is seated in a cozie nook:
 Now Elspeth gies a dram to famous Rob;
 Ae breathless moment—now the thairms are strook
 To that whilk wad hae cheer'd the soul o' Job;
 Auld Rothiemurchus! The queans bosoms throb,
 An' off they *spang*‡, inspired by the strathspey!
 The lads fast follow. Now they reel, now bob;§
 Soon mark'd wi' *tackits*|| is the floor o' clay;
 Nae villain-passion there the lasses to betray.

That *man* can ne'er be blest, ah! wha'll dare say?
 Is there a human heart sae cauld and drear?
 Behaud that rustic group in its array!
 Awa' wi' sophistrie! Sic doolfu' lear
 But only serves the ee o' life to clear!
 Thus Nature is omnipotent owre a'—
 The honest heart an' gay maun feel *her* cheer—
 It ne'er owre-steps the border o' her law,
 But wi' her lives, an' frae her *Eden* canna fa'.

* Fly † Sparks. ‡ Bound. § Dance. || Shoe-nails.

Ye wha in mansions dwell, an' palaces,
 Could ye behold that mirthfu' country-dance,
 Ye, certes, wadna brak the world's dear peace,
 Nor mair wage war wi' Russia or wi' France.
 Napoleon on his war-horse proud might prance,
 An' Wellington him *dish* at Waterloo;
 But *bloody glory* never will enhance
 The hero's happiness up to the true—
 Gin kings like cotters lived, they wad be happy too.

Now the gude man maun hae his favourite *spring*.*
 Wi' right good will is granted his request;
 Gleg jinks the fervent *bow* owre ilk charmed string—
 For the *Magician's* fain to ply his best:
 Hark! frae his loved *Cremona's* tunefu' breast
 Comes Tulloch Gorum—glorious, sweet, an' clear!
 And can the patriarch in his *duist*† rest,
 While its grand magic comes full on his ear?
 Wi' Elspeth he maun dance t^d crown the birth-day cheer.

Now thumbs are knackt, an' mony hard hands clapt,
 To see the gray-hair'd couple in the floor.
 It fires the sage! His gude bow-hand seems rapt!
 Sweet speaks his fiddle! weel his skill can woo her!
 "Weel done! O famous Rab!" cries Jock Balfour—
 "Weel done—weel done!" cries ilka lass and lad.
 The gleefu' noise is heard far owre the moor!
 Jocose wi' him wha maks her bosom glad,
 Jane blushes oft, yet laughs to see her deft auld dad.

But now the *Coukoo-knock*‡ has chappit ane,
 An' lass an' lad' reluctant, hear the same.
 Ay, decent hours the patriarch law has been,
 Sae he retires wi' Elspeth, his dear dame.
 In love their filial sons an' dochters came,
 In love they now, though laith depart awa'.
 The moon is up, an' clear, to light them hame;
 The sage strikes up—'tis Scotland's social law—
 Our hallow'd tune—"Gude night, an' joy be wi' ye a'."

Such is the glory o' the North Countrie—
 Such is the glory o' the human heart,
 For nature's glory is simplicity.
 O! Scotland, mayst thou ne'er see it depart,
 Thy cottage-manners changed for those o' art,
 An' thou wilt prosper in the sight o' heaven.
 Still be the love o' God thy sacred chart,
 An' thou frae freedom never can be driven,
 An' a' it blessings to thy cotters will be given.

O' may he rise, an' soon the glorious sun
 That wi' blithe light shall shine on ilka land,
 When the great rights o' freedom shall be won,
 Each in his station work, wi' head or hand,
 That which is best for a', by wisdom planned;
 When, frae the palace to the cottage meek,
 Peace, like a hallowed rainbow, shall expand;
 When king shall list, an' priest an' patriot speak
 The sacred truth—that wi' God's love strong are the weak.

I. NEVAY.

Forfar.

* Dancing tune.

† Rude sofa.

‡ German clock.

THE DISMISSAL OF MR. WATSON.

A VERY clever letter has appeared in the public prints within the last month, bearing the signature F. Lucas, and notifying to J. Watson, Esq., the displeasure of his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant. The act for which Mr. Watson has incurred this censure, and for which he has forfeited the commission of a deputy-lieutenant for his county, was his having subscribed, as chairman to a public meeting, a resolution at which his excellency has been graciously pleased to take offence. The resolution, as cited in the letter of Mr. Lucas, was as follows:—

"Resolved, that we deem it essential to take immediate steps to re-organise the Orange Institution in this county, and that the county secretary be forthwith requested to convene a county meeting."

For signing this resolution, Mr. Watson has suffered the severest punishment which the Irish government had power to inflict upon him.

We have called Mr. Lucas's letter clever, and we are not disposed to withdraw this commendation of it; but we must, at the same time, add, without any ill will to the writer, that the letter is deficient in truth. It has an air of temperance, fairness, and discretion; and, if there were but a substance of truth in its main allegation, it would be, in all respects, worthy of its writer's reputation. We beg to be understood as not imputing to Mr. Lucas the disgrace of an intentional misstatement, but with this proviso we shall proceed to comment, without the least ceremony, on this false and plausible document, to which inadvertently or ignorantly he has been induced to affix his name.

The main grounds on which the resolution of the Lisburn Orangemen, signed by Mr. Watson, is condemned by his Excellency, Mr. Lucas pronounces to be, that the Orange societies having been discountenanced by the sovereign, and declared illegal by the legislature, a resolution for their revival, in itself an offence, was still more culpable when adopted by a magistrate and a deputy-lieutenant.—There can be little doubt that the conclusion thus expressed follows fairly

from the premises. If Mr. Watson had it in his view to re-organise a system condemned by the legislature, discountenanced by the sovereign, he contemplated a high crime—a crime for which he would be deserving of punishment far heavier than the loss of a decoration;—if Mr. Watson had no intention of committing such a crime, the letter in which he is charged with it was one which ought not to be written or sanctioned by a government affecting to be impartial and just. The culpability of the government is not lessened by the act with which the charge against Mr. Watson is disguised under a sophistry, which demands some little attention before its unfairness can be detected.

The fallacy lies in this assumption—that the Orange societies which Mr. Watson is accused of a purpose to revive, are the same, or of the same character as those which were prohibited by law, and discountenanced by his majesty William the Fourth. Nothing can be more unjustifiable than such an assumption; and few things can be more notoriously incorrect. If the Orange societies were interdicted or discountenanced in the various acts to which Mr. Lucas refers, it was not *because of their name*, but for far different reasons, of which it is necessary only to say, that they are expressed in the various acts alluded to. Now it is quite notorious that the Orange lodges in Ireland have conformed to the exactments of the laws, and have removed from themselves all those incidents of their organization which influenced the sovereign to express his disapproval of them. The changes thus made in the constitution of Orangeism are notorious. To suppose the Irish government ignorant of them would be, in the absence of adequate proof, to do the government gross injustice. Why, then, was Mr. Watson accused or suspected of a design to relapse into that system of Orangeism which has been condemned and charged, rather than judged (as every man ought to be, until evidence to a contrary effect has been adduced against him,) by his professions taken in their natural meaning, as having a purpose to revive extinct lodges, in the

spirit and agreeably to the regulations of existing Orange societies? If he designed to violate the law, he was openly announcing an intention for which, when put into effect, he would be liable to the penalty of transportation. Upon what grounds could Mr. Lucas or the Irish government conclude that he contemplated such a project, and had the madness publicly to make his intention known?

Will it be believed that the government has not condescended to justify or excuse its erroneous impressions by one item of evidence? Will it be believed that the Resolution upon which Mr. Watson's condemnation is rested, furnishes proof positive against the charge against him? And yet so it is. The graveness of the offence imputed to Mr. Watson, is his having subscribed the resolution we have already quoted—a resolution “to re-organise the Orange institution *in the county*” in which the resolution was passed. Was this to re-construct the Orange Society in the form and with the constitution which were thought, in 1835, to render it objectionable? Was this to re-organise the Grand Orange Lodge for Ireland, holding its sittings in the metropolis, and exercising authority over all the branches of the Society? Was this to revive again the exploded system of secret signs and pass-words? Was this, in short, to contemplate the construction of a Society, which should be, in every respect, obnoxious to the penalties of law, or, in the slightest degree, at variance with the spirit of law? No; the very terms of the resolution prove that it was the Orangeism of the altered system Mr. Watson contemplated—a system defensive for *his own county*, without illegal connection or association with Protestants in any other part of the kingdom. Mr. Watson's purpose being, then, legal, openly avowed, and, as his unblemished reputation would indicate, honestly conceived, the government has taken its own ignorant suspicions, or, perhaps, the insinuations of calumniators, as grounds of charge against an upright and loyal magistrate, and on such disreputable grounds, has punished him without a hearing.

But there was another charge against Mr. Watson—he assented to, or, as it is intimated in the letter of Mr. Lucas, countenanced and encouraged

the passing of a resolution to celebrate one of the July anniversaries by a public procession.

“As a deputy-lieutenant,” proceeds the missive punitive, “you should be an aid to the lieutenant of your county, in all lawful measures tending to preserve its peace. You have encouraged assemblies, the result of which, in an adjoining county, has been a formidable affray, attended with loss of life.”

This is hardly entitled to the praise of adroitness, inasmuch as it compels one to remember, that the government must share in the blame, such as it is, of the censured deputy. Mr. Watson, it appears, joined in a procession, or assented to the propriety of making such a demonstration in a county where there was not even one untoward event to reproach him for his decision. So far the prudence of this gentleman appears to have had a fair testimony from events. He thought a public demonstration might be safely made, and the result proved that he was right. He did lend his “aid to the lieutenant of his county in lawful measures tending to preserve the peace.” Perhaps his presence in the procession was the most effectual aid. It was a “lawful measure” to adopt the course he did, and it was a successful measure. In “another county” it appears there was a “formidable affray, attended with loss of life;” and instead of censuring the lieutenant, who did not adopt “all lawful measures” to prevent such an affray, the Irish Government pounces on the venerable magistrate who preserved order and peace, and censures him for the neglect of others. In short, the case, truly stated, stands thus. The government and legislature, by permitting the procession act to expire, “encouraged assemblies,” which are now complained of. Mr. Watson adopted the “lawful measure” which he thought most expedient, and which proved expedient for “preserving the peace,” and he is accused of doing the evil which was the act of government, encouraging the assemblies objected to, and he is censured for doing the good which government and its favoured functionaries neglected to do—the “adopting all lawful measures for preserving the peace,” and preserving the peace by their adoption.

It is hard to escape, when governments wield accusations thus double-edged and two-handed. One of Mr. Watson's crimes is for having acted, as is falsely alleged, in defiance of the prohibitions of law; and another is, that he exercised a freedom which the law undeniably gave him, and discharged, it may be, a duty which even this letter of dismissal assigned to him. He, perhaps, in his simplicity, had been betrayed, as we ourselves have been, into the belief which now, it seems, is a delusion, that freedom to do, without molestation or punishment, whatever is permitted by the law, is of the essence of liberty. Action, it would seem, is henceforth to be circumscribed within a narrower circle. What law permits, Lord Heytesbury may be pleased to punish. To us, we confess this appears the most intolerable of despotisms. A law is promulgated; we know it, and if we act in opposition to its provisions, we cannot excuse our misconduct on the plea of ignorance. We had been warned, and we disregarded the monition. It is not thus Mr. Watson has suffered. It does not appear that Lord Heytesbury gave notice of his determination to abridge the liberty which the crown and the legislature had granted. No proclamation was issued to stand in the place of the penal statute which had expired. Does not the punishment or censure of Mr. Watson, for having done what British law allowed, and even the Castle had not inhibited, seem more like an after-thought and a caprice, than an exercise of deliberate and discriminating severity?

We are glad to perceive that an honorable and gallant member of parliament has given notice of motion which will raise a discussion on this important although very painful subject, in the next session of parliament. For this act, as for many a former act, the gallant gentleman, Colonel Verner, has our cordial thanks. Our best wishes go with him; and our earnest entreaty is addressed to the Conservative members for Ireland, that they make themselves thoroughly acquainted with the circumstances of the case,

and be ready to stand up firmly for the right. We would have no evil act or evil intention defended. We would deprecate every thing like sophistry or evasion. We would not have a bad cause defended or a good disgraced by any indirectness. Let Mr. Watson be consulted as to what were his intentions and purposes; the testimony of a long life—a life passed without a stain—gives assurance that what he affirms may be relied on. If it appear, on inquiry, that the Orange Institution which he purposed to revive, was to be constituted so as to justify the charge against him of having meditated the re-construction of an illegal society, let no member of parliament—we make the appeal deliberately—censure the government for having displaced him. But if it be found that his purpose was to re-organise that society from which the peace and order of his country experienced so signal benefits, agreeably to a system and form in which the great principle which it ever professed shall be strictly maintained—a system and form and principle in which the letter and spirit of the laws shall be acknowledged and respected—if Mr. Watson contemplated the re-establishment and the extension of a society perfectly legal, and which he had reason to believe would prove essentially useful—that is to say, if it were his design to have the Orange Society re-constructed in the County Down, agreeably to the form in which it exists elsewhere—let his upright intentions, his high-toned directness of purpose, his frank and honourable avowal of his design, his life of consistency, disinterestedness, and zeal for the public good, the spotless impartiality of his magisterial decisions and exertions, his great and acknowledged services—be faithfully made known to the British senate and people, and contrasted strongly, as they ought to be, with the adroit mischievous which nothing can justify or excuse, if it have assumed, erroneously, and without adequate reason—still more, if it have assumed, contrary to evidence within the reach of all observing and reflecting persons—the fact of Mr. Watson's culpability.

While we write, the public papers present us with an account of the great meeting at Lisburn, to condole with Mr. Watson upon his dismissal, and to denounce, constitutionally, against that most ill-advised and arbitrary act of Mr. Watson's advisers. Although the day was unfavourable, the meeting was, in

all respects, numerous and influential. The Marquis of Downshire took the chair, and gave the whole weight of his character and position to the strong sentiment of indignation and contempt which pervaded an assemblage of from five and twenty to thirty thousand of the sturdy yeomanry of the north, (some reports make the meeting as high as fifty thousand,) at the insult which had been offered to all of them in the person of their tried and valued friend. This is as it should be. We say, advisedly, that unless the Protestant gentry thus identify themselves with the Protestant people, and make common cause with them in their struggle against a policy by which every thing, morally and constitutionally valuable, is being sacrificed, piecemeal, to a gigantic project of popish aggrandizement, which seeks to realise, under a sovereign of the house of Brunswick, the very objects which were aimed at when the last sovereign of the House of Stewart was driven from the throne, they will be justly considered as undeserving of their confidence, and a people who are determined to be and to continue free, must look for other advisers. And this, we are glad to perceive, is one of the courses resolved at this great meeting. A society is to be formed to look after the elections now near at hand, and to do whatever can be done that the cause which is dearer to them than their hearts' blood, may have fitting representatives in parliament.

We, of this journal, need not say what our opinion is of the old Orange institution. We have never seen reason to depart from the judgment of a former government and parliament, that it saved this country in ninety-eight. That it should be revived precisely as it existed at the time when its dissolution took place, is, we believe, what no one at present desires. It was then a secret society. No one desires any secrecy now. There was, then, a system of signs and pass-words that may have been necessary as long as the society was a secret one, but which cannot now, for any useful purpose, be longer required. There were other peculiarities against which objections were made, and which are equally non-essential; and in all these particulars we have full confidence in the good sense of those who may be appointed to organize a system of Protestant defence against Romish aggression, that whatever might thus be a cause of offence will be avoided.

The battle is to be fought at the registries. Irish Protestants must not forget that the men who will represent them in the next parliament will have in their hands the destinies of this great empire. They should also hold steadily in mind, that by a system of atrocious slander, as skilfully as it was malignantly directed, the minds of the people of England have been much misled. If the minister now sets them at nought, and seeks their overthrow, it is only because he supposes he may safely injure those who have been so successfully abused, and that any amount of indignity may be heaped with impunity upon men who have been so long exposed to the railing accusations of a popish and radical press, that even the inventors of the wholesale calumnies against them begin to believe their own lies. We would, therefore, impress upon them the necessity for the greatest caution. They must take care, in their just indignation against present measures, not to be betrayed into any rash act or word which could cause the principles they have at heart to be spoken against, or give even a colour of justification to the representations of their implacable enemies. There is a case in which caution is as indispensable as boldness, and in which the maxim is a wise one, "to keep silence—yea, even from good words," though it may be "pain and grief to them." Their first object should be to make it perfectly clear that theirs is a *strictly defensive* confederation; that they seek but to uphold, in their pristine integrity, the principles of our time-honoured constitution; that the constitutional rights of all classes of her Majesty's subjects they will religiously observe, and only require that the same good faith should be kept towards them by those who, upon the strength of oaths and declarations, that they would respect our Protestant institution, were admitted to in the imperial parliament. Let this be done—let their moderation be made manifest to all men, and we have little doubt of the result. The men of England and of Scotland will identify themselves with it, asserted and maintained, and the most reckless minister may be that there may be more of peril, than of honour or of profit, in it.]

DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

No. CLIV.

OCTOBER, 1845.

VOL. XXVI.

CONTENTS.

	Page
IRELAND AND HER CHURCH. SECOND ARTICLE	379
POETICAL REMAINS OF THE LATE MRS. JAMES GRAY. NO. IV.—THE WIFE'S LAST VIGIL—LANGUAGE—TO ELLEN (LIVING)—TO ELLEN (DEAD)—THE SLEEPING BABE—EVENING THOUGHTS—THE GARDEN, A THOUGHT—THE GIPSY MOTHER—TO A CANARY BIRD—THE SCENT OF FLOWERS—THE SUM- MER'S FLIGHT—SHADOWS OF DEATH	393
NEW ZEALAND	405
THE ÆSTHETICAL CONDITION OF ENGLAND	420
IRISH RIVERS.—NO. I. THE BLACKWATER.—SECOND ARTICLE	430 ;
THE LAST LAY OF THE MINSTREL	448
THE WHYCHCOTS; A LEAF FROM THE CENSUS OF 1841	451
A MONTH IN THE HIGHLANDS	463
GALLERY OF ILLUSTRIOUS IRISHMEN. NO. XV.—WILLIAM MAGEE, ARCH- BISHOP OF DUBLIN—FIRST ARTICLE	480
THE OUTPOST BUGLE	494
A PLEA FOR ILLUSION. By CALDER CAMPBELL	495
SIR ROBERT PEEL AND THE PROTESTANTS OF IRELAND	496



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IRELAND AND HER CHURCH.*

SECOND ARTICLE.

IN our notice of Dean Murray's "Ireland and her Church," in our last number, our readers have seen how very little claim the popish has to be called the *old* religion of Ireland. They have also seen, how it was introduced, at what cost it was established, and also, how entirely and universally the royal supremacy was denied and rejected in the first movements of the Reformation.

That popery again obtained a footing in the country, was owing to circumstances over which the English government could have exercised little control, embarrassed as they were by foreign and domestic troubles, which left them little leisure to attend to the affairs of Ireland. Nor is it to be denied, that political were always predominant above religious or ecclesiastical objects; and while the Jesuits, and the whole power of papal Rome, laboured for the establishment of popery with all their might, and as "the one thing needful," a comparative indifference was exhibited as to the best mode of ensuring the prevalence, and giving security to the profession, of "that more excellent way," by which evangelic truth might be brought home, with a saving efficacy, to the hearts of the people.

Still that much was accomplished cannot be denied. The University of Dublin must ever do honour to its founders. That institution owes its origin as much to the zeal and the liberality of the corporation of Dublin, as to the munificence of the queen. If

its charter was conferred by the one, the ground upon which it was built, the old monastery of All-Hallows, was bestowed by the other. And it is probable, that there never was an act of the government by which more permanent advantages were conferred upon Ireland.

We must, however, defer our notice of the worthies of the Irish Church, and the other distinguished personages who recognised our Alma Mater as the source of their erudition and celebrity, until we have given some answer to the question, What has our Establishment done as a missionary church, and how far has it been effectual in furthering the spread of true religion in Ireland?

Our readers, in considering this part of the subject, must not forget the lets and hindrances to its usefulness, some faint idea of which we endeavoured to convey in our preceding number. It was not in a country distracted by rebellion, or convulsed by war, or by a church plundered, impoverished, and proscribed, as the Church of England was, at various periods from the Reformation to the Revolution, that the most effectual progress could be made for the spiritual welfare of a people; and when we add to this, the counter-working of an antagonist system, unencumbered by any state connection, and ably administered by ecclesiastics whose allegiance was pledged to a foreign power, and who ever proved themselves subtle, daring, active, and unscrupulous, whenever the

* Ireland and her Church. By the Dean of Ardgagh. 8vo. Seeley, Burnside and Seeley, London: 1845.

interests of that power, either temporal or spiritual, were concerned, we will still leave much unsaid, by which the difficult warfare which our clergy had to wage, not only against error and ignorance, but against priestcraft, sedition, and political intrigue, may be fully comprehended.

And now, what has actually been done? We have seen that the first English invaders entered Ireland as the vassals of the pope, and succeeded but too well in subjecting the country to the yoke of papal bondage. It is not, therefore, a little thing, that almost all the leading families of English descent are now to be numbered amongst the converts to the reformed communion. Take the following for examples:—

The Fitzgibbons—their modern representatives being the Earls of Clare.

The De la Hides—now of Castle Hide, county of Cork.

The Beauchamps.

The De Lacys.

The Butlers—Viscounts Ikerrin, now Earls of Carrick.

The Cusacs—Lords of Killeen and Grandston.

The Fitzgeralds of Decies—an offshoot of the house of Desmond, of which Lord Steward de Decies is the heir-general.

The Husseys—feudal Barons of Baltrim, of which the late Earl of Beaulieu was the last.

The Longfields—Lords Longueville, Castle Mary, county of Cork.

The Luttrells—Earls of Carhampton.

The Prendergasts of Gort and Limerick.

The Stapletons—who now possess the title of Le Despenser.

The Tracys—who lay claim to the title of Lords of Rathcoole.

The D'Arcys of Galway and the county Meath.

The Verekers—Lord Gort.

The Tuites.

The Prestons of Meath, descendants of Robert Preston, created Baron Preston in 1374.

The Nugents.

Are these to be held of no account? Is the conversion to Protestantism of whole families, as above described, to be disallowed, or thought lightly of, as one of the achievements of the reformed religion in Ireland? We here appeal to matters of fact, respecting which every competent inquirer may judge for himself; and we confidently

aver, and challenge inquiry, that five-sixths of the ancient settlers in this country, who came under the authority of a papal grant, and for the purpose, partly, of subjecting the native population to the jurisdiction of his Holiness, and compelling a conformity to the usages of the Church of Rome, are now amongst the steadiest and the most enlightened members of the Established Church.

But the native population, what has been done for them? Here, too, we will find that our Church has not been idle. Bear witness—

The O'Neils.

The Fitzpatrick.

The Magenisses.

The O'Haras.

The Hares, (anciently O'Hahirs.)

The Macnamaras.

The O'Callaghans.

The O'Mahonys.

The Macmahons.

The O'Kearneys.

The O'Creaghs.

The O'Reillys.

The O'Carrolls.

The O'Dwyers.

The O'Boyles.

The O'Briens.

The Donavans.

The Sweenys.

The Dunlevies.

These are not a few of the ancient Irish sept; and we may affirm generally, that almost all who are educated of them at the present day, are members of the reformed communion. The humbler classes, those to whom the light of education had not reached, remained in subjection to the papacy, while the better instructed were every day becoming converts to a more enlightened profession of the Gospel; until, of the sixty-five Irish septs, as enumerated in an ancient roll, bearing date 1515, not five continue steady adherents of the Church of Rome! What will be said to this astounding fact, by those flippant senators who are so very ready to disparage the working of the Established Church in Ireland?

But there was a class of Anglo-Irish, who had become so identified in manners and usages with the natives, that they are described as "*Hibernis ipsis Hiberniores.*" What became of these? Let the reader judge for himself. By the following enumeration it will be

seen, how almost entirely they have conformed to the Established religion :

The Earl of Desmond, (Lord of Kerrye.)
 The Knight of Kerry.
 Fitzmaurice of Kerry.
 Sir Thomas of Desmond.
 Sir Gerat of Desmond.
 The Lord Barrymore.
 The Lord Barry-Oge, (Earl of Barrymore.)
 The Lord Rorke.
 The Lord Cerney.
 The Lord Cogan.
 The Lord Barret.
 The White Knight, (Earl of Kingston.)
 The Knight of the Valley, (Knight of Glyn.)
 The Powers of Waterford.
 The Burkes of Limerick.
 The Butlers (of Kilkenny and Wexford.)
 Lord Bourke of Mayo.
 Lord Bourke of Clanricarde.
 Lord Bermingham of Athenry.
 The Stauntons of Mac Evilly.
 The Jordans or De Exeter.
 The Lord Nangle or Costello, (Costello of Edmondstown.)
 The Lords Barret.
 Sir Rowland Savage.
 Bisset of the Glenties.
 The Dillons of Meath and Mayo.
 The Daltons.
 Tyrrels.
 Delameres.

Such is the enumeration preserved in the Tower, of the "thirty great captains of English noble folk" who followed "the Irish order." And of these there is not one at the present day whose descendants are exclusively Roman Catholic. "Some few," observes our able cotemporary, the editor of "The Dublin Evening Mail," (to whom we beg leave to make our acknowledgements for much of the information which we now present to our readers,) "are mixed ; but the great majority have not a single member or off-shoot professing the Roman Catholic religion." In point of fact, all these heads of families (omitting some half-dozen who have become extinct) came gradually over to the profession of the more enlightened faith, with the exception of some who took service under continental sovereigns, and continued in the profession of popery when that was the religion of the country in which they served. The peasantry alone, sunk in abject ignorance, re-

mained superstitious and unenlightened.

Now, if we stopped here, is not a case made out, by which it is clearly established that the Church of England has been a substantial blessing to Ireland? What becomes of the assertion that as a missionary church it has been a failure? A failure! When we consider the stormy trials through which our church has passed—the pilage and plunder to which it was exposed—the neglect of it in high places—the manner in which its patronage was abused—we are perfectly astonished at the progress which it made in maintaining and extending the principles of true religion. Nor was it alone to the more educated and highly gifted the truth of the reformed faith approved itself. We have before us an extract from the records preserved in the Rolls' Office, of the recantations which were made and registered by the Romish converts, which shows how rapidly the middle classes were being leavened with sound and scriptural doctrines, during a period usually denominated one of great spiritual deadness in Ireland.

The following is the document to which we allude. It is taken, at random, from two rolls, and confined to the letters M and O, the two most common in this country. Our cotemporary, who inspected the records, adds, that the whole, if published even in the smallest type, would fill the space of fifty newspapers.

"O'Brien, Carthy, Kilmore Rose, 1704.
 Christopher, of Dublin, 1704.
 Terence, of Clugernagh, Galway, 1715.
 Michael, Dublin.
 Michael (a priest), Galway, 1718.
 Michael, of Cork, 1721.
 Terence, of Scadbarry, Cork, 1729.
 Charles, of Killuremore, Galway, 1734.
 Thomas, Tipperary, 1740.
 John, of Dublin, 1742.
 Timothy, of Dublin, 1744.
 Daniel, ditto, 1745. • •
 Patrick, ditto, 1745.
 William, ditto, 1747.
 Murtagh, ditto, 1748.
 Patrick, ditto, 1749.
 Christopher, ditto.
 Matthew, of Newcastle, Lara, 1752.
 Edward, Dublin, 1755.
 Morgan, Dublin, 1750.
 Mrs. Margaret, Dublin, 1761.
 Ju. Temple, Etny, Tipperary, 1762.

- William, Cahirbolane, Clare, 1764.
Thomas, Dublin.
Matthew, Coolreagh, Clare, 1765.
Denis, Dublin, 1765.
Anne, Cashel.
Edward, Dublin, 1762.
O'Connor, John, Dublin, 1730.
Arthur, Rathcormac, Cork, 1744.
Garret, Nohoval, Kerry, 1745.
Garret, Gragreagh, Clare, 1746.
John Ferrall, Meath, 1752.
Thomas, Castlereagh, 1758.
Dermot, Tuam, 1758.
Thomas Milton, Roscommon, 1761.
John, Killeban, Carlow, 1762.
William, of Dublin, 1763.
O'Callaghan, Donat and Hannah, Kildare, County Clare, 1743.
O'Cahern, Roger, Killecor, Derry, 1762.
O'Carroll, Timothy, Tipperary, 1747.
O'Donovan, Daniel, Esq., Baslevolane, Cork, 1724.
O'Donnell, Neale, Newport, Mayo, 1763.
John, Dublin, 1733.
Bryen, Cashel, 1744.
James, Cork, 1765.
Richard, Carrick, Tipperary, Esq., 1759.
Marcus, Dublin, 1764.
Marcus, Mayo, 1766.
Elmer, Newport, 1767.
O'Hea, Richard, Cork, 1731.
Emanuel, Cork, 1733.
Thomas, Rathbarry, Cork, 1757.
John, of ditto, 1760.
Daniel, 1734.
Davan, Killekean, 1758.
O'Hara, Charles, Langfrew, 1740.
Charles, Reshoyn, Mayo, 1761.
John, Dublin, 1757.
Edmund, 1754.
O'Hagan, John Connor, 1752.
Edward, Dublin, 1759.
Madden, Ambrose, Kilmaeslane, Galway, 1705.
Mahon, Captain Bryan, Castlegar, Galway, 1709.
Mahony, Thady, of Dublin, 1709.
McCarthy, Chas. Rathduff, Cork, 1719.
McMahon, Terence, Ballymurtagh, Clare, 1721.
McCarthy, Timothy, Dublin, 1721.
Maughan, Bryan, Oughterlooney, Galway, Gent., 1722.
McHugo, Henry, Galway, 1723.
McGhee, George, Kerry, 1725.
Maher, Philip, of Clonmel, and Anne, his wife, 1726.
Mooney, Owen, of Corcollin, King's County, 1704.
Malone, Richd. of Ballymahown, Westmeath, 1704.
McNamara, Francis, of Collough, county Clare, 1704.
McDonnell, Elizabeth, alias O'Brien, wife of Charles M., Ennistymon, Clare, 1719.
Mahony, Murtagh, Tyrrellteen, county Kerry, 1690.
McDonnell, Randall, Dublin, 1722.
McAnwley, Francis, Dublin, 1730.
McMahon, Murtagh, Dublin, 1731.
Murphy, Cornelius, Murragh, Cork, 1727.
Mara, Anne, Nenagh, Tipperary, spinster, 1729.
McNamara, John, Limerick, 1734.
McDaniel, Phelim, Dublin, 1735.
McCarthy, Randall, Ballycarberry, co. Kerry, 1737.
Darby, Killeenan, co. Kerry, 1737.
McDermott Roe, Elizabeth, Kileman, Roscommon, 1741.
Thomas, of Cullow, Roscommon.
McDonogh, Thady, Sligo, 1743.
McNamara, John, Dublin, 1745.
Thady, of Ramah, co. Clare, 1747, (now Ayle.)
Mahony, Denis, county Kerry, 1718.
Magennis, Constantine, Dublin, 1748.
McSwyny, Owen (Romish priest), 1749.
Murphy, James, Kilmore, Tipperary, yeoman, 1750.
McCarthy, McDarby, Cahirnisky, Clare, 1757.
McCrohon, Cornelius, Bushfield, Kerry, 1760.
McDermott, Barnaby, of Strokestown, and Alice, his wife, 1761.
Owen, of Ballyglass, Roscommon, Esq., 1761.
McKeogh, Daniel, Ardinan, Tipperary, 1763.
Moloney, Daniel, Glandree, co. Clare, and Mary, his wife, 1764.
McGillycuddy, Catherine, wife of John McGillycuddy, of Anglorte, in Kerry, Gent., 1765.
McCartan, Felix, Dunlary, Armagh, 1765.
Moneyhone, Andrew, Rathbegg, county Kerry, 1765.
McLorinan, Paul, Antrim, 1768.
McClean, Hugh, Longford, 1718.
McCarroll, Jane, ditto, 1765.
McSweeney, Roger, Dromquinney, co. Clare, 1768.
McKiernan, Bryan, Cavan, 1769.
McQuaid, Arthur and Sarah, Armagh, 1769.
McCann, Edward, Armagh, 1769.
McGivney, John, Dublin, 1769.
McCabe, John, 1770.
McDonnell, Miss Mary, 1770.
McIntgart, Patrick, Armagh, 1771.
McNally, Helena, Dublin, 1771.
Morgan, Rev. Patrick (Romish priest), 1771.
Moriarty, Thomas, Cork, 1771."

To this it will be replied, that these converts were made during a season of persecution, and only prove the grinding severity of the penal code. To such an

asseveration we can only say, that we are slow to judge of human motives in matters where spiritual interests are in question. Of men's acts we may speak with certainty; their motives can be known to God alone. Our best motives are not always, or often, free from the taint of something selfish; and *they* will ever be best able to make due allowance for others, who are most distrustful of themselves. But while we readily acknowledge that it is natural in those who think ill of the reformed doctrines, to undervalue or discredit the conscientious convictions of those who are led to embrace them, we, to whom the doctrine and discipline of our Church appear not more consonant to scriptural truth, and conformable to the best models of ecclesiastical antiquity, than congenial with enlightened reason, have no need thus to fling contumely and opprobrium upon her converts. We believe that her own intrinsic excellence was a sufficient cause why such numbers should have flocked to her communion. And we believe also, that the numbers would have been greater, had not many sensitive and honourable minds been influenced by an apprehension of the censorious and uncharitable construction which might be put upon their conduct. Of the degree in which the penal laws may have induced false, or prevented true, conversions, we can be no proper judges. Rarely are we able to judge aright respecting the motives which actuate ourselves. But, declining all controversy in a matter which belongs exclusively to Him to whom alone "all hearts are open," we are free to confess our belief that the Church, as a moral institute, lost more than, as a political establishment, she gained, by the legislative measures which were taken for her protection. We are here, however, to deal with plain and indisputable facts. That the adherents who abjured the errors of popery, and confessed their agreement with the doctrines of our reformers, were extremely numerous during the last century, the records in the Rolls' Office abundantly prove. That they were corrupt or unprincipled is by no means manifest; nor are there any who ought to feel a more natural solicitude for the character of many who thus conformed, than some of those who, for their own motives, are loudest

in their denunciations against them. Mr. Shiel, whose attack upon the Church gave rise to the series of papers in "The Evening Mail," from which we have already borrowed so largely, will find the following members of his family duly registered in the Rolls' lists, as having, at the dates annexed, abandoned the Romish, and attached themselves, to the Established religion:—

"Shiel, Peter, of Dublin, 1771.

Hugh, ditto, 1771.

Hugh, ditto, Esq., 1773.

Peter, ditto, 1773.

Martin, ditto, Esq., 1778."

- Now let Mr. Shiel vilipend his conforming ancestors as he may, we cannot see any thing, in the fact of their conformity, which makes us doubt their sincerity, nor question the soundness of their Protestant convictions.

Of Mr. O'Connell the same may be said. The Rolls' lists bear record that many members of his family conformed:—

"Connell, Charles, 1721.

Morgan, 1730.

Maurice, 1730.

Daniel, 1767, Drimgal, co. Kerry.

Richard, 1753, Knockammar, co. Clare.

Jeremiah, 1755, Ballymartel, co. Cork.

Charles, 1761, Dublin.

James, 1767, Fethard, co. Tipperary.

James, 1768, Cashel, ditto.

John, 1770, Dublin.

Rev. John, 1771, ditto."

Our cotemporary adds, that the "foregoing notice of the Connells, inscribed on the recantation roll, has been entirely confined to the southern branches, resident in the Counties of Kerry, Clare, Tipperary, and Cork. The Connells of Cavan and Longford were the Tir-Connells from Donegal, who were, from the period of the reformation, and still continue to be, staunch and conscientious Protestants." Of one of those above mentioned—Maurice of Ernelaghmore, in the County of Kerry—the present Sir Maurice O'Connell, Governor of New South Wales, is the descendant.

Now, the agitator and his minions may, if they choose, disparage these individuals, as men who, for unworthy motives, abandoned the religion in

which they had been brought up; and, no doubt, such a step could not have been taken in Spain with safety, where the controversy would soon have been settled by a process, which, if it did not satisfy the scruples, would have silenced the tongues of those who should presume to question the infallibility of the Church of Rome. But no Inquisition could be instituted in Ireland; and the haters of the reformed doctrines were, therefore, compelled to content themselves with maligning the characters, when they could not lay hold of the persons, or mangle the bodies, of those who embraced them. We, however, must leave the defence or the disparagement of their own families to those who must know more about them than we can pretend to do. We only cite the Rolls' records to verify our statement that the reformed doctrines were, during the last century, rapidly making way, not only amongst the upper, but the middle classes; and we may surely claim, on the part of the relatives and ancestors of Mr. Sheil and Mr. O'Connell, what these gentlemen would contend for on the part of any culprits whom they were defending at bar, to be deemed innocent until they are proved guilty—to be deemed honest and conscientious in their professions, until the contrary was made manifest by somewhat better evidence than the "railing accusations" of interested, or prejudiced and unprincipled accusers."

But while the church was thus converting the Romish population, the legislature was plundering the church. By the withholding of the tithe of agistment, the clergy were grievously oppressed and impoverished; and a necessity was created for those unions of parishes which left large tracts of country, to all intents and purposes, unprovided with pastors. Nor was this the only evil which the church had to endure at the hands of a par-excellence Protestant government. Church patronage was woefully abused. Appointments to the episcopal office were regulated solely by political convenience. And when the bishops were careless and secular, the clergy might be expected to be lax and neglectful. Hence, in many parts of the country, whole districts, in which the reformed doctrines were once professed, from

total destitution of the pastoral office, have lapsed into the old superstition.

In the year 1726, the glebe-houses in Ireland numbered but one hundred and forty-one; nor was there any considerable augmentation down to the period of 1800, when they only numbered two hundred and ninety-five. What could a clergy thus circumstanced do, even if they were the very best of their order, for the moral well-being of the people? And yet such is the intrinsic excellence of the Church of England, despite these great disadvantages, the number of converts was truly surprising. What would it not have been, had there been a wise or righteous administration of ecclesiastical affairs, and had the rule "*detur digniori*" been observed, by government in the appointment of bishops, and by bishops in the appointment of the inferior clergy?

In the year 1820, the glebe-houses numbered seven hundred and sixty-eight, exhibiting an increase of four hundred and seventy-three within the space of twenty years.

In 1829, two hundred and fifty glebe houses were added to the preceding number, while two hundred churches were either recently erected, or in progress of erection, for the accommodation of increasing congregations.

Let one instance suffice, of many that might be adduced, to show the vast increase in the number of Protestants, which has taken place within the last few years.

We ourselves remember the parish of Monkstown, in the neighbourhood of this city, five and twenty years ago, when the whole church accommodation for all the Church of England Protestants of the union, comprising five widely extended parishes, consisted of the old church, capable of containing about three hundred individuals. There is now church accommodation for little less than five thousand.

The new church accommodates	1300
The Mariners' Church	1300
Bethel Church	400
Dalkey New Church	600
Killiney Church	300
Carysfort Church (Black Rock)	300
	<hr/>
	4700

And if we add the new church of St.

James's, near Bray, which accommodates seven hundred, we shall have church accommodation for five thousand four hundred individuals, in a locality where, five and twenty years ago, there was not sitting room for more than three hundred.

We do not offer this as any criterion of the general rate of increase of Protestant congregations; for we know that there were local causes which rendered it greater in the above neighbourhood than it may be found elsewhere; but we believe there is no part of Ireland in which an active and pious parish minister has been placed, where the increase has not been considerable, and we know that there are many in which it fully equals the ratio above described.

Now, we only ask the British minister to look fairly at the case, and to say if the church can be called idle or inefficient, by which such results have been produced? We would also ask of him to compare the clergy of the present, with those of past generations, and to say whether they are fairly chargeable with any laxity or indifference in the discharge of their sacred duties? "Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground?" was the curse pronounced upon the *barren fig tree*. Shall the same language be used by the legislature to our Establishment, at a time when it never was more fruitful?—when its own children never derived more spiritual blessings from it?—when the prospect never was so bright of extending these blessings to a benighted population?

In 1615, it appears from the regal visitation book, that the *resident clergy* did not number much more than one hundred and fourteen for the whole of Ireland!

In 1806 the *resident clergy* amounted to six hundred and ninety-three, the *curates* to five hundred and sixty.

In 1830, the *resident clergy* amounted to twelve hundred, and the *curates* to seven hundred and fifty; while it is manifest to every one acquainted with the state of Ireland, that this vast increase still fell vastly short of the spiritual requirements of the people.

In truth, from the beginning of the present century, the Irish Church had begun to bestir herself with an energy proportioned to the important work which she had in hand. The labours

of some of her most able and zealous clergy, and the general intelligence of her enlightened laity, manifested their influence in arousing public attention to the spiritually destitute condition of the mass of the population; and the result was, the formation of societies by which great good was accomplished, and which, if they had only been properly supported by the government, would have done all for national education that should be required: that is, rendered instruction in useful knowledge, and also in that knowledge that leadeth to everlasting life, easily accessible to every individual to whom it was likely to prove useful. The success which attended the labours of the "Association for Discountenancing Vice," a strictly church society, abundantly proved that there were no insuperable prejudices on the part of the Roman Catholics, which could prevent them benefitting by a system of education connected with the reading of the Holy Scriptures. If good schools were established and maintained, no efforts on the part of their priesthood could prevent the parents of Roman Catholic children from taking advantage of them. Of the Kildare-Place system, (of which we approve the less, inasmuch as it was less uncompromising) the same may be said. The people willingly received the instruction proffered to them, as a great boon; and would have continued to do so, had the government support been continued to it, regardless of the clamours of a seditious agitation. But these are topics to which we cannot do more than passingly allude at present; and we only do so for the purpose of showing the awakened interest, which both the clergy and the laity of *all denominations but that of Roman Catholics*, evinced in the moral improvement of Ireland. Strange that the maintainers of ignorance should now be the chosen dispensers of knowledge; and that those whose enlightened and disinterested exertions had originated projects of mental and moral culture, which were every day telling with increased effect upon both the moral and the physical condition of the people, should have their proper lead in the good work wrested from them, and conferred upon those who have always proved that they prefer darkness to light, when that light

serves to reveal the abuses of the papacy, and to lead their benighted votaries to true religion!

But how were the funds provided by which the increased and increasing number of the clergy were maintained? By a dissolution of the unions to which we before adverted, as having been caused by the cruel impoverishment of the clergy, when the tithe of agistment was withheld. In process of time the tillage lands increased, and this so rapidly after the commencement of the revolutionary war, as to render many benefices quite overgrown, which half a century before were barely sufficient for the maintenance of a single incumbent. And as soon as this was felt, the ecclesiastical authorities, aided and countenanced by the government, did all that could be done for the multiplication of separate preferments. We select one diocese for the purpose of showing the results of the process which became general throughout the whole of Ireland. The following return exhibits the unions which existed when Bishop St. Lawrence was elevated to the see of Cork, the separate benefices which were created, and the re-unions, after such separations, which took place. We quote from Dean Newland's "Apology for the Church of Ireland," which was published in the year 1829:—

<i>Unions at the Bishop's accession.</i>	<i>Separate Benefices.</i>	
1		
Kilbrogan, Aglish, Dunderrow, With Kinneigh, by faculty.	1 Dundarrow, 2 Kinneigh, 3	{ Kilbrogan, Aglish, This union from time immemorial.
2.		
Inniskenny, Moviddy, Kilbonane, With Temple-Trine, by faculty.	4 Inniskenny, 5 Temple-Trine, 6	{ Moviddy, Kilbonane, Aglish, This union from time immemorial.
3.		
Desertmore, Kilkully,	7 Desertmore, 8 Kilkully,	
4.		
Dromdaleague, Cahiragh,	9 Dromdaleague, 10 Cahiragh,	
Kincurran, Taxax,	11 Kincurran, 12 Taxax.	
6.		
Fanlobbus, Drinagh,	13 Fanlobbus, 14 Drinagh.	
Curraghgranmore, Castlehaven,	15 Curraghgranmore, 16 Castlehaven.	

Temple-Brian, Temple-Quin-	17 Temple-Brian, 18 Temple-Quinlan,	
Temple-O'-Ma-	19 Temple-O'-Malu	
Kilnagross,	20 Kilnagross.	
Island Prebend, Kilgarraff, Desert, Kilkerran, Castle-Ventry, Ardfield.	21 Ardfield,	22 { Island Prebend, Kilgarraff, Desert, Kilkerran, 23 { Castle-Ventry,
10. Mygross, Kilmacaben, Kiltfaughnabeg.	24 Mygros	25 { Kilmacaben, Kiltfaughnabeg,
11. Aghadown, Killeec, Clear-Island,	26 Aghadown,	27 { Killeec, Clear-Island.

Thus it may be seen that out of eleven preferments, as they stood at the bishop's accession, in the course of twenty years, twenty-seven were created, and thus sixteen additional pastors were provided for separate congregations. We aver, without any fear of contradiction, that what is thus true of Cork, is equally true of all the other dioceses; and we may add, that in some instances the bishops have not only foregone the advantages of patronage, but actually been at heavy expense to procure private acts of parliament, by which a dissolution of unions, and a division of benefices, was compelled, which might else have been bestowed upon some favoured member of their families.

We again quote from Dean Newland's work:—

"From May, 1801, to January, 1829, there have been churches built in Ireland,	254
Rebuilt during that period,	242
New Building,	54
Enlarged,	99
Ordered to be built at the meeting of the Board of First Fruits, in last October	64
	717"

Thus, in the course of less than thirty years, nearly as much was done in providing places of worship for Church of England congregations, as had been accomplished during the three preceding centuries. And more, much more, would have been accomplished, had the funds been forthcoming, which would have enabled the Board of First Fruits to comply with the ap-

plications for additional churches. In the year 1826, applications were made for fifty-eight churches, every one of which the Board were constrained to refuse. These applications were repeated from year to year with the same result; although, as Dean Newland observes, the Board, "in the anxiety to provide accommodation for the Protestant population in churches, at their last meeting" (in the October of 1829) "resolved to 'discontinue grants for the purchase of glebes and the building of glebe-houses, and to devote the whole of their scanty resources to the one object only, the building of churches.'"

That the Protestant population of Ireland has kept pace with the Roman Catholic, during the last century and a half, Dean Newland renders exceedingly probable by the following statement:—

"In the year 1672, Sir William Petty states, that 'the Roman Catholics were to the Protestants in the proportion of eight to three, or as 23 : 1.'"

"In the year 1735, a calculation was made from the bills of mortality, which estimated the proportion of Roman Catholics to Protestants as nine to four, or as 24 : 1."

"In the year 1736, a calculation was made from the number of Protestant and Roman Catholic families in Ireland in the years 1732 and 1735, by which it appeared that the proportion of the Roman Catholic population to the Protestant was precisely the same as in the first instance—that is, as 23 : 1."

"In the year 1792, the Roman Catholic convention stated—and at the time the calculation was considered a great exaggeration in their own favour—that the Roman Catholics were to the Protestants as 3 : 1."

"With these facts before us, we may approach the present times. The accuracy of Mr. Foster's tables is generally acknowledged; at least, no previous computation is built on such certain data. He gives the detail of the Protestant population from the returns made by the clergy of the Established

and Roman Catholic churches. He estimates the correct proportion of Roman Catholics to Protestants to be as 24 : 1."

"Thus, my lord, all the calculations we have examined, although embracing a period of nearly one hundred and fifty years, almost precisely coincide."

"But your lordship may not be content with this evidence; nor am I, because I can confirm it by Roman Catholic authorities."

"In 1824, the Roman Catholic clergy made returns of the entire Protestant population in Ireland. Its amount was, in that year, 1,963,487. Now, my lord, in Dr. Burke's *'Hibernia Dominicana,'* it is mentioned that a census of the Protestants was made in the year 1731. Their amount in that year was 700,453. Thus, one Roman Catholic authority, confirmatory of another Roman Catholic authority, states, that the increase in the Protestant population in Ireland has, in the course of ninety-three years, been nearly trebled."

"If your lordship, or any Roman Catholic may have felt unwilling to credit the testimony of Mr. Foster, who can resist, on points connected with the interests of Protestantism, the evidence of Dr. Burke?"

Now, when we consider the losses which Protestantism has sustained in its humbler classes, by intermarriages with Romanists, the drain upon it by emigration, the discouragements which must be felt by the absence of a resident gentry, and the many public offices, chiefly filled by Protestants, which have, of late years, been transferred to England from Ireland—that the relative number should continue so nearly the same, can only be accounted for by a growing intelligence on the part of the people in general, and an increasing activity on the part of the clergy in particular, which have caused the deficiency which might naturally be looked for, to be more than supplied by the increasing number of converts. That such is really the case, no honest and well-judging man can for a moment doubt, if he only

* The census of 1834, which gives the proportion of Protestants to Roman Catholics as one to something, a very little, more than four, was taken under circumstances which render it unsatisfactory and delusive. It was a period of sore trial to the poorer Protestants, great numbers of whom emigrated, and many of whom kept out of sight; whilst the instances were numerous in which Roman Catholics, whose object was to make the largest return possible, were twice numbered, the inmates of one neighbourhood frequently passing over to another, that their names might be taken down a second time. This we state upon the authority of respectable correspondents of the "Dublin Evening Mail," who professed themselves ready to vouch for the fact. We feel quite assured that the Protestant population cannot be taken as less than two millions, or the Roman Catholic as more than six, thus continuing the proportion as above stated by Dean Newland.

takes the proper means of acquiring correct information.

But why do we dwell so earnestly on these things? Because legislation, as regards Ireland, has, of late years, proceeded upon the notion that Protestantism in this country was either altogether extinct, or so inconsiderable, as not to be worthy of any especial care; that the church had grossly neglected its duty, and had failed so completely in planting and extending the established religion, that no hope could now be entertained of its final success. Will the reader, who has perused what we have written, say, that these are just impressions? Will he say, can he think, that the Church of Ireland has been idle or inefficient? Will the conversion of whole tribes of the native population; of all, almost without exception, of the families of Anglo-Norman descent; of so many from the middle classes, as the records in the Rolls' office prove to have taken place during the last century; (amongst whom, the reader will remember, we enumerated many members of the families of Mr. O'Connell and Mr. Sheil;)—are these things not to be taken into account, when our legislators condescend to bestow their attention upon the working of the Church of Ireland? And if it has not been more extensively effectual, would it not be fair to ask, whether the cause may not have lain in our legislators, and not in itself? If to them it was an object either of patronage or of plunder, the patronage differing from the plunder, only as *mis*-appropriation differs from *mal*-appropriation, both at deadly war with its spiritual usefulness and efficacious promulgation, is it to be wondered at, and of all men are our legislators to be permitted to express surprise, that it has not been more beneficially operative for the moral and religious well-being of the people? Only let the difficulties with which it has had to struggle be taken into account, and the wonder will be that it could have survived them. But survived them it has; yea, surmounted and made head against them; and never evinced more of burning ardour in the cause of God, and of well-guided zeal in the propagation of truth and of godliness, than during a season of peril and persecution, as formidable and as severe, while it was permitted to last, as ever tested the

faith or tried the constancy of the children of God, in any age or country of the world. And this is the church which is now devoted to destruction! This is the church against which the cry is, not only on the part of its inveterate enemies, papists and infidels, and all who are tinctured or rather tainted with *malignant* dissent, but even on the part of some who had hitherto been reckoned amongst its staunchest defenders, "down with it, down with it, even to the ground!" And what is to be erected in its stead? The tottering edifice of popery, with all its Gothic appurtenances, its

"Great windows that exclude the light,
And passages that lead to nothing."

is to be repaired and buttressed, so as to be, as far as mere human mispolicy can accomplish such an object, tenable against the assaults of religion and of reason; and a strict alliance is to be formed with its priests, in order that, by their means, a British and a Protestant government may be able to manage a turbulent population! This, probably, will be denied on the part of those who defend the increased grant to Maynooth, and the other measures which contemplate the benefit and the exaltation of the Romish clergy. But we laugh to scorn the silly or the insincere reclamations of those who tell us that, having gone so far, no power on earth can make them go one step farther. There is a power *under* the earth by which, as they have been, they *may* be moved. All that they have done will be incomplete—yea, worse than incomplete, unless that which they pretend to disclaim be also accomplished. No man with a particle of statesmanlike mind can contemplate as the end of present measures, *any thing but* the establishment of the Romish religion in this country. And what that *must* lead to can be hidden only from those who are smitten with a judicial blindness. A confederacy will arise, the machinations of which can neither be counter-worked nor resisted. All that is most desperate in politics will form a compact alliance with all that is most daring in the aspirations of the votaries of the Church of Rome. One universal shout will be raised for the exaltation of popery and the independence of Ireland. And the minister who hoped to govern the country, and hold it in subjection by means of the priests,

will find that he himself holds power but by the sufferance of the faction whom he has assisted to aggrandise, and that a convulsion, the most terrible and calamitous that ever visited the British empire with disaster, may be the not remote consequence of the unprincipled temerity which sought, in the abandonment of true, and the encouragement of a false religion, a remedy for evils which have so long rendered the island which we inhabit, one of the most precarious possessions of the British crown.

Let no one suppose that the intelligent Roman Catholics do not estimate at its just value the policy which would fain win their confidence by conferring favours upon their church. They regard it simply as an acknowledgement of their power, and a proclamation of the indifference of the minister to all religions. The creed that was persecuted when they were few, and of no political importance, is, they see, favoured, now that they have acquired station and influence in the empire; and they will use the favours thus conferred with a resolute determination that they shall not divert them from the prosecution of any of their cherished objects.

We are ourselves acquainted with an instance in which a Roman Catholic lady, having been congratulated by a friend upon the great advantages conferred upon her church by the British minister, observed, that she did not see that any great thanks were due to him for his favours; that she could not regard them as any thing but tardy and imperfect justice; that if he acknowledged her creed to be the true one, what was done was too little; if not, it was too much. We confess we were much struck by this little incident, and could not help regarding it at the time as a very striking illustration of the manner in which the new measures will be received by the intelligent Romanists in Ireland.

In truth, as we have already, on more than one occasion, sought to impress upon our readers, it is as a political, not as a religious system, popery should be regarded in this country. It was said by Swift, of Lord Wharton, when lord lieutenant of Ireland, that he was in religion an atheist, and in politics a Presbyterian; that is, that he availed himself of the prejudices of a creed to promote the ob-

jects of a party. And what he then sought to accomplish by an alliance of ultra Protestantism against popery, the leaders of the present democratic movement now seek to accomplish by an alliance with all the prejudices of Romanists against the Established Church. *That is the great object of their hostility, because they well know that it is the firmest bulwark of British connection.*

Leave Romanism to its own resources in this country, neither assist it by grants nor obstruct it by penal enactments, and we confidently aver that it could not subsist in any considerable force for three generations. Let the resources which are now being lavished upon its professors, be employed in the propagation of a sounder faith, and it would soon be seen how rapidly the mists of error would purge away and disappear before the bright beams of true religion. Already the experiment has been tried, and, even under the most unfavourable circumstances, the success has been greatly beyond what could have been previously conceived. That the middle and the higher classes, (except in those instances in which political advantages attended the profession of the Roman Catholic faith,) were rapidly leaving the ranks of the priests and the agitators, we very well knew; but we did not know, and could not have believed, before the experience of the effects of scriptural teaching in Dingle and at other places, that the humbler classes were so ripe for the preaching of the Gospel. Let only ministers like Mr. Gayer be multiplied throughout the land, and let the ordinary protection of the law be afforded to all who dare to signify their conformity to the Established Church, and we pledge ourselves that the converts will very soon be every where so numerous that our present places of worship could not contain them.

It is, we feel assured, a fatal blindness to this state of things which has induced many distinguished individuals to give in their adhesion to a project which contemplates nothing less than the permanent endowment of the Roman Catholic religion. They regard it as an evil indeed, but as an evil irremediable but by measures of coercion not to be entertained. And they flatter themselves that it must be mitigated by the culture which will

now be bestowed upon its professors. It does not enter into their contemplation that the process has been so rapidly proceeding by which the votaries of popery may be landed in the profession of a better faith; and that they would only have to give proper aid and encouragement to the missionary labours of the Established Church, and it "must increase," while despite all they can do for it in the way of grant and endowment, Romanism (such is the spirit of inquiry which has taken possession of the people) "must decrease" in Ireland.

It is, in fact, as though a physician mistook the febrile symptoms caused by the cutting of a new tooth, for the pain occasioned by the decay of an old one; and *vice versa*, the symptoms attendant upon the decay of the old one, for those which indicate the cutting of the new. In the one case he would *remove* what nature intended should *remain*; in the other, he would endeavour to give an unnatural fixedness and permanency to that which was in gradual progress of removal. And in both, the empiricism of the practitioner would injure the health, if it did not endanger the life of the patient. Just so will it be in Ireland. Protestantism is the new tooth, the stirrings of which towards "the new birth," are every where felt, and the growth of which cannot be repressed. Popery is the old tooth, which is fast falling into decay. And the repellents which are employed in the case of the one, and the stimulants which are had recourse to in the case of the other, equally indicate a total blindness to "the signs of the times" on the part of our rulers, which if it be not fatal not only to the peace of Ireland, but the weal of England, it will only be because the good providence of God, by overruling pernicious councils, will have taken better care of us than we are taking of ourselves.

Can it, without special wonder, be noted as any other than a most portentous phenomenon, that under a British and Protestant government, while favours are heaped upon the professors of Popery, heavy blows and great discouragement are dealt out to the members of the Established Church; and *that* at the very time when the one were never more bent upon evil, and the other were never more active in good? This is a sub-

ject to which, during the next session, the attention of parliament *must* be called by our Protestant members. What would be said in England if the converts to any particular persuasion were singled out as the objects of the most cruel persecution by those whose communion they had abandoned? If Mr. Ward, for instance, or Mr. Sibthorp, or any of the individuals who, infected by the Puseyite heresy, passed over to the profession of the Roman Catholic faith, were, on that account alone, denounced and proscribed by their former co-religionists, and made the objects, not only of clamour the most vile and wicked, but of outrage the most atrocious? Would not all England, as one man, be up to protest against the cowardly brutality of the bigoted and blood-thirsty assailants? And what, we ask, should prevent a similar manifestation of sympathy for the persecuted converts to Protestantism in Ireland? Is it a crime that they have been enlightened by scriptural truth; and are they alone not to be at liberty to follow the dictates of conscience? We solemnly declare that what we now state on their behalf, we would, with at least equal strength, if the occasion required it, state, on the part of Protestants lapsing into Romanism, if the members of our church, or of any body of reformed Christians, were base and wicked enough thus to take up arms against them. And we call upon our members, if, indeed, we are represented in the House of Commons as at present constituted, to demand of the British minister, whether, in his new-born zeal for a conciliatory policy, he is not only resolved to consider the profession of Popery as a virtue which covers a multitude of offences, but the profession of Protestantism as an inexcusable crime, which more than counterbalances all the virtues? Else, how account for the supineness which permits the outrages to which the Dingle converts have been exposed to be perpetrated with impunity? Respecting whom it may be truly affirmed, that if to the "mockings and scourgings" to which they are subject, there were added "bonds and imprisonment," their condition would be more endurable. For in such a case food and shelter at least would be guaranteed; whereas, if Protestant benevolence did not, to

some extent, counteract the wicked wills of their present persecutors, neither could the pangs of hunger be satisfied, nor would they have where to lay their heads. We appeal to the hearts of the British people—ought these things to be? And if there be but one man in the House of Commons, who feels as a Briton and a Protestant should feel upon such a subject, we call upon him to state the case, and to compel an answer, yea or nay, whether, under the pretext of liberalism, a system of grinding persecution is to receive a sort of tacit sanction from that "honourable house," compared with which some of the worst provisions of the penal code were "tender mercies."

Much gratitude is due from the Irish Protestants to the member for Newcastle, Mr. Colquhoun, for the able manner in which he has already called the attention of parliament to this subject. He is, we confess, the senator to whom we look with the greatest hope. To high senatorial powers he unites deeply religious convictions, and is not one of those who will consent, in his public capacity, to live and to act "without God in the world." He was by far the ablest opponent of the Maynooth bill during its progress through the lower house; and no one more successfully or more triumphantly, as far as the argument was concerned, exposed the unsoundness of that mischievous measure, or vindicated, from unworthy aspersions, the clergy of the Church of Ireland. Would that all our own members were equally energetic in the good cause. In such a case, a more hopeful struggle might have been made. But it is not yet too late. Mr. Colquhoun has done much to open the eyes of the enlightened in England to the perils to its dearest interests which the new course of policy inevitably involves; and the Protestant constituencies at both sides of the channel will expect from henceforth that every man sent to represent them "shall do his duty."

It is an old device of the Church of Rome to make persecution a substitute for argument; and its priests well know that nothing but force or violence can prevent the spread of the reformed doctrines in Ireland. Therefore it is that they are necessitated, if they would maintain their ground, to

stir up from its lowest depths the most ruthless and unrelenting bigotry, and to make their humble followers feel that they cannot, without peril of life or limb, listen to the preaching of the Gospel. So it is in Germany also. There the progress of enlightened scriptural convictions has shaken the whole fabric of the Church of Rome. A very able writer, in a late number of "*The Archives*," an interesting Protestant journal, which records the progress of events in the religious world in that country, thus observes:—

"Being astonished at the progress of the defection, that church employs those means which are familiar to her, in order to combat it—lies, by which she misrepresents the nature of the movement, in order to deceive the ignorant population over which she dominates; calumny, which she pours out in fulness upon men who direct the movement; acts of fanaticism, which occur here and there, to disturb the peaceful meetings of these dissenters from Rome, but which, being fomented by the priests, are, I must say, energetically condemned even by the Roman Catholic population."

Would that we could see such a condemnation pronounced by that populace in this country, of acts which would disgrace the most inhuman barbarians. But here, unfortunately, the national and the religious antipathies both combine to make the objects of priestly hatred objects also of popular execration. And thus, while the bigoted and fanatical papist thinks that he does God a service by persecuting them as heretics, the mere political papist fancies that he only shows a proper devotion to the popular cause by hating and abhorring them as enemies to Ireland. So that a class who in Germany sympathise with the sufferers, are here but too ready to sympathise with those who are most unrelenting against them.

But it is not alone against the humble converts in Kerry or in Achill that the rage of persecution is directed. There is a despotism exercised by the Church of Rome over all its clergy in this country, at the present day, which is probably unexampled in any other part of the world. We have before us a little pamphlet called "*Instructions for Young Ireland*, how to conciliate the Protestants, and repeal

the Union," by Michael McCartan, B.D., which we strongly recommend to the attention of our readers—not, of course, with any view to propagate convictions favourable to repeal, but that they may be made acquainted with a system of spiritual tyranny of which they could before have formed no conception. The writer, having detailed various instances of the most arbitrary and oppressive conduct on the part of his bishops, who received accusations in secret, against which they admitted no defence, but condemned the accused without ever suffering them to be confronted with the accusers, argues that the feeling was a just one which led Protestants to be distrustful of the protestations that they would be treated with equal justice in the event of a repeal of the Union.

"In plain terms," he observes, "the Catholic Church, which tramples beneath her feet the rights and liberties of the Catholic priesthood, would, *a fortiori*, had she the power, tread down the rights and liberties of a people whose freedom of thought is detestable in her eyes, and whom she scornfully regards as an heretical party, doomed to perdition."

Now we ask Lord Brougham, or any other defender of the late measures, by which preparation is making for the plenary endowment of popery, is such a just description of the despotism exercised over its own members by the Roman Catholic Church? Do its prelates, indeed, thus not only "lord it over God's heritage," and rule their own priests with a rod of iron, but chastise the popish press with a whip of scorpions, wherever it presumes to question any act, or to promulgate any opinions or sentiments, adverse to their ecclesiastical domination? And if plain truth should compel them to admit that the representation here made is a just one, how can they reconcile the consignment of a whole people to such a hopeless system of spiritual tyranny, with the plainest principles of civil and religious liberty?

Mr. McCartan has left the Church of Rome; and there are hundreds ready to leave it, if such a step did not involve exposure to obloquy, and privations, and difficulties, which few men have fortitude to undergo. Is it by increasing those difficulties, and multiplying the stumbling-blocks to

conversion, the advocates of the Maynooth endowment bill hope to make *the best provision* for the mental and moral improvement of the people of Ireland?

In our last number we dwelt at some length upon the early history of the Irish Church, and showed by what plain marks it was distinguished from the modern Church of Rome, and how identical both in spirit and in principle it was with the Church of England. Strange, that popery should be cherished as the national religion of a country whose national religion it has supplanted! That it should be valued for its antiquity, being, as it is, a novelty as compared with the simpler and more scriptural faith, the authority of which it has overthrown! That a country, whose apostles and missionaries were regarded as luminaries by the rest of Europe in the earlier and purer ages of Christendom, should now recognise, as of divine authority, all the full-blown arrogance of the Court and Church of Rome, and take in exchange for the "silver, gold, and precious stones" of its ancient apostolical faith, the "wood, hay, and stubble" of man's modern inventions! Yea, even pride and glory in this, as though the claims of the new faith to veneration were founded on antiquity, and its obligations to implicit reverence had, for their warrant, the word of God! Yet so it is. Such is the grossness of the ignorance which darkens the minds of the Romish population! It is, however, we rejoice to say, every day giving way before the progress of light and knowledge. Our readers are already familiar with many instances in which sound scriptural teaching has produced its desired effect, and led to the pulling down of error from its strongholds, and casting "to the moles and the bats," the relics of former superstitions; and the Christian public may rely upon it, that nothing but a steady perseverance in a course of discreet and affectionate evangelical teaching, is necessary to win them, gradually, to a re-adoption of the ancient creed, which, rejecting all modern corruptions and innovations (the joint work of priestcraft and ambition,) they would rejoice at finding in marvellous conformity with that which Patrick first preached, and that which is now professed and taught by the church as established by law in Ireland.

POETICAL REMAINS OF THE LATE MRS. JAMES GRAY.—NO. IV.

"Thou hast left sorrow in thy song,
A voice not loud but deep;
The glorious bowers of earth among,
How often didst thou weep!

"Where couldst thou fix on mortal ground
Thy tender thoughts and high?
Now peace the woman's heart hath found
And joy the poet's eye."—

MRS. HEMANS.

[In the space afforded for our brief annotations, we have found our difficulty to lie less in any deficiency of material, than in selecting from an over-abundance of subject: which press themselves upon our consideration. The very nature of our employ—the arranging of these graceful Reliques—will indicate how much we have to say which we must keep back in silence, and how many illustrative recollections of our departed friend we are constrained of necessity to suppress. Young as our periodical comparatively is, it has outlived many, too many, of the gifted minds whose efforts were dedicated to its success; and our memories now, in their wanderings among the ruins of the Past, are often bewildered by the solitudes which they there encounter. At times we cannot but feel sad, when, in some casual research, we turn over our piles of correspondence, and there discover letters from those "gone-before" friends, fresh as of yesterday, even while the hands that traced them are, we know, long since turned into dust. There they are! full of hope, breathing high-souled thought, pregnant with promise and literary endeavour, asking or imparting counsel, and cheering us with "good words" in our solitary occupation; but we have to contrast their very seeming of Life, with the long stillness which has since succeeded—with the desolation of the hearth by whose side they were penned—with the departure from this world, for ever, of the genius from which they emanated.

We have chosen from Mrs. Gray's manuscripts a dozen poems, inferior in no-wise to any that have preceded them; and the first in order, "The Wife's Last Vigil," is one which the reader will not, we think, suffer to pass unheeded. It is a pure and holy picture of conjugal devotion—of love, "strong as death," yet clinging in its agony to the clay, once the shrine of the spirit it adored. This beautiful poem was commenced by its author about three years since, and was, we regret to say, left unfinished. On being asked to continue and complete it, she replied—"I have often wished to do so, and have even tried; but I have so sounded my own heart-depths in it, that I could not proceed—from my tears." Nor should we wonder at this, for the feelings expressed in it are of so real a character, so passionate and so pleading, that the mere listener—if only possessed of ordinary sensibilities—cannot hear it without some degree of emotion.

There is another poem in our present selection, too individual in its interest to be given without some comment. It was received by us, wanting a particular designation, and we have named it "Shadows of Death." From our personal sketch of Mrs. Gray in a previous number, our readers will have learned that nothing was farther from her character—in its maturer development, at least—than morbid or dissatisfied complaining. Her mind, hallowed by a deep religious calm, was too tranquillized to admit the wailings which betoken unfaithful, if not sceptical feelings. The very caste of her disposition turned towards happiness; and as soon as her poetry had worked itself free from the turbid impetuosity of youth, it betokened the reverse of an uncheerful or impatient heart. Still, while all fears and forebodings had vanished, there remained with her the mysterious consciousness that her sojourn on earth was to be of brief continuance. It was the same subtle apprehension, which, in her early childhood, made her say, that "her Sun had risen too early, and would go down before it was noon;" and this knowledge remained with her at all times. We trace it throughout her poetry, like a dark thread running through the whole woof; and even in our present series of her Remains, the reader will have remarked

how often the theme is introduced, and its bearings and consequences enlarged upon. Changed it was, doubtless, in its aspect; and instead of the gaunt skeleton, terrific in its symbols of decay, she beheld the ministering Angel of Immortality, sent to conduct the wanderer homeward. But while there was peace and almost joy in the contemplation, there remained the natural unwillingness to go hence and be no more seen. It is so hard for the Gifted, who love this bright world with an admiration intense as theirs is, to bid an eternal farewell to its flowers and streams—to the glorious sunlight, bathing hill and valley with splendour—to the rich starlight nights—to the sound of music—to the voice of friends; and, instead of all these, to go away unto an unknown land, and be forgotten. True, there are better things than these; and Faith and Hope—the two wings of the emancipated soul—bear it upward to a higher sphere; but while we are in the body, there is enough to sober, if not to sadden us, as we stand in Azrael's presence—quite enough, indeed, to justify the mournful tone of the second stanza in the poem before us—

"I shall go down to the grave,
Just when my Sun is clearest—
Down to Oblivion's wave,
Just when my fame is nearest;
Just when the light of Affection,
Longed for in vain so often,
Casts on life's path its reflection,
The rugged way to soften."

This was written in the summer of 1836, and was fulfilled to the letter in the early part of the present year.

We have often reasoned with ourselves concerning the truthfulness of this "second-sighted" possession, and as often have resigned in despair the explanation of what, we are persuaded, should be counted among the mysteries of our being. Fact should outweigh theory, in this as in all other inquiries; and how frequently have we been startled by such occurrences, and have avoided their difficulty under the lame plea of "a curious coincidence?" The goddess of old knew that her heroic son was *ἀνίκητος*, of a brief-lived destiny; and among our own acquaintance we have seen, to our amazement, such anticipation more than once fulfilled. It may be concealed through fear of ridicule—it may be buried deep in the bosom, for love's sake to friends around—it may be suppressed even on account of mental peace; but alike, whether hidden or revealed, the knowledge remains, and is never forgotten—

"I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says I must not stay;
I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away."]

1.—THE WIFE'S LAST VIGIL.

"Thou hast watched beside the bed of death,
Oh, fearless human Love!
Thy lip received the last faint breath,
Ere the spirit fled above
Thy prayer was heard by the parting bier,
In a low and farewell tone."

Fast faded the day within this darkened room,
The evening shadow casts a deeper gloom—
How have I wearied for the setting sun,
That I might use the boon which I have won
By prayers and burning tears! once more, Mine Own,
With thee to hold one midnight watch alone.
My heart hath panted for this hour—my soul
Hath felt as if it stretched towards a goal

Of Hope through all the day—of wild relief
 From the oppression of a stormy grief.
 Why linger thus, my friends? Oh, could you know
 With what a gush of tenderness I go
 To this last vigil, ye would not unite
 Your voices in so mournful a "good night!"
 Mixed with such tearful blessings: know ye not
 This is the last sad pleasure that my lot
 In life henceforth affords?

The lamp is lit,
 The door hath closed, the lingering steps are gone;
 And now beside the silent couch I sit
 With thee, with thee, beloved One alone,
 Feeling once more that thou art only mine,
 That not even Death our being could untwine.

I lift with gentle hand the shadowy veil,
 How like thyself thou art—and yet how pale!
 The same dark hair above the lofty brow,
 In its still beauty white and pure as snow.
 Thou might'st be sleeping that untroubled sleep
 I often watched when resting by thy side,
 But on thy face there is a calm more deep,
 And on thy lips a rest more purified;
 I touch thy hand—ah, now I feel the change
 For when was touch of thine so cold and strange?
 And no uplifting of those shadowed eyes
 That ever opening looked for love in mine;
 No answer to those holy sympathies,
 Whose magic trembled from my heart to thine.
 My love, my love, it cannot be thy clay
 That makes me shudder thus and turn away,
 Away from thee—forgive—forgive! the thought
 Was from a momentary terror wrought.
 Wretch that I was to dread thee!—Lo, I rest
 My head once more upon thy marble breast
 As if it were a refuge still. Oh love,
 That word of mine could one dear answer move
 From these cold lips! Surely thou still must share
 Some comfort from my watching and my care;
 Surely we shall not part! Oh joy for us
 If we might ever be together thus—
 That I could bear thee even as thou art
 To some lone cavern, where my aching heart
 Might have thee to itself, and none intrude
 For ever on that sunless solitude!
 Nay, is not our own chamber a defence,
 Who hath a right from me to take thee hence
 From me thy wedded wife?

Vain thoughts, vain words
 Thrilled from the heart when its strained chords
 Are swept by gusts of agony! I know
 To-morrow morn will bring that parting woe,
 And, spite of all these words and feelings wild,
 That I shall sit submissive as a child
 Till all is done—and thou art borne away
 Where I shall never see thee more—Oh, day
 Be long in breaking! Linger, gentle night!
 My lamp of mournful joy will fade when light
 Bursts on the world—this time is all I have
 Some further memories of the loved to save,

As treasures for the future—and too soon
I see the low beams of the setting Moon.

Beloved! could'st thou only bid me cease
These wailings, I should feel my soul at peace.
In every grief that hitherto hath been
I had the stronger mind whereon to lean;
Could I but feel its presence with me now
Even in this anguish I should strive to bow
In meekest patience? Thy brave heart upheld
My sinking hopes—thy cheerful smile repelled
My rising fears; I did so cling to thee,
I trusted to thy help so utterly,
That I am now as a deserted child
Losing its guide upon a pathless wild,
Or a poor wounded bird whose mate hath flown
To some far land and left her here alone.
What prospect have I left?—to mope by day
Lonely as when thou used to be away
In the wide city; but no more employ'd
In housewifery—device to be enjoyed
At thy return; no more with daily hope
That seemed a certainty, to bear me up.
To sit on summer eves, untempted still,
By glorious sunset or by chiming rill,
To venture to the scenes when summer weather
On summer evenings drew us oft together.
On winter nights to watch the red fire blaze
Lighting our lonely chamber with its rays,
A chamber where no voice again pours forth
The wisdom of the Mighty Ones of earth
From the prized page to my delighted ear—
A voice so musical, so loved, so dear,
Had it but murmured, I had loved it well,
But thus employed was a resistless spell.
To seek a lonely couch, and when those eyes
At length are sealed in sleep to feel arise
From memory's fount, visions of days gone by
Full of a shadowy, dreamy ecstasy
Still checked before fulfilled, still saddened back
As by an unseen hand upon its track.
To wake at morning with a vague dim sense
Of some great grief, though undefined, intense;
Then feel the natural wish to turn to thee,
That thy kind words might peace and comfort be,
And then be thrilled with the sad truth once more
That grief remains when its best balm is o'er—
That thou who once wert sorrow's best relief
Art now the cause of this bewildering grief,
And being gone hath left no substitute
To bear the anguish, that must still be mute
And locked within my heart—oh! I shall feel
So shelterless! so helpless! woe or weal
Beyond this sorrow surely ne'er again
Can shed its influence over heart and brain.
They say thou art no more, but oh, thou art,
Still art thou living in this aching heart;
It is not *nothingness* that thus doth fill
The bosom with this deep and painful thrill
So mixed with gushing tenderness. Beloved
Thou art—thou livest yet, although removed

For ever in the body—yet, even yet,
 In the strong power of love, I shall forget
 This sense of strangeness and of loneliness,
 And frame a new communion with thee—bless
 Thy name at morning and at eventide
 As something hallowed beyond all beside.
 My hopes shall be exalted and refined,
 Their onward progress leaving all behind
 Upon the track of life—I shall not look
 Each eve indeed for thee in thy dear nook,
 But to that one far evening of my days
 When there shall rise a star of holy rays
 Prefiguring that bright hour which yet must be,
 When once again my soul shall meet with thee ;
 And, looking to that goal of holy joy,
 Trifles of earth no more my soul employ.
 The traveller walking on the common road
 May see each flower or weed upon the sod ;
 The eagle lifted from the lowly earth,
 When gazing upwards on the sunshine's warmth,
 Sees not the chasms that far beneath him lie
 But gazes on through clear immensity.
 So love, I look towards thee, and lost no more
 Art thou to me, "but only gone before."

* * * * *

Love, I must kneel and pray, for even this
 Brings back an image of departed bliss ;
 Here every morn and eventide we knelt
 In this still chamber side by side, and felt
 Our immortality together—now
 Let me such faith as we professed avow.

* * * * *

Thank God! that I could pray, though thy cold hand
 Was clasped in mine—thank God I could command
 My thoughts and words to falter out that prayer ;
 Methought it broke the chain of my despair.
 Love!—it hath borne indeed a healing spell,
 Methinks 'twill strengthen me for that farewell
 That a few hours will bring—might we restore
 Thee as thou wast—but art thou then no more ?
 Dearest it *cannot* be !

* * * * *

Sunday's Well. 1813.

II.—LANGUAGE.

What is Language? Not alone
 Can it be the spoken tone,
 Breathing from the heart's deep chords,
 Floating to the lips in words ;
 Look upon the blushing cheek
 Doth not its varying colour speak ?
 Gaze upon the forehead fair,
 What intelligence is there !—

Do those soft blue melting eyes
 Image only summer skies ?
 In those orbs so deep and dark,
 See we but the diamond's spark ?

Mark them on the dear One bent,
 Saw ye aught so eloquent?
 Oh, the truest language lies
 Surely in those sparkling eyes!

In the wave of that small hand
 See ye not the dumb command?
 In that lip's expressive curves
 Scorn that Falsehood well deserves?
 In that little restless foot
 Language, voiceless, toneless, mute.
 Speaks a thousand nameless things
 Of her bosom's flutterings.

Clasp that hand, those fingers fair,
 Do they speak or yet forbear?
 With their thrilling touch combine
 The glance from those soft eyes divine,
 And the blush on that soft cheek—
 Oh! words to tell this tale were weak!
 There thy happy sentence read
 And find that thou art blest indeed.

III.—TO ELLEN (LIVING.)

Oh Lady, turn away that face of thine,
 Too much its beauty overflows mine heart!
 Too much it doth with every thought entwine
 Yet painting thee less lovely than thou art.
 Whene'er anew I see thee, I repine
 To think how so unjust can Memory be
 Giving so faint a portraiture of thee!

Oh, do not smile! since thou art made so fair,
 Be still, be statue-like; let thy sweet lips
 Be silent! let not dimple hovering there
 Break through the dimness of this soft eclipse,
 And then perchance thy beauty we can bear,
 Arming our spirits with Philosophy—
 The only glass wherewith to gaze on thee.

Thou canst not be more lovely! In thine eye
 The blue, the beautiful, all spells there are
 Throned on its orb intense in radiance.
 Lit like the spirits of the evening star;
 Soul ruleth there—soul pure and deep and high,
 Like fire in some illumined palace bright
 It bursts from every crevice into sight.

IV.—TO ELLEN (DEAD.)

Life hath departed! low the fair head lies,
 The tresses 'neath the snowy cap upbraided;
 Silent the lips—the lids have veiled her eyes;
 How lovely was the light that once they shaded!

But now like frozen fountains are those orbs,
 And likest withered buds those silent lips ;
 The blush hath left the cheek, the dim eclipse
 Of Death its colouring shadows and absorbs ;
 And calm and cold, in awful beauty there
 Lies our beloved !—why is death so fair ?

The spirit is departed ; never more
 Will her pure heart's blood o'er her soft cheek track
 Its crimson pathway—Death to the cold core
 Of that stilled heart, has driven the current back ;
 His hand hath sealed her lips, nor any more
 Shall she repeat her songs melodious,
 Her spirit now amidst heaven's holy store
 Is locked and garnered, far away from us ;
 Its gems were far too precious to be given
 To any eyes save those that ope in heaven.

Lay her within the grave ; the slow thick tears,
 Arc gathering in our eyes as we behold
 That treasured blossom in its fairest years
 Withered and plucked, and in its ashes cold.
 Lay her within the grave, as ye would plant
 Some root from which a precious flower shall rise ;
 That maiden was a stranger habitant
 Just fit to be transplanted to the skies—
 A bird from lands unknown, with plumage fair,
 That lit on earth but never lingered there.

V.—THE SLEEPING BABE.

THE INFANT DAUGHTER OF HENRY BENNETT ESQ., EVERTON, LIVERPOOL.

Sleep, baby ! on thy mother's breast,
 Wrapt in such beautiful repose
 As in the twilight may invest
 The folded blossoms of the rose.
 No shade of sorrow on thy brow,
 No line of angry passions sweep ;
 So fair and innocent art thou,
 Why shouldst thou ever wake and weep ?

The beauty of untroubled calm
 Broods o'er thy sweet unshadowed face,
 The even breath, like zephyr's balm,
 The fingers with their dimpling grace—
 The sudden smile, whose gentle beam
 Shines from a spirit undefiled—
 All these are things that make thee seem
 The bright Ideal of a child.

But when those laughing eyes unclose,
 To cheer us with their sinless mirth,
 Or fill with tears for infant woes,
 We feel thou art a child of earth ;
 And dearer for thy fits and starts
 Of childish grief, and childish glee,
 And nearer to our mortal hearts
 Than Poet's dream could ever be.

Then slumber on thy mother's breast,
 And linger there when waking too,
 For none on earth where thou shalt rest
 Will be so gentle and so true.
 Oh! none on *earth*, but ONE above,
 The lambs within his bosom bears,
 And may'st thou, through Ilis heavenly love
 Partake his dearest, tenderest cares!



VI.—EVENING THOUGHTS.

The evening wind is whispering low,
 The moon uprising bright and slow;
 And here I lay my weary head
 Calmly upon my peaceful bed.

Ay, peaceful—though the feverish clay
 Hath struggled with the soul all day;
 Ay, calm—though many a thought of ill
 Hath dared this wayward heart to thrill.

For thou, O Lord, hast been to me
 Strengthening each failing energy;
 And now thy pure and holy rest
 Is sinking on my throbbing breast.

The flowers are closing peacefully
 Beneath the placid moon-lit sky;
 So my hushed heart beneath thy sight
 Would slumber, steeped in heavenly light.

And as each faded flower receives
 The gentle dew upon its leaves,
 So by Thy mercy there may stream
 Into my soul some blessed dream.

And as at morn those flowers will be
 Breathing new incense up to thee,
 So with the opening day shall rise
 My grateful spirit's sacrifice.

And when my life must pass away,
 Oh! may it close e'en like this day,
 That, bidding every trouble cease,
 I may lie down and sleep in peace!

VII.—THE GARDEN—A THOUGHT.

See the fair and fragrant flowers
 Peeping their green mantles thro',
 Weeping 'neath the passing showers,
 Smiling neath the sudden blue:
 See their lovely colours blended,
 Brought from many a varying clime,
 And with careful nurture tended,
 Till they reach their fullest prime.

So the church, a watered garden,
 Bounded by th' Almighty's power,
 Feels his mercy's gracious pardon,
 Feels his Spirit's gentle shower;
 So from many a scattered nation
 Are his chosen brought with care,
 Given the life of his Salvation,
 Rooted, grounded, 'stablished there!

Oh! may we indeed be taken
 From the world's polluted waste,
 By His presence ne'er forsaken,
 All his vital spirit taste,
 Where the streams of life are flowing,
 Land by saints and prophets trod.
 May we still be freshly growing
 In the garden of our God!

—•—

VIII.—THE GIPSY MOTHER.

"From the worst turmoil
 Sweet feelings will spring up, like flowers
 Born in a rugged soil."

The mother watched her child—her rosy child—
 He slept in peace; her cloak was o'er him laid,
 And her black tresses, from their knot unbound,
 Fell o'er her neck, a wild and scanty veil.
 It was a morn in spring; the trees were yet
 Scarce covered with young leaves; and the sunbeams
 Came through the smooth straight stems; the mountain ash
 Had not lost all its berries; and the pine
 Wore yet its dark green robe. The mother sate,
 And watched her child; she was of that strange tribe—
 The Egyptian wanderers; her dark eye was full
 Of softened light, her features were not fair,
 But now they had the grace of tenderness.
 'The hand that idly lay upon her knee,
 Tho' dark, was delicate, and small, and smooth;
 No cheerful household toil had hallowed it
 With sign of usefulness. A hat lay near
 Of twisted straw, entwined with ivy—these,
 Perhaps, wound by the fingers of the boy
 Who slept before her. I stood still, and gazed,
 And saw this was the noontide of her heart—
 Its hour of happiness. Her passions, fierce
 And wild at times, were sleeping like the winds
 Cradled in the soft grass. Her soul had lost
 Its guile and worldliness, and she was but
 A woman and a mother, and nought else,
 In that calm hour. She looked upon the boy
 With earnest gaze—upon the babe her wild
 And wandering thoughts were resting, like a bird
 In some fair tree, whose leaves shut out the view
 Of all the outer world. At length she stretched
 Her hand unto a little knot of flowers,
 (The wild-wood violet,) and she gathered one,
 And stooping, held it o'er the boy's fair face,
 Resting it for an instant o'er his lips,

As if with natural instinct of the rich
 Contrast its colour made with the deep rose
 That blossomed there. Then with a quiet smile
 Of playfulness (such as sometimes will come
 From every mother's heart in its delight)
 She passed it lightly o'er his eyelids, till
 The boy awakened, and stretched out his arms.
 With a bright smile she lifted him, and turned—
 And saw me standing near; and tenderness,
 And sunny smile, and love's pure gracefulness
 Were gone. Her brow was dark, and full of woe;
 Her footsteps tottering with well-feigned disease;
 She stood a houseless, worthless vagrant now,
 With outstretched hand, and whine, and studied tale
 Upon her lips. I turned away from her,
 And yet came back, and gave her a small boon,
 Even for the touch of womanhood that still
 Could live unscathed midst such a wilderness
 Of sin and sorrow, as the gipsy's lot!

IX.—TO A CANARY BIRD.

Sing, little bird with the silken wing,
 And tell us where thou hast learned to sing.

Thou wast not nurst in the greenwood free,
 Thy birthplace was not in the rustling tree,
 Where the leafy whispers around thy nest
 Might fill the dreams of thine infant breast;
 No echo of the wandering rill
 Hath taught thee that melodious thrill,
 Yet sweetly and gladly it flows along,
 Even as the wild bird's happiest song.

Nor hast thou caught the spring's first breath,
 And the summer's smiles on the open heath;
 That chirp so clear thou didst not learn
 From the grasshopper amidst the fern,
 Nor hast thou soared aloft to mark
 The rising morn, like the happy lark,
 Whose notes of triumph overflow
 The heavens above and the earth below.

Sing, little bird, fold thy silken wing,
 And tell us where thou hast learnt to sing.

'Tis not the memory of hills or woods,
 Nor the sounding voice of remembered floods,
 'Tis not the sweeping of the wind
 That hath left its thrill on thy heart behind;
 Ever hath been thy doom
 A narrow cage and a prisoning room,
 Yet dost thou pour forth melody
 As sweet as the songs of liberty.

There's a spirit within that heart of thine
 That sends a spell thro' its feeble shrine,
 At the tone of love that heart can bound,
 And echo back its blessed sound,
 And day by day that song hath power
 To lighten many a lonely hour;

God is thy teacher—the God of love
 Who rules the choiring hosts above ;
 Perhaps thy voice is as dear to him
 As the songs of the holy cherubim,
 It may be he hears its gladsome tone
 Through the musical thunders around his throne.

Sing, little bird, rejoice and sing,
 Thy songs arise from a heavenly spring.

X.—THE SCENT OF FLOWERS.

The scent of flowers! However fair
 Their lovely hues may be,
 The fragrance breathing in the air
 Is dearer still to me:
 Catch but the violet's dear perfume,
 And straightway it will bring
 The image bright of every bloom
 That fills the path of Spring.

Or put the mossy veil apart
 That doth the bud enclose,
 And drink into your very heart
 The perfume of the rose.
 Bright skies, pure sunshine, and the gleams
 (Of waving fields beneath—
 In its rich hue it brings these dreams,
 And summer in its breath.

The tulip's dyes are rich and proud,
 The dahlia's blossom bright ;
 But round them floats no viewless cloud—
 They are but for the sight.
 They want the charm of potent sway
 That beautifies the whole,
 Their coloured leaves are giants gay,
 The scent's a very soul.

XI.—THE SUMMER'S FLIGHT. •

Where trace we summer's flight? O'er faded roses,
 O'er the thinned leaves where the pale light reposes
 Lifeless and cold ;
 In the swelled waves, that with a wilder sally
 Rush through the green recesses of the valley,
 And by the keen wind whistling o'er the wold ;
 By the stilled music of the nightingale,
 By the strange tone
 Of breezes, sending over hill and dale
 A low mysterious moan.

But here are lips whose roseate hue hath faded,
 Tresses that erst in golden brightness shaded
 The cheerful brow,
 Now early tinged with grey ; and tears are swelling

Through drooped eyelids, sadly, sadly telling
 Of a young bosom sorely marked to woe—
 Oh! can we here the summer's parting trace?
 Why with its flowers and light
 Took it the youth and gladness from that face?
 Alas, for summer's flight!

Ah, 'tis not summer's flight hath dimmed the glory
 Of those clear eyes, and mingled tresses hoary
 Like withered leaves;
 Not for the summer flowers her sorrows waken,
 A fairer blossom from her path is taken
 Than all the spring-tide brings or summer weaves.
 Where are the eyes that were the stars of love—
 Where did their light depart?
 What music went from every dale and grove
 With that young sister's heart?

She was like summer, with her living gladness,
 Her pure, clear brow that had no shade of sadness,
 Her dewy eye;
 She was like summer, all lone places filling
 With flowers and sunshine—joy and peace instilling
 Into sad hearts, her lovely life went by;
 She was like summer, even so she faded,
 And earth grew lone;
 Oh, marvel not her brow is shaded,
 She who made summer to her heart is gone!

XII.—SHADOWS OF DEATH.

There's a feverish thrill in my veins,
 There's a leaping pulse in my brow,
 I feel that no refuge remains
 Save one, for the weary One now;
 I hear a voice in the breeze
 That tells of a fairer home,
 A murmur amidst the trees
 That softly whispers "Come!"

I shall go down to the grave
 Just when my Sun is clearest—
 Down to Oblivion's wave,
 Just when my fame is nearest;
 Just when the light of Affection,
 Longed for in vain so often,
 Casts on life's path its reflection,
 The rugged way to soften.



Weave a wreath for my head,
 And weave it of faded roses;
 See that ye make my bed
 Where the first pale spring flower reposes.
 Faded flowers are best
 For the grave of the early perished;
 And quiet shall be my rest
 Where the worm is cherished.

NEW ZEALAND.*

NEW ZEALAND, the most recent, remotest, and least civilized of our colonies, has been latterly brought a good deal before the public, and we are led by this circumstance, as well as by the appearance of several new works, to submit to our readers some account of it, its capabilities, and present condition. Notwithstanding the repulsive associations by which they are most known—their cannibalism and repeated atrocities—the New Zealanders are, of all the natives of the South Seas, the most interesting. They have, from their first discovery, exhibited a more vigorous physical, and a more promising intellectual character, than any other Austral people. Unlike the gentle, but voluptuous Otaheitan, they evince a bold spirit of independence, and, as our extracts show, a generosity of feeling rarely met with in savage life. In their sensibility to the importance of civilization they present, too, a marked contrast to most barbarous tribes. Far from being indifferent to improvement, they are eager to learn, and adapt themselves to European habits with a facility which, in a people so wild and fierce, is altogether singular.

New Zealand consists of two large, and many small islands, extending between 35° and 47° of south latitude, and 166° and 179° of east longitude, about 19° east of Van Dieman's Land, and is, as is well known, the land nearest to the antipodes of England. Three months took Mr. Wakefield there from Plymouth, and it is ten days' sail from Sydney. The two large islands are called in most of the

maps New Ulster and New Munster. In some they are named—the former by the native appellation of Eaheimaue, the latter after our queen, Victoria. They are, however, best known by the denominations of North Island and Middle Island. They stretch from north to south, and are separated by a narrow channel called Cook's Strait. Middle Island is again separated by a channel of about the same width—Foveaux's Strait—from South Island, called also Stewart's Island, and sometimes Leinster Island. The population is said to amount to from one hundred and forty to one hundred and eighty thousand, the whole of which number are on the north island, except about four thousand, who live on the south island. Mountains run along the central length of North and Middle Island, sloping to the sea, and leaving on either side vast extents of forest, and plain, and pasture. Many of the summits are in the region of perpetual snow, and at an elevation little less than that of Mont Blanc. Mount Egmont bears some resemblance in form and height to the Peak of Teneriffe, and the pointed mountains called the "Lookers-on," supposed to be nearly as high, tower in sharp peaks, snow-clad for fifteen hundred feet from the summit. Many rivers, and some of considerable size, descend from these central ranges, leaving the country well watered, and secure from the long-continued droughts that prevail in New South Wales. The climate is similar to that of the south of England, but more invigorating, and Dr. Dieffen-

* Narrative of Nine Months' Residence in New Zealand. By Augustus Earle, Esq. London: 1832.

New Zealand and its Aborigines. By William Brown. Smith and Elder, London: 1845.

Adventures in New Zealand. By Edward Jerningham Wakefield, Esq. 2 Vols. Murray. London: 1845.

Travels in New Zealand. By Ernest Dieffenbach, M.D. 2 Vols. Murray. London: 1845.

Narrative of the United States Exploring Expedition. By Charles Wilkes, U.S.N., Commander of the Expedition. 5 Vols. Wiley and Putnam. London: 1845.

bach says, that the children of Europeans born there do not, as in New South Wales and Van Dieman's Land, deteriorate from the original stock. The general aspect of the vegetation of New Zealand is a glossy green, owing to its being mostly made up of evergreens, and thus it presents a striking contrast to the glaucous landscape of New South Wales, which is mostly composed of the paler hues of the Eucalypti, Casuarinæ, Acacias, and Banksias. It is a remarkable fact, that although New Zealand has many kinds of plants identical with those of Europe, South America, and Australia, yet the greater number of species, and even genera, are peculiar to the country, and that thus, with a few adjacent islands—Chatham, Auckland, and Macquarries—it forms a botanical centre.* In many districts the land has a volcanic look, and barren hills are seen without rich valleys, and with so little level ground, that terraces are cut in them to build on, but the scenery is often most beautiful, as luxuriant as that of the Brazils, and more diversified. The soil is very generally a rich vegetable mould, but though well suited to the productions of all our articles of food, it has few indigenous edible vegetables or fruits; and in New Zealand there are no native animals fit for eating, except the birds of its forests, and the fish around its coasts. New South Wales has neither the bread-fruit tree nor the palm. New Zealand has one species of the latter, but neither does it possess the bread-fruit tree. It has, however, the edible and many varieties of fern—one kind, as seen in its landscape, and in pictures of the country, has the aspect of a palm. The geographical position of New Zealand in reference to Australia and South America, its facilities for internal communication by water, its numerous harbours, its coal, timber, and teeming soil, all encourage the hope that it is destined to be at some future period a great commercial and agricultural country.

These islands were first discovered in 1642, by Abel Jansen Tasman, a Dutch navigator, who gave them their

present name in honour of his native land. Tasman had been sent on a voyage of discovery by Antony Van Dieman, at that time governor of Batavia, and of the Dutch possessions in the East. The first fruit of Tasman's voyage was the discovery of Van Dieman's Land, so called by him after his patron; the next his arrival in New Zealand. He named its north-western extremity Cape Maria Van Dieman, after the governor's daughter, to whom he was attached; but some of his crew having been killed by the natives, he called the waters in which he anchored the Bay of Murderers, and sailed away without making any further effort to extend his researches. His conviction was, that the land he left was the Terra Incognita Australis, the great antarctic continent, which was at that period the favourite object of geographers. This impression remained unquestioned among the learned till the year 1769, when it was dispelled by Cook, who circumnavigated the islands, and gave his name to the strait which divides them. Mr. Polack mentions, that the son of a chief, whose father had been killed by Cook in self-defence, assured him that when our great navigator's ship was first seen on their coasts, the natives took it for a bird, and gazing on the sails, spoke to each other of the beauty of its wings. Observing next, that a smaller bird, unfledged—that is, a boat without sails, descended into the water, bearing a number of party-coloured beings, apparently of human shape, they looked on the bird as a houseful of divinities. The discharges of the muskets seemed to them as thunder, and they ascribed the unseen manner of the death of their chief to a thunderbolt from the gods.† Cook appears to have taken a great interest in New Zealand, for between 1769 and 1777, he made it five visits, and it is to his researches, and to those of Banks and Solander, the able botanists who accompanied him, that we owe the main portion of such knowledge as we have about it. While Cook was first in New Zealand, De Surville, a French mariner, arrived there. He was received with hospitality, and some of

* *Vide* Dieffenbach's *New Zealand*, Vol. I, p. 431.

† *Polack's New Zealand*, Vol. I. p. 15.

his crew were sheltered on shore by the natives during a gale which lasted for several days. This kindness was ill requited. De Surville having, during the storm, lost a small boat, conceived, without any evidence, that the natives had stolen it. He, at all events, resolved to punish them, and inviting Nahinni, the chief of that district, on board, made him prisoner. He then set fire to the very villages where his men had been sheltered, and sailed away with the unhappy chief, who died of a broken heart. We mention this circumstance, as it may in some degree palliate, or at least account for the vengeance which the natives afterwards wreaked on Europeans. In about a year after this event, another Frenchman, Captain Marion du Fresne, reached these islands, in command of an exploring expedition, consisting of two ships. He was received with every appearance of generous confidence, and Marion supposed that he had completely gained the affections of the people. A savage, however, neither pities nor forgives; and in war, and much less in revenge, has no shadow of chivalrous feeling. Marion had gone in his boat with sixteen men on one occasion ashore amongst these friends, as he had often done before. While the men were dispersed collecting wood, the natives mingled with them in numbers, and, turning suddenly against them, put every man to death but one, who managed to conceal himself, and swam to the ship with his fearful tale. His companions were killed and devoured. We do not marvel that M. Crozet, the next in command, with his remaining crew, took ample vengeance. They opened a fire of musketry on a crowd of these natives, and after having killed numbers, set fire to two of their villages. Whether all this bloodshed arose out of De Surville's conduct, or from some unintentional offence against native usages, given by Marion or his crew, has never transpired. The New Zealanders have no tradition of the cause, but they have a fresh impression of all the consequences; and it is said that their antipathy to the French continues to this day. Outrages and acts of great injustice equal to Surville's were indeed repeatedly committed against this people, by masters of our traders, runa-

way seamen, escaped convicts, and desperate characters of various kinds, who, from time to time, made their appearance in these islands; and it was to protect the natives against such persons, as well as to guard our commerce and our industrious colonists, that a deputy-governor, subordinate to the government of New South Wales, was sent to New Zealand. His powers were extended in 1840; and in 1841 New Zealand was separated from the government of New South Wales, and given a governor and legislative council of its own, with the usual train of officials. A bishop and twelve clergymen of the Church of England were at the same time sent out, and there are now there about seventy ministers of other denominations. We may observe that the right of Great Britain to these islands was recognised by the European powers at the peace of 1815.

The first effort made for the civilization of New Zealand was by the Church Missionary Society, under the auspices of the Rev. Samuel Marsden, whose intrepidity was as much evinced in the course of the undertaking as his judgment and zeal. This excellent man was at the time principal chaplain of New South Wales, and had before been eminently successful in founding missions in Tahiti; but when, in 1810, he suggested to the Church Missionary Society to establish one in New Zealand, his proposal was very generally regarded as hopeless and extravagant. The savage scenes enacted there had impressed the public with this conviction, and it was strengthened by the opinions of the traders and crews whose dealings connected them with these islands. The leaders of the Church Missionary Society taking a different view, adopted the suggestion of Mr. Marsden. They did not come to this resolution without very sufficient grounds. Mr. Marsden had, for a considerable period previously, watched for the appearance of such New Zealanders as the whalers and sealers, or other traders, occasionally brought to Port Jackson, and took them to his house there. He was thus enabled to compare their characters and capabilities with those of the other South Sea islanders where missions had succeeded, and arrived at the conclusion—since shown to be

correct—that the New Zealanders were not only a people of stronger intellect, but also less tenacious of their usages, and, for both reasons, likely to prove susceptible of civilization. By Mr. Marsden's advice, instruction in farming, flax-dressing, and in some of the most useful mechanical arts, was combined with the main object of the mission; and in a very few years after he was enabled to state, as one of the results, that there was a vast increase in the quantity of land brought under cultivation by the natives. We refer to this aspect of the mission, its civilizing influence, not only as an important incident in the history of these islands, but also as one which might have suggested to companies professing much interest for the aborigines, some more equitable mode of remunerating them for their lands, than that of purchasing an estate for an adze or a blanket.

Mr. Marsden also very much extended our acquaintance with the geography of New Zealand. In his second visit, he walked across the country from the Bay of Islands to the west coast, and discovered a large river, called by the natives the Shukuhonga, but to which he gave the name of the Gambier. Its banks were crowded with populous villages, and the inhabitants a finer race than those on the eastern side. In his third visit, he explored the greatest part of the coasts, as well as of the inland districts. The last of his many visits to New Zealand was in 1837. It is to be regretted that his duties in New South Wales did not permit him to make it his fixed station.

When Tasman first saw the New Zealanders, he was struck by their resemblance to the Japanese. It is now the prevalent opinion amongst the learned in such matters that the Polynesian nations, and those of the islands of the eastern seas come from a common stock—the Malays—or as some hold, the Javanese. There can be no doubt that the New Zealanders are of the same family as the other South Sea tribes, excepting the natives of New Holland and its adjacent lands, who appear to be of African origin. A native of Tahiti, who accompanied Cook, found little difficulty in conversing with the New Zealanders, and in language, physical conformation, religion, especially in

the prevalence of the ordinance or law of tapu, or taboo, as well as in some of their traditions, there is a resemblance between the New Zealand tribes and those of the other islands of the south seas.

The New Zealanders are a handsome people. Mr. Earle—an artist—was so much struck with the symmetry and air of some of them whom he saw at Port Jackson, that he determined to proceed to their country to ascertain whether the race, in general, was equal to its specimens; and to this incident we owe the liveliest work on New Zealand. The men are tall, muscular, and well-proportioned. Their colour a clear brown, often lighter than that of a native of the south of France. The eyes dark and full, the hair generally black, and lank, or slightly curled, and teeth white and regular. "Their physiognomy," says Dr. Dieffenbach, "bears no signs of ferocity, but is easy, open, and pleasing. Their cranium," he adds, "often approaches, in shape, the best and most intellectual European heads." The women are not in general as handsome as the men; but this, in great measure, arises from their being employed in field cultivation, in carrying wood, and in all rude labour. The daughters of chiefs, who are not exposed to such hardships, are often of great beauty, with a modest demeanour, and much natural grace. All the travellers agree in describing the half-cast population of Europeans by native women, as strikingly fine. This account of their externals would hardly prepare us for the ferocity of character and depravity of habits which prevailed amongst them a few years ago, and which continue in districts beyond the sphere of European intercourse or of missionary stations.

The introduction of pigs and potatoes by Cook, and that of the musket a few years later, make two important eras in the annals of New Zealand. Before their intercourse with Europeans, they lived chiefly on fern-root, (*pteris esculenta*), or the sweet potatoe, which is known in all the South Sea islands, and called by them the *humara*, or on fish. When first discovered, the country had, as we have intimated, no indigenous mammalia, and birds were rarely killed but for

the sake of their feathers, which are much used in their decorations and costume. This probably arose from its being a troublesome matter to catch the birds. The natives were unacquainted with the use of bows and arrows, and birds were taken by imitating their voices, or by a decoy-bird. The common potatoe has now become the national diet. They have also wheat, maize, all our European vegetables, and pigs. But the last they prefer exchanging, when they can, for blankets, muskets, ammunition, and implements of husbandry. The potatoe being easily grown in their rich soil, and cultivated mostly by women and slaves, is their most used, if not their favourite diet. Dr. Dieffenbach says that these changes have produced very injurious effects—that their flax mats were less irritating to the skin, and far more cleanly, than the blankets which are superseding them, and that their predatory excursions, and the exertions needful to procure food, were far more favourable to their health than the habits into which, when not engaged in war, they are beginning to fall. The introduction of the use of fire-arms has not been less influential, and in all the history of the musket, it has nowhere appeared in so amiable a light as in New Zealand—that is, as the incentive to industry.

"The moment," says Mr. Earle, "the New Zealanders became acquainted with the nature of fire-arms, their minds were directed but to one point, namely, to become possessed of them. After many ingenious and treacherous attempts to obtain their oft-coveted treasures, and which, for the most part, ended in their defeat, they had recourse to industry, and determined to create commodities which they might fairly barter for these envied muskets. Potatoes were planted, hogs were reared, and flax prepared, not for their own use or comfort, but to exchange with Europeans for fire-arms. Their plans succeeded; and they have now fairly possessed themselves of these weapons, which, at first, made us so formidable in their eyes; and as they are in constant want of fresh supplies of ammunition, I feel convinced it will always be their wish to be on friendly terms with us for the purpose of procuring the desirable stores. I have not heard of a single instance in which they have

turned these arms against us, though they are often grossly insulted."—p. 58.

Their former implements of war were the *meri*, or stone club, and a lance. These have now very generally given place to the musket; but with the changes this has made, they combine many of their ancient practices. The young men, slaves and women of the tribe, carrying provisions, form in their campaigns the commissariat.

"In meeting in the open field, the action begins with a dance, in which all manner of distortions of the body are employed to express defiance of the enemy; the thighs are beaten, the tongue thrust out, and the eyes drawn up, till only the white is visible. By these means, and by mimic song, they excite themselves to the height of fury. The chief leads his troops; he carries a sort of staff, with a carved point, and ornamented with parrot-feathers and pieces of dog-skin; besides this, he has a '*meri*,' a war-club, made of green jade, pierced at the handle, through which a string passes. With the lower end of the staff they fence skilfully. Old women dance in front of the party, stripped of their clothes, bedaubed with ochre, and distorting their faces even more frightfully than the men. All the warriors have their hair dressed, tied round on the top of their head, and ornamented with feathers; but their bodies and limbs are entirely naked. The combat is carried on by alternate advance and retreat. If a party retreat in fight, they carry, if possible, their dead with them, or the enemy seizes them for the purpose of devouring them.

"In an engagement on the sea shore, in which muskets were used, I saw both parties advance, guarding themselves by trenches rapidly dug as they pushed forward. They fire continually, but irregularly, and a great deal of powder is wasted, as they rarely take aim. But, notwithstanding this, large numbers are often killed."—*Dieffenbach*, vol. II. pp. 125-6.

How different are the natives now from what they were in the days of Cook, when a single shot would have terrified a village, but when the birds which crowded their forest trees were so unaware of danger, that no gun-reports alarmed them.

A desire to retaliate and the love of revenge are striking features in their

character, and as they often arise from slender or imaginary causes, easily account for the frequency of their wars. Dr. Dieffenbach says that he knew an instance where the remembrance of a murder had been carried in silence for forty years, when it was expiated by the death of him who had committed it.

Low as the social arrangements in New Zealand are, they have a recognized division into classes. The men are *rangatira*—that is, freemen—or *tana-reka-reka*, their name for slaves. The principal of a tribe is the *Ariki*, and the rank is hereditary. He has, however, little executive authority, his influence being chiefly in the council. The slaves are prisoners taken in war, or their offspring. They do almost all the work, and are in general kindly treated. But instances are known of a slave being killed by a cruel chief, to make a feast; and there is this greater extreme of misery in the condition of a New Zealand slave—that escape is hopeless. Even if he gets back to his own tribe, he is either returned, or given up without resistance, the right to a captured slave being regarded as permanent. In Mr. Wakefield's work on New Zealand, it is said that there is no title to land there, but by occupancy. Dr. Dieffenbach assures us that the natives have very clear notions of the right of property; that there is not an inch of land there which has not its proprietor; and that the title to land is hereditary or by conquest. The *tohungas*, or priests, have, as may be expected, great influence in New Zealand. They have most of such knowledge, and, except in war, of such skill as prevails there, and are neither distinguished by a peculiar costume, nor separated from secular occupations. Thus a *tohunga* may be at the same time an *Ariki*; or he may be a carpenter, a carver, or a doctor. It is remarkable, and characteristic of their native intelligence, that, on the first introduction of Christianity, the priests showed little disposition to oppose it, and very many of them became, under the direction of the missionaries, most successful teachers. Their religion, like that of all ignorant nations, is polytheistic, but so

far peculiar, that they have neither idols nor temples. What have been taken for the former are only carved ornaments called *téke*, usually much regarded as being handed down from their ancestors. Their chief spirits are called the *Attua* and the *Waisua*. When asked to describe the former, a native answered that he was "an immortal shadow." It appears, however, that the *Attua* can assume any form, and is seen in a bird, a green lizard, a cloud, a sunbeam. When Mr. Marsden told them there was but one God, they refused to believe him, saying, "We are of a different colour from you, and if one God made us both, he would not have committed such a mistake as to make us of different colours." "In like manner," says Mr. Taylor,* "when the Syrians were defeated by the Israelites, they said, 'Their gods are gods of the hills, therefore they are stronger than we; but let us fight against them in the plain, and we shall be stronger than they.' In both cases, ignorance confined the Great Cause to a single class of phenomena; it multiplied the number of agencies, and it limited the extent of each separate agency."

An extract or two from the work of Mr. Earle, who was in New Zealand in 1827, will sufficiently describe the state and manners of these aborigines; and when compared with passages from the books before us, may enable us to form a pretty accurate idea of the progress they have since made. The condition of women—in all countries a good test of national manners—is thus referred to—

"The method of 'courtship and matrimony' is a most extraordinary one; so much so, that an observer could never discover that any affection existed between the parties. A man sees a woman whom he fancies he should like for a wife; he asks the consent of her father, or, if an orphan, of her nearest relative, which, if he obtains, he carries his 'intended' off by force, she resisting with all her strength; and as the New Zealand girls are generally pretty robust, sometimes a dreadful struggle takes place; both are stripped to the skin, and it is sometimes the work of

* See a very able and most interesting work, "The Natural History of Society," by W. Cooke Taylor, Esq.

hours to remove the fair prize a hundred yards. If she breaks away, she instantly flies from her antagonist, and he has his labour to commence again.

We may suppose that, if the lady feels any wish to be united to her would-be-spouse, she will not make too violent an opposition; but it sometimes happens that she secures her retreat into her father's house, and the lover loses all chance of ever obtaining her; whereas, if he can manage to carry her in triumph into his own, she immediately becomes his wife. The women have a decided aversion to marriage; which can scarcely be wondered at when we consider how they are circumstanced. While they remain single, they enjoy all the privileges of the other sex; they may rove where they please, and bestow their favours on whom they choose, and are entirely beyond control or restraint; but when married, their freedom is at an end. They become mere slaves, and sink gradually into domestic drudges to those who have the power of life and death over them; and whether their conduct be criminal or exemplary, they are equally likely to receive a blow in a moment of passion, of sufficient force to end life and slavery together! There are, however, exceptions to this frightful picture; and I saw several old couples, who had been united in youth, who had always lived in happiness together, and whose kind and friendly manner towards each other set an example well worthy of imitation in many English families.

"A chief residing in the village had proof of the infidelity of one of his wives, and being perfectly sure of her guilt, he took his paton-patoo (or stone hatchet) and proceeded to his hut, where this wretched woman was employed in household affairs. Without mentioning the cause of his suspicion, or once upbraiding her, he deliberately aimed a blow at her head, which killed her on the spot; and, as she was a slave, he dragged the body to the outside of the village, and there left it to be devoured by the dogs. The account of this transaction was soon brought to us, and we proceeded to the place to request permission to bury the body of the murdered woman, which was immediately granted.

"This was the second murder I was very nearly a witness to since my arrival; and the indifference with which each had been spoken of, induced me to believe that such barbarities were events

of frequent occurrence; yet the manners of all seemed kind and gentle towards each other; but infidelity in a wife is never forgiven here, and in general, if the lover can be taken, he also is sacrificed along with the adulteress."—pp. 82, 83.

The anti-nuptial struggle mentioned above by Mr. Earle, and which the sthenistics of New Zealand might render a very serious one, is not always so rude. We read of an English sailor who, having escaped being eaten—as were his companions—became a favourite, was adopted into a tribe, tattooed, tabooed, and given in marriage the daughter of a chief. When, with her father's consent, he asked her hand, she screamed and ran away; but two of the natives, throwing off their mats, pursued her and brought her back. Being again asked by her suitor whether she would be his, she hung down her head and answered *I pea*, which means "yes, I believe so." The contest, however, is often most earnest, and with good reason, as if the girl dislikes her lover, and friends do not interfere, all depends on her own resistance. Mr. Brown, in explanation of this usage, says, that a chief may take—either by consent of friends, or by force, if he can carry her off—any unmarried female he may choose, to make her his wife; but that the privilege is confined to chiefs, slaves not being allowed to take wives by force. The marriage ceremony, after these attentions, is very simple. The lover leads his lady to his house, and tells her she is mistress of it. The recent books concur in stating that generally the wife is well-treated by her husband, and that it is by no means uncommon for a woman to evince her affection for her husband by committing suicide on his death. Polygamy, which, though permitted, is not common, is the main cause of unhappiness in marriage. Adultery on the part of a wife is still punished with death, of which Dr. Dieffenbach mentions that several instances came under his observation; but in the vicinities of Europeans and missionaries this usage is waning, and the husband is content

* See the Narrative of Rutherford, in the very nice little work on the New Zealanders, in the Library of Entertaining Knowledge.

with compensation, or a less rigorous penalty. The life of the adulterer, if of the inferior class, is always forfeited; if he is a chief of influence, he is beyond the reach of justice, unless he be of a different tribe, and then a Trojan war ensues. Notwithstanding the barbarous habits which indigence and long-continued intestine hostilities have contributed to maintain, the New Zealanders do exhibit many amiable dispositions. The parental, and indeed all the domestic affections, are strong in them, and on the meeting of not very near relatives, great is the rubbing of noses. Under more favourable circumstances, much improvement might be expected in the women and through their influence. Even now, exposed as they are to immoral usages and unpleasing scenes, daughters of chiefs are often seen, whose propriety of conduct and refinement of manners would do honour to Europeans. Mr. Earle's book, from which we have taken an extract representing them unfavourably, affords another of a different character. A native chief, hunted by his enemies, was given shelter by Mr. Earle, who, with his friends, defended him at the hazard of their lives—

"During this transaction I witnessed the natural kindness of heart and disinterested tenderness of the female sex. No matter how distressing the circumstance, or appalling the danger, they are, in all countries, the last to forsake man. While the enraged chiefs were getting outside of our house, and all our exertions could scarcely prevent them from making a forcible entry, all the women were sitting with, and trying to comfort the unhappy cause of this calamity. They had cooked for him a delicate dinner, brought him fruit, and were using every means by which they could keep up his spirits, confidently assuring him that the white men would not yield him up to his ferocious foes. Notwithstanding all their exertions, he was miserable, till informed by me of his safety; and I received the warmest thanks and even blessings from his fair friends, as if I had conferred upon each a personal favour. . . . At the close of this eventful day, we received a token of peace, which was in its manner simple and affecting, and not such as could have been expected from a nation of savages. A procession of young girls approached our door, each bearing a basket; some were filled with nicely

cooked potatoes, others with various fruits and flowers, which they set down before us, chanting, in a low voice, a song in praise of our recent exploit."—pp. 190-193.

Among the odd things at the antipodes, is their crying for joy. On dear friends meeting, they first rub noses—which is, indeed, their ordinary salutation, and equivalent to our shaking hands. They then squat down, pull their mats or blankets over their heads, and "tears begin to flow." Tears, Mr. Brown assures us, are completely at their control, but are no sign of real sorrow, for as soon as the "tangé," or crying, is over, they laugh and talk with the utmost cheerfulness.

One of the most important of the New Zealand usages is the *Taboo*, or, as they call it, the *tapu*. This appears to be more extensively applied and more strictly observed in these islands than in any others of the South Sea, although it prevails in all of them. It is almost their only law, but derives its efficacy more from superstitious or religious feeling, than from human sanction, further than that the hostility of a chief, or popular anger, may be incurred by transgressing it. By being pronounced *tapu*, any thing may be consecrated to a particular purpose, or separated from being interfered with by another. Many things are by custom "tapu." Thus, sick persons and their houses are "tapu." A widow is "tapu" for a certain period after the death of her husband; and a girl plighted in marriage is always "tapu." But the most marvellous circumstance connected with this custom in New Zealand is, that it may be applied, at the discretion of individuals, without the interference of priests, to almost any transaction, and yet retain its force. It has lately become a great assurance of property, and purchasers, in addition to a deed, which we venture to say no native understands, have now their lands made "tapu" to them.

Next in influence to the "tapu," is their usage of robbing, as a punishment. This, Mr. Brown tells us, is the ordinary method of punishing all offences, real or imaginary. The offender looks calmly on, while his property is, article by article, taken from him. Mr. Brown knew a case where a party went to rob a chief, named Koinaki, because—and this seems dou-

bly hard—his wife had committed adultery. They took his double-barrelled gun, all his blankets, and a trunk of other things, he not only looking coolly on, but remaining on good terms with them. After the affair was over, he entertained them for three days in his house, the weather not permitting them to depart sooner. In their robbing excursions, they do not, it appears, confine themselves to the property of the offenders, but, by a New Zealand equity, constructively implicate the whole tribe, and carry off all they can find.

These natives are, as we have already intimated, very intelligent. The animal, vegetable, and mineralogical kingdoms of the islands are designated by their own names, and are said to be known to all. They have great powers of attention and memory—soon repeat not only the Church Catechism, but whole chapters of the Gospels—and know songs without number. Mr. Brown says, that a person well acquainted with their capabilities assured him, that he would undertake to teach any of them to read and write in a fortnight; and that the statement derives confirmation from the great numbers who have these acquirements, and that too amongst tribes who have no intercourse with missionaries, but who have learned from others taught by them.

They are also, as may be readily conceived, very capable of enterprize; many whalers are already manned by them alone; Dr. Dieffenbach knows a native who is master of a whale-ship; and Mr. Wakefield says that the *Ngahitau* tribe have thirty large sealing boats. Indeed, they very generally admire the energy of our countrymen, although they are slow to imitate it. "They are," said a native of the English settlers, "strong of heart, for they have begun to build houses without talking."

Mr. Brown conceives that mechanical talent is rare amongst them; and that the intense interest which the missionary accounts say that they manifest at the sight of a blacksmith's forge, or the labours of a carpenter, arises only from their clear perception of the value of these crafts. He adds that they are eminently distinguished for acting from reason, and not from passion; and insufficient or absurd as

such reasons may be, they appear to be less influenced by impulse than by reflection. No one, as Mr. Brown tells us, makes a bargain of the least importance, without first canvassing the price and all particulars with his tribe; and before coming to a conclusion, will generally sleep over it. A turn for trade is springing up amongst them, and is among the hopeful indications of their present state. They are often capital judges of goods, very business-like, and shew cleverness in making themselves acquainted with the state of prices.

"But," as Mr. Brown says, "a few examples will best illustrate the mental capabilities of the native;" and we transcribe the passage which follows his remark:—

"Shortly after Captain Hobson's arrival, the prices of the various articles of produce fit for the settlers suddenly rose, and a lucrative trade was for a time carried on by small vessels going round the coast, and collecting supplies. Quickly perceiving this, some of the Thames natives purchased a small vessel, manned her themselves, keeping a white man to navigate her, and carried on an excellent trade in buying pigs, and carrying them to the Bay of Islands for sale. They show the greatest desire to get traders to settle amongst them; not, however, from any particular love towards them, but on account of the articles which are thus brought amongst them; and once there, they know well, from past experience, that the goods will soon become their own, whether for value or not. So keen are they, and so alive to their own interests, that it is a well known fact, that no trader goes among them who is not sooner or later ruined, from the extent of credit which they contrive to obtain, and never redeem. The ingenious devices which they employ to get into debt, are inconceivable. If the settler has any weak point, they are sure to find it out, and assail him through its medium. The settler, indeed, has no chance with them; for however cautious he may in general be, he cannot always be on his guard; and as they are ever acting in concert, they are at no loss to take every advantage which occurs. There is one case deserving of notice, as showing the character of the natives in a very high moral and intellectual point of view. One of the oldest settlers, a highly respectable gentleman, and possessing, at one time, the command of great means—from reverses of fortune, and other causes,

became completely deranged. In this state of mind, he would take fits of benevolence, and give away to the natives large quantities of property. Seeing that this would soon leave him without any thing, and he being highly respected by the natives, one of their number—a very intelligent and excellent man, named Joet—took possession of the gentleman's store, and prevented him from throwing away any more of his goods, until an authorized person came to undertake the management. This case requires no comment—the amount of self-denial, energy of moral purpose, and intellectual capacity, here exhibited, are all admirable, and not very frequently found united in individuals of the most civilized communities.”—*Brown's New Zealand*, pp. 96, 97.

One of the changes manifest among them is the frequent substitution of whale-boats for canoes, and the abandonment of the triangular sail for one rigged after the English fashion. They are capital boaters, and time their oars with the regularity of men-of-war's men. Mr. Wakefield tells how dexterously they brought him through a dangerous surf.

“A very heavy surf hid the coast from us every now and then; and when they discovered signs of an immediate gale from the south-east, my crew held a long consultation. My advice was asked as to whether we should at once land through the surf, or run the chance of being caught by the gale, in order to seek smoother water at the entrance of the *Wanganui*. I left it entirely to them, and they soon afterwards turned the head of the canoe towards the shore. Before entering the surf, they made all preparations for an accident. They shook off their mats and blankets, and made me strip to my shirt and trowsers. The guns and other heavy articles were lashed to the thwarts of the canoe. I was placed in the bow, between two strong fellows, who were enjoined to have a particular regard for my safety. “All hands now took to the paddles; two at the bow and two at the stern assisting the manager of the steer-oar to keep her square before the sea.

“A smooth or favourable moment was seized, and we dashed along on the top of a foaming roller, with our liveliest stroke, and a cheering song. *Tena! Tena!* or ‘Hurrah! Hurrah!’ shouted the steersman; *Kia tika*, or ‘Keep her straight,’ yelled the others; and the roller broke on either side of us, and rushed along towards the shore. As the

surf extended nearly half a mile from the beach, this was repeated several times; and the operation of landing was very well performed, excepting the conflicting advice which was given by all hands at once, in the shrillest tones, every time a roller passed. The moment we touched the land, my two supporters lifted me up with a jerk, and pitched me high and dry on the beach. Before I had time to recover myself, they had all jumped out into the water, and hauled the canoe out of reach of the next wave.”—*Wakefield's New Zealand*, vol. i. pp. 235-6.

Mr. Wakefield mentions with admiration the mode in which some tribes—those on the *Wanganui* river—pole up rapids, having in parts a fall of six feet in a short space. It is another instance of this people being good timists, although they seem to have no ear for music.

“On reaching the foot of a rapid, the crew abandon the paddles, stand up in the canoe, and handle long poles made of *manuka*, *toa toa*, or other hard wood, and chained at the lower end. They now push against the bed of the river in perfect unison, the poles plunging and lifting, while the canoe foams ahead, as though by clock-work. The helmsman also steers with a pole, balancing himself in the high-peaked stern, and guiding the canoe by poling under or away from it. The silence is only interrupted by the grating of the poles against the sides of the canoe, and the foaming of the water, or by an occasional brief word of direction from the man in the bow—*Ki uta!* “Towards shore!” or *Ki waho!* “Outwards!” The canoes follow each other in single file, with scarcely two feet between the stern of one and the bow of the next; and although a collision would in most cases render the capsizing of both inevitable, such is the skill of the natives, that an accident rarely occurs in going up the rapids. The natives of *Wanganui* have a known reputation for this peculiar exercise; and men of other tribes poling on this river are much laughed at for their awkwardness, and the numerous duckings which they get in consequence. A crew of experienced *Wanganui* natives poling up a strong rapid is a very pretty sight. As it is hard work, they generally strip, leaving only a shirt or mat round the waist, and the exercise throws them into the most graceful attitudes, and develops their muscular energy. A by-word much used all over the islands, alludes to the known practice in poling, while it mimics the uncouth dialect of this

tribe. After I became, as it were, identified with them, it was often shouted after me by the *Kapiti* or *Ngatiana* natives, *Ira! ira! e wehe, e toko kituhua!* 'Hallo! hallo! old man, pole away inland.'"—*Wakefield's New Zealand*, vol. i. pp. 457-8.

Nothing in New Zealand is calculated to delight a stranger more than the music of the woods. The birds are innumerable, most of them peculiar to the country, and many of sweet notes. They have been hitherto so little molested, that they still appear usually fearless. Mr. Wakefield speaks of pigeons remaining quietly on branches over their heads, until they dropped them almost into their boats, the death of one bird not disturbing the equanimity of its companions. He describes some rare varieties of wild duck—among them the blue-winged and the paradise duck, the latter being nearly as large as a goose, and of beautiful plumage. The *tui*, or mocking-bird, is the most remarkable of all the feathered tribe there.

"It resembles," says Mr. Wakefield, "a black-bird in size and plumage, with two graceful bunches of white feathers under the neck. It abounds in the woods, and is remarkably noisy and active. Its most common note is a mixture of two or three graduated notes on a flute, a sneeze, and a sharp whistle; but it imitates almost every feathered inhabitant of the forest, and, when domesticated, every noise it hears. It is of a particularly sweet flavour, and very tender."

The poi bird is also distinguished, as well for its showy brilliant plumage as for the sweetness of its note. The birds begin their music about two hours after midnight, continue singing till sunrise, and are silent for the rest of the day. These forest concerts are described by Cook in his first voyage, and are still as sweet.

"The ship," says our great mariner, "lay at a distance of somewhat less than quarter of a mile from the shore, and in the morning we were awakened by the singing of the birds. The number was incredible, and they seemed to strain their throats in emulation of each other. This wild melody was infinitely superior to any that we had ever heard of the same kind. It seemed to be like small bells, exquisitely tuned; and perhaps the distance and the water between,

might be of no small advantage to the sound."

Agriculture must be for a long period the main hope of prosperity in New Zealand. Its fisheries, and especially the circumstance of its being near the best whaling ground, are an immediate source of wealth; and as it possesses coal, manufactures may in time follow. But farming must be the most pressing and great industrial resource of the colonist, as well as of the native population. Climate and soil are both so favourable to this, that the inhabitants, who, as we have said, are now potato-eaters, find no difficulty in supplying their few wants, and have not yet learned to look beyond them. Notwithstanding the deficiencies of their implements, they farm such ground as they find it necessary to cultivate, with a neatness and attention which lead us to hope that, if better taught, they might rapidly rise in wealth and civilization. Plants and birds enable the native to mark the periods of his labours. Two migratory cuckoos (the *Cuculus fasciatus* of Forst,) called kohaperoa, and a small and very beautiful kind (the *Cuculus mitens* of the same author,) which appear on the coast at Christmas, indicate, as we learn from Dr. Dieffenbach, the time for the first potato harvest; and the flowering of the *Clematis albid*a, in October, tells them to prepare their ground for receiving the potatoes. They generally select the hill-side; but the kumara and maize are always grown in the alluvial soil of the valleys.

"They are excellent judges of soil, and distinguish the different kinds by names. The *onē matua* (father soil) is the stiff clay of the hills, and is not esteemed; clayey alluvial land on the bank of rivers is called *reretu*; sandy soil is called *onē pu*; land composed of decayed vegetables on the sides of hills is called *onē kura*; rich land on the sides of rivers is called *tai pu*. The two latter are those preferred for plantations. If the land is wooded, (and such they prefer,) the trees are cut down and burnt, but no attempt is made to root up the stump. The land is afterwards dug up with a pole, which has a foot-piece firmly attached to it, and which is used in the same manner as our spade. It is made of the hard wood of the maize (*Eugenia maize*), or sometimes of the wood of the *Leptospermium erisoides*, and is called

e kaheru. The work proceeds rapidly, and the soil being interlaced with roots of shrubs and ferns, the implement is preferable to our spades, which cut, but do not tear up; those especially which are made entirely of iron cannot be used by the natives, as their feet are bare. Sometimes a hoe is used, formed of Lydian or green stone, fixed to a handle. It is called *e toki*. The seeds are then put into holes made with a stick of the wood manuka. All the plantations are fenced in. The greatest labour is bestowed upon the kumara fields. They are kept clear of weeds; the kumaras are planted in regular rows; and the caterpillars of a sphinx, which feed in great numbers upon the leaves, are at all times carefully removed. In neatness such a field rivals any in Europe. Every family has its own field, and the produce is private property. But the head of a tribe, being, as it were, the father of a family, often institutes a sale, to which all men contribute their produce, and the receipts are divided according to the contributions: in this proceeding there is, however, nothing compulsory. Fishing is likewise carried on in common. An old man, acting as an umpire, divides the fish which has been caught into equal portions, according to the number of families; he then walks round, and with a stick points out to whom each heap belongs."—*Dieffenbach's New Zealand*, vol. ii. pp. 123-4.

Before leaving this part of our subject, we must observe, that they apply their "tapu" very usefully to the protection of agriculture. The land under cultivation is made "tapu," as are all the people employed about it. No one, therefore, can interfere with them, nor can they proceed elsewhere until the work they had undertaken is completed. We must also notice their celebrated plant, the *Phormium tenax*, or New Zealand flax. The native name for it is korari, and when gathered it is called, *here kie kie*, that is, *tying stuff*. Mr. Wakefield visited a flax collecting encampment, and gives a very good account of their mode of proceeding. The leaves are folded in two longitudinally, giving them an inner and outer side. The former has a natural gloss, the latter is dull. The innermost leaves are preferred, and are cut about a foot from the ground with a sharp mussel-shell. The leaves being collected, there is a division of labour—some split the leaf longitudinally, while another set cut the dull side of each half leaf transversely, and

almost through, about mid-way along its length. This is done with a small cockle-shell, and demands dexterity. These half leaves are now taken up by another hand, and being spread like a fan, each particular half leaf receives from the mussel-shell a longitudinal scrape. "The dexterity and quickness with which this whole operation was performed, drew from us," says Mr. Wakefield, "repeated exclamations of delight." From this plant are made the mats which form the principal, we may say, the only article of the native costume. Mr. Wakefield says they make mats impenetrable to the weather, and that he has braved with impunity the heaviest rain, sleeping under no other shelter.

The New Zealanders are well known to excel in a peculiar method of cooking, which is described by Mr. Wakefield. He attests their success in making admirable dishes.

"The *maori* 'umu,' or cooking-hole, is a very complete steaming apparatus, and is used as follows:—In a hole scraped in the ground, about three feet in diameter, and one foot deep, a wood fire is first lighted. Round stones about the size of a man's fist are heaped upon the faggots, and fall among the ashes as the fire consumes in the wood. When they are thus nearly red-hot, the cook picks out any piece of charcoal that may appear above the stones, turns all the stones round with two sticks, and arranges them so as to afford a pretty uniform heat and surface. She then sprinkles water on the stones from a dried gourd, of which the inside has been hollowed, and a copious steam rises. Clean grass, milk-thistle, or wild turnip leaves, dipped in water, are laid on the stones; the potatoes, which have been carefully scraped of their peel with cockle shells, and washed, are placed on the herbs, together with any birds, meat, or fish that may be included in the mess; fresh herbs are laid on the food, flax-baskets follow, completely covering the heap, and the mess is then buried with the earth from the hole. No visible steam escapes from the apparatus, which looks like a large mole-hill; and when the old hags, who know how to time the cookery with great accuracy, from constant practice, open the catacomb, every thing is sure to be thoroughly and equally cooked."—*Wakefield's New Zealand*, vol. i. p. 80.

Notwithstanding the intelligence of these islanders, and their alleged im-

provement, their general habits are very little above the lowest stage of barbarism. In the art of building they are still below the other Polynesians. They live in villages, called by them *pas*, which are usually placed on high promontories or insulated hills, and rudely fortified with a palisade of stakes about ten feet high. Within the main enclosure are others, containing five or six huts, close together. Pomare's "pa" contains about three hundred huts. Each house has two huts—one, the *ware puni*, or "house of rest;" the other the *ware umu*, or "oven house;" some are larger than others, but the construction of all is similar. Four corner posts are driven into the ground, being left from two to five feet above the surface; in the centre two or three strong posts are fixed to sustain the roof—on these are lashed a horizontal beam, with rafter and small posts, on which the roof is worked and thatched with the rush (*typhæ latifolia*) or with fern. Mats are hung at the door-ways, though some have doors of pine. The entrances are so low as to compel one to stoop or creep in. They are all built on the principle of keeping in the animal heat, and from their filth and want of ventilation are intolerable to Europeans. The natives themselves, crowded in such confined holes, feel the heat so much that they sleep naked, both sexes huddled all together! They are as devoid of all cleanliness in their persons as in their houses. They seldom bathe, but anoint their skins with fish oil, and make use of their very partial clothing for ornament only, not thinking of it as a covering. A native is often seen in a sailor's jacket, without any other covering whatever. Their own costume—the mat—which is often most beautifully wrought, is beginning to disappear, and to be less advantageously replaced by blankets and strips of calico. Their furniture consists of a few mats and baskets, an old chest,

and an iron pot—the two latter being their only European acquirements, except the one treasure of a double-barrelled gun, which, it is worthy of remark, is usually of the best maker. We have taken this account of the homes of the New Zealanders mainly from the narratives of Captain Wilkes, and of Mr. Wakefield, and repulsive as it is, we give it thus fully, in the hope of exciting a sympathy which may, in some degree, contribute to right steps being taken for their improvement. There is little hope of their being excited to industry—raised from contented indigence—and in any degree elevated in character, so long as they retain the habits we have just described. We read in Mr. Wakefield's work, with any thing but satisfaction, of the New Zealand Company purchasing from these poor savages, whole districts for blankets and muskets. It might be expected that a great public company, or the government, in acquiring the lands of this people, would do them some practical good, on a large scale—build them suitable houses—give them the benefits of roads, drainage, sewerage, ventilation—of schools* and hospitals—instruct them in tillage—and teach them extensively the more necessary arts of life. Such efforts would be ancillary to those of the missionaries—as yet their only friends—and would enable them to look back on the period of European colonization, not as the age of land-sharking, but as the great era of their own advancement.

The New Zealanders are still cannibals. The practice has, through the exertions of the missionaries, greatly decreased, but is very far from being as yet extirpated. While the American exploring expedition was there, a chief had a boy of fourteen killed as a medicine for his son, who was sick, and the horrid prescription not effecting a cure, a girl of the same age was about to experience a similar fate;

* Mr. Brown mentions that a native chief, a Wesleyan, made application to Bishop Selwyn for a school for his tribe, offering land for the purpose, and volunteering to become one of the scholars; and that the same individual afterwards applied to Captain Fitzroy for an hospital. Mr Brown is of opinion that instead of instructing the natives in their own language, they should be taught through English. We are disposed to respect his judgment on many points, but not in this. Experience in Wales, in Ireland, and the practice of missionaries, is against him. All learn best in their own language, and the New Zealanders find a peculiar difficulty in speaking ours.

but, as Captain Wilkes tells us, "the timely interference of the missionaries prevented it." Mr. Browne speaks of an ogre, a chief of influence, named Tarrea, who lives near Hokianga, who has devoured hundreds of human tongues—the favourite morsels. Children, it is said, were his favourite food. The head of this monster is, we are told, a phrenological study, alimentiveness being particularly prominent. This custom was first mentioned by Cook: but although his statement has been repeatedly corroborated, its accuracy is often questioned, and even Dr. Dieffenbach appears to think these natives only eat their enemies, and then with ceremonies and restrictions. A persuasion that the strength and courage of an enemy are transferred to the person who eats him, and a desire to indulge their strong feelings of revenge, are, in all probability, the causes of the origin of this frightful usage; but having once acquired this unnatural taste, there can be no doubt they gratified it under other circumstances—from a liking for the foul repast, as well as from superstitious fancies, as we have instanced above. Captain Cook, in his second voyage, speaks of "their great liking for the food." Cruise and Rutherford, in their respective narratives, testify to the same effect; and a chief told Mr. Earle, that "he had been born and reared in an inland district; fish they never saw, and the only flesh he then partook of was human." It is well known that cannibalism prevails, and has prevailed among nations far more civilized than New Zealand. Humboldt, in his work on the indigenous inhabitants of South America, describes it as practised by the Azteques of Mexico, and in the memoirs of Sir Stamford Raffles, there is a very precise account of it given as practised—and with new horrors—among the Battas, a populous nation of Sumatra, very considerably advanced in civilization. Criminals are by their laws eaten, and these laws allow of their being ~~hanged~~ ^{mangled} and eaten while alive.

Among the many debated points on the subject of New Zealand, one is the effect of missions. Taking only the testimony of those who are opposed to, or of those who are indifferent to them, we cannot hesitate to assert that they have produced the most important and

beneficial results. Both Mr. Wakefield and Dr. Dieffenbach write with very decided prejudices against the missionaries; yet the reader will find no difficulty in inferring from their works, the character of the doings of these men. It will be seen that in the missionary districts, the natives are, as compared to the others, much improved—that crime and ferocities are less frequent—cannibalism almost unknown—that the minds of the people are more enlightened—that they are very commonly acquainted with the Gospel—and that amongst a large portion of them the Sabbath is observed with such a rigid strictness, that they will not dress meat on that day. It is also clear from these works, that the missionaries have extended influence, and are greatly respected. The French narratives—not more friendly to the missionaries—are much to the same effect; and Captain Wilkes, in his account of the United States' Exploring Expedition, who is no enthusiast on this topic says, "I am persuaded that they have done, and are still endeavouring to do much good;" and adds, "that they begin by teaching the useful arts, and setting an example of industry—that the natives have very generally morning and evening prayers, although," he says, "their characters show any thing but a reform in their lives. Numbers," he, however, continues, "are said to read and write their own language, having been taught by the missionaries, and they have been afterwards known to take a pride in instructing others, and to display a great eagerness in the acquisition of further knowledge." Captain Wilkes also states that the Church mission at Pahi has a printing-press—that they have printed parts of Scripture, and were then (1840) printing a New Zealand grammar. He speaks highly of the efficiency of the Wesleyan Mission. Mr. Wakefield complains of some of the missionaries having become great purchasers of lands. When land is so easily acquired, so easily made productive, and so likely to rise in value, a missionary with an increasing family, is very likely to be tempted to purchase it. We are not aware of any thing reprehensible in this way, in those holding appointments under the Church Missionary Society. We believe a good deal of

land about the Bay of Islands is held by that Society; but, as far as we are informed, it is held for missionary purposes, and has been made very useful to the natives, in affording them model farms. The Wesleyans removed their chief missionary, because he purchased land, and we think the other Christian associations would do well to adopt their rule, prohibiting any missionary from purchasing land, except for the purposes of the mission. In regard to their influence on civilization—in which aspect we have principally viewed them—there can, we think, be no doubt that the missionaries have done a great deal; they are, too, the only bodies who have commenced the process on right principles. In their main object—the conversion of the natives—they appear to have been less successful than in the other South Sea Islands, although the New Zealanders are confessedly more intelligent. But considering the double difficulties they had to contend with, arising from the ferocity of the natives, and misconduct of Europeans, in a sphere so remote, and where there was long no law, we believe that they have done as much as their supporters hoped for.

In our notice of New Zealand we have endeavoured to bring before our readers the most interesting circumstances connected with it, to point to its prospects, and to make known the present condition of its inhabitants. We have avoided unavailing disquisition on the topics lately before the House of Commons. We are no lovers of the New Zealand Company, and rejoice not at what in parliament has been called "its cross with

the government:" but though any good through it is, to use a sage's phrase, "rather to be hoped for than expected," we endeavour to persuade ourselves that the interests of these islands are at length understood, and that public attention having been directed towards them, they will not be neglected.

Mr. Wakefield is avowedly a partisan. His volumes are too eulogistic of the New Zealand Society—too full of its politics, and too condemnatory of the missionaries, whose great offence appears to be, that they were hostile to it. They are, however, written with much liveliness, and contain a vast deal of information. Dr. Dieffenbach shares the same prejudices, though they are neither so prominently nor so repeatedly put forward. His work, also, is very pleasant reading. The chapters on New Zealand form, of course, but a very small portion of that large and beautifully got up work, "The United States Exploring Expedition." We have consulted it with advantage in connection with our present subject, and may soon have occasion to notice it at greater length. Mr. Brown was a member of the legislative council of New Zealand, and in discussing the affairs of the antipodes may not be altogether free from bias. His views, however, appear to be in general judicious, and they are temperately expressed. His work comes in the modest garb of a single and small octavo, but we can assure our readers, that it contains at least as much information on the subject of New Zealand as it is, as any or all the others that we have looked at.

THE *ÆSTHETICAL CONDITION OF ENGLAND.*—*ἡμεῖς τὰ ἡγεῖναι οὐκ ἔχοντες.*

As, in the tree, it is the same vital energy which builds up the sturdy trunk, expands in the waving branch, plays in the airy leaf, idealizes itself in the graceful blossom, and unites beauty with utility in the glowing fruit; so, through the phases of man's social development, certain relations exist, which, perhaps, nothing but the limit of our intelligence prevents us from tracing to absolute unity.

As one consequence of this, the condition of a country with respect to literature and art is, when *not* superficially considered, a subject of far wider bearings than a cursory glance would lead us to imagine.

We hold it to be an indisputable fact, that the present æsthetical condition of England is retrograde—a progressive deterioration. It may be divined, therefore, that the question we propose to examine is not of facts, but of causes; not, *what* is our present æsthetical condition?—but, *why* is that condition what it is?—*whence* our increasing poetic destitution, prose poverty, and artistic decrepitude?

In the individual, a change of taste, an altered direction of thought or habit, is, perhaps, oftener the result of sudden and contingent, than of gradual and necessary causes. A powerful sympathy, a sharp stroke of grief, an accident strongly affecting the imagination or the moral sense, may completely reverse a man's points of view, and throw his ideas and aims into a channel directly counter to that which they previously occupied. With nations the converse holds true: in masses so ponderous, the *vis inertia* of habit and constitution is too great to be overcome by any single shock, however powerful—nothing but a gradual and sustained force can accomplish this; and when we see any social change, whether affecting the very framework of society, or merely alter-

ing the proportions of its constituent bases, we may safely assume that such a force has been somewhere applied.

We would seek, then, to determine what force has operated the æsthetical change which we have alluded to above.

When we look round us, two facts must offer themselves as the most prominent characteristics of the present English *status*—the unexampled progress of industry, and the restless energy of political ideas. These, combined, have given a peculiar physiognomy to the whole structure of society, both physical and moral; and in these we fancy we can detect the solution of our problem.

The relation between the political* and the imaginative is generally assumed to be what logicians call "a relation of opposition." Politics and poetry, we are told, coincide solely in an alliterative point of view—both begin with a P—but here end their *rapports d'amitié*, and a marked contradiction, nay a deadly hostility, separates them on all other points. This doctrine has its tinge of truth. Politics and poetry are, undoubtedly, widely distinct, both in origin and in aim; but this does not prevent the one from exercising a certain influence on the other, for it is a psychological law that whatever acts upon the reasoning faculties, reacts, in a degree, upon the imaginative.

The dominant characteristic of European politics is (he who runs may read it) a democratic tendency; and England, notwithstanding the geographical obstacles she presents to foreign influence, has gone with the current. She has, so to speak, abruptly and irrevocably broken with the past; her constitution, wonderfully flexible, while retaining the *letter*, has completely remodelled the *spirit*, and henceforth her history must assume a new face—must

* We consider the political influence before the industrial (although historically second), because, as the former was the more superficial in its effects, we shall thus be enabled to enter more gradually into our subject.

occupy a wider stage, and admit other actors.

The social effect of this revolution or reform has shown itself most notably (as may readily be divined) in the decline of the aristocracy; and it is through this medium, among others, that the agitation of the political atmosphere has exercised a certain indirect influence on the well-being of the imaginative world.

An aristocracy is, by its position, the natural protector and promoter of the fine arts. Endowed with wealth and leisure, its members, generally, are led to join or to prefer the more refined pleasures of the intellect, to those which wait upon luxury or sensuality. In addition to the direct encouragement hence given to the artist, an aristocratic constitution is favourable, indirectly, to the development of the artistic faculty also. An aristocracy is always strongly linked with the past; and the past, from its distance from the *demi-jour* under which it presents itself, is essentially poetic. Two of our greatest modern poets—Byron and Scott—were intimately pervaded with this aristocratic sentiment. The latter drew his most fervent inspiration from the middle-ages, whose spirit of adventure, chivalrous honour, and enthusiastic love give that magic colouring, alternately so brilliant and so delicate, so bold and so soft, to his enchanting pictures. In the former, we may trace the same mediæval influence, but under a different aspect, and not in the *choice*, but in the *treatment* of his subjects. Here it is no longer the devotion and the chivalry, but it is the fierce pride—the ill-restrained passions—the conflict, so eminently dramatic between the will and the reason, between the individual and society; it is this, blended with the more modern element of scepticism, and contrasted with the fitful gush of a sensibility the most exquisite—with bursts of noble aspiration, of enthu-

siasm the most lofty and the most ideal—which startles, terrifies, entrances us in the *Salvator Rosa* delineations of Byron.

To return—in addition to the above influences, an aristocracy, from manifest causes, gives a greater stability and a greater dignity to ideas eminently attractive for the imagination—to religion, for instance, and to authority. Among its brilliant ranks, it offers individuals who, surrounded with honours and with privileges separating them from the throng, appear beings of a higher order. Enveloped in a certain dazzling mystery, they elicit a veneration which often rises to enthusiasm, and, reacting upon the imagination, peoples it with “myriads of spiritual creatures.”

These poetic impulses, declining with our aristocracy,* have naturally given place to tendencies wholly adverse. With the rise and spread of the *bourgeois* influence, not only has the *standard* of taste degenerated, but its true principles have become gradually obscured. Among the commercial classes of society, the *useful* is always above the beautiful, the *material* enjoyments of wealth above the intellectual; and the change of direction hence given to taste clearly manifests itself in the education of youth, in the multiplication of “commercial academies,” and in the diminished attention paid to classical literature even in several of the once aristocratic schools.

Such appears to us to be the share of politics in generating the present neglect for the products of the imagination. Let us now consider the influence exercised in the same direction by the progress of industry.

A long peace and scientific discoveries of incalculable importance have given, during the present century, an activity to industry and commerce which borders on the fabulous. As a consequence, the objects of luxury have become accessible to a far-wider

* It is true, that, in England, the aristocracy still retains its wealth and titles; but the decline of its consideration and exclusiveness, undermining the *esprit de corps*, has exposed it to the encroachments of the *bourgeois* influence, and so far weakened its individuality as to render the above remarks applicable here, although not so directly as to France, &c. We may remark, that the aristocratic influence in England has been more particularly favourable to literature, inasmuch as, ever tempered by the national spirit of liberty, it has never, by its excess, imposed upon our men of genius the enervating *mannerism* which was one of its effects on the other side of the channel.

circle, and the demand for them has increased in proportion. With this augmentation of material wants and the means to satisfy them, the material interests of society have necessarily risen in importance. Constantly exposed to the action of the external senses, man is ever prone to give to their interests an undue preponderance, and this tendency, when incidental causes concur to strengthen it, seldom fails to usurp the government of his whole being. Such is the position of society at the present day. The grand object of ambition is wealth. Each struggles to grasp more than his neighbour, to surpass him in expense, to vanquish him in ostentation. Poverty is regarded as a disgrace; those who cannot keep up a certain "style" *lose caste*, and thus a degree of external luxury is become not only a desire but a *want*—a necessity!

What is the result of this? A voluptuous egotism has pervaded our whole existence—has become the dominant characteristic of the nineteenth century.

In man's nature there is a certain innate logic, which links together his various attributes, giving to each a secret and reciprocating action upon the others, and uniting, by mysterious affinities, qualities apparently the most opposite and distinct—the material and the spiritual, the physical and the moral. Thus, the principle of interest, which began by assuming the guidance of mere worldly relations, has gradually invaded all the more intimate feelings, nay, has penetrated into the very *adytum* of the soul. *Friendship* is no longer the cement of society; but considerations of gain, the glitter of wealth, the *prestige* of fashion, such are the motives which engender, at least the *appearance* of the earnest welcome, the lively sympathy, the affectionate familiarity, which are the sweetest privileges of a friend. *Love*, that precious and delicate flower, planted by Christianity and nurtured by civilization, has given place to sordid interests and cold calculations; *home* is not, as of yore, the centre in which the fervid rays of desire, and the gentle beams of affection, meet and mingle. But home—the family—is the sanctuary of morals; vitiate the purity of the one, and the other also decays, as the sacred fire paled before

a corrupt priesthood. In England, at the present day, the systematized egotism of Bentham—that man of so vast an intellect and so narrow a soul—pervades our ethical character, penetrating even into the legislature, where (in spite of the wise combinations which tend to neutralize the preponderance of individual interests) we see questions of revenue, speculations of profit and loss, weighed against the highest duties of morality—nay, against the simplest aphorisms of natural law.

The influence of this state of things upon the intellectual welfare of society is easily traced; for the tendencies of the intellectual faculties are inseparably connected with those of the moral. Where these latter are imbued with pure principles—where a refined honour, nobleness of aim, stability of purpose, and, above all, sacrifice of self—are inculcated as the regulators of conduct, there will the intellect also seek its nourishment in lofty ideas—in those ideas most free from selfishness, the ideas of beauty, of virtue, and of truth. But where the moral faculties are abased—where their law is concentration—where egotism usurps the throne of duty—there, in the same proportion, is the intellect limited, and materialized—in the same proportion are the deities of its worship soul-less and misshapen. Thus, where morality assumes the form of endaimonism, expect to find the beautiful stifled beneath the voluptuous, the agreeable, and the useful—expect to find virtue a matter of mere calculated honesty, an affair of external *convenience*, of decent comportment—in one word, of *respectability*—expect to find truth divested of its attribute of universality, stripped of its innate dignity, and so fallen, so utterly contemned, as to be solemnly sacrificed to mere principles of party—the servant of circumstances—the slave of interest!

Such we believe to be the present intellectual state of England; and such is necessarily the spirit of its actual literature, for the literature of a country is simply the expression of its intellectual state. The publications of the day are all marked with realism—the deeper and more powerful mental energies are all devoted to physical studies, to what is characteristically distinguished as *positive* phi-

losophy. In lighter literature (the best index to the bent of the public mind), almost the sole productions which meet with success are those termed "fashionable novels,"—exaggerated pictures of the life of the higher classes of society, often coloured by a lively fancy and a sparkling wit, but seldom displaying any deep insight into the heart, any richness of imagination, any loftiness of thought. Or again, looking into another direction, and catering to a less refined taste, the novelist chooses his ground among the inferior social grades, depicts presuming vanity, ridiculous ignorance, or astute vice. But, with all, the feelings called into play spring from the lower, the least ennobling order of our faculties—mere curiosity, astonishment, the sense of the ludicrous, or, worse still, the perverted interest won for passion and for crime by artfully softening the shadows, and strengthening the lights of the picture—by destroying, in the reader, the just union between reason and sympathy—between the activity of the brain and the throbbings of the heart. This last class of composition the moralist cannot too strongly condemn: the amusement thereby afforded is to the intellect what dram-drinking is to the sense—a depraved and demoralizing excitement which, in both cases alike, enfeebles while it stimulates, and while it animates destroys.

Of the literary race, the novelist is, perhaps, the most sensitive to external influences—almost compelled, indeed, by his position, to accept them as his guides. But how, then, do they act upon the poet?

At first sight, the poetic genius seems to be least of all exposed to the action of incidental causes; it generally passes, indeed, for a species of inspiration, a *divine madness*, in which art, reason herself, evaporate—in which, therefore, the tyranny of circumstance must be utterly powerless.* This idea would seem verified by the numerous instances on record of genius having soared above obstacles, both material and moral, which must

have held a mind of ordinary powers in hopeless bondage. But, although this celestial buoyancy cannot be denied her, genius is still subject to an influence which, if it does not impose upon her a positive law of projectiles, affects, strikingly, the freedom of her movements—the very development of her activity. This influence proceeds from a want of sympathy. Sympathy is the vital element of the atmosphere in which the poet lives and breathes—the element which is necessary to the free and healthy working of his poetic nature, and from which he replenishes the vigour and the warmth he has expended. Deny him this, and his enthusiasm, if not stifled at its very birth, gradually sickens and faints, driven back upon his own breast, there to smoulder in flameless fires, or to fritter itself unworthily away, ever oppressed with a vague sense of discomfort, of melancholy, of degradation—a gushing fountain checked into stagnancy—an eagle burning to soar, but finding no support for its wings.

And what sympathy can the poet—the worshipper of the ideal, whose joys are all of the intellect, whose treasures are a beauty which does not exist,† a virtue which this world cannot approach—what sympathy can this spiritualized being find in the realism, the materialism, the selfishness of society at the present day? Manifestly none! To the realist the poet is an idle dreamer, whom he half despises for his indifference to the pleasures of sense, and half hates for the mental enjoyments which himself can neither enter into nor comprehend, and which he characterizes with a sneer, as "the visions of a mystic." Visions! Alas, it is but too true! But what, then, are the enjoyments of the worldling, of the sensualist? Fond man! the pleasures of sense are not more *real* than the pleasures of intellect; the voluptuary and the poet are alike enamoured of a dream! But the dream of the former is a dream of earth; and when he wakes, he wakes to disappointment and to despair; while the latter, though the celestial vision fade away, feels still

* Παινηται οὐ μετρίως οἷος τι ποιεῖν, πρὶν ἂν ἡ φρενὶς γένηται καὶ ὁ νοῦς μνηστὴρ ἐν αὐτῷ ᾖ.
Plato's *Ion*.

† "*Il n'y a de beau,*" says St. Augustine, "*que ce qui n'est pas.*"

around him the divinity which sent, still sees above him the heaven from which it came.

In a state of society like the present, can we wonder that poetry has degenerated—that the poet is degraded not only from his social, but from his artistic position—that he is, practically speaking, placed beneath the painter and the musician, who, appealing more to the senses than to the soul, minister directly to the prevailing taste for ostentation and voluptuousness?

Speaking of the painter and the musician leads us to the consideration of the effect of the influences above particularized upon *art*. This effect, although less clearly marked, is not less positive. It is less clearly marked, because we have never, in this department of imaginative development, attained to any thing like superior excellence, and the fall has therefore been from a much lower height. Why England, great as has been her poetic fertility, has borne away so few honours in painting, sculpture, and music, is a question too complicated to be fully entered upon here. As the object of æsthetical labours in general is one and the same—the expression of ideal beauty—it would seem natural that the development of the imaginative faculties should take place in all directions—that excellence in poetry should go hand in hand with excellence in what are called the “sister arts.” This concurrence, however, is dependant on various contingent causes, affecting more particularly the *material expression*—the form in which the artist’s inspiration habits itself for the senses.

One of the highest authorities in art finds the origin of this our inferiority in the nature of our climate, and in the “happy phlegm” of our character.* The first argument is at least weakened by the excellence of the German and Flemish schools, which labour under almost equal disadvantages; the second is directly refuted by the fact of our acknowledged (former) superiority in æsthetical *literature*.

Still we are so little inclined to deny the influence of climate on the development of the imagination, that we would attribute to it, in great measure, the supremacy of Italy in the arts of design. Beneath a bright transparent heaven, breathing an atmosphere whose elastic purity quickens every pulse, and exhilarates every sense, surrounded by a nature the most exquisitely fair, the most magically brilliant, man is ever inclined more to external than to internal enjoyments: although vividly alive to the feeling of beauty, still it is rather to the form than to the spirit, to the voluptuous than to the ideal, that his thoughts are constantly directed. Hence, the activity of his imagination loves to express itself in the material garb of art—particularly, perhaps, in painting, wherein the sense of *colour*, stimulated by the glowing scenes around him, finds its satisfaction. This *materializing* influence of climate (if we may be allowed the expression) extends itself even over the poetry of Italy, which presents a character in perfect harmony with the above remarks:—graceful, full of imagery, sportive, and voluptuous, it rarely displays either true depth of feeling, or sublimity of thought.† In the north, on the contrary, where nature is less lavish of her beauties, where the cold heaven, the chilly atmosphere, and the stern and rugged scenery, seem to repulse thought back upon itself, the imagination, nourished rather with ideas than with sensations, naturally prefers the most ideal form of expression, poetry, and the character of that poetry is essentially contemplative, with a tendency to the didactic.‡

With Winckelmann, therefore, we cannot but recognise the influence of climate on British art, although we do not accord to that influence the almost exclusive force which he has given it. We are rather inclined to the opinion that our inferiority in this point may be, in great measure, accounted for by the slight encouragement given to the artist—by the

* Winckelmann, *Geschichte der Kunst*, &c., vol. I. c. 1, sec. 3.

† Dante, a great exception, proves the rule.

‡ It is remarkable that the genius most diverging from this tendency—the most *Italian*, in fact, of our poets—is supplied by Ireland, the portion of the British empire certainly the most *southern* in climate.

direct obstacles, indeed, opposed to any high development of his powers. Our isolation, moreover, from continental influences must share a portion of the responsibility: it was this which prevented our catching the artistic enthusiasm which, spreading itself from the Italian centre, engendered such worthy fruit in Spain, France, and Germany.

We have remarked above that, at the present day, the painter is in greater demand than the poet, "as more directly ministering to ostentation and voluptuousness." This would seem inconsistent with our assertion of the little encouragement given to art; but in so speaking we wish to imply *effective, worthy* encouragement—the encouragement of homage paid to unfettered genius, and of an eager search after its productions. Now, it is a notorious fact that the artist in England is looked upon as a mere decorator; that his pictures are only bought in that light, and that he himself is actually so classed in society. This kind of "encouragement" is precisely tantamount to an *encouragement to degrade art*, and its successful effects may be convincingly proved by a visit to any of our academical exhibitions. Here then exactly the same causes which we have particularized as corrupting literature, tend, while they increase the *market* popularity of the painter, to lower in a like ratio his standard of excellence. We believe England, for the reasons above given, to be *incapable* of ever producing a galaxy of artists such as Italy once produced, and may produce again; but we are convinced that, were her æsthetical feelings again awakened, and a *worthy* encouragement given at the same time to art, she might at least entitle herself to form "a school"—an honour to which

hitherto she has not had the shadow of a claim—and might even produce some solitary stars worthy to be entered as competitors for "the laurel wreath which glory weaves."†

Coming now to *music*—while we lament the actual state of that noble art, we confess that we are even less sanguine of its future than we have just expressed ourselves to be with regard to painting. There does not, strictly speaking, exist any thing bearing the title of "English music"—even such simple ballad melodies as we find national to Scotland and Ireland, are unheard between Solway Frith and Land's End, and we fear that we must e'en subscribe to the sweeping assertion, "that England has no music in her soul." A glance at the real nature of music may, perhaps, help us to an explanation of this.

Music‡ may be defined as a language in which modulation plays the part of articulation. Its object, like that of articulated language, is *expression*, necessarily limited, however, to a certain range—to the sentiments and the passions, and incapable of approaching the domain of reason. Nevertheless, in its highest state of perfection, music penetrates into the region of pure thought: it does this by expressing the relation between the idea and the subjective impression produced by the idea. It pursues, therefore, a course the reverse of that followed by articulate language—rising through sensation to thought, while the latter descends from thought to sensation. Hence it is that many people, deficient in susceptibility, are unable to comprehend the beauty of the highest order of music, the fact being that the subjective impression to which such music appeals, is, with them, feeble and incomplete.

* It cannot be disputed that Romanism, with its fondness for pomp and decoration, and its tendency to personify the divine—without denying it, abstractedly, its infinite attributes—did much for the development of art, which the purer and severer Protestantism cannot do.

† We are encouraged in this hope by the example of sculpture (wherein our poverty is even greater than in painting), which has produced at least two names well meriting their European reputation—Flaxman and Gibson: the one was never allowed an opportunity of executing his beautiful designs; the other is self-expatriated, from an anticipation of similar neglect!

‡ The first music was doubtless vocal, its elementary form being probably the *interjection*—a mere sound, expressing different emotions by the simple modulation of the voice.

We have said that the object of music is expression; but as its sounds, being unarticulated, do not admit of receiving any conventional determination, a necessary characteristic of that expression is *vagueness*: the passions as well as the ideas it depicts ever seem to float in space—ever suggest to the imagination a dreamy sense of the fathomless—the infinite. It is in this very vagueness that music, awakening a certain movement in the mind, while it leaves the thought free to follow that movement without restraint, possesses its highest charm.

The above remarks render it easy to determine what temperaments will be most susceptible of musical enjoyment—most apt, therefore, for musical excellence. These may be divided into two classes: the *sensual* temperament, exquisitely alive to material beauty, prone to voluptuous reverie, vivid in imagination, but averse to intellectual effort; and the *spiritual* temperament, the worshipper of the ideal, the philosophic dreamer, the searcher after the inscrutable and the infinite. To both these the dreamy accents of music—its sportive joy, its lulling tenderness, its fathomless passion, its harmonies so deep, so solemn, so mysterious, will ever present attractions varying with the idiosyncrasy acted upon; and both are faithfully represented by two distinct schools—the Italian and the German; the music of the former being almost exclusively characterized by pleasing melody, grace, brilliancy, and sentiment, while that of the latter distinguishes itself by the varied grandeur of its modulations—running over the whole scale of human thought and passion, it raises us from the lowest depths of anguish and despair up to the most ecstatic rapture, the most boundless hope, the most sublime adoration.

In thus particularizing the tempera-

ments most alive to the influence of music,* we have, by implication, excluded the English. From causes, to be sought for in past history as well as in geographical position, our notorious characteristic is a decided tendency to action and to realism. Of all nations, we are, perhaps, least prone to reverie—to the *dolce far niente* enjoyments of the south;—and let the history of our philosophy tell how far we are removed from the speculative tastes—from the transcendental spiritualism of the north. Hence the musical art has never been naturalized with us, and its deterioration is, therefore, even less perceptible than that of painting. Still there is a deterioration proceeding from the same general causes which we have alluded to above—from the increasing demand for the agreeable to the neglect of the beautiful.†

We hasten now to assure our readers that, if the above remarks are pervaded with a sentiment of regret, they are not meant to convey any idea of *despondency*. It has become customary of late to treat the imagination with a certain degree of patronizing insolence—as a pretty, trifling source of amusement, to be rated by the side of those fashionable “pets,” who are admitted into good society solely on the strength of being clever buffoons. Nay, grave and sapient men will calmly maintain that *the day* of the imagination is past—that the development of æsthetic genius in a nation is confined to the period of its youth. It is only (they assert) before the reasoning faculties are fully elaborated, that the imagination has sufficient empire over the national mind to generate in it the fervor required to form the artist, and the sympathy needed to ensure him attention. But, as soon as men awake to the perception of their own strength—as soon as the

* The *French* temperament would seem scarcely better adapted for musical enjoyment than the *English*; and, until very lately, France was as poor as ourselves in eminent composers. May not her recent progress in the art be attributed to the profound modifications wrought in her character by the political events of the last half-century, as well as to her intimate intellectual *liaisons* with Germany?

† The artificial popularity which fashion has given to Italian music here, might be expected to exercise some ameliorating influence on our native musicians: but its only effect has been to generate a sort of mongrel imitation, utterly beneath criticism. In fact, imitation never did, and never *can* favour talent. The true value of noble models is not as objects for genius to *imitate*, but as stimulants and characterizers of its inspirations.

craving for knowledge has overcome the timidity of inexperience—then the twilight of mystery, essential to the wrapt vision of the bard, melts speedily away, and the indistinct phantoms, the vague shapes which, floating dreamily around, stimulated all the activity of the imagination, and fitly prepared the mind for poetry, which but reflected and idealized the same images, gradually settle down into the distinct and dwarfed proportions of reality, and become, from mysterious objects of awe, the vulgarised subjects of the will. A host of illustrations is brought forward to prove that we are still compelled to acknowledge in the remotest antiquity æsthetical creations at least equal to our own, and the conclusion is boldly arrived at, that “the poetic fervour is inconsistent with a highly developed civilization.”

This error is a necessary consequence of the utilitarianism of the day—of the tendency to identify the idea of civilization with that of material well-being. Its refutation, unless against prejudice, is easy. The true end of civilization is the happiness of mankind—in other words, the satisfaction in their legitimate degree, of *all* the wants of humanity, as well the physical as the intellectual. By *wants* we understand those tendencies of our being, whether generated by our physiological or our psychological constitution, which are common to man as a species. The question, therefore, reduces itself to this—does our psychological constitution include a faculty called the imagination; or is the idea of beauty a mere metaphysical invention, and the exquisite pleasure thereby elicited nothing but “an acquired taste?” From none—unless it be the follower of a *system*—can we expect any contradiction here. The imagination is, undoubtedly, a constituent element of the mind; and, being so, will ever seek its gratification, as the Creator meant it should. Why else the magnificence of nature—why else did the same hand which planted what “was good for food,” plant also what “was pleasant to the sight?”

The argument drawn from antiquity is equally feeble. It is, indeed, true,

that the imagination has not progressed *in power* since the almost mythic age of Homer: but let us ask *what* faculty of the mind *has* so progressed? Not one! The mind of a man of matured intellect was precisely the same in *power*, as far back as history can carry us, as it is now: the sole difference in our favour consists in the vast increase of *materials* to work upon, of *facts* to reason upon, of *experience* to rest upon. It is in the infinity of these, and in the transmission of the mastered portion of that infinity from one generation to another that the secret of man's infinite progress lies. If the poetical genius of Homer was equal to that of Milton, the philosophic genius of Aristotle was certainly equal to that of Bacon. If Æschylus may rank with Shakspeare, Thucydides may at least be placed beside Hume: if Horace does not yield the palm to Pope, neither might Archimedes fear to cope with Newton. But the rational faculties are looked upon as progressive, in contradistinction to the imaginative, because of the *positive results* which they produce, and which naturally multiply with the multiplication of their materials. It is this which leads us into the error of attributing to them a superior dynamic development, to which they have no just claim. In the sense of its *results* (*i.e.* science), the reason is infinitely progressive; but so also is the imagination in the same sense (*i.e.*, art), although in a less striking, because less positive degree. It is infinitely progressive, because it creates, and *can* create, only by combining (with a magic indeed peculiarly its own) materials which *experience* alone* can supply, and, therefore, as this experience ever progresses, so will it also progress. Granting, for argument's sake, the same measure of genius to Homer, Æschylus, and Shakspeare, we must still allow that the second offers a richer variety of beauties than the first, and the third than both. And why?—simply because the *materials* to work upon multiply with multiplying centuries—because, with progressing experience, new social relations take place—new aspects of life pre-

* It is almost needless to observe, that “experience” is here used in its widest acceptation.

sent themselves—new ideas spring up. The age of Homer could not have conceived the Prometheus, as the age of Æschylus could not have given birth to Hamlet.

The assertion that the development of the intelligence weakens the poetic sentiment, in dispelling the twilight of ignorance, so favourable to the imagination, is perhaps scarcely worth attending to. But if this were really the case, we are inclined to think there is yet enough darkness around us to nurture generations of bards. Shall we repeat here the aphorism so often reiterated by those best privileged to make it, that the profoundest knowledge stops at the certainty of our infinite ignorance? And is it not truly so? Can we walk beneath the blue heaven, without feeling that above us stretches the infinite? Can we dissect a leaf—can we pull to pieces a flower, without finding ourselves arrested in our speculations by the idea of God? Yes! In every step we take—in every breath we draw, there is a mystery—a mystery no human wisdom can ever fathom!

We are not, then, of those who believe that the principle of poesy is dead in this world—least of all, that it is dead by the hand of civilization. "Murder most foul and most unnatural!" No!—surrounded by an uncongenial atmosphere, the muse lies perhaps in a state of asphyxie; but the moment will come when she shall shake off her lethargy, and rise in unsullied freshness—in immortal beauty! That moment is, in the development of time, inevitable.

It is inevitable, because man is a spiritual as well as a material being, and the one element of humanity is as indestructible as the other. It is true that from various combinations of circumstances, the will, the guiding principle, may be so far monopolized by the latter of these constituent elements, as to throw the other into a torpor resembling death. But with both material and spiritual, the imperious law of existence is activity,—activity without pause, without rest. Thus, silently but unwearied, the

neglected element ever reacts against the forces which restrain it, ever secretly wears away, like a hidden spring, the mass which keeps it down. Hence a constant alternation in the phases of humanity; the preponderance of one principle, its gradual decay before the undermining action of the other, the victory of this latter and, in turn, its despotism and its fall! The moment when these two principles meet in equal strife is perhaps the highest poetic moment of humanity, and the present material phase must close with that moment. Weary of his selfish enjoyments, disgusted with himself and all around him, man will turn at last to seek in his spiritual nature the happiness which a sensual existence has not given, cannot give! That epoch of reaction, when the agitated soul shall become the scene of a conflict between the principle of earth and the principle of heaven—that epoch essentially dramatic, will produce its Shakspeare, its Goethe, its Byron, as the subsequent epoch, when the better principle shall be the conqueror, but not yet the tyrant,* when, inspired with sublime ideas, the intellect shall find its true level, and expatiate, in tranquil dignity, through the fields of the imagination, will produce its Dante, its Milton, its Schiller. Then, the very sensualism, which at this moment stifles art, shall afford it self as a material for art, the very progress of the industrial forces of society, drawing together divided people and their varied ideas, opening to us the portals of the east with its long hidden treasures of poetry and philosophy, shall become, hereafter, the most precious instrument of the divinity it now contemns and denies; and once again, as in classic days, industry and eloquence shall have the same tutelary God.

And let us ask the question, is not this moment of reaction already approaching? is not the heaviness, the inquietude which precedes the salutary thunder-storm already perceptible? Look around and judge!

The most prominent social charac-

* The expression is perhaps too strong. With nations indeed *tyranny* is only to be dreaded from the side of the material, although with individuals the danger may be reciprocal.

teristic of the day is a profound sentiment of lassitude—a spirit not so much of doubt as of apathy. With pompous glitter and stately mirth the gorgeous fabric of society floats down the stream of time. But approach the brilliant forms which agitate its structure with ringing step and joyous sounds, and you start and shudder before pallid phantoms whose movements are all mechanical, whose voices are without measure and without accent, as the voice of a sleeper. And this is what might be expected. Life, the life of the soul, is faith and love! Behold its systole and its diastole! Without these the blood indeed circulates and the pulses beat—but the heart does not throb—the cheek does not flush—the eye does not beam! This is the life which is wanting to society at the present day—the life which has withered before its materialism and its selfishness. Devoured by a restless thirst for change, it presents the singular anomaly of a profound indifference to every element of change except the mere novelty itself; no interest can rouse any stronger feeling than a simple vibration of the nerves. In this feverish languor (which the world calls *ennui*) the reflecting man detects the uneasiness attendant on the efforts of a neglected order of faculties to win their way to light and air. Such is the inviolable precursor of a moral reaction. The principle of life must decay in the elder dogma, before its half-matured successor can suffice to break the bonds which habit and authority have thrown around it, and this period of transition is ever characterized by lassitude and apathy.

Let us not then despair! Though fog and cloud obscure the face of day, above them the sun is still bright, heaven is still serene! Even thus, though veiled for a time by the dense exhalations of materialism, the higher ideas of the soul exist in unsullied brightness. Virtue and beauty have not abandoned this world and the muse of Poesy* still lives.

[We may perhaps, in some future number resume the subject, and treat of the "*Æsthetic condition of Ireland.*"—ANTHONY POPLAR.]

Aye! and will ever live! for, do the proclaimers of her demise know the necessary conditions of the death of poetry? We will tell them. First of all, blot from the heart of man the affections which attach his being to beings other than himself, which call forth the dream-like world of sympathy, which waken the fitful music of love, the pure transports of its meeting, the passionate anguish of its parting; which find beauty in forgetfulness of self, sublimity in self-sacrifice—blot out these, for these are in themselves poetry! Next, take his mind. Tear from it at once the faculty of imagination, and the idea of beauty; let him find in the pleasures of sense the highest object of his desires; let him rest contented with the mediocrity around him, conceiving no greater perfection and therefore aiming at none; let music be to him a mere succession of sounds; let Raphael rank below Teniers; let the statue be a spoilt block of marble; let the azure heaven suggest no higher thought—let

"The primrose by the river's brim,
A yellow primrose be to him,
Be this, and nothing more!"

Do all this, but think not yet that you have checked the fountain of poesy. No! you must dive still deeper into the mysteries of humanity, you must lay your profane hand upon the *soul*; for there, in that holy place, exists the very spring and centre of the poetic feeling. Quench there the idea of infinity—the vague consciousness of immortality—quench the restless longing for perfection ever wearying of the pleasures of this material life, ever turning "from all that it has brought to all it *cannot* bring"—do this! crush the heart, mutilate the intellect, obliterate from the soul its hope of heaven, its image of God, and then, *but not till then*, will poetry abandon a world which, from a creature overflowing with life and with beauty, has become beneath your suicidal hands, a corrupt and misshapen corse. H. W. H.

* "Poetry" is used here (and elsewhere) by a natural *synecdoche*, for the *æsthetical* principle generally.

IRISH RIVERS.—NO. I.

THE BLACKWATER IN MUNSTER.—SECOND ARTICLE.

THE demesne of Dromana is unsurpassed in its views. The mansion is built on a perpendicular cliff overhanging the river, and is an ancient pile in good repair. Many of the scenes in Lady Morgan's "*Florence McCarthy*" are laid here, and her topographical allusions are generally very faithful. The house possesses some very valuable family paintings, which even to the total stranger must always possess a species of interest. For our own part we only crave, when we visit any ancient residence, to have the gossiping housekeeper all our own, while we are moving through the picture-gallery. We delight to hear her tell the mournful tale of the Lady Blanche, whose portrait, perhaps, she will show you, having some faint tags of crape yet clinging to it—how she loved, was wooed, was wedded; and how, ere the anniversary of that bright day had quite come round again, she returned to her father's halls a widow, and desolate; for the pride of her eyes was taken from her by a stroke, and the world was to her a waste for ever. And she will tell you how she pined and pined, lovelier than ever in her sorrow, and how calm and gentle, until those raven tresses became streaked with grey; and how at last on a lovely day in spring, when the small birds were clamouring in song about the window pane (ah! she herself was a very little girl then, and still she remembers it as well as if it were only yesterday) and when the flower garden, newly drenched with rain, seemed impregnated with a thousand perfumes, and the only sound to break the stillness was the hoarse voice of the river, as it flowed beneath, or the deep murmur of the bee; at that time they waited for her to come out to her usual walk, they waited long, and were surprised at the continued silence in Lady Blanche's apartments, and on entering found her on her knees, dead and cold. And she has worse stories than that, woeful as you may think it; yes! she could tell you the history of the old lord, whose very name, in the dark winter nights, makes

the servants in their hall draw up their chairs nearer to the fire, and cast wistful glances behind them. Oh! there can be no doubt at all about it, and there he is himself yonder, with his eyes looking straight at her—God between her and harm!—they say, he was once guilty of some terrible crime, and in consequence of it he cannot rest. He haunts the house. One night she saw him deliberately step out of that picture-frame—she was passing through the hall at a very late hour, and her own eyes beheld him—ay, clad in that very same dress, those deep cuffs, that roomy waistcoat, and the wig and the sword, he ascended the grand staircase, and vanished in the direction of the old tower. He did not harm her at all; and next day she went accompanied by her little daughter to the hall, fully expecting to see the picture-frame empty; but, lo! in the sunlight every thing was unchanged, the old man was there, wearing his dark cold piercing look, a same as of old.

If one would moralise, [where a fitter place than before these records of family pride and of family nothingness? The pattern of Beauty and Valour may be set forth in them with exactness and truth; but gazing on them, you know that for many a long year the human hearts which beat in those bosoms have been stilled. You look on that bold countenance overshadowed by its plumed morion, or on another, gleaming up haughtily in a coif and jewels; and truth whispers you that if what remains of either could be got at now, and placed in conjunction with the depicted lineaments, the contrast would be very strange and startling. "Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come." And turn with us for a moment, as you will, to the two portraits placed there side by side, a little apart from the others. One is a child of ten years, her flaxen ringlets fall in luxuriant curl upon her shoulders; her eye is lighted up with

joy, and her fair mild countenance, so meek and loving, is radiant with innocence ; as to ornaments she has none, beyond the broad pink riband which binds the waist of her white frock. The other is the likeness of age—of age, too, where sorrow and time have gone working hand in hand. The brow is crossed with many a deep furrow, the cheek is worn and withered, the eyes have lost their fire, and indicate habitual pain and suffering. Years have sat heavy on her, and trouble has not been wanting at the same time. She is evidently a grandame, probably of the young child near. Not so I perceive you not the *same* name placed beneath them—*CONSTANCE* ? They are portraits of the same "*faire ladye*;" and the ten years, six times told, produced the change. And now need we clamour against the might of Death, when this fond Life, in its slow and daily progress, can make such effectual alteration ?

We were younger by a dozen years or more when we spent the greater part of a summer's day among the paintings at Dromana. We have not seen them since, and mayhap shall not again ; and we remember them now only confusedly, with the exception of one which perhaps was kept in mind by reason of its own wild story. The painting was of large dimensions, and represented a middle-aged man dressed in half-armour, while close beside him stood an attendant youth, clad in a merial's doublet, who was receiving his superior's commands with a surprised and frightened look. The pair represented were the Brigadier Villiers and his page, and the following is the traditionary account of the picture. Villiers had provoked the hostility of Elizabeth by uniting his forces with those of his kinsman, the Earl of Desmond ; and had, furthermore, so far committed himself by some acts of violence and bloodshed on his own account, as to be fully conscious of his treatment should he fall into the hands of his enemies. Ere long, the cloud which he saw gathering in the horizon, grew into bigness and nearness ; for the English army in Munster were ordered to detach the flower of their soldiery, under an experienced commander, and, marching them directly against the brigadier's fortress on the Blackwater, to dismantle the strong-

hold, and capture the insurgent chief; either dead or alive. The brigadier had been prepared for the tidings, and resolved to meet the coming blow. Having carefully provisioned his castle, he garrisoned it with the most able-bodied of his retainers, and joined with them two hundred Spanish mercenaries, commanded by Don Julio, a captain who had fought in the Low Countries. The siege commenced, and the royal troops evinced no less determination to possess themselves of the castle, than the garrison within to defend it to the last extremity. Batteries were run up on the opposite bank of the river, and some heavy ordnance having been transported from Youghal in barges, the fire on both sides was hotly maintained. The English, being now reinforced, crossed the river, and attacked the devoted fortress on the land side also, thus placing the besieged between two fires. Their shot was now incessant ; and the brigadier plainly saw that however well-directed were his own guns, his men could not stand to them (under the play of the double batteries. A vigorous sortie was made ; and, though gallantly encountered by the English, was crowned with complete success. The intrenchments around the castle were levelled with the ground, the guns rendered useless, and the garrison supplied themselves both with food and ammunition at the enemy's expense. Their triumph, however, was but short-lived ; the lines were patiently renewed, and new cannon mounted on the batteries ; and from the signs in the enemy's camp, it was plain that fresh troops had arrived, and that a far severer struggle would now commence. Again the batteries were opened, and guns of heavier metal were now put in requisition. A practicable breach was at length formed close to the postern, and the assault forthwith commenced. All that heroism could do, was done by Villiers and Don Julio, who fought side by side ; and the night closed upon the combatants with the castle untaken. The breach certainly was made in its walls, but no enemy had passed it ; while the piled-up slain in front, told how desperate had been their efforts. But the brigadier knew that his hour was come—the defence had been gallant, yet could not now be protracted ; and the morrow would

assuredly see the enemy in possession of his stronghold. Their mockery he could not brook, and their vengeance he resolved to anticipate; but how, or by what mode? In his boyhood, he had probably been a reader of the classics; and the precedent of Seneca suggested to him an easy death by opening the larger veins and arteries. This he concluded on doing. Still, life was sweet, and death cold and exceedingly disagreeable; even that very species of it on which he had been deliberating, might be a far different thing from what he had learned of it; and, for every reason, it would be highly desirable that some one should "show him the way." The brigadier lived in a strong age, when there was little of that squeamishness about human life and its value, which has devolved on us of the nineteenth century. He must have been, moreover, by nature something of an experimental philosopher; and now his simple desire was to trace, step by step, the slow process by which animated flesh and blood is reduced to a heap of insensate matter—and that, in the required way his evil destiny pointed out. Summoning in haste his little page, he coolly bade him prepare to die; he even considerately informed him of the way by which he proposed to dispatch him, adding, that "he had always heard it was unattended with much pain, and if the case *were* so, he intended following by-and-by." And, dear listener, as soon as the given time had elapsed, the brigadier was as good as his word. He watched, with something like anxiety, the change passing over the features of the dying youth—the convulsive heaving of his bosom—the agonized throes of his limbs—and then, grimly remarking "Seneca was a fool!" he flung himself on his sword, and in a few seconds ceased to breathe.

Affane, to which we have already alluded, was the property of the Greatrakes family; and here Mr. Valentine Greatrakes, of healing notoriety, was born on the 14th of February, 1628. The cures effected by Greatrakes were attested by many of his distinguished contemporaries; and the weight of evidence is indeed so strong as to defy contradiction. Cudworth and Robert Boyle have given them the sanction of their high names. The simple means adopted, were "the

laying of Greatrakes' hands on the places affected, and prayer to God, for Jesus' sake, that the sick might be healed." We shall briefly state the leading characteristics of this singular man's cures. Strictly speaking, they cannot be called *tentative*, and yet there were cases in which he failed (as in Lady Conway's) to give relief; and he candidly avows in his autobiography, that he could assign no reason why some were healed and not all. His remedial power seems to have been more or less efficacious in every kind of disease; but some were cured immediately, and some gradually after the lapse of several weeks. We do not profess ourselves capable of wholly clearing up a matter, in which Boyle himself hesitated to offer an opinion. Mr. Greatrakes temperately, but firmly maintained that his power of healing was a supernatural gift; and, acknowledging it, as he did, to have wholly come from God, his exercise of it was always gratuitous. This vouches for the sincerity of the man, at least; but there seems to us no necessity for calling in supernatural agency. The treatment was quite analogous to the magnetic usages of our own day; its essence lying in the manipulation. Of course, the wonderful influence of imagination, and the strong desire of the patient to be healed, must not be forgotten, for these are, we believe, essential. A gentleman, worthy of all credit, who is descended from Valentine Greatrakes, in the female line, has assured us of his having cured diseases himself by the same means as his progenitor employed; and his words were afterwards corroborated beyond any gainsaying.

Nearly opposite Dromana is Tourin, the seat of Sir Richard Musgrave, Bart., nephew, we believe, to the historian of the Irish rebellions. To the persevering exertions of this gentleman, the public are indebted for the partial opening of the Blackwater. A steam-packet of small size and moderate draught of water was procured from England, at his sole expense, and for no mercenary motives, but from the desire to benefit the district where he resides, it has been continued on the river, ascending as far as it is navigable. We are no politicians; still a patriotism like this, not exhausting itself in vapouring words, but declar-

ing its reality by tangible acts, does seem to us worthy our admiration, and we freely bestow it. Tourin formerly belonged to the Roches, a branch of the Fermoy family; it was escheated to the crown, after the rebellion of 1641, and, with other lands, was conferred on Mr. John Nettles, an English colonist, whose great grandson, in 1780, disposed of the property to the Musgraves. George Roch, of Tourin, who thus lost his family estates, in consequence of participating in that fearful revolt, left a son more fortunate and more loyal than himself, a colonel in the army sent to the relief of Derry, of whom a well authenticated piece of almost Roman heroism is recorded. When Kirke, the general in command, with his thirty ships, arrived in Lough Foyle, he found a strong boom or barricade drawn across the lake, so as entirely to prevent communication with the city. With an irresolution that had nearly proved fatal to the expedition, he made no attempt to pass the obstacle, and was about sailing away without even encouraging the besieged by any words of hope: by night, however Colonel James Roch swam across the lough. He brought letters from the English commander, bidding the garrison be of good cheer, and maintain themselves as long as possible; Kirke added, that he was in daily expectation of reinforcements, and would, on their arrival, assuredly throw in provisions. Roch had attached bullets to these letters, for the purpose of sinking them in the event of his own capture; but he returned, though severely wounded, to his companions, and was, during the remainder of his life, honorably styled by them "The Swimmer." There is a family story that he received the more valuable reward of the Irish ferries by patent; but we are not aware that his descendants took any steps to establish their claim. His grandson, nearly a hundred years after, was invited by the corporation of Londonderry to visit their city; when, in grateful commemoration of this gallant feat, he was presented by them with his freedom, and a gold box valued forty guineas. The Colonel's great-grandson, George Roch, Esq., of Woodbine Hill, is the present representative of this branch of the family.

Cappoquin, where we now arrive,

is a small but very ancient town. The river scenery between it and Lismore, a distance of four miles, is surpassingly beautiful, and is generally acknowledged to be the finest the Blackwater can boast of. The natural advantages are great, and improvements have been so judiciously effected, as to produce a rival to the most favoured districts in England. Within the last dozen years a monastic institution has grown up in the neighbourhood, of a character as yet, we believe, unique in Ireland. We shall accept the information of the Guide-book, given by one who evidently wishes well to the brotherhood; it describes very fully the establishment of the community, their lives, their labours, and painful austerities:—

"Three miles from Cappoquin is Mount Melleray, the abbey of the monks of La Trappe. The road leading to it is extremely picturesque. Shortly after passing the town it enters on a mountain district, wild and rocky, presenting steep precipices; the sides rugged, and a narrow gorge between the hills, strewn with loose rocks, over which a brawling torrent forces its narrow way. Trees now nod over head; and again, on the other hand, we see their topmost branches, until lost in the depth of the dell, through the side of which our road winds. Piercing through the wooded glen, we catch a glimpse of the bleak country beyond, vast tracts of bog, and now stretching away to a horizon of lofty mountains. One green spot seems an oasis in the sterile desert, and this is varied by the white walls and tall spire of Melleray Abbey.

"The members of this community, driven from their establishment in France, during the Revolution in 1830, sought shelter and refuge in this country, and not in vain. Sir Richard Keane granted them a large tract of mountain land, comprising above five hundred acres, at a nominal rent. Sums of money were given them by benevolent individuals. The Duke of Devonshire, ever prominent in acts of liberality and munificence, gave one hundred pounds. All denominations of Christians assisted the religious alms-seekers—for such they literally were when they reached Cappoquin—mustering in money but one shilling and six pence. They applied themselves to labour; their farm was an unprofitable moor, yielding heath and stones in abundance. The brethren cleared off the former, and made heaps of the latter, which

they used as occasion required, in building houses, fences, &c. They commenced tillage, and were assisted by the peasantry of the surrounding country, who supplied them, gratuitously, with horses and cars, deeming it a duty to aid these servants of God, who, when their funds permitted, paid hire to all their assistants. In an incredibly short time the aspect of the place was changed. The stony waste was fertilized; the barren district, where no foot, save the sportsman's in pursuit of game, ever trod before, was divided into fields, and cut up by spade and plough-share. The grouse, scared by the harrow, flew from their old haunts, and the snipe and hare found their province invaded, while they suffered no danger from the hand that disturbed. Beneath the unpromising surface of bog and furze brake, was a rich subsoil to work upon: when lime was applied, the garden yielded pease, beans, and other vegetables.

"The Abbey is exteriorly a plain structure. It encloses a quadrangular area. On three sides are ranges of building, 162 feet in length, 30 feet broad, and 32 feet high. The spire reaches an elevation of 140 feet. The stones used in the entire building are those picked off the land; the mason-work, carpentry, painting, &c., are the labour of the brotherhood—a noble monument of combined labour and perseverance. There are about three hundred acres of land reclaimed, and the rest in progress of improvement. They have a large dairy, thirty cows, and have very fine green crops, turnips, and potatoes. They grow a good deal of corn, principally wheat, some rye, and make their own bread and butter, which, with vegetables, form their diet, as no animal flesh is permitted by the rules of their order. The monks are in number about one hundred, and with one or two exceptions, all English and Irish. Many have left rank and fortune to devote themselves to this contemplative life. Their costume consists of a white cloth robe; over it a black cape, the long ends reaching down to the feet, and a hood of the same covers the head. Perpetual silence is one of the most rigorous observances; and while visiting the various portions of the establishment, beholding the numerous monks in their strange attire actively employed in various avocations, all silently pursuing the tenor of their way, leaves a curious sensation of novelty on the mind. Though they lead a life of continued mortification and labour, the brethren appear happy and very healthy. No distinctions of rank or station are known. All rise at two

o'clock every morning, summer and winter, and occupy themselves in devotional exercises, chiefly, until eleven, when they partake of their first meal. This consists of brown bread, stirabout, and potatoes; their drink water: an excellent spring affords an abundant supply, which is conveyed by pipes through the refectory. They have a repetition at six of their meagre fare, and confine themselves to these two meals in the day. The dormitory is an immense apartment, over one hundred feet in length, with wooden boxes, like stalls, on both sides: in each is a small bed and crucifix, leaving barely room for the inmate to dress and kneel to his devotions. The day is passed in prayer, and labour in the fields, digging, ploughing, building, or in the workshops, making carts, gates, &c. Their taste for embellishment seems reserved for the chapel, and the small garden attached—the future cemetery of the house. Some of the original monks already tranquilly sleep on the mountain breast, and the wild flowers bloom over their lowly graves. The interior of the chapel is splendid: behind the altar is a magnificent window of coloured glass. An organ has been lately added—the gift, I understand, of a gentleman who passed some days here in religious retirement. The choir is beautiful, richly carved, and admirably painted, the whole displaying a beauty of design and finish of execution worthy the most accomplished architect."

Returning to the river, we pass by scenery realizing to us every floating dream of what nature must have been in the Arcady of old, to Lismore, the scene of the education of Alfred, King of Northumberland, and in aftertimes rendered yet more illustrious, as the birth-place of Boyle. Lismore was one of the holy cities of Ireland at the early dawn of Christianity on the land; it shared with Armagh, Cashel, and the now-forgotten Ardmore, in the triumphs of the cross over aboriginal paganism. A celebrated university was founded here in the early part of the fifth century, and its schools acquired considerable literary fame, and were attended not only by natives, but by persons from distant countries, even from Greece. This is not the place for enlarging on the ancient glories of our island, where the lamp of science burned so brightly, while continental Europe lay at the feet of barbarian hordes of Goths and Vandals. The learning of the Hibernians or Scots,

is acknowledged duly by ancient authors, and their advancement in all the refinements of civilized life was rendered more beautiful by their piety and kindness to strangers. A pleasing testimony is found in the remarkable poem, written by Alfred, on his return from his Irish exile. We quote a few stanzas from Mr. O'Donovan's translation :—

“ I found in the fair Inisfail,
In Ireland while in exile,
Many women, no silly crowd,
Many laics, many clerics.

“ I found in each province
Of the five provinces of Ireland,
Both in church and state,
Much of food, much of raiment.

“ I found gold and silver,
I found honey and wheat,
I found affection with the people of God,
I found banquets and cities.

“ I found in Armagh the splendid,
Meekness, wisdom, circumspection,
Fasting in obedience to the Son of God,
Noble, prosperous sages.

“ I found in each great church,
Whether internal, on shore, or island,
Learning, wisdom, devotion to God,
Holy welcome and protection.

“ I found the lay monks
Of alms the active advocates,
And in proper order with them,
The Scriptures without corruption.

“ I found in Munster, without prohibition,
Kings, queens, and royal bards,
In every species of poetry well skilled—
Happiness, comfort, pleasure.

“ I found the aged of strict morals,
The historians recording truth—
Each good, each benefit that I have
sung,
In Ireland I have seen.”

But the invasions of the Ostmen came in the eighth and ninth centuries, and in the struggle for national existence, Science perished. The ruthless victors, meanwhile, steadily made their advances, until they overspread the land. They brought with them a cloud of darkness, mental and moral, that slowly absorbed every glimmering of knowledge; and when the handful of English knights disembarked at the creek of Bagenbun, they found a feeble resistance from the na-

tive levies, which resembled more a tumultuous rabble than an effective disciplined army. What has passed since then is familiar to the reader;—yet at times we have doubted—however the confession may provoke a smile—whether our land has ever recovered its olden estate. True, we have now printing-machines and railway carriages, and electric telegraphs, and scientific associations; but let our social condition be compared with that described in the foregoing verses, by the English king; and what must be the verdict? Look on that picture, and on the present. Call up to your view the existing state of things—the absolute taste for blood which is seen among our semi-barbarised peasantry in certain districts of the island; the guilty screening of the criminal, which is found in all; the wild resistance to all constituted authority; the deplorable superstitions; and have we lost or gained in the revolution of ages? Like the Roman, we have to pause for the reply.

But to return. At Lismore, Matthew Paris tells us, Henry, King of England, who had watched with no little jealousy the progress of Strongbow and his companions, received in person the allegiance of the Irish princes and prelates, and here promulgated English law for the first time, in 1172. Prince John built here, in 1185, a splendid castle, being the last of three fortresses he erected in Ireland during a stay of eight months. Four years after, the Castle of Lismore was surprised by the Irish, when the garrison was indiscriminately put to the sword, along with Robert de Barry, the governor. It was ere long rebuilt; and for four centuries was made the episcopal residence. In 1589, Miler Magrath, Archbishop of Cashel and Bishop of Lismore, granted the castle and manor to Sir Walter Raleigh at a small annual rent. Raleigh, who has left traces of himself wherever he sojourned, founded a free school here soon after, and assigned a portion of the estate for its support. Lismore passed from him, along with his other possessions, to Boyle, Earl of Cork, whose seventh son, Robert, was born in the castle on the 25th of January, 1626. During the civil war of 1641, the defence of this important post devolved on the earl's son, Lord Broghill, and he gallantly here maintained him-

self against five thousand Irish, under Sir Richard Beling, finally compelling the insurgents to raise the siege. It at last was taken and burned, by Lord Castlehaven in 1645; and remained desolate until the restoration of tranquillity. Richard, second Earl of Cork and Burlington, re-edified the whole, and made it his residence. He placed over the archway of the principal gate his father's well-known motto, as you can yet trace it—

"God's Providence bee myne Inheritance."

In 1690, James II., "that fugitive Steward" (as old Fuller *would have* called him, had he lived to know of his precipitancy) halted for refreshments at the castle, on his hasty way for embarkation at Waterford. No doubt it is a very nervous thing to fight a battle which decides your kingdom, and—lose it; but the discrowned James carried his apprehensions with him to the dinner-table, and did not forget them even after the decanters had gone their rounds. We are told that when he rose to take his leave, he proceeded to an embayed window, which overhangs the river, for the purpose of enjoying a view at all times lovely, and now rendered yet more beautiful in the falling shades of a summer evening. But he started back in alarm, for he saw that he stood on the dizzy height of some hundred feet, with a rapid river boiling and foaming below; his blood congealed, and each particular hair did stand on end. What an etching-subject for Hablot Browne! We have paused 'ourselves at King James's window, as it is now called, and doubtless from our not being in the royal runaway's plight, we have found abundant time to enjoy the prospect without danger to our system, whether nervous or venous.

The Castle of Lismore is no longer the property of the Boyles. On the death, in 1753, of Richard, the fourth Earl of Cork, and third of Burlington, the greater portion of the family estates, both in England and Ireland, devolved on the Lady Charlotte Boyle, who in 1748 had married William Cavendish, fourth Duke of Devonshire.

This beautiful building has been assigned by the present duke as the residence of his agent, and is rarely visited by its noble owner. Large sums of money have been, in modern times, expended on it; and it is probable that at no time since its foundation was the princely abode in a higher state of preservation.

"The rooms are fitted up with all the convenience of modern improvement; the doors are of Irish oak, of great thickness and beauty; and the windows, composed of large squares of glass, each pane opening on hinges, combine accommodation with harmony of appearance. The drawing-rooms are ornamented with tapestry, and contain some good oil-paintings. One of the towers is still retained in its rude and dilapidated state, serving as a contrast to the modern adornment, as well as showing the great ingenuity and taste which have been displayed in combining the luxuries of the present day with the romantic beauties of so ancient a building."

We gather from some hints dropped in our hearing, that Lismore Castle may once again have royalty within its walls; for that in the event of her majesty's visiting Ireland, she will accept the hospitalities of the Duke of Devonshire here.

At a short distance from the castle, and divided from it only by the mail-coach road, is the cathedral church, founded in the eighth century. This ancient building was, a few years since, restored throughout; and its delicately shafted spire, like

"A silent finger pointing unto heaven,"

which was then erected, is of singular beauty. The original building was dedicated to St. Cataldus, one of the patrons, if not the founder of the University. It was held in such veneration by the Irish, that in 1173, Raymond le Gros found, when wasting the Decies country, the easiest mode of extracting a heavy *black mail*, to lie in the threat of burning down the cathedral. In the stormy time of Elizabeth's reign, Edmund FitzGibbon, commonly called the White Knight, from his snow-white hairs,* pillaged

* The writer of the Blackwater Guide, having a memory, perhaps of the hero of Cressy, supposes the name to have originated in the colour of the knight's armour. We have Camden's authority for our explanation. Clangibbon, the knight's barony, was sometimes called *Ive-le-bawn*, the White Country, from this soubriquet of its owner-in-fee.

the town, and greatly dilapidated the sacred edifice. These injuries were all repaired by the Earl of Cork, on his receiving the grant of Lismore; and no spoiler's hand, save that of Time, has been suffered to approach the cathedral since. Even these inroads, as we before hinted, have been put a stop to for a season. The interior presents nothing remarkable; it has the wonted bishop's throne and prebendal stalls, but otherwise closely resembles an ordinary parochial church.

The river here ceases to be navigable, principally from natural causes, but in part also from the weirs and mill-races which henceforth to its source are found at intervals stretched across its channel. The question of the opening of the Blackwater has been frequently canvassed, and never with more earnestness than within the last two or three years; public meetings have been held in the chief towns interested in the matter, at which valuable information was detailed by the Earl of Mountcashel, Sir Richard Musgrave, and other very capable individuals. If we remember rightly, the daily press announced that subscriptions were entered into at those meetings, for the purpose of obtaining an accurate survey; that subsequently the survey had been made, under the superintendence of an officer of engineers, specially appointed by government, and that the report, founded on that survey, was most favourable and satisfactory. The thing, we were told, could not only be done, but be done cheaply; the shallows, which formed the natural obstacles, proved to be only beds of gravel, easy to cut through, or to be wholly removed wherever necessary. A joint-stock company was proposed, and many shares were subscribed for, and then—the thing was quietly inurned, and we never heard more of its fortunes. In the "Guide" before us, we have the question very ably argued: the writer lays down inassailable premises—we can neither deny them nor dissent from them, but his conclusion—namely, that the opening of the river for trade should be entered upon, as the most advisable means of benefiting the contiguous districts, we are strongly disposed to controvert. We believe that such expenditure of money would be

at present at all events questionable; and as we have not formed our judgment idly, we have some good reasons to assign for our belief. To develop to the utmost the natural resources of a country, to promote cheap and speedy intercourse, to transfer the productions of one quarter to the rest that need them, to encourage agriculture, to promote commerce, all are so obviously the philanthropist's duties, that we have but to name them severally, to have them assented to. Again, that our island is a century behind-hand in all these respects, there is no necessity of proving: it is confessed with shame by some, with indifference by many, that our manufactures are almost a non-existence, that our mines are unexplored, our coal-beds unfathomed, that we have lime in one part of a county and culm in another, and yet no means of bringing them together but by the slow, lumbering cart of the peasant; that our rivers are generally no arterial communications between the country's heart and its extremities—and that while such overabundant public works remain to be undertaken, our unemployed people pass too often through the sure gradations of idleness and poverty to discontent and crime. We need not be told that the opening of our principal rivers would go far to remove much of these reproaches, by affording new sources of employment to a teeming population, not to speak of the miles of country on either bank of each river to be benefitted by even a barge connection with the sea. We only impugn the wisdom of such outlay of money in the present instance, from some local knowledge, and from seeing its opposition to the spirit of the age. Canals, with few exceptions, we firmly believe are doomed; and river communication itself, save where the aid of steam can be called in, seems of doubtful continuance. Were good James Brindley to lift his aqueductory head for a season amongst us, as of old, it would be to hide it again immediately, most diminished and glory-void. His self-sufficient aphorism concerning rivers, was to the effect that they were only created to feed navigable canals; while to judge from present appearance, we might indulge in some travestie, and say that canals were formed to have railroads run on their banks. Two months ago we

actually so travelled on a Rochester line, and we believe ere long the inhabitants of our own metropolis will witness something similar. The *maximum* speed on canals has been reached, and with unlimited relays of horses, has been found not to exceed ten miles per hour; but the locks, tunnels, and bridges—the time lost in exchanging the animals used in traction, and the great care required in pilotage and passing of encountered boats, are all to be allowed for, and diminish the amount fully one-fifth. We may then average the rate of transmission on a well-managed canal to be eight miles an hour; and we have then to take to account that the velocity reached on the principal railways in England, has been five times that sum, and this with perfect safety to the trains and passengers. In the case of rivers where steam is unavailable, if we do not encounter the very same obstructions as on canals, we have obstacles of another kind, and perhaps even more difficult to be surmounted. The supply of water is not sure; while on the return-journey from the sea, a strong current must necessarily be encountered, to meet which we have only the heavy oars of the barge, or the unsteady assistance of variable winds. Where the motive help of steam can be employed, we have sufficient antagonist power; but it is confessed that when the beds of rivers are artificially deepened, the instances are rare in which this aid is available.

We are strongly inclined to question the policy, in the case of the Blackwater, of private persons undertaking at their own risk the opening of its navigation. Railroads are projected at so many places on its banks, that internal traffic, instead of following its tortuous windings, and thus at last slowly reaching the sea by lazy barges, will infallibly be carried on through the means of those hurrying messengers, steam trains. At Mallow will be a depot of the Cork and Cashel company, communicating through them with Dublin and England; at Fermoy will be a branch line of another association, uniting that district with the city and harbour of Cork; and at Youghal a third company will have their station, for the benefit of that locality, and affording it a close connection with Cork or Waterford. Here are the three largest towns situ-

ated on the Blackwater, and thus are they circumstanced. Trade will evidently be borne in lines *crossing the river*, so to speak, and with such knowledge it is easy to foresee that the speculation is a hazardous one. We do not deny the benefit of the river's navigation, we only question the policy of the undertaking. We have our doubts whether a shareholding company would be paid two per cent on their expended capital, while with the prospect of the traffic being ultimately diverted from them, the projectors seem to us to have acted wisely in wholly abandoning their scheme.

O gentlest of companions! we crave thy well-tried indulgence for this digression to steam-coaches and joint-stock companies—made, believe us, with just as much unwillingness on our part, as listened to with mal-appreciation on thine own—we shall not breathe again the air of the money-market, nor suffer the *auri sacra fumes* to taint our communion. Believe us, our walk has lain too long in the sequestered pathways of the Valley of Vision, where we found our associates in intellectual worth and greatness, of all ages and of every country—ay, and where came, hastening to meet and bless us again, our own Dead, who left us long ago in tears and darkness;—believe us, our dreamings have received from solitude and pain a hallowed and spiritual conformation, so that they take not in of this world aught of its selfishness;—believe us, if we condemn not the worldly-wise man, whose actions radiate from one common centre, it is neither from approval of his motives, nor from admiration of his principles, but because we have learned to despise nothing which lives and breathes. Many and most wise lessons, too, has the Great Mother, Nature, taught us, in the fields among the flowers; on the lone mountain-top, with the dun clouds rolling a hundred feet below, and the eagle swooping overhead, as if fearing for his eyrie; by the tinkling burn, half hidden among its sedgy grass, yet, like charity, working out a greener pathway for itself than the barren moor; on the bald cliff's head, where a mist of spray would enwrap us from the mountain waves raging furiously beneath; and on the bosom of old ocean itself, when the lurid light of the storm revealed only the ink-black heavens above, and the

heaving billows around, and our ship, like a monster in his agony, flung itself away in wild contortions, seeking rest and finding none. Strange things at such seasons have been revealed to us. Memories of the past, anticipations of

the future, commingled with the almost as unreal present; thoughts of eternity grew into a kind of distinctness, and time itself seemed for a moment to stand still. But who can paint these things after Wordsworth?

“ That blessed mood,
In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world
Is lightened :—that serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on,
Until the breath of this corporeal frame,
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended—we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul;
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.”

Credit us with some such feelings, and in turn we shall coincide in your judgment that Mammon is the God of this world, and the stock exchange little better than a den of thieves.

From Lismore we have to pursue the course of the Blackwater by land. An excellent carriage-way will sufficiently compensate our leaving the river; and, leading us along its banks, through a succession of very beautiful views, it brings us not only to some noble old family seats, but to several time-worn fortalices, happily for us out of date and useless. We are now in the Condon's or Cauntun's country. The Cauntuns were settlers from England, who, amalgamating themselves with the natives, became *ipsis Hibernicis Hiberniores*. With some other adventurers of similar habits, they altered their names along with their sympathies, and became the fiercest foes to English supremacy in Munster. Old chroniclers tell us of the peculiar redness of the Saxon blood, as indicative alike of its purity and power; and certainly these children of England, when they had coalesced with the people they came to subdue, offered a sturdier resistance than the Celt himself was ever able to exhibit. In some pitched engagements they completely routed their own country's forces, and maintained an opposition, even when subdued, which required the iron hand of Cromwell himself to extinguish. As we approach Fermoy, the Ariglen, a very beautiful streamlet having its source in the Waterford mountains, falls into the Blackwater at Ballyderoon, a place which is so

called from its situation, the name signifying Mesopotamia; and at the distance of half a mile further, the Funcheon (the Fanchin of the Faerie Queene) also discharges itself into our river. Near the mouth of the latter is Cloghleagh, once a strong castle of the Condons, where Sir Charles Vavasour—already mentioned in this paper—was totally defeated by the Irish, on the 4th of June, 1643. In this engagement the English lost their cannon, their colours, (except one pair,) nearly the whole of their officers, and upwards of six hundred rank and file. Vavasour himself was made prisoner; and the entire wing of a strong army was by one blow placed *hors de combat*. This was the sharpest defeat the English had met with in the whole campaign, and was immediately followed by the siege of Cappoquin, Lismore, and Youghal, all towns in their interest; but these were successfully maintained against the assailants.

Passing by Carrig-a-brick, another of the Condon's castles, we reach Fermoy. This pretty little town is not quite fifty years old; it dates its origin from having been selected for a military station during our last Continental wars. Extensive barracks were erected, capable of holding two thousand men; shops were wanted, and were opened; a church was called for; streets were gradually formed; and from being a paltry village of mud cabins, Fermoy was made a thriving town of trade and population. All this was the work of a single sagacious man, the late Mr. John Anderson, to whom not only Fermoy, but

the wholesouth of Ireland is under obligation for its mail coaches, and other valuable public improvements. The ancient history of the place is scanty, being almost confined to the foundation, in 1270, of a Cistercian Abbey, by Sir Richard de Rupella, (Roche,) lord justice of Ireland, in 1261. This house received its inmates from Suir Abbey, in the county of Tipperary; and the number was afterwards increased by an accession from the Abbey of Furness, in Lancashire. By the erection, in 1689, of a bridge across the Blackwater at the pass here, some degree of importance was attached to "Fermoy bridge," as the village was now denominated. It accordingly was garrisoned during William's war, and was attacked, in January, 1691, by Brigadier Carroll, with fifteen hundred Irish. "But the Danes," says Smith, "who had the guard of it, defended it very well; and Colonel Donep, with fifty of his horse, and thirty militia, by the common stratagem of two trumpeters sounding a march, as if fresh recruits were advancing, frightened the Irish into a flight; and they were so briskly pursued to Carriganedy ford, that they lost near eighty men in the action." Fermoy gave the title of Viscount to the Roches, barons of parliament in the reign of Edward II. Maurice, Lord Roche and Fermoy, came under the attainder of the commonwealth, and forfeited his estates for his devoted allegiance to the exiled Stuart. Lord Roche, being outlawed by the Protector, fled to Flanders, where he obtained the command of a regiment. He here met his king, for whom he had suffered so

much, also an exile; and it is recorded that he daily shared with him his pay, remaining himself in contented poverty. The Restoration came; but Charles had forgotten every thing. Lord Roche's property was never restored to him. In the year 1667 he was recommended by Lord Orrery to the Duke of Ormond as an object of Charity, and but for a scanty pension he then obtained, it is probable he would have perished of want. "It is a grief to me," Lord Orrery wrote, "to see a nobleman of so ancient a family left without any maintenance; and being able to do no more than I have done, I could not deny to do for him what I could do, to lament his lamentable state to your grace." And if we needed further comment on the precept—"Put not your trust in princes," we have it in the fact, which has been vouched for by eye-witnesses, that a Lady Roche, of the second or third generation from this nobleman, was seen soliciting alms in the streets of Cork. The peerage is now in abeyance; and the direct issue having failed, the claimants make out their descent in a collateral line.

As we pursue the river's course, we soon see the woods of Castle Hyde opening on us, and shortly arrive at one of the most picturesque seats on the Blackwater. The Irish lyrist, (not Moore,) despairing otherwise to celebrate worthily the beauties of this place, describes the delirious joy of Nature when contemplating the attractions of Castle Hyde, as leading her into strange vagaries. You will see, among other marvellous tokens of her homage,

"The bees perfuming the fields with music,
As you rove down by the Blackwater's side;
While the trout and the salmon play at backgammon,
—All to adorn sweet Castle Hyde."

Most rare poet! Yet is there something of the *mens divinior* in the opening line. Look to it again with us, and confess, ~~that~~ all, that music is an odour, yea, the subtlest of all essences. If you seek stimulants, what so awakening as martial strains? If their opposite, think of "the voice of your Beloved singing to you alone;"

or, as the converse, do you endeavour to paint the vague luxurious pleasures which float on the brain from rich perfumes, and you find you only can by a comparison of rare indefinable harmony. So Shelley speaks of the bells of the hyacinth ringing their tiny peal

"Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,
It was felt like an odour within the sense."

One faculty is brought to the illustration of another; and we are in this way enabled to impart some ideas of what is really inexplicable. But, though we have gone out of our way to defend our countryman in the opening of his verse, its conclusion, we confess, is gloriously absurd.

Ballyhooly village, with its fine castle, formerly belonging to the Rooges, is distant from Fermoy four miles. Here is Convamore, the seat of the Earl of Listowell; the mansion is a plain unpretending building, deriving from its situation some very fine views. Half a mile higher up the stream is Renny, or Rinny, which cannot fail to interest the visitor, owing to its connection with the poet Spenser. Renny, though the poet's property, does not appear to have ever become his residence. Doubtless he visited it often, for Kilcolman, his own abode, was not far removed; and there is still growing by the river's side here an aged tree, called Spenser's Oak, under which, according to traditional rumour, he was wont to "stretch his listless length," and indulge in his meditations fancy-free. We have in the guide-book before us an interesting drawing of this old monarch of the woods; and are further informed that there is extant an ancient grant or demise of the lands, which recites them as "Spenser's Castle of Rinny," and conveys them "free from coyne and livery." We cannot now go over ground we have already trodden in this periodical; but must refer our readers to a former number for some account of the poet's Irish Residence. We shall, however, take up the thread of the story where we were then constrained to let it drop, and give the history of the family after the poet's decease.

Spenser died in London, on the 16th of January, 1598, in much distress, both mental and physical. In March, 1601, his widow and two surviving sons, Sylvanus and Peregrine, were recommended to the favourable regard of Sir George Carew, Lord President of Munster, and in the most effective mode, by a statement from

the Privy Council in England, that the husband and father had been "a servitor of that realme." This led to the restitution of the property of which Tyrone's rebellion had stripped them; but it does not seem that the widow's heart could endure a return to Kilcolman. The roof-tree there had perished, and the hearth had grown cold; and where was *he*, for whose sake she would have desired their restoration? The thought was abandoned almost as soon as entertained; and she turned to Renny, fraught as it was with less painful associations, and perhaps better suited to her fallen fortunes. She married no more; but devoted herself to the education of her sons, who grew up here to man's estate. In due time Sylvanus, the elder, married Ellen, eldest daughter of David Nagle of Monanymy, an esteemed gentleman in his own neighbourhood; and by this marriage had two sons, Edmund and William Spenser. Peregrine received from his brother part of the lands of Kilcolman, and, having also married, became father to Hugolin Spenser, whose lands were forfeited in the time of James II. We again find the estate, in part at least, in the possession of William Spenser, grandson of Sylvanus, for whom it was recovered through the influence of Lord Halifax. But the fortunes of the house were progressively downward; the Kilcolman estate was dissipated, partly by the transfer of sale,* and partly by the intestine commotions of the country; and the last of the Spensers, of whom we have an authentic account, was murdered at Renny in the way described in the hand-book—

"He had contracted an intimacy with his housekeeper, from which she inferred he meant to marry her; great, therefore, was her disappointment to learn, from a letter he received, and which she had access to in her master's absence, that he was about being united to a lady in the neighbourhood. Jealousy, that fierce passion, whether in male or female breast, fired her mind; she resolved to interpose a bloody deed between the banns and the nuptials. From

* A friend of the writer's was shown by the present Lord Doneraile, among other title-deeds, one relating to the sale of a portion of the property. It was subscribed in a plain, clear hand by Sylvanus Spenser—his lady's name was beneath, but "her mark" was added.

some nervousness or inability on the part of Spenser, he could not denude himself of the hirsute appendage called beard, and this woman used to shave him. On the day of his bridal, he dressed himself with peculiar care, and as usual submitted to the hands of his female barber: she cut more than his beard that day, for she cut his throat, and in the small antique dwelling at Rinny is pointed out the room in which she did the deed."

Close to Renny, the poet's own river, as he fondly claims it, the Awbeg falls into the Blackwater—

"Mulla mino, whose waves I whilom taught to weep."

And in the valley of their junction is the abbey of Ballynadroghid, or Bridgetown, founded for Augustinian friars by Alexander Fitz-Hugh Roche in 1314. Certainly the monks of old were imbued with the love of fine scenery, selecting as they did the most picturesque sites for their houses. Here they placed themselves at the confluence of two romantic rivers, meeting almost at right angles, so that the abbey's windows commanded views of both; and behind them the Nagle mountains rose to the height of a thousand feet, covered with wood almost to the summit. Both rivers were here crossed by bridges, and from this circumstance the abbey doubtless not only received its name, but derived considerable benefit by the passing of pilgrims. There yet remain in good preservation the chapel, refectory, and cloisters; and the extent of the monastery can be traced in many detached buildings quite ruinous. The interior has long been used for burial, and now contains a countless heap of graves, the accumulation of centuries. In the western wall of the chapel is the tomb of the Roches, the founders of the abbey, and once lords of the surrounding district. The monument is compassed by an arch of beautiful construction, with the armorial bearings on one side; but devoid of inscription. The vault beneath is open and empty; whatever it contained was long ago resolved into dust, and now there is trace neither of bones nor coffin. In a side aisle is the grave of another member of the family, inscribed "Theobald Roche, 1635;" but even the tombs seem to have shared the fortunes of the ruined

house—*sunt sua fata sepulchris*—and are themselves in melancholy decay and desolation.

The Blackwater now flows at the base of the Nagle mountains, on the northern side. The ruined church of Monanimy, cresting a high cliff, is the next object worth noticing; and near at hand is the castle, a preceptory of the knights of St. John, which was, until recently, the property of the Nagle family. In this neighbourhood, among the relatives of his mother, Edmund Burke passed his boyhood. His constitution, naturally delicate, had been weakened yet more by his devotion to books, and under some apprehensions of consumption, he was at an early age removed from Dublin to his grandfather's in the country. It is supposed that he remained here four or five years, during which period O'Halloran, the schoolmaster of the adjoining village, Castletown-Roche, was his preceptor; at the age of twelve, he was placed with his brothers at the Ballitore school, then conducted by an eminent master, Abraham Sheekleton. His vacations were occasionally spent among the Nagles, who yet preserve many anecdotes of their distinguished relative.

Killevullen, an inconsiderable village, is situated near Monanimy, on the Mallow road; and at Rahan, in its neighbourhood, is a remarkable cave, which has never been fully explored. The river's banks were become straight and steep; and during the war of succession, the Blackwater was, in this quarter, the boundary of the royal forces. A garrison for King James occupied Carrigoon; and nearly opposite, the castle of Ballymagooey was held in the name of the Prince of Orange. One of the natural consequences is well detailed in the "Guide:"

"One evening, an Irish soldier, with a light, having approached a window that overlooked the river, attracted the watchful attention of an English sharpshooter, who resolved to take advantage of the opportunity to try his hand. Taking careful aim at the light opposite, he fired, and struck it out of the hand of the Irish soldier. 'By St. Patrick, but that's close shaving anyhow,' quoth Pat, 'I owe you one for that, but you shall have another, and we'll try who shoots best.' So, he relit the extinguished taper, which he fixed to the end of a ramrod, and put in one window, while he took his station at another

open one, his gun cocked, and the stock to his shoulder. Presently, the fire flashed from the English garrison, as the soldier tried his second shot. It was his last. Pat aimed steadily at the spot whence the fire flashed, and a heavy fall announced the shot told."

The mineral spa of Mallow attracted more notice during the last, and preceding generations, than it does now; a hundred years ago the place was esteemed the Bath of Ireland, and was then crowded with invalids, or the fashionable victims of dyspepsia and ennui. The springs are on the south side of the town, and resemble the Clifton hot-wells in their qualities; they were known and used in the seventeenth century, and are now unworthily neglected. Mallow was anciently a seignory of the Earl of Desmond, upon whose attainder it passed to Sir John Norris, Lord President of Munster. It possessed two castles, erected by the Desmonds, and as it commanded a pass on the Blackwater, with the only bridge for a space of forty miles, these strong-holds were repeatedly assaulted by the contending forces. The south, or principal castle, was dismantled in the rebellion of 1641, the town having fallen into the possession of the insurgents. In its ruined state it is yet a noble pile of building, and must have ranked originally among the finest in the possession of the Geraldines. After the battle of the Boyne, one of King James's governors of Cork county, named McDonagh, assembled forces, in order to burn and plunder Mallow; he was repulsed with considerable slaughter by a garrison, hastily thrown into the town, of Danish foot and horse. The modern castle, in the occupation of Sir Denham Norreys, Bart., lord of the manor, is a very beautiful specimen of Elizabethan architecture.

Near Mallow, the Clydagh, a tributary stream, falls into the Blackwater. and "stepping westward" three miles, we discover Drumanee, the ancient seat of the O'Callaghans, ancestors of the present Viscount Lismore. Drumanee was their "stately house," erected on the foundation of an ancient castle, in the reign of James I.; it was surrounded by an extensive bawn,

or walled enclosure, defended at the angles by circular towers. It now presents an "irregular shell, with high gables, massive chimneys, and one or two machicolated projecting parapets, peeping out above the ivy which thickly clothes the building. The interior is an utter ruin; and all vestige of floor and stairs are entirely gone." The castle was occupied by King William's forces, and garrisoned, for a considerable time, with troops under command of Colonel Culliford. From this to Millstreet, a distance of twelve miles, the country becomes open and unimproved; there are several fine mansions, and flourishing plantations, but the district is thinly inhabited, and mountain and moorland are of frequent recurrence. Many rapid streams here descend into the Blackwater from the Hillary range; the largest, the Bantyre, is alone deserving of mention. On the south bank are the remains of Clonmeen Castle—"half a ruined tower, a portion of the wall, and the remains of a parallel;" and to the westward again, the church of Clonmeen, with the ruins of an Augustinian monastery founded by the O'Callaghans. A little further, on the north side, we encounter another of Spenser's rivers,

"Strong Allo tumbling from Slewlogher steep."

But either the mountains were differently named in the poet's day—a thing very far from probable, or he mistook their position; or lastly, he gave, perhaps, a name with which he was acquainted to heights difficult to particularize without a designation, yet hitherto destitute of such; for what are now known as the Slieve-logher hills are considerably to the south and west of this river. The Allo rises on the borders of the county of Limerick, and runs southerly to Kanturk, a course of about eight miles, receiving on its way the Aun-Daluagh, or double-headed river, after which, in another three miles, it falls into the Blackwater. Kanturk was the birth-place of Yelverton, Lord Avonmore; and Newmarket, a town in its neighbourhood, is no less celebrated for standing in the same position to the immortal Curran.

* See Wordsworth's poem, under that name, in his "Memorials of a Tour in Scotland."

But lest you weary of all this journalizing of small places, and fighting over again foughten fields, here is a legend—and a graceful one—told by Mr. O'Flanagan in his best style, with an etheriality caught from that dreamland, Germany:—

"A mile west of Newmarket is a beautiful glen, steep and richly wooded. The Aun-Daluagh rushes between the the interstices of the two steep hills which form the glen. On the west bank are the remains of an old castle, the ancient residence of the M'Auliffes, a tribe who possessed a vast tract of country in these parts, and at a considerable distance is pointed out Mealane's Rock, a bare projecting cliff, in which is a cavity. This castle has its legend—a romantic one indeed."

"THE LEGEND OF MEALANE."

"Who was like to Mealane, the fair-haired daughter of M'Auliffe? Whose step was lighter in the dance? Whose voice sweeter in the song? Who was like to Mealane?"

"Years have passed since the events I am about to relate. The proud wall has crumbled into a mass of ruin, and the proud race who held the lordly towers are extinguished; yet never has the beauty of Mealane been surpassed, or the graceful figure of the damsel equalled."

"My daughter shall be the bride of a hero," the aged sire would say. "Now that old age hath stricken my limbs, and years rolled heavy on my nimble feet, I can no longer wield the spear, or chase the fleet flying stag; but as God has not blessed me with sons, I may be the grandsire of them. My Mealane shall be the bride of a hero. These words were not spoken unheard: they were echoed abroad by fame, and the surpassing loveliness of the Lily of the Valley, as she was commonly called, and the widespread possessions of the M'Auliffes, (to all of which she was sole heiress) soon procured her many suitors; but one was preferred to all: he was O'Herlahy, chief of Carrigduve. Having found favour in the eyes of the fair lady, the suitor next urged his claims before the grey-haired sire. The elder thus answered his sup entreaties."

"The Lord of Blackrock is young in years; his name is not known in the council, nor his prowess in the song of the bard. Go into a foreign land, O'Herlahy; let thy sword be fleshed in the blood of the infidel, and I will grant thee my daughter. Mealane shall be a hero's bride."

"The heart of O'Herlahy murmured

in silence at the delay, but he could not refuse the terms. The spirit of the sire was as unyielding as the stubborn rock that, thrown in the midst of the ocean, stands unmoved in the blast; the waves lash it in vain, and howling in their own impotence, they burst at its feet; or, having mounted up the craggy sides, tumble back into their liquid bed. He led the hardy sons of Erin; they joined the gallant troops led by Fernando to crush the Moorish infidel; but at the walls of Grenada the brave O'Herlahy was taken. Five years he lingered in captivity; he thought of his absent country, and the image of his love was never forgotten. The favourite of the Algerine Dey became enamoured with the noble prisoner; she procured his freedom, and would have accompanied his flight, but the love he bore another forbade; he returned to Spain, and had revenge on his captors. His companions were fired by his example; they rushed into the thickest of the battle, and ruin and death marked their gory career. The Moors fled, never again to rule in Spain. The king embraced the brave youth, and gifted O'Herlahy with the proudest order of Spanish chivalry. With joy he returned to Ireland, no obstacle between him and the possession of his love.

"It was towards the hour of noon. At the castle of M'Auliffe every thing betokened joy and hilarity. From the opposite side of the Aun-Daluagh the hills rose covered with waving forests, and parties of pleasure were either roving the shady alleys for a walk, or traversing in search of game: a number of cooks were hard at work in the ample kitchen of the castle; parties in groups were arriving every moment at the portal, and the major-domo, with his liveried attendants, was marshalling each to his apartment, who were bidden guests to witness the marriage of the fair heiress of M'Auliffe to the brave chief of Carrigduve, O'Herlahy. Dressed in her nuptial robe of virgin white, the lovely Mealane appeared to have well deserved the *soubriquet* of the Lily of the Valley. Her fair flaxen hair, secured by a golden chaplet, gave a stately air to her graceful bust: her blue eyes sparkled with uncommon vivacity, and her slight figure, as it glanced to and fro, reminded one of the graceful bendings of the flower after which she was named; her cheek was pale—rather too pale; but all said that the situation in which she stood occasioned the total absence of colour. Once or twice during the afternoon she was observed to start suddenly, and when uncalled for cry out, 'I come! I come!' As if to calm her spirits, she said she would try a short walk. O'Herlahy rose to accompany her."

"No, my dear lord; I bid you stay," she said.

"What! may I not go with you?"

"Not now, not now," she said, mournfully.

"Nay, then, I will follow you."

"If you do, I go not forth. Abide here till my return."

"Mealane walked forth; but the evening wind whistled gently down the glen, like the sighing of unseen spirits, and yet she came not back. The clergyman who was to perform the ceremony arrived, and the bridegroom was waiting, but no bride. A peasant who had just returned from the opposite of the Aun-Daluagh, said he saw a white figure near a large tree; but when he spoke he received no answer, and went on his way wondering. O'Herlahy buckled on his trusty armour, and was resolved to win his bride or perish. He went forth alone; the night was still and lonely. Every rock, tree, hill, and glen was streaming with the bright light which beamed from the full moon; the heavens were clear, and studded with myriads of glittering stars, which twinkled in the intensity of the blue sky. O'Herlahy paused on the banks of the Aun-Daluagh, and gazed on a panorama of beauty; yet his heart was ill at ease for the loss of his beloved, and the tears came to his eyes, as turning round he looked on the castle of M'Auliffe crowning the hill: lights issued from every window, yet sad were the hearts within. He crossed the stream, and approached the oak tree, the oldest in these parts. A figure in white reclined beneath the branches; he stole cautiously. 'Mealane!' At the sound of his voice the figure rose up, and waving her white hands to bid farewell, was borne along the course of the stream, as though under the guidance of some powerful spirit, and fled towards the rock, which opened to receive her. It closed immediately, and since there has been no trace of the fair Mealane; but often the nightly wanderer sees the fluttering of the white drapery about Mealane's Rock. O'Herlahy married a less supernatural lady, and the lands of M'Auliffe passed to strange hands."

We now enter on a coal district, and find several extensive mines in full operation of working. These collieries have been open for nearly a century, for Smith, in his valuable topography, published originally in 1749, speaks of coal as "an article newly discovered in this county," and then mentions the beds found here. Some good veins, of a quality equal

to the English, have been often struck on; but the general description closely resembles what has been found at Killenny—it is anthracite and strongly sulphureous. The culm turned up is largely used in forges and lime-burning, and hereafter may be found very serviceable for the projected railways. Close to the Dromagh collieries is the castle of the same name, a quadrangular building, flanked by four circular towers, and almost in a perfect state; it was in olden days the chief residence of the lordly O'Keefes, but has now fallen wofully from its high estate; the court is converted into a farm-yard, and the buildings around form the appropriate offices. A farmer also occupies a venerable mansion situated on the river's banks, at a little distance; this is Fort Grady, formerly the residence of Lord Guilamore's family, and, very likely, the 'Mount O'Grady' of an early chapter in Jack Hinton also. And now passing by Drishane castle, once the property of the Macartys, Lord Muskerry, and forfeited by them in 1641, we arrive at Millstreet, a small town on the north bank.

Millstreet is best known to the tourist, as lying *en route* to Killarney from Cork, being thirty-five miles from the latter, and about half the distance from the former. The oracular assurance of Dr. Smith, that it would be "soon of some note," has not been accomplished; and we verily believe, it seldom saw the traveller who did not internally rejoice, and perhaps even mumble forth some expression of thankfulness, when he felt the chaise again in motion, and saw his horses' heads turned either lake-wards or to the Beautiful City. Perhaps it is that we miss the presence of the hospitable O'Leary—not Arthur—but assuredly Millstreet hath a most lean and famished look. The very stones, lying about in profusion in the high-street, seem peculiarly hard-hearted, and the sun himself has given up the idea of making the forlorn place smile cheerfully. It must have been otherwise in O'Leary's jovial days, who was endowed with true Celtic characteristics—

"This gentleman, who possessed a competent fortune, and was a justice of the peace for the county, resided in a small low house, in the vicinity of the

village. His residence was more recommended by the contents of its larder and cellar, and the kind and courtly manners of its owner, than by its external appearance. No door required the protection of a lock, as he said it was useless to secure the contents in that way, when any person might per-take of them who sought it; and that any one would intrude from without was improbable, as well from the respect in which he was held, as from the reception which it was likely an impertinent intruder would experience. O'Leary, as well by virtue of his magisterial authority as his local and personal influence, maintained the peace at the neighbouring fairs and markets. No constabulary or military assistance was in those days necessary to enforce his behests; his commands were, in most cases, sufficient; but if any proved refractory, obedience was promptly obtained by the vigorous application of the long and weighty pole which he ever carried. His figure was lofty, athletic, and commanding; in his latter days, extremely venerable and patriarchal. He generally stationed himself in Mill-street in the morning of each succeeding day, his long pole supporting his steps, and ready, if necessary, to maintain his authority. There he introduced himself to every passing traveller of respectability, and invited him to enter his ever-open door, and partake of his unbounded hospitality."—*Dublin Penny Journal*, Vol. I. pp. 289-290.

But these days of peace and goodwill are fled; and strange things has our island witnessed in the period intervening. There have been many alterations—some for the better, not a few for the worse—in our social condition, as well as in our political relations. And of the future who shall speak, while the big clouds, black with a coming storm, are gathering their stores of wrath far and wide over our unhappy land?

From Millstreet to the source of the Blackwater is a journey of only twelve miles, the river, forming nearly the whole way, a boundary between Cork and Kerry. The country is wild, and the land for the most part uncultivated; but before we arrive at the river's head, we happen on a little oasis at Pobble O'Keefe, (the country of the O'Keefe's) and pass from dreariness and desolation to the midst of improvement and fertility. We must briefly sketch the cause of this happy chance. The lands of Pobble O'Keefe are Crown lands; and have been made

the subject of an experiment, which every well-wisher to our island would desire should be only more extensively adopted. They were forfeited in 1641, by Daniel O'Keefe, an Irish feudal lord, on account of his participation in that rebellion. For some unexplained reason, perhaps either from inaccessibility, or from worthlessness, or from both combined, they remained unassigned to any more loyal person; and having passed through a nominal ownership, by an English "Company for making hollow sword blades,"—the meaning of whose operations, *par parenthese*, does not seem very obvious—they were demised by the Lord Justices and Privy Council of Ireland, to Mr. Lewis Jones, for a period of a hundred years, the lease bearing date 25th March, 1721. On the expiration of Mr. Jones' tenure, Mr. Weale, an officer under the Woods and Forests Board, was directed to make a personal inspection of the estate; and he delivered in a report, recommending the retention of the whole in the government's hands, with a view to its gradual improvement, at the public expense. His report was ordered to be printed by the House of Commons, and was subsequently adopted in all its essential bearings. A vote of seventeen thousand pounds was passed for the purpose, on the conditional terms of the counties mainly concerned (Cork and Kerry) supplying a certain fixed sum, which accordingly was granted, by presentment from the respective grand juries. The eminent civil engineer, Mr. Griffith, was entrusted with the management of the whole undertaking; and the result has shown that no wiser selection could have been made. In a very few years a surprising change had visibly come on the face of this unfrequented tract; a town was commenced, and named after that best of sovereigns, our late beloved monarch; agricultural implements were introduced, and their usage and capability explained; draining was largely entered on; bridges were thrown over the chief streams; and new lines of road formed in all directions, where hitherto the horsemen could hardly pass during the summer months, and dared not attempt it in winter. But the account in the Guide Book is more explicit.

"A village was soon built on the

eastern bank of the Blackwater, over which there is a neat bridge of two elliptic arches, on the road to Castle Island. This is King William's-town. It contains one handsome school-house in the Elizabethan style, one hotel, a dispensary, one shop, (the proprietor of which, in consequence of the place having of late become such a thoroughfare, has amassed two hundred pounds in a very short space of time), with ten houses for tradesmen and labourers; it is also well supplied with water. About ten minutes' walk from the village there is a neat house, and an extensive farm-yard, situated on the model farm, the residence of the respectable agent and skilful farmer, Mr. Michael Boyan; also several neat farm houses have been built, and others are in progress of building. The improvements were commenced in 1833. Forty-six miles of new road have been made, and several bridges built. Four hundred acres of sterile bog and mountain have been brought into tillage, and good crops of potatoes, turnips, rye, and oats, have been produced. But the most gratifying circumstance of all is, that from three to four hundred men every day are usefully employed in building, draining, and fencing. The effect of the improvement in the appearance of the district is almost miraculous; the consequences on the people are almost the same."

We believe we may make the additional statement that this interesting colony—for such it is as truly as if situated at Swan River—even in its pecuniary relations, may be considered quite successful; already its returns almost balance the expenditure, while in a few years more, with the completer development of its resources, it is but reasonable to expect they will largely exceed it.

Close at hand is the source of the Blackwater:—

"About half a mile north of King William's-town, in a bog, is a small spring overgrown by rushes. It trickles down in three small streams, forming no great impediment to human footsteps. The hare springs across it with ease, and the sportsman jumps from bank to bank. Who that beheld the broad river, bearing tallships into Youghal bay, would recognize this tiny rivulet as the commencement of that truly noble stream, the Blackwater!"

With this last extract from our pleasant guide we must take our farewell of the river. Had our purpose admitted it, the book itself might have worthily received at our hands

a systematic review; but the character of our papers is narrative, not critical, and for this reason we have rather accepted the companionship of Mr. O'Flanagan's volume than adjudicated upon its merits. A word at parting will, however, sufficiently answer the purpose, considering the numerous extracts we have made in the course of our article, sufficient of themselves to show our reliance on its trustworthiness. We learn from Mr. O'Flanagan's preface that the parentage of his book may be fairly attributed to the Cork meeting, in August 1843, of the British Association for the advancement of science. A paper on the capabilities of the river for trade and manufactories, was read by him before the statistical section, and caused that learned body, like Oliver, to ask for more. Some of the members proposed, in addition, an exploring expedition to the upper Blackwater, almost as unknown to them and to others, as the shores of Hudson Bay; and we remember very well being present at a public meeting in the court-house of Youghal, the object of which was to recommend the enquiry to those locally interested. A hand-book was solicited by these stranger visitants, but none was to be had; and the present volume was undertaken, as the craftsmen say "to supply the deficiency." The author writes in a full appreciation of his theme, and has evidently sought for the most correct information; he gives us some amusing, and, what is better, original Irish legends, which at once diversify his pages, and shed a new interest over the localities described. The typography is good, and the illustrations numerous and well executed. Were we to put on our spectacles, we might allude to one or two misprints—to a few unimportant inaccuracies in dates—and, from a reliance we suppose on contending authorities, to even some contradictions in different parts of the book. But these deficiencies are of so trivial a character, and so rare besides, as to be almost immaterial. The office Mr. O'Flanagan undertook he has discharged very ably; and—he will esteem it our best praise—has, in our judgment, worthily coupled his name with this bright and beautiful river.

THE LAST LAY OF THE MINSTREL.

I had a dream—'twas spring time, and sweet flowers
 Burst into life, adorning all around ;
 Winter-chilled buds, revived by vernal showers
 And genial rays, bedecked the magic ground ;
 High in the air, the skylark's cheerful song
 Thrilled through the heavens, rejoicing ev'ry heart ;
 All nature smiled, time blithely moved along,
 And scenes of pleasure beamed in ev'ry part.

II.

In a rich garden, tilled with skillful care—
 With crocus, wallflower, and fair snowdrop dressed—
 I wandered, while a being divinely fair
 Moved by my side, and listened while I pressed
 My adoration on her matchless ear.
 Entranced I gazed upon her faultless form,
 In Florence once before I saw her peer—
 That was cold marble, this with life was warm.

III.

Methought the Medicean Venus stood
 In life before me, gifted with a soul,
 Such as inhabit the supremely good
 Of angels, highest on the heavenly roll.
 The thrilling lustre of her deep brown eye,
 In softness rivalled that of the gazelle.
 Dark waving ringlets from her forehead high,
 Graced her fair neck, and o'er her bosom fell.

IV.

A smile, which only sleeping infants wear,
 Illumed her features, and lit up their form ;
 Soft lips, like coral exquisite and rare,
 Parting awhile, disclosed the magic charm
 Of living pearls in form of teeth arrayed ;
 Her rounded cheek, refreshed by breath of morn,
 The fairest hue of summer-rose displayed,
 Deepening at times, her beauty to adorn.

Her arm was symmetry ; and when she tried
 To close her mantle's graceful flowing fold,
 A hand of lily whiteness I descried,
 Decked in bright rubies, emeralds, and gold.
 She moved beside me with a step as free
 As roebuck bounding o'er the grassy mead—
 With fairy foot so light, it seemed to me
 The flow'ry turf exulted in its tread.

VI.

Entranced upon her matchless form I gazed,
 Forgetting all the world contains beside ;
 But when her drooping lids she slowly raised
 And spoke, her accents came with such a tide
 Of sweetest melody upon mine ear,
 That straightway at the idol's shrine I fell
 Prostrate in soul and body, proud to wear
 The chain her charms had rivetted too well.

VII.

" A change came o'er the spirit of my dream."
 We sat together in a gay saloon,
 Joy sparkled o'er her features, as a beam
 Of sunshine glitters on a wave at noon.
 To music's soft bewitching strains we turned ;
 Her voice seemed liquid gold, and as she sung,
 My ardent soul with admiration burned,
 And on her thrilling accents breathless hung.

VIII.

In ecstasy I listened while she played,
 Her lovely hand spoke volumes to my heart,
 Feeding the cherished flame that on it preyed,
 And revelled madly in its inmost part.
 Again we wandered o'er the verdant lawn,
 The joyous hours we passed in converse sweet—
 My thoughts, from ev'ry earthly object drawn,
 Centered within that heav'nly calm retreat.

IX.

At times, when April's fickle breath was warm,
 And Spring's mild sunbeams cheered the noontide hour,
 In a verandah, dressed with every charm
 Of creeping plants, she sat in queenly power:
 Queen of my soul, and every thought it bears,
 She sat, while lowly at her feet I lay,
 Feebly conveying to her sov'reign ears
 The humble homage that my heart would pay.

Thus in Elysium did I happy dwell,
 And fondly fancied she was mine for ever.
 Hope fanned the flame that Love had lit so well,
 And told my heart that time would part us never.
 I saw before me years of boundless joy,
 Vistas of lengthened happiness appeared ;
 Nor pain nor grief intruded to alloy
 The pleasing prospect by love's brightness cheered.

XI.

A darkness, deep as Erebus, now spread
 Its thick'ning mantle o'er th' enchanted scene ;
 Visions of horror floated round my head,
 Casting dismay where joy had lately been.
 Amidst the gathering gloom a voice I heard,
 Deep as the howling of the midnight storm ;
 Which thus in tones like some ill-omened bird,
 Rushed to my brain, and broke the magic charm :

XII.

"Hold, mortal, hold—thy fondest hopes are vain—
 Love as thou wilt, she never can be thine.
 Remorseless fate forbids thee to obtain
 Thy burning heart's desire, that being divine.
 Whate'er the torture of thy doom may be,
 Thick walls of adamant must part ye ever !
 Go, wretched, hapless man, she's not for thee—
 Another claims her—thine she can be never !"

XIII.

Struggling to plead the cause of fervent love,
 I started to my feet, and thus awoke ;
 Unconscious whether in earth, or heaven above,
 Or where the scene, or whose the voice that spoke.
 Slowly my scattered senses were restored,
 And with them came the memory of my dream,
 Bringing the image of that being adored,
 In all her beauty, bright as morning's beam.

XIV.

Since then she's my companion night and day,
 Where'er I move she's ever by my side,
 Cheering my lonely path with brightest ray,
 Soothing my heart so sorely, deeply tried ;
 When midnight strikes the weary hour of rest,
 Her lovely image fills my closing eye ;
 With dreams of her my troubled sleep is bless'd,
 And at my waking she is ever nigh.

XV.

When life's dull business clogs my wandering brain,
 Her rosy smile consoles me with its charm,
 Leading me back in fancy once again
 To happy scenes with love's illusion warm.
 I hold sweet converse with her mystic form,
 Her lovely lips in kindly tone reply,
 And lull the raging of the inward storm
 That racks my breast with hopeless misery.

XVI.]

Does music sound, her voice alone I hear ;
 No other song can e'er be sweet to me ;
 No other strain can charm my spell-bound ear
 'Tis filled by her enchanting melody.
 Oft when the dew of silent eve descends,
 I see her fairy fingers sweep the strings—
 The same deep pathos on her touch attends,
 And Weber's genius to my mem'ry brings.

XVII.

Dear blessed vision of that form beloved !
 Hover around thy humble votary's way ;
 Comfort an aching heart from hope removed,
 While constant still to thee my vows I pay.
 Thou art my pole-star in the midnight gloom—
 Thou art the sun in whose bright beams I live—
 Whate'er in life may be my future doom,
 No other blessing now has heaven to give.

THE WHYCHCOTE: A LEAF FROM THE CENSUS OF 1841.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

"Oh, heaven, that one might read the book of fate!
And see the revolution of the times.
 how chances mock
And changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers liquors! Oh, if this were seen,
The happiest youth, viewing his progress through,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,
Would shut the book, and lay him down and die—
"Tis not ten years gone."

SECOND PART KING HENRY IV., Act III. Scene II.

**"Prudens futuri temporis exitum
Cagliginola nocte premit Deus,
Ridetque si mortalis ultra
Fas trepidet."**

HORACE.

ONCE upon a time, as children's stories usually begin, (or rather used to begin when this old world was young and foolish, and children were children,) I fell asleep, and I dreamed a dream, and as you are in my confidence, gentle and, I hope, easily pleased, reader, I will tell it to you.

I was out walking in the early grey of an autumn morning, on the bank of one of the canals of this city—I forget which—perhaps I never knew—and presently, a little way before me, I was aware of the presence of a man, with a large parchment-covered book open in his hand, walking musingly, like myself. I went up to him, and said—

"May I ask what do you here, and what is that book which you hold?"

He turned slowly to me.

"I often walk here," said he, "and this is the Book of Fate. Do you wish to see it?"

"Oh, yes," replied I. "Give it to me. I would wish to know what is to become of me."

"You are a fool for that wish," said he; "but I am bound not to deny the knowledge to those who ask it. But I may warn. Read it not, for you cannot avert the inevitable

"Give it me," said I, eagerly. "I may at least learn not to waste my hopes, and employ myself to study resignation."

I took the book from his hand. It was written like a registry, in alphabetical order. I turned to my own

name. There were many of the same. I read the first hastily ; but my interest was fixed upon my own history, which I knew was written on the page following. I endeavoured to turn it, but in vain ; the leaves fluttered in the breeze. I turned too many, and then going back, I passed over it. There was a spell upon my hand. Provoked with my fruitless efforts, I awoke, and behold it was a dream !

This dwelt long on my memory. It was long ere I could overcome, in my waking hour, the regret of my dreaming self for the failure of my endeavours to penetrate the future, for I almost felt convinced I would have seen truth ; and I was desirous to see it. And is that all ?

That's all ; but have patience, indulgent reader ; the dream is no much in itself ; " but thereby hangs a tale." I am neither a poet nor a philosopher, and have therefore no right to deal with the abstractions of humanity. I am but a simple man, and without even the qualification of good gifts as a story-teller, to excuse my coming before you in that capacity at all. If you take interest enough in this " o'er true tale" to seek palliation for my temerity, you will also be merciful to forgive the manner in which it is related, and suffer me like a very prosier, to commence, *par le commencement*, to show you the seed whence the fruit sprung, and give you the cause as well as the " effets" of my intrusion.

I had forgotten my dream and its disappointment for many a long day, when

the form for the return of the census of the population for 1841, which met my eyes lying on the hall-table in my domicile, No. 2, Upper — street, as I was returning to my room after breakfast, on the second Monday in the pleasant month of June, that year, instantaneously recalled it to my remembrance.

I knew not why, as the dream spoke of the future, and this questioned of the past; but in endeavouring to unravel the slight and tangled thread of associations which might account for its recurrence to my mind—in winding slowly back by the mazes through which my thoughts must have rapidly started ere they seized the dream midst the *lumpers* of memory, and connected it with the paper before me, I lighted upon not a few reflections, and I said to myself, as did the author of the immortal "Doctor" to the Bhow Begum—"It ought to be written in a book!"

"It" what? That the memorial of the past, now lying to be filled in every house in this city, might find a voice to warm, from the desire of looking into the future. I thought of the many tales, in few words, each paper would contain—of the many "changes and chances of this mortal life" embraced within the last ten years, which would be brought before the eyes of old and young in every family that day.

Matter-of-fact enough were the demands enumerated of the name, the age, the condition, single or married, and the date of marriage of each inhabitant of the house, then of those who had been its inhabitants, of the same family—who had yielded their life within its walls during that period—their name, age, cause of death, &c.

To how many would these words be like brine poured on a recent wound—to how many more would they speak a reproach for their levity and forgetfulness; but still how impressively to all might they read this one lesson—that it is well

"Que l'avenir est à Dieu."

Each truth to tell—for it was to self my thoughts returned after their wanderings—I considered of what events would be recorded in that very paper before me—

"Quantulacunque cecit—vos ego magis voo."

How terrible the array would have seemed to my heart, had it been given me to read it ten years before; and yet how calmly I could look upon it now, as past—past!—irrevocable—how tolerable I had found what it had been anguish to anticipate; and turning over my papers listlessly, to seek for some dates of occurrences that I once thought could never be forgotten, two or three letters caught my eye. They were letters to the dead; and there were names there, and hopes, and fears, and projects; and where were now the objects sharers of them all? Gone—changed—buried—"forgotten, like a dead man out of mind;" and where was the youth who wrote those letters, to whom "never" and "for ever" were such familiar words? Is he wandering a dim spectre about the haunts of his departed joys? or has he already joined those he loved so well in another and a better world? Is he? Was it I who traced these lines? What am I? I ground my teeth with anger—my cheeks burned with shame—I did what I often do with myself—I fell out with the beast; we had high words. Thus they ran between us:—

"Confound you for a worthless dog, I hate to think you belong to me. That you were frivolous and indolent, I knew long ago; but now I find that is not the worst of you; though to that, perhaps, in part, pertain your other vices; but you persuaded me at one time you were so elevated, so tender and true, so pitiful and constant, your imagination so exalted, your soul so full of sensibility, that I forgave you many petty sins on account thereof; and now see what a poor, vacillating, heartless wretch you are proved to be—how soon you have forgotten what once absorbed you—how your most powerful recollections are 'writ in water.' I will never believe you again. Get out of my sight—you disgust me."

"Think again," says my poor self, humbly, "before you give me up. Am I worse than my neighbours? Have you done more, in your accusations of me, than read aloud a page of the book of human nature, as commonly printed? Do you not know

"'Nought may endure but mutability?'"

Look around you, and see if you find

one man in a thousand who has a steadier spirit than yourself; I will give you leave to say what you will of me. Has — the disconsolate widower of last year, to whose wedding you are asked to go to-morrow, or Miss Lackaday, whose lover was killed by a fall out hunting a week ago soon to give her a right to wear weeds, and mourn becomingly a twelve-month and a day? Wasn't it well she was spared a blush at dropping them to become Lady Tucker within four months of his death? or—or—or —”

In short, the rogue ran on so volubly, and spoke so badly of the rest of the world, that I was obliged to stop him. He failed to make out much of a case for himself certainly; he acknowledged he was naturally gay, but not a hardened fellow in the main; that “upon his maturity” he had hitherto met with no person worthy of enduring remembrance, though he had thought he had; that his sorrow had been sincere as long as it lasted; that he had new things to think of every day; that he was “unfortunately” young, and youth will be elastic, so that though I would not be reconciled to him in a moment, I was very willing to let judgment go by default, lest he should get the better of me in the argument.

“Have, it your own way,” said I, doggedly, “and hold your peace—I am tired thinking of you,” and I flung myself back in my “oaken broken elbow chair,” redolent of dirt and comfort, as is every article of furniture in this my glory hole, from the rickety-looking, but solid old table, covered with an “*olla podrida*” of books and scraps of paper, broken tools, and odd boot straps, disabled fire-arms, and half-solved problems, to the soft uncomely footstool by the fender, every inkstain on whose once crimson complexion I am familiar with, even to affection. Sir Thomas Brown's works lay open on the table; my eye fell upon this passage—

“Darkness and light divide the course of time, and oblivion shares with memory the the worst part even of our living beings. We slightly remember our felicities, and the smartest strokes of affliction leave but short smart upon us; sense endureth no extremities, and sorrows destroy us or themselves; to weep into stones are fables. Afflictions

induce callosities; miseries are slippery or fall like snow upon us, which notwithstanding is no unhappy stupidity. To be ignorant of evils to come, and forgetful of evils past, is a merciful provision in nature whereby we digest the mixture of our few and evil days.”

And is it even so? Alas! poor humanity, that our hearts should be mutable as our frames, to which something is hourly lost or acquired, and yet still that we should be unwilling believers in the reality of that unconscionable vital operation! Humiliating philosophy, how our souls protest against it, even while our experience confirms its truth. Yet is it true? Is not our revolt against the imputation of instability to ourselves, and our desire and belief in the eternity of our own memories, in the thoughts of others a silent testimony that there is a love which will not perish—a pulse in deep-hearted affection which death cannot bid pause? I will believe it though it never beat in my breast for human being, and may never beat for me. Why are we given to yearn after this undying love, if it may never, never be ours? The subject did not bear musing on. I rose and lounged over to the little Gothic window roofed out upon the slates—prospect well known but ever new—the old blackened housetops to the left—the mountains and trees dimly seen in the distance, sometimes clear and radiant in sunlight and green, and again dark and mysterious with night and shadow—and nearer still the wide and mighty sea stretched in its quiet vastness, then dotted with fair ships and *white gleaming boats*—bright, calm, glassy, but instinct with power, like the strong heart of buoyant youth when filled with that indescribable delight which the mere sense of being sometimes inspires, but oft, vague, troubled mists, like these broken reminiscences of the past—dimmed hopes of the future. I leaned my head against the window frame and mused on; nature offered no distraction to my thoughts, but perversely she seemed to give me sympathy. I was weary of myself, of my youth, of its vain unconsecrated delights, its fleeting pleasures, with which for me no feeling of eternity might henceforth blend; I longed for age, with its hacknied experience, its chill material wisdom, its dull torpor.

Just then a sudden burst of sunshine fell on the white monument on Killiney Hill, and lit with tranquil gladness the grey rocks and green corn fields below, and the scarce panting sea. I thought of heaven.

"Surely these feverish aspirations there
Shall grasp their full desire,
And this unsettled fire
Burn calmly, brightly, in immortal air!"

But why should I dwell longer on my own contemplations—enough that I passed half an hour looking out of the window, and then having inducted myself into a tolerably dusty frock coat, and equipped myself with hat, gloves, and cane, I left the house and sauntered slowly down the street.

I had no settled purpose; I had left home because I did not well know what to do with myself within, and thought, "if thought it may be called which thought was none," that some idle excitement might be possibly encountered without—I cared not much of what kind, "from pitch and toss to manslaughter," which might serve to turn the current of my wayward disobedient thoughts that ran hard upon discontentment with human nature in general and my own in particular. Had a temptation come across me—a match at cricket, a bet at Rigby's gallery, a row round the harbour, or a mad gallop on the fifteen acres, might have given a fresh impulse to my spirits, and taken me ten minutes sooner from — street, and then—what then? You and I might never have been acquainted. But none of these things were presented to me—*every body* was out of town. I strolled on, looking up at some of the open windows of the dusty houses, and and wondering where the familiar owners were disporting themselves, when I was stopped at the steps of a large house in about the middle of the street, by a policeman who had just closed the door of the house behind him, and was descending when he addressed me.

"Is the master at home, Mr. Frank, if you please? I was just going up to ask him what I'd best do about the poor gentleman that's in this house; I've had some trouble with him, and he's not quite right in his head I'm thinking, and yet he's not all out *astray* either."

I knew the man well; he was the son of an old tenant of my father, who had procured him his situation. "No, Dwyer, my father is out; but what do you want with him?"

It seemed that when he had left the usual form for the return of the census the day before, at the house he had just quitted, there had been some demur on the part of the servant as to receiving it. She said the house was empty, and referred to her master's agent, who managed all his business; but, after some hesitation she took it, and when he called again that morning, she acknowledged that her master was in the house, and she feared dying; that she could not go out and leave him alone, nor if she was able to do so, did she know to whom to apply, as he had no friends or relations whom she had ever seen or heard of, and he refused to see any person. I inquired his name.

"I believe it's Daly, sir; but I'd be thankful if you'd just step over and speak to the old woman yourself, if it wouldn't be too much trouble, for I've a wish for the poor gentleman."

"You have seen him then," said I.

"She told me to make my way in whether *she* would or no, so I said I *should* see him sir about the paper, and that's the only plea that any one can take leave to see him on. He looks mighty bad and he ought to have a doctor or his clergy with him—maybe, sir, if you could get to speak to him, you might bring him to reason."

Interested in this whimsical account, I accompanied Dwyer to the door; I had remarked the house often—it was the largest in the street, and on one side detached from the rest. It seemed quite deserted, at least, I had never seen any person go in, or out of it, and through the lower windows, dim with accumulated dust, there was nothing visible but the bare walls and folding doors of a large room and larger hall; the paint was worn off the railings, the padlocks of the area were rusty and cankered, the flagstones below, untrodden and overgrown with grass; it was a dreary looking abode; it might have been inhabited before the last ten or twelve years, but since that period it had always seemed to me in the same state that it was in then, there were no bills upon it,

nor had there been any in my remembrance, so I had concluded that it was in law. We ascended the steps, and one single knock, which the sombre appearance of the house perhaps caused me to think sounded hollow and loud, brought the old woman to the door. She regarded me with dubious and inhospitable eye; seeming to suspect I came with hostile intentions, and a sense of the awkwardness of my position as an unbidden intruder upon a stranger's privacy, prevented my instantly addressing her. While I was endeavouring to extemporize some pretext, for having accompanied Dwyer, he anticipated me.

"Well, Mrs. Delany, you know I'm not hard, but a man must stand by his duty, or lose his place. I *must* bring that paper, right or wrong to the office to-night, and if he won't fill it, why he must answer for it, and that would be troublesome, to say no more; but here's a neighbour, Mr. Telford, and if he says that the master is in no way to be accountable for the likes, being sick, and undther the care of a doctor, well and good! Its nothing to me you

know, but maybe the master would have no objection to see him, if he heard he was friendly."

"He's mighty bad," she replied, "sure enough, no matter who thinks it, and it's for death he must be I'm afear'd since he tuk so asy to the notion of seein any one, for up to last week the thought that it 'ud come out that he was in it at all at all, 'ud be enough to set him wild, anyhow; I'll ax himself will he see yees."

On this the crone left us standing at the door, and chaining it ajar to prevent our entrance. Meanwhile she went away; in about five minutes she returned, and opening it, desired the man to follow her; I entered the hall with him and asked her permission to remain there until his return, she hesitated for a few moments, but at length consented, and with unexpected civility, wiped the dust off a chair standing near for my accommodation, and went up the stairs with Dwyer, leaving me to my lucubrations—having taken the first step in an adventure with that success which generally favours boldness or impudence, which you may please to call it.

CHAPTER II.

"Oh, open the door."

OLD SCOTCH BALLAD.

"He so defalte was that no mannere man
Scarcely might him knowen where he went
So was he lean, and thereto pale and wan
And feeble, that he walketh by potent,
And what thing was the cause of all his pain,
he n'olde the cause' plain."

CHAUCEB.

THE hall was a square of about forty feet, paved chequer-wise with black and white marble, two high windows looked out upon the street. On the left hand side was a deeply sunk old-fashioned fire-place, or rather hearth, in which stood an urn of out steel, cankered with age and rust. On the other side was a door opening, I presumed, into a parlour, and opposite the hall-door was another which stood open, showing a wide passage or corridor, off which there were two other rooms visible, showing the house to be double, and evidently of large size.

Springing out of the hall (which was the full height of the house and roofed by a domed skylight) was a wide stone staircase with fanciful

iron balustrades, four flights of which were visible from the hall, when they were closed by folding doors, through which, when Dwyer and the old woman had disappeared, I was at leisure to contemplate my situation, and gather conjectures from the aspect of the house, and imagine the probabilities with regard to its occupant.

Scanty, indeed, was the food for conjecture here, for furniture there was none, but the seat I had occupied, and underneath the hollow staircase a huge old-fashioned sedan chair, with G. D. in brazen letters upon it, and a half-effaced coat of arms, which, being unskilled in heraldry, afforded me no clue to its ownership. I attempted to open its door, but in vain; its

ness (from disuse, I suppose,) resisted all my efforts, and I could only see through the dim window the blue cushions, drapery, and curtains, trimmed with tarnished silver lace: this had probably been the vehicle of some old dowager—mother, aunt, or grandmother of its present owner. What visions of elbow sleeves, powdered heads, hoops, cards, and cardinals, might it not conjure up before him. My further scrutiny and cogitations were stopped by the re-appearance of Dwyer at the folding doors of the lobby afore-mentioned, beckoning me to come up after him. After passing through them, we ascended to the highest story of the house, and knocking at a low door, entered a large attic, the windows of which opened on the roof, which was partly flat, and surrounded by a low parapet wall: the room was uncarpeted, and contained little more than a small bed and an arm chair, on which sat the object of my curiosity. He was a tall man, of spare figure, and seemed about forty years of age. He might have been even younger, allowing for the effects of grief or sickness; or he might have been several years older, as the long hair which hung in straggling locks over his coat was nearly white; his forehead was high and narrow, and crossed with many lines, as if caused by its frequent corrugation from pain; his nose was a fine aquiline, and though evidently sharpened by ill health, it preserved still an almost feminine delicacy and softness of outline: his eyes of a deep blue, which had a kind of suffused brightness, were large and sunken: he was the wreck of a very handsome man; but in the uncertain expression of countenance, and tremulous movement of the under lip, I thought there seemed evidence of an impaired intellect. This was the impression a first glance gave me; but when he looked at me with calm scrutiny for above a minute, and then said, with perfect rationality and composure—"I don't know you, sir; may I inquire what your business is here, and with me?" My presence of mind entirely forsook me, on finding myself in the presence not of an idiot, or madman, as I had anticipated, but of a person as sane as myself, and probably as willing to resent the insult of an intrusive visit. I muttered some-

thing about the paper which Dwyer had left, and, truth to tell, heartily wished myself away, as I could not reconcile it to myself to impose my curiosity under false pretences, but I had no present alternative. Happily he did not doubt me.

"Oh, yes—the number, born, married, died—but she did not die here!—not here—I cannot exactly remember."

He paused: I thought his mind was wandering; and took courage to say—

"I beg your pardon for this intrusion, sir; but the certificate of a physician will be a full excuse for your not being subjected to painful compliances; you seem ill able for business at present, and if there is any friend or relative whom you might wish to see, I will be happy to be the bearer of your wishes on the subject."

"Ill," said he; "I am a dying man—I know it—I have no desire for a physician, for his exertions would be in vain. I have a friend, however; but I do not wish to see him; but if you will secure his presence when I am dead, I will be thankful to you." He spoke slowly, taking breath with difficulty between each few words.

There was a touching dignity in his manner and language, which, together with the solitary and hopeless nature of his circumstances, moved me deeply, for his wasted frame and ghastly countenance too plainly showed the truth of his conviction.

"Reckon on me with security, sir," replied I, "to fulfil all your commands; but meanwhile suffer me to call in a medical man: I cannot but hope that your anticipations are groundless. See a physician to-day, and to-morrow, if you are able for business, you can speak of it."

"Young man," said he, grasping my arm with a strong pressure, "you do not know me: to you death might be terrible—to me he is familiar—I can meet him now calmly—all I love is with the dead. I have seen no person for many years past but that woman. I have but one wish—one command; and there is a person who will execute that, I trust. If I must see a physician, so let it be—my will is powerless now—it is little matter—my object is already achieved."

Fearful of his rescinding this permission, I left the room, and signing

to the seryant to follow me, I waited for her in the hall.

"My good woman, I fear your master is dying, and it is necessary his friends should be informed of his condition: do you know who they are?—he wishes to settle his affairs, but he is not quite himself at present—is he?"

"Och, he has his sinses right enough, sir," replied she, "only he's quare, an' I dunna any wan belongin' to him: I think he has no wan. I'm twelve year width him, and sorra wan ever come to look afther him, barrin' yersilf. Whiniver they called for taxes or the like, they was all sint to Mr. Barrett on the quay to be ped; and any thing was done to the house, mysilf had ordhers to see afther."

"And does Mr. Barrett know any thing of your master?"

"The gentleman niver seen him, sir, nor no wan but mesilf knew he was in it at all, beyant all he bid to be denied to Mr. Barrett; twicet a year he brings a letther for him, and the masher laves a paper with me for him, whinever he comes, and towld me to tell him he was in the country. Mesilf has been afeard this while back since he's been gettin' so donny; only that he niver was like another. I done all I could width him, but he'd roar murder at me if I dar spake of telling any docthor about him, and this was the way it was width me; I'm thinkin' he seen a power of trouble in his time, or maybe done some badness whin he was young, that he's thinkin' to make up for now. He does be readin' or writin' always, or talkin' out, and he alone. In the day he sted a'most always in bid, and thin in the evenin' he'd git up, and walk all through the place like a sperrit; and this was his way iver since he come in it, till about a month ago, whin he tuk this sickness heavy an his heart; it's a cowl I believe, but anyhow a trifle id sarve to kill him now."

I will spare the recital in her language further, and say shortly that all I could learn from her was, that about twelve years before she was in the habit of doing char work in the house for the servants, when it was inhabited, for a month or six weeks, by its owner and his wife—a Mr. Whyhcot, a gentleman from England, a brother of her master's; that when

the family left it, and went to the country, she had the care of the house—that once, after Mr. Whyhcot came there for a day along with her master, and she believed they had some words, but upon what subject she did not know; but the day after Mr. Whyhcot shot himself, somewhere out near the park, and was carried home there, and buried in the church near, as the jury brought in a verdict of temporary derangement; and she heard that his wife died the week after of fright and grief, and that his brother had got the property. She still remained there, and was paid as usual by Mr. Barrett, who had been Mr. Whyhcot's agent; and late one evening, in the course of a month after she heard these circumstances, her present master came to the door, and told her he was coming to live there; but desired her to inform no person, but to tell all inquirers that he was out of town, which command she had strictly obeyed, going out only for the purpose of getting her payment from Mr. Barrett, or of procuring necessaries for herself and him. She told me that Mr. Barrett called him Mr. Daly. She seemed an honest, worthy old woman, and anxious about her unfortunate master. I recommended her to remain near him as much as possible until my return, and not to mention her conference with me, and I left the house, pondering over how all this would end.

I had involved myself in an affair mysterious enough to give free scope for fancy; but at that moment interest for the life of the poor man took the precedence in my mind of curiosity as to his story. I went directly to Dr. —'s; he was not at home, but hearing that he would be at home in an hour, I proceeded to seek an interview with Mr. Barrett—the agent to whom the servant had referred me, and I found him in his office on — quay. He was a round, smart, well-drest, dapper little man, with a tolerable address, but with that indescribable air of assumption, which is generally characteristic of the bearing of a certain class of Dublin attorneys. Bear with me, numerous and respectable body; ye may afford to smile at the taunt of a briefless barrister; ye have the law in your own hands, while, not having the fear of Lord Chesterfield

before my eyes, (who so strenuously warns the young aspirant for fashion, against bringing sweeping clauses against particular professions) I denounce your manners as "very peculiar."

But to return to Mr. Barrett: I presented him with my card, and requested to know whether he was agent to Mr. Daly, who had a house in — street. He nodded in the affirmative. I inquired whether he was personally acquainted with him, or could inform me whether he had any relatives living, to whom I could apply, as I had some disagreeable surmises with regard to his health, state of mind, &c. He told me he was not at all acquainted with him, having never seen him but once, a short time before his brother, Mr. Whychcot's death—that since his accession to the property, his intercourse had been carried on with him entirely by letter, and that his communications were perfectly satisfactory and rational. He smiled significantly, adding, "He is an odd character, I believe, but well able to take care of his affairs; he is too indolent to look after them himself, but he knows they are in safe hands. I have lodged for twelve years back, one thousand pounds half yearly to his

credit, in the bank, and I understand he does not draw above fifty pounds per annum from it. I have made many efforts to see him, but in vain; so whatever happens, I am not to blame. I am not aware of his having any relatives in this country; but if he has, he knows of them, and they of him, I dare venture to say. They were an eccentric family, I fancy: his brother died under odd circumstances—perhaps you know?"

I made some further inquiries; but failed to discover any thing which could throw light on the subject, or account for the mysterious seclusion in which Mr. Daly had chosen to envelope himself. I was not particularly prepossessed by the demeanour of the spruce little gentleman; and having no reason to conclude that a man, who clearly occupied no other position as regarded him than that of collector of his rents, would be better qualified than myself to aid or soothe him, I did not think it necessary at present to inform him of the circumstances under which I had become acquainted with the subject of my inquiries; therefore thanking him for his information, I made my exit, and returned to Dr. —'s.

CHAPTER III.

"The weary are at rest."

I found Doctor —, having just entered his study; and when he had listened patiently to my narrative of the events of the morning, with his usual cordial kindness he volunteered to accompany me instantly to — street.

It was impossible for him to offer an opinion as to the probable disease of the unfortunate man; nor did he think there was just ground to infer that his intellect was impaired, from the mere fact of the singular mode of life he had adopted.

"Until I have seen him," said he, "we cannot determine on the proper course to be taken as to the arrangement of his affairs."

We agreed that it was best that he should introduce himself to the patient alone; and a few minutes brought us to the door. In about a quarter of

an hour he came down to the hall, where I anxiously awaited him, and we left the house together.

"Is he dying, Doctor —?"

"Surely," replied he; "fast—no art could save him. Indeed I should say, as far as my experience goes, that twenty-four hours will probably be his utmost period. He has dropsy of the chest, superinduced, as well as I can judge from the symptoms he detailed, by long-standing organic disease of the heart; poor fellow!"

"Did he give you no hint as to his history—his wishes, &c.?"

"None whatever. I left all that to you; but it is due to us both that they should be inquired into, and that immediately; and his friends, if he has any, be made aware of his condition. I think you said he was a man of property?"

"Do you think his intellects affected?"

"Not in the least; he is as sane as you or I, and it strikes me I have seen him before—his countenance is a remarkable one. I do not now recall where, but I cannot but think his face is not unknown to me. I have it—it was at Irwin's I saw him, in the year '22—at a party in Irwin's rooms in college; and the name, too—Daly; it is the same man. Irwin, I have no doubt, knows all about him; but where to find him—he may be in Russia or Constantinople, for aught I know."

"Oh! leave me to find out Irwin," said I; "he is in town; I met him last week, moping down Grafton-street; but, meanwhile, can nothing be done for the unhappy man?—is there no palliative?—he ought not to be left solely to that old servant."

"Certainly," he replied; "some person ought to be provided to sit up with him. I wished him to see a clergyman, for there was no use in concealing the truth. Indeed, he seemed fully aware of it; but he was so strongly averse to this, that I did not urge him much, as it is matter of feeling. As for remedies, ether and opiates might afford a temporary relief. I will send some slight preparation of the kind; but it is vain to hope concerning him. In this case you are as good a physician as I; but I will call again to-morrow. Farewell. I would have you seek Irwin *tout de suite*."

So saying, Doctor — walked away.

I was rather chagrined at the easy, business-like manner in which the good doctor treated this matter; and internally, perhaps, half accused him of barbarity for his seeming *insouciance*. I returned to the house, and made arrangements with the old woman to spend the night there myself, and asked her if she required any comfort or necessary for her master, which I could procure. She told me that there was nothing wanting, that his inhabiting the wretched room he was in was entirely his own choice, and that he could not be induced to leave it, though the other rooms in the house were fully and even luxuriantly furnished; and that he would take nothing but tea, or such slops as she was well able to prepare for him.

Musing on the singular adventure in which I had thus unexpectedly embarked, and on the best consolations I could bring to this mournful and mysterious death-bed, I made my way to Irwin's lodgings, and heard, to my dismay, that he was out of town, and would not return until the following day. So I went back, heavy and dispirited, to Mr. Daly's, and found him in the access of a paroxysm of anguish, from oppression of breathing, which lasted for some time. The application of an opiate plaister and a soothing draught just sent by Dr. —, gave him temporary relief. It was a painful task to call his attention to worldly affairs at such a season. I hardly knew how to commence it; but, strange to say, he was more composed than I, and in pauses of mitigation, told me that his will and papers were deposited in his desk in the room below; that the former had been carefully prepared long since, and that his heir was also to be his executor. He sent for it, and caused me and the old servant to witness it. I mentioned Irwin.

"That is the man," said he. "I would not desire to see him now. I ought, perhaps, to have done so ere this; but I had not courage, and now I am unable. He was a true friend, and will love me too well to mourn for me. I will not doubt that he will fulfil my wishes; but should he hesitate, or not be at hand when I die, I charge you to see them enforced to the letter—I allude to the minute directions I have given as to the disposal of my body. Promise me this"—and he looked at me with dying earnestness.

I was painfully moved. "Rely upon it, sir," said I, "that, as far as possible, your commands shall be held sacred. Mr. Irwin is an intimate friend of mine; but I need not urge you to believe in his fidelity. He will be here to-morrow."

He smiled—"I trust that may be too late."

The exertion of speaking had exhausted him, and a fresh paroxysm was the consequence. When this passed, it was but to be succeeded by another; but in the momentary intervals, with a reinforced power of mind which now seems to be incredible, he spoke calmly—courageously. I prayed

him to think of hereafter—of that invisible world to which he was so swiftly going. The fearful reality gave me eloquence.

"I have thought of it," said he—"it is peace, peace."

But why should I dwell on this scene. I am a novice at description, and more graphic pens than mine have vainly attempted to pourtray what it is to see soul and body part. I will not seek to move any heart by giving minutely the passages of that night. What stirred me deeply might seem common-place to many. To die is common-place; but if there be one who, however, with anxious eye, watched the progress of the disease that preyed on him, he will be well able to realize that spectacle which, once seen, can never be forgotten. In no other malady is the powerful, slow, sure grasp of the iron hand of death so visible. The drilling links, the gradual extinction of vitality, the empurpled features fading to an ashen hue, the labouring breast which struggles still, heaving for breath, after longer and longer intervals, till at length one long, low, gurgling sigh, which seemed to me easier than the rest, closed his last pang—then was the victory decided. I thought that, worn out with pain, he slept; but a significant look from the servant, who stood silent at the foot of the bed, undeceived me.

"He is gone," said she, quietly; and moving up to the pillow, glared the light on the fallen jaw and wide-open eyes of the dead man. We were alone with the body.

She closed the glazing eyes, and bound a cloth under the chin, while I, fixed and almost stupified, sat looking on. She then opened the lattice—the swallows were just beginning to twitter under the window, as the early dawn was grey. I rose mechanically, and walked over to look out upon the parting clouds, and gazed vacantly like one in a dream. I know not how long I stood there. After a while, I turned; there was the old woman, the glimmering candle with its long wick unquaffed, and on the little table beside the narrow bed—white, bare, and comfortless—stood the half-full phial of medicine, and bowl of water, provided for its now painless occupant—the cold, calm, majestic *corpsée*. I looked

on it long and steadily—how dignified, how stately—it was a noble statue. I could not analyse my feelings, and hardly collect my thoughts, the events had hurried upon me so rapidly. There he lay—a man whose existence I had not known when the sun, now about to rise, had risen yesterday—of whose living history I knew nothing, and now I was his sole confidant. What had he been—what untold miseries had laid him low?

When standing by the death-bed of one we love, we are too full of keen anguish for reflection, we think not of ourselves but of him; but when not under the pressure of actual grief, there is, in my opinion, an elevating influence in the presence of a corpse which *must* be felt, unless by those inured by custom to the sight. Who but at times must envy it, and long to die? I speak not of this as though it were a pious feeling, but a kind of natural reconciliation with mortality which inspires us—a mood which, perhaps, it would be wise to encourage. We cannot but endow the departed soul with the same peaceful rest expressed in the features of its late tenement, and hope, if not say, "Surely it is well with him."

Some lines of that great and good man, John Wesley, came forcibly into my mind; and if they want the elevation of poetic diction to commend them to the critical reader, their homely embodiment of actual impressions may atone for its absence. The feelings they express were mine for the moment, as with interest and awe I contemplated the still face of this utter stranger:

"Oh, lovely appearance of death,
What sight upon earth is so fair?
Not all the gay pageants that breathe,
Can with a dead body compare.
With solemn delight I survey
The corpse when the spirit is fled—
In love with the beautiful clay,
And longing to lie in its stead!

"To mourn and to suffer is mine,
While bound in life's prison I breathe,
And still for deliverance pine,
And press to the issues of death.
What now with my tears I bedew,
Oh, might I this moment become;
My spirit created anew,
My body consigned to the tomb."

CHAPTER IV.

"Lives there a record which hath told
That she was wedded, widowed, old?"

"Unless those eyes deceive,
I may, I must, I will believe
That she, whose charms so meekly glow,
Is what she only seemed below."

J. MONTGOMERY.

IN meditations such as these, an hour or more passed away ; and then the glorious morning sun beamed through the window into the lonely chamber of death. How bright and beautiful looked the far hills, and how fresh and green in the early dew the rank grass and trees, even in the town garden, or rather waste plot of ground, at the back of the house ; and then the birds, in their summer merriment, were fluttering through the branches, particularly one sweet thrush, who was the chief musician—

"His dark wings
Quivered with song, such free triumphant song,
As if tears were not, as if breaking hearts
Had not a place below."

How shall we explain our changeful hearts to ourselves? The scene and hour gave a sudden revulsion to my thoughts—I felt, thrillingly, a sense of life, and youth, and strength too vivid to forget.

Then, hark! there came a voice of bells—joy-bells—pealing merrily. Was it because death had won? Ay! it was—I did not recollect at the time the cause—but it was the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo. To how many had that gay chime been as a knell, and told of youth and bravery quelled in its beauty and pride—of manly vigour, and soft, fond, filial, paternal husband's love, for ever paralysed and chilled ; to how many a heart it told its

"Only hope
Had died beneath the hoofs of trampling steeds!"

But these thoughts did not come before me then. Bells!—some say their sound is ever mournful. I think not so ; but this—it is the most sympathetic music. It ever speaks of hope or of despair—bursting forth, we know not whence, the instrument and cause alike invisible. The passing bell—the knell—has not its high, lone, weird, monotonous vibration—without modulation, without harmony, but solemnly

melodious—an inexplicable magic? Like the departing pulsation of life, it strikes and stops, and we pause, and lo! it strikes again, and again, and again, and again, and then there is a longer pause, and we listen—but in vain, we hear it no more ; but it leaves the ear still expectant, for it "died and gave no sign."

And joy-bells—are they not joyous, with their quick, successive cadence "never ending, still beginning?" They, too, leave the sounds unfinished ; but then the heart only hopes for a peal more joyful than the last—a diapaason would there seem a chord of woe, a signal that all was over.

I listened, and still they chimed on. The morning wore away ; but I could not awake myself to reality sufficiently to consider what was best to be done, or rather what I should first do. The noise and cries in the street first aroused me to a sense of my position ; and speaking to the old woman, who now, worn out with watching and weariness, I perceived had fallen asleep in her chair, I told her that it would be necessary for me to seal her master's desk and property, until I should return in a few hours with his executor and man of business, to have his will read, and its provisions carried into effect.

She, poor old creature, seemed really in heart-felt grief, nor (as might have been expected, considering her class and situation,) jealous of the interference of one whose position with regard to her late master might pardonably have excited suspicions, if not distrust, in a less honest and upright mind, and be taken advantage of by a grasping and unfeeling one.

"Then you'd better come to the drawin'-room, sir ; it was there I put back the paper he sent me width last night." She said Mr. Daly, even during his health, seldom rose till dusk, and then chiefly spent his time in writing, or pacing about that room.

He would never suffer the furniture to be removed or altered in any way. "It was hard to underherstand his ways, poor gintleman," said she; "but sure he had a right to be pleased, as he was the master, and he had a rale tindher heart any how." While she spoke, her tears flowed fast, proving, as the tears of age ever do, the sincerity of her sorrow, and opening the door of a large room, we entered. The shutters were closed, but through a heart-shaped hole cut in the upper part of them, the sun poured in a slanting beam, showing the myriad dancing motes of air, as if every breath was instinct with life and motion.

My heart was filled with subdued excitement: I was ashamed to acknowledge the experience of the emotion which almost stunned me. It was a large and lofty room, and furnished in a style which had been, perhaps, fashionable some fifty years ago—not antique, but rather out of date. The sofas and ottomans were high, square, and softly cushioned, and the oval-backed chairs covered with rich silk drab and rose-coloured damask, in a large flowered pattern, and profusely gilt, though now the colours were faded. The walls were also gilded in panels, and the mirrors and pier-glasses between the windows, with their marble slabs supported by caryatides, were finished after the showy taste of the time. But what chiefly arrested my attention was a full length picture, the size of life, which occupied one end of the room.

"Whose portrait is that?" inquired I.

"Mrs. Whychcot's, I believe, sir," said the servant.

"Why, did you never see her—is it like her?"

"I don't know, sir: I seen her, sure enough, but not to know is that like her or no. She was weakly, and 'id always be muffled up in a shawl. But the mather was very partial to it, and it's talkin' to 't he'd spind his time, whin he'd be here alone: myself often thought that it was afther her he broke his heart; but I niver hard him spake of her."

The picture, which was finely executed, was that of a young woman, represented, as I thought, in character. An Italian scene formed the

back-ground, and a small volume lay on a seat, from which she seemed just risen: the dress was white, and its drapery sat almost closely to the figure, which was covered nearly to the throat: one arm fell listlessly by the side, and from the other depended a wide-leaved straw hat, knotted with blue ribbands, and a ribband of the same hue encircled the waist. The face was not fully turned, nor yet quite in profile: the hair, of a pale brown, was bound in a knot behind, so as to show the beautiful form of the head, and part fell in a thick soft mass, as if escaped from its band, down one side of the lovely face—most lovely it was. The forehead was high and calm, and the complexion pale and colourless—perhaps too colourless for a painting; but it might have faded from time. The brows were little darker than the hair, and but slightly arched. The eyes were a deep grey, and the features faultlessly beautiful; but the expression of the whole countenance was pensive and melancholy, even to a painful degree, for it was a speaking picture, and could not but be a resemblance of the subject of the artist's pencil; for never could imagination supply so touching an index of a broken heart as that fair face bespoke. Without any absolute similarity in form, there was about it an air—a look, which reminded me of Guido's Beatrice Cenci. I believe that their common characteristic was the expression of subdued energy visible in both. My eyes were rivetted upon it, and then did the probable story flash upon my mind of wretched—perhaps guilty love: but it was hard to associate such a thought with that of the pure and noble-looking being before me. Unfortunate she must have been—unworthy never. She was sacrificed, perhaps, by ambitious friends to the wealth of an elder brother, while her heart was another's. Now I had discovered it. Unhappy young creature—well, she is at peace—she has no sin or sorrow now. Thus did I fashion her history. Then turning to the old woman, who stood near me—

"Here is his desk, sir," said she, "just as he left it. Thursday was the last day he was writin' in it, I believe—I never dar stir it. I have no readin' myself, and he niver locked

it; but here is the key. He seen a grate dale of throuble in his time, I'm sure, and it tuk it all to wear him out; another would die in half the time."

The knowledge of the whole mystery was in my power now; but curious as I was, I shrunk from learning it; it seemed like sacrilege to pry into the secrets of the dead. Perhaps had he power now he would forbid me, thought I, and hastily locking the desk, and taking the key, I left the house, and returned home.

After parrying the many questions at our merry breakfast-table, occasioned by my grave looks, I soon set forth in quest of Irwin, and having found him at home, unfolded my errand. I knew well that never did a softer heart beat in an iron frame than

in Irwin's; but, notwithstanding, his emotion surprised me. He could not listen to my detail of all the circumstances, his grief was so overpowering when he heard that it was but just then that Daly was past all help and consolation.

"I have sought diligently for years, but could find no trace of him: I thought he had gone abroad. Had I seen him but once living," he cried bitterly, "my poor, poor Richard!—To think of my having passed that house yesterday, unconscious of what its walls separated me from; and in what careless mirth I wasted this night of his fate. Come, come," said he, roughly, and dragging my arm under his, we left his lodgings, and with a rapid pace proceeded to —— street.

A MONTH IN THE HIGHLANDS.

THE world is changing—the political world need we say? The stage-coach world. The world of bobbins and muslins! Why should not the world of Mr. Murphy, the almanack novelist? but so it is—the summer of the present year having been "omitted by particular desire" in favour of a less honoured rival.

Yet, who, amongst the dingy denizens of our dusty city, yearns not at this period of the year, towards the healthful breezes and green solitudes of the country. The sandy deserts of Arabia only want water-carts and bells, to complete the resemblance between some of their wide wastes and our more frequented thoroughfares in summer! How often have we observed the "Hero of the Nile" ignobly swallowed up in dust, and the road to the fair at Donnybrook, one thick, dark "palpable obscure;" and then the lumbering water-cart trundling along, in some unsuspecting moment, lets fly full fiz against your "patent leathers," raising its additional contingent of dust and odours which shall be anonymous, and all this while you are broiling and evapo-

rating at every pore. It is no small delight, under such a dynasty of heat and dust, amid the many intrusions of art, on the fair domain of nature, which the advancing surges of civilization every day betray, to learn that there are secret spots yet unin- vaded by the arch-intruder, "dingles and bushy dells" and "bosky bourns," where the ripening summer sheds its thousand charms, and the soft shadows of the country afford a shelter for reading and communing with the busy spirits of former times, or those of our own time, away from the busy turmoil of the world—sweet spots, not yet given up to that Iron Monster, whose breath is steam and whose maw is fed with fire, and threatens to overrun the length and breadth of the land. We live, of a verity, in an age of miracles, not the least of which is the "seven leagued giant" alluded to. Our fathers, good easy mortals, always made their wills, before "fitting out an expedition of forty or fifty miles" to one of the provincial towns, a bit of amusement, now put off for a few spare moments after breakfast, or after

tea, and an æconomic traveller may, with a considerable degree of certainty, accept an invitation to breakfast in Ireland, to dine in Scotland, and do himself the pleasure of joining John Bull at supper in Lancashire! Impressed with some such mystic hallucination, we formed the magnanimous resolve, in the early part of the summer months, to forsake the fostering attentions of Alma Mater, and, leaving the delights of dust and duns, common and morning lectures behind us, decided on stretching our legs, (by-the-bye, none of the shortest,) amongst the Highlands, and along the lakes of Scotland. On the eve of our departure we fell in with three others bent on the same excursion, and as it may not be entirely devoid of interest to certain old gentlemen in the country to be made acquainted with the precise way certain young juveniles "improve" their evenings "on town," when in their paternal solicitude they fancy them deep in Brinkley and Sophocles, the recital of our arrangement will have a double effect.

Behold our three friends sallying out, then, under the college gate in quest of adventures, every other night of the week! You might have seen them in the pit of the theatre, until eleven; this evening, however, the balmy coolness of the air tempts them to a walk—after sundry peregrinations, however, even the coolest of all possible cool evenings loses its attractions, and an attentive observer might perceive them "take a dive" into a certain classic locality in view of the college. There a hurricane of spoons and glasses pretty roundly intimates the nature of our friends' adventurous dispositions, while the easy grace with which "nods and becks and wreathed smiles," are dealt round to old familiar friends, through clouds of tobacco smoke, renders conjecture all but superfluous, every shadow of a doubt gradually disappearing, on the production of a certain dubious enormity in the shape of a jug of "screeching hot water," a quantity, almost incredible, of a certain fluid apostrophized by one Michael Cassio, and not least, though last, a plateful of halfpenny pipes.

After talking over many subjects of considerable interest, but somewhat

irrelevant to what we purpose to bring before the reader, our friends relapsed into a somewhat moody, but withal meditative train of thought, interrupted somewhat abruptly by the chairman of our small party.

"By-the-bye, I say, Walton, what amiable neighbourhood will be graced by your particularly amiable presence during vacation," he inquired with particular gravity. "If I can manage to pump my governor down east, I have a slender idea of taking a skirt to the Isle of Man. What do you say?"

"I'm your man," said the person addressed. "Of course, write a very pathetic dodge to the old cove, after the manner of Sam Slick—soft sawder, ahem—or what's this one of the old Latin writers says—*errebescit* or *erubescat*—'a letter never blushes.' Ask a good round figure; you'll get half."

"I'll join you," squeaked a little anagram of humanity at the end of the table, rejoicing in a patronymic we never could think of, but whom we called *Omikron*, in contradiction to *O mega*, the great Dan—"I'm your man too."

"When do you purpose to take a shy at the big wigs for your degree?" inquired Walton. "You're becoming one of the evergreens in college, eh?"

"I'm not done with that ruffianly grind yet," quoth Omikron; "I have dissected the last six winters, still I missed the carotids and that d—d epigastric yesterday, with part of the heart. I must put up the anatomy stiff, at any rate; if they ask me any of their confounded practical points, why I'll just tell 'em I didn't trouble my head about 'em, that's all."

"Right, old fellow," assented another of the party, deep in the mysteries of slicing a lemon. "Send the hot water, however, on a peripatetic errand—this way, if you please. You're very well off—better than I am, I can tell you; here have I been all the winter stuck in the mud, getting up on sciences, and there they go tag that ruffianly *Heautontimorumenos* to our examination in classics, just as if we were not pretty considerably screwed up in Latin already."

"You haven't Mosheim and Whately to be delving at, like me," interjected a third aspirant to university honours; "and Butler's Analogy, the deuce himself could get no good of—but here

comes Sambo with his villainous conundrums for the six hundredth time, and that other ruffian, Desdemona."

At this moment it may be consistent with the duties of the historian to acquaint the reader that the noise and clamour of some three hundred worshippers at the shrine of Bacchus, subsided into the deepest silence, and two gentlemen came forward, on a small stage separated from the rest of the apartments, whose faces seemed much indebted to a lavish application of lamp black; and with little respect for the "unities," but less for the text of the immortal bard, the uglier of the two burst forth into an address to Desdemona—the latter sitting all unconscious, like a negro tailor, if such an entity happen to be "in rerum natura"—not "fresh as Dian's visage," as the poet thought fit to represent her, but with a new reading of the text, "begrimed and black," as her sterner half, and ready, like Mrs. Caudle or the echo of Killarney, to have the last word. The effect of the closing few lines was quite electric; the noble Moor bewails his journeys end, "the butts"

"And very sea mark of his utmost sail,"

and then bursts into that whelming torrent amid the profoundest stillness—

"Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight!
Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!
Wash me in steep down gulfs of liquid fire!"

He stands transfixed with passion.

"Wash, indeed," interjected a voice—"I'd like to know how you are off for soap!"

Whether the guileless Desdemona wished for the information, we can't with certainty state, from the hurricane of laughter which ensued, but looking a "team of thunderbolts at her," the noble Moor took up a three-legged stool on which he had been sitting, and made his exit amid the din of trumpets and silver spoons: this too soon died away, and our friends again subsided into the previous topic.

"I say, O——, were you at jurisprudence to-day?" inquired one of the party.

"Not I, indeed—much better engaged down Grafton-street with a fine pair of killing eyes, than to be learning a tarnation lot of stuff about

killing cats and poisoning rabbits. I'll do the dodge heavy going in, and as for the ticket, I don't care a farthing."

"You'll be bowled. What's Marsh's test?"

"Oh, some d——d thing about hydrogen; as for chemistry, I know just as much about it as a cow does of cutting corns; this is only my third year at it; of course next winter I'll inake some fellow put me up on it."

At this moment the conversation was interrupted by a general rush towards one end of the room, where the crash of something like a pewter pot, significantly hinted that there was all likelihood of a scuffle. Our friend O—— was in the middle of the matter in an instant, the other members of the party, as a matter of course, remaining in their places.

"As we have got rid of that precious juvenile," resumed Walton, "might we not arrange about our trip. We shall have little to do during vacation, and stop in town I shall not for one."

"Nor I," said Jussieu, our botany man.

"Nor I," roared most vigorously our representative of the poetic art, and whom we dignified with the name of Wordsworth.

"Nor I," added a fourth, who seemed busily intent on the proceedings.

"Agreed, then—we revive the philosophy of the peripatetics, and pedestrian it somewhere. We have been projecting for a long time a run across to the Highlands and Scottish lakes—what say you to it?"

"I shall join you with all my heart," spoke in Parnassus.

"And I——"

"And you, most potent, grave, and reverend professor, you'll come and pick up the *crucifere*—eh? not forgetting the Acrogenous etceteras."

"I fear I can't; you know I have several things to do during summer. I'll go with you to Croagh Patrick or Mangerton."

"Oh, no, we were at Killarney and Connemara last year. 'Varium et mutabile,' like that of the ladies should be our motto for our vacation rambles."

"I don't half fancy crossing the channel. My estimable friend, Dr. Johnson, when he defined a ship 'as a prison with the danger of drowning,'

was quite right. I, for one, will put my veto on transgressing the bounds of *terra firma*."

"We must take another trip, then, to the continent of Connemara," replied Walton, sulkily, "and see what new variety of the *convolvulaceæ*, or pickled gherkin family, with a long name, we may pick up on the Galtees."

"Or for the twenty-third time peripateticise it in the county Wicklow, at the Dargle or elsewhere, to the dulcet melody of the 'Meeting of the Waters,'" edged in a second.

"Or ruralize it with the nursery productions of Stephen's-green."

"Or, or——"

But Jussieu was quite inflexible; the idea of sea sickness had filled him "brimful of horrors," having once been guilty of the extreme recklessness of venturing a mile and a half to sea in a canoe, on a botanic excursion. All persuasion seemed literally thrown away, till Wordsworth, amid a profusion of the most magic imagery, with divers hints of the unnamed *genera* and *species* on the shores of Loch Lomond, gave the "health of our talented friend;" poor "Labiatores" began to relent. If historic accuracy, however, must be adhered to, it becomes our duty to chronicle the astounding fact, that by this he had become considerably "fuddled;" but if, in rising to acknowledge the toast, he felt some difficulty in gaining the perpendicular, the most charitable conclusion perhaps we can arrive at, is, that he was as much under the influence of his feelings and natural timidity, as the aforesaid state of things; his speech was particularly astute, but like his other modes of progression, considerably zig-zag.

He pretty plainly perceived all opposition was useless, and concluded, amid visions of botanic immortality not the most stable, (such as a seventh glass of punch, would be likely to inspire,) by giving in his agreement to the project, and placing in the hands of our "Chancellor of the Exchequer," his contingent of the expense. The succeeding Tuesday was appointed for bidding adieu to the provost and gentlemen with the velvet breeches at the college gate, and as the night had managed to wax rather late and even the gentle Desdemona, had long since gone to wash off the

lamp black, we separated for the night.

In accordance with the philosophy of Corporal Nym, the eventful morning, was not long in the course of matters, coming round; it appeared, however, somewhat portentous, as from an early hour, water barrels were in brisk demand, and umbrellas seemed getting steadily up, our heart sunk within us, as we crossed the college square to the vicinity of "Botany Bay." Our friends, however, nothing daunted, were ready, each equipped with a Leghorn hat, and a sixpenny blackthorn. We got on board towards evening, and before the sun had set, the last glimpses of poor dear Ireland had passed from our view. After walking on deck for some time, the evening closed in fast, and the more careful went below. It is a singular trait in our mental conformation, when left alone amid the great works of nature, how insensibly the mind becomes part and parcel of the religion and awe breathing around; several remained on deck to enjoy the delicious calm, not a ripple disturbed the mirrored surface of the sea; some canvas which had been put up with the faint expectation of wooing a breeze, flapped idly against the mast, and was taken in; the stars came out one by one, till the entire vault seemed studded with gems—one in particular, "companion of retiring day," seemed lingering at the "closing gates of heaven," or like that other gem, it reminded me of Milton's

"Heaven's youngest-teamed star
The sleeping sea with handmaid lamp attending."

On ploughed the steamer, like a "thing of life," each throb of its mighty heart, the only interruption to the solemn silence that reigned around. It was a scene, commonplace enough if you will, but still a scene of rapture, a scene to revel in, a scene in which to waste one's ideas of grandeur, sublimity, and magnificence—to lose one's identity in the stern majesty of nature. I was sorry towards morning when a revolving light, far in the distance, reminded us of the tiny works of art; the moon hung over the edge of the horizon also for a few moments, reminding me of Shelley's "Spirit of Night," "swiftly

walking o'er the western wave," then dipped and disappeared. The morning was far advanced, yet I know not how it had crept on; I was too full of feeling, awe, delight, to have minded any thing; the deck had been long deserted. I now resolved to wait the approach of the sun—but who shall attempt to describe the thousand tints and streaks and flecked beauties of sunrise, the gorgeous panoply of curtained grandeur with which the great orb rolls forth upon the horizon at sea?—no one, nor shall I. You have seen it, gentle reader, and your feelings have filled you with delight not to be expressed; the same calm seemed brooding over the sea as the evening before, nothing was visible but sea and sky, and the dim twinkling of a light far, far away. Oh! yes, that beautiful little creature which had followed in our track all night, waving its airy wing to and fro in the wake of the vessel; like the spirit of peace following the good man through the billows and waves of the world, did that little wanderer ply its untiring wing.

Before turning in for a sleep, I took a walk to the foremost part of the vessel, to see how the poor people in that quarter managed to pass the night; they were all on deck, no accommodation whatever having been provided to shelter them from the inclemency of the weather—a subject on which the captain and I happened to entertain different opinions, and the extreme hardship of which formed the subject of a rather discursive, shall I say tempestuous argument next morning. There were several poor people stretched around, and many an anxious and perhaps sad heart beat under the guise of contented looks and smiles, it was really surprising to witness the fortitude with which they seemed to bear their privation; but it is no new page in the teachings of the moralist, that it is among the poor these virtues shine the brightest.

Among the rest, a fine old fellow with the frost of some seventy years on his head, arrested my attention; he was leaning over the side of the vessel, and a few minutes sufficed to get into conversation. It was just forty-six years since he had seen a

trace of Scotland, and the rapture of delight with which he watched the apparently insignificant point of light in the distance, told of "thoughts too deep for tears;" indeed, I thought I perceived the poor old fellow once or twice rubbing the corners of his eye—his wife and sons were many years dead, but one daughter, whom he had left after him an infant, he was just "ganging up to Edinbro' to see." He was fifty years entirely at sea, the greater part of which had been spent between Calcutta and Liverpool, yet when I intimated something about his giving up the sea, "Na, na, sir," said he, "I could na live but at sea." The poor fellow related a host of anecdotes of his voyages. In the midst of one of them he seemed peering at the light in the distance; I inquired, "what do you call that light?"

"Yon light sir," he exclaimed with emphasis, "is in Scotland! I ken it weel, it has na changed that spot these fifty years." He could go no farther, he filled up and I could distinctly perceive the large tear rolling down his cheek. Yes! said I, internally, here is a man, who never "played the woman" in his life perhaps before, who never trembled at the fury of the waves or the storm, who has wasted half a century under the burning sun of Hindostan, and who, one should have imagined, would have forgotten every thing about this little isle of the west, yet here he is crying with delight, at the idea of home! I turned away, and bent my steps towards the cabin.

After some hours of refreshing sleep, the clatter and din of some warlike engagement, obliged me to turn out: my "compagnons de voyage" and other passengers, seemed particularly intent on enjoying themselves, in the middle of a Scotch breakfast. What a miraculous array of fish, flesh, marmalade, tea, coffee, toast, ham, poached eggs, poultry, and preserves! all the kingdoms of nature seemed rifled, to give us a flattering idea of our gallant captain and his arrangements. I walked on deck, preferring some mouthfuls of fresh air—we were in the Frith of Clyde.

We had long before passed Ailsa Craig, a curious looking rock growing

out of the sea, not unlike a Twelfth-night cake, if old Father Neptune happen to need a small commodity in that way. We were passing right under the magnificent peaks of Arran—a spot full of the boldest and most romantic scenery, as we afterwards found. Bute, another island apparently more cultivated, struck us as particularly fine, and the Cumrays, on which the pilot, much against orders, was particularly eloquent, stretched away in the distance. Several vessels laden with the spoils of different countries, in full sail, were beating up the the river, and in the distance we counted over thirty small craft, with their beautiful little white sails, engaged in fishing; indeed, the bustle and beauty of that morning in the Clyde, with the exquisite deep emerald of the advancing tide, was more than sufficient to repay us for the trouble of coming across. In a paroxysm of delight, I bent my steps to the fore-castle to enjoy it with my aged friend of the night before; but I missed him, and on inquiry learned that he had gone in the pilot-boat long before, so desirous was the poor old fellow to plant his foot on the first available point of Scottish ground. This circumstance may appear trivial, but as the first time we witnessed that true love of country which we afterwards met in every part of Scotland, it made a lasting impression on us. While musing for a few minutes on the foremost point of the vessel, and inhaling the delicious morning breeze, the merry laugh of the poor people near me caught my attention; I bent my ears to listen. A fierce controversy seemed to be going on between three of the party—an old soldier, a somewhat fair representative of John Bull; a Scotch woman, in the possession of a most alarming allowance of the several figures of speech; and a poor Irishman, with the soft Doric of the county Clare, in all its unalloyed beauty.

The last mentioned had hazarded an opinion in an unsuspecting moment, it seemed, that the "Mouth of the Shannon" was finer "than any of your Clydes," and "Scathery Island much purtier to behold than either Arran of Bute—aye, or a pair of Butes." This was too much for the temper of his fair opponent, who put me in mind more than once of this loquacious

Mause Headrigg. Her choler began to boil over, and an animated discussion ensued on the relative excellencies of the different countries. Many points were discussed, to the manifest perturbation of poor Paddy's logic, and of a more formidable weapon, his temper. They came at length to the subject of potatoes.

"I always heerd the pyeties was betther wid us any how," said Paddy, "in a tone of dismay bordering on despair, at the obstinacy of his opponent.

"Hoot, man, yer kintra canna come near Scotland for 'em. Ye have unco little sense in that clavering tongue o' ye—what say ye, sir?" appealing to the old soldier.

"I should be very much inclined to draw lots," quietly remarked that functionary, "or toss up a halfpenny to see which of ye is the laziest—d—d pack of knaves. Why don't ye eat bread, and make a present of potatoes to the pigs?"

"We gives pyeties to the pigs too," said Paddy, nothing discomfited, "but we keep ones for ourselves too; they're better any how than oatmeal and an ingin, biled with a paving stone, and called broth."

"Our brose, I think," said Mause, "wad fatten your lugs; it 'ill be a bicker o' brose, man, ye'll be thinking of the noo, and no of potatoes and saut. Ye dinna ken e'en the right way of planting and watering the potato in Ireland."

"Yerra, ma'am, we don't," exclaimed Paddy, bursting into a fit of laughing. "Wathering 'em, alannah! I knew well they didn't grow at all with ye—wathering 'em, ma'am! yerra, they comes by nather to us—they don't want no wather."

This seemed irresistible as a matter of reasoning, and Paddy, by the unanimous roar of every one, was declared winner—John Bull, somewhat after the instructive legend of the hare and the tortoise, being "no where." Signs of preparation were pretty visible soon on board, and somewhat about eleven o'clock we landed at Greenock. A short discussion now ensued whether we should go up to Glasgow by railroad, or stop at Greenock a couple of days, and take a boat across to Loch Long, Loch Eyk, and the Western Highlands. Our botanic friend car-

ried the point, as he came to a dead halt, and would go no where else. The little steamer from the Broomielaw soon came up puffing and panting, and, leaving our luggage behind us, we directed our course across the Clyde, and, landing at a beautiful little spot, Dunoon, set out most vigorously for a walk into the exquisite highlands of Argyshire. Our geography was more than once at fault, being provided with no guide-book, except the delightful romance of Miss Jane Porter; still while travelling over the same ground as Wallace and Lady Mar, with a glinting of the Clyde occasionally visible, we thought we should scarcely go astray, though with those magnificent blue hills about us, with their delicious breezes from every quarter of heaven, and refreshed in pure highland fashion, with some "bannocks of barley meal," and the classic Glenlivet, it was something bordering on the fabulous how we stretched away. We were informed that Inverary was some few dozen miles from us; however the sun thinking it time to give up for the day, we were fain to follow his example.

After a night of the most refreshing sleep we were again fully equipped at the first intimation of morning, and after sundry hints from our canny hostess, the estimable Mrs. Mac Lachlan, set out for Loch Long. By what combination of miracles we reached it, has since been to me a subject of amazement. The grandeur and rugged magnificence of the hills was quite equal to that of the day before, being one of the chief localities for deer-stalking. Perhaps I should best consult the integrity of the tourist's equanimity, with an especial regard also to that of his shin bones, by advising him in such a strait to go on to Inverary or back to the Clyde. If his legs are superior to the vulgar fashion of breaking, as Scrope, I think, says, so much the better, as in coming down precipices adorned with sharp-edged angular rocks, his feet will get unadvisedly into awkward holes and cavities, and then the numerous mountain streams, to which "distance lends such enchantment," tumbling over their little rocky barriers, become so provoking, crossing one's path, we were obliged to ford it quietly a couple of times, and once were on the point

of having recourse to what Walton was pleased to term, the "paltry subterfuge" of swimming, but that a young lady on the opposite bank, after pretty considerable hailing, "pushed her light shallop from the shore," and rescued us.

Next morning we reached Dumbarton, and having visited the Rock and Castle hanging over the Clyde, set off for the lower end of Loch Lomond—a little spot called Balloch. Beyond Dumbarton we came unexpectedly on the monument and cottage sacred to the literary memory of Smollet. Need I say, we passed them with many a thought of poor "Humphrey Clinker." Some interesting-looking gentlemen's seats were also pointed out; but for us the rather rude pile alluded to had infinitely more attractions. The little steamer (*Water Witch*) was on the point of starting as we got on board, and before many minutes we were worming our way up the lake; and here let me premise, by saying, that I consider it little less than "flat burglary" to trench on the time-honoured privileges of the guide-books, and that where the reader may wish for mathematical exactness in description, he will find it in those useful repositories of the pathetic and trigonometric—not in our sketch.

The weather, sometimes in a threatening mood, betrayed little tendency to sympathise with our sight-seeing adventures, and like a wily politician, or any thing else much and particularly addicted to locomotion, it seemed uncertain which way to turn, so that we began to entertain sundry misgivings as to the result of our tour; and the permeability of straw hats to rain. Quite suddenly, however, it began to clear, and a gentle breeze—the guardian spirit of the lake—seemed anxious to honour us, and as the little steamer ran along each studded isle, and off each "beaked promontory," we could perceive the morning mists skimming the surface of the lake, and rolling into beautiful masses of cloud along the hills, more particularly over the peak of the majestic Ben Lomond. Before arriving right under Ben Lomond, nothing can exceed the exquisite beauty of the scenery. The position of the little streams with respect to the relative points of the landscape, changes every minute, presenting to

the eye a series of the most lovely pictures, groupings, and combinations, of nature's pencil, which the most vivid imagination can scarcely fancy to be real. We had not gone unprepared to expect something magnificent, yet were we utterly amazed and delighted. Our botanic friend was the only dissentient; he was all anxiety to get to the top of Ben Lomond, to learn if a particular cryptogamia, with a name as long as his own looks, enjoyed that elevated position in society. He seemed on the very verge of despair, with his tin case slung at his back quite empty, his portfolio, new from the shop, in a similar condition of vacuity. The poetic member of our party seemed wrapped in the beauty of every thing around. And Walton, with a dim, but reverential pondering over the philosophy of old Isaac, cast many a "longing lingering look" into the depths below after trouts and conger eels. A superficial observer might have imagined him looking after the philosopher's stone, or trying the "binomial theorem," but several cogent reasons led to the belief of that being a mistake. After gliding along for some miles, breakfast, by way of poetic license, made its appearance. Some of the braw Scots bodies, with their huge plaids rolled about them, seemed to consider it the most picturesque phenomenon they had yet witnessed; and one lady, after looking a quarto volume of poetry at Ben Lomond, asked very inquiringly after "poached eggs, and a wee bit fish with mustard!" The breakfast was eminently Scotch, so we need say little more, that being a receipt in full for all further description. On emerging from the cabin, one ecstasy of rapture burst from every one—we were now in the midst of the most magic fairy land! The lake beginning to narrow, continues one succession of exquisite sketches for some miles; the border, beautifully indented with mimic bays and promontories, appeared elegantly planted, save ever, and anon where some naked rock presented a barrier to the sapient aggressions of the Laird of Dumbiedikes. Yet even amid the wildest clefts of such rocks the graceful outline of the fir and pine were often perceptible. The little islands scattered up and down partook of the same character, but seemed more wild

and luxuriant, several of them not unlike pieces of rock-work thrown up from the depths below, others again, more precipitous and rugged, reflected in all their deep and glorious colouring in the calm surface of the lake. Inchmurrin, the largest of the islands, is particularly fine, being beautifully wooded, and abounding with deer;—passing it we could descry them amongst the heather, and Walton quite suddenly was seized with the most amiable affection for the Duke of Montrose, who keeps a hunting-box on the lake. We stopped shortly after at the beautiful little inn at Tarbert, purposing to get to the top of Ben Lomond in the morning.

You have given that peremptory official, "Boots," orders to call you at four to go to the top of Mangerton—you have got, possibly, to the top of St. Paul's on Ludgate-hill, or have been tempted to the summit of the Righi, to see the sun rising, tempted by the vivid description of a fair contributor to the *University*—you have mounted the Alps, or failed in the ascent of Mont Blanc itself—yet not till you have put them all together in a Pelion-upon-Ossa way of doing things, and added some tender reminiscences of Cotopaxi and Chimboraso, will you have any thing approaching an idea of the labour attending the ascent of Ben Lomond: still, when you have gained the summit—by-the-bye we never did!—you will be more than repaid. We were very fortunate in meeting two Scotch gentlemen who had left the smoke and noise of Glasgow for some days, intent on going to the top—one a lieutenant in a Highland regiment in Glasgow, all pipeclay and poetry—the other a delightful creature, all prose and pig-iron—indeed only for the latter (a living representative of Mr. Nickleby) we never would have gone half the distance we did. For the first few miles he literally talked himself hoarse; his philosophy seemed one step in advance of Horatio's, as it included every imaginable thing in "heaven and earth." If we stopped by accident for a moment, a malicious assent to what he had been saying sent him off again "at a tangent."

"You purpose to make the most of your time, sir," edged in Walton, a few minutes after we had left the boat

for Ben Lomond ; "you seem equipped after the most approved piscatorial arrangement."

"Yes, sir, just ganging to see what I can do in Loch Katrine—trout excellent at present—should have been down a fortnight sooner—some pigs on hands—carried me to Liverpool—dreadful panic, sir, in the market.—Railways—world mad, sir, about railways—crash South Sea bubble, sir, particularly in Ireland.—Ireland fine country—industrial resources neglected. Such water power, sir, in Lancashire, would supply the world. Killaloe, sir, ought to be a second Lanark. Trade just now tremendous—thanks to Sir Henry Pottinger—Sir Henry, an Irishman—met him at dinner last month—fine fellow—said something about a picture—Chinese know nothing of perspective, however—how superior Salvator or Vandyke—by-the-bye, pigs looking up—I shall have a knock at the little Murillo you may have seen in Argyle-street—finer than any in the College—you've seen them of course."

We ventured to say we had not yet been to the "Metropolis of the West."

"Only thing, sir, worth seeing—aye, the statue of the Duke—one or two mistakes however, in that—one or two mistakes about the Duke himself—a little too much to say the other day about Maynooth—not particularly polite to the gentlemen of the press. My friend Macauley too, a little too loquacious—all Edinburgh—since up against him—better stick to the Review. Poor Peter Plimley—what a loss—often heard him at St. Paul's. Music there also very fine—music sir, how enchanting. What a spot you to enjoy Beethoven's symphonies—Beethoven deaf—Milton blind—instruction of deaf and blind amazing at present. You've been to the Institution, Liverpool—that and the Cemetery and docks worth visiting. Birkenhead a second Liverpool—dined with my cousin Frederick there last week—know him, sir?—an exceedingly good fellow—plenty of claret, imported for himself—champaigne also, sir, very superior."

"I wish we had a taste of its quality here," said our botanic friend, regularly tired out ; "it would be delightful to drink the memory of Robert

Burns or Walter Scott on the top of Ben-what-you-call-it, up yonder."

"Aye, sir, yon were two great men. I was down to the Festival at Ayr—all Scotland there, glorious old Christopher North at the head of them—Earl of Eglinton in the chair—obliged to come home by the Clyde—ever in the Clyde, sir? You should go and see Arran—by-the-bye, you take a moor for grouse in August—better than steaming it to Ostend, Aix-la-Chapelle, and all up that way—stupid work, sir—railroads badly laid down—eternal meerchaums and sour krout—one day at the Tro-sachs worth it all—and then Ehrenbreitstein! Give me Arthur's Seat and Edinburgh Castle—the Pentland Hills and Leith, and the Frith of Forth—nothing like it any where, sir ; and then the Forth itself winding away up to Stirling—you'll have been away to Stirling before now, sir? and seen the Castle and Bannockburn?—na, na, sir, no such places as yon any where in the world. You have read of Robert Bruce?"

I assented ; but knowing what a favourite subject he was now on, I made a shy of my sixpenny stick at an imaginary grouse, and thus managed to scatter our party. When we came up again, we made an unanimous halt to enjoy the delicious scene around—not so our garrulous friend—on, on he went about Wallace and Bruce, Miss Porter, Tait's Magazine, the Alhambra, the Rocky Mountains, mangle in sheep, Texas, Trichinopoly, pig iron, Sir Robert Peel, and a thousand other things particularly appropriate to the magnificence around us ;—indeed we were beginning to feel some compunctious visitings that our communicative friend was not entirely right in his upper "tier of boxes," till his "compagnon du voyage" quieted our fears. We stretched along in the grass at length, about half way up the hill, while he pointed out the chief points of interest in the landscape, his descriptions reminding us very strongly of the children's conceit "cross-reading" a newspaper—his account of the various exquisite scenes about us was agreeably diversified by the exact amount of bullion and paper in the Bank of England, with a lengthy parenthesis about the impeachment of Warren Hastings, while his digressions into the realms of fancy and fur-

naces bore something of the elliptical character—the longer axis of the ellipse stretching formidably towards the hot-blast arrangement, it would be quite impossible to give a sufficient idea of the patch-work brilliancies of our talking friend, as we plodded along up the hill; and when we lost him near the summit, as he went away across the country, we thought we never should “look upon his like again.” Our intention of gaining the summit of the hill we soon after gave up in utter hopelessness, and commenced our descent towards the lake—the prospect how magnificent! We stopped again and again; the deep stern silence of the mountains, the majestic grandeur of every thing around, so much in harmony, struck each of us with emotions of awe and adoration. Not a breath seemed to stir. We lay down to listen to the silent hush; it was grand beyond description—“nature’s silent eloquence;” indeed we held our breath to prevent the “slightest, faintest motion,” but were sensible to nothing save the indistinct murmur of our hearts beating. In a state of drowsy delightfulness, we continued for some time inhaling the balmy freshness of the air. Away far and wide stretched the everlasting hills—“the sky-roofed temple,” in which we were no unmoved worshippers—some, with soft undulations displaying many a valley and glen, where alone traces of human existence were visible; others, precipitous and rugged, lifting their gaunt and rugged heads into the sky. Taking from my pocket a volume, I purposed to read *ore rotundo* for the edification of all; but each had already called “spirits from the vasty deep” of their several pockets. One had got his favourite of the Lake School, Walton Davy’s “Salmonia,” while our botanic victim was deep in the mysteries, of some con-founded “Flora Britannica.” Never shall I forget that inspiring half hour, “recubans” without the “tegmene fagi”—stretched *al fresco*—the glorious sun blazing ~~down~~ upon us with all his might—the air the most delicious balm. What a relief to the drowsy atmosphere of the college lecture-room, where the beauties of Plutarch and Plato are interrupted by all imaginable noises, and you are requested not to pelt grains of shot

and peas at the professor. Having beat to arms again, we were once more under weigh, and soon regained our boat. “Rob Roy’s cave” having been duly explored, we bent our course to Inversnaid, a lonely spot, where we landed, and once more set out on *terra firma* for Loch Katrine. We were now in the midst of Rob Roy’s classic country; and a more wild or uncultivated spot it would be difficult to imagine. As Andrew Fairservice would say, it was just the place for a broken head, or to get “a length of a cauld dirk in our waim.” We were quite at sea, as to the exact position of Loch Katrine; and when we wished to be set right, we received a torrent of some incomprehensible jargon, relating, if we could trust to gestures, more to the sale of certain barley-cakes and dried fish disposed saltier-wise in the window, than our road to Loch Katrine. Remembering a device of the sage Bailie Nicol Jarvie in the same spot, and under somewhat dissimilar circumstances, we offered a shock-headed representative of the Dougal Creature a certain number of “bawbees,” if he would act as Cicerone, and speak a shade or two more like a civilized being, a stipulation, the former part of which, at least, he readily accepted. He pointed out Rob Roy’s house, Glengyle, and described his grave in the churchyard at Balquhider; and when we asked whether we passed the “Clachan of Aberfoyle,” he seemed wrapped in an ecstasy of delight and Gaelic. We met *one* solitary individual on our five miles walk, driving a very primitive-looking cart without wheels! two shafts with a rude framework, no unapt resemblance to a sledge. Indeed the analogy was somewhat farther borne out, the rude colt attached reminding one of a reindeer, so coarse, and withal lanky. We asked the poor man what our Dougal Creature was striving to say so vigorously in Gaelic; but of the two, he seemed himself the more incomprehensible! Grouse and cock started in numbers at our feet; but, being furnished with no more formidable munitions of war than the sticks so often alluded to, our sport was confined to a magnanimous fling of the aforesaid weapon—a variety of *battus* which afforded us some excellent ex-

ercise amongst the heather. The game, it may not be amiss to say *en passant*, is strictly preserved; and as every "bit wean on the side of the brae," in the vernacular, every young curmudgeon within ear-shot, is *pro tanto* "game keeper for the laird," that "*clarum et venerabile nomen*," poacher is quite unknown. One of our party (is it necessary to confess it was myself?) regretted exceedingly he had not brought a little bit of a "double-barrelled thing" with him, that was along with the luggage; but it was most fortunate we did not, or we should have been all hauled up, as Walton remarked, like Captain Lackland, under statute sixteen hundred and one, "for coming with hawks, hounds, setter-dogs, guns, cross-bows, or other engines for the destruction of game," without the poor satisfaction of a second Bartoline Saddle-tree to prosecute us. Having got a glimpse of Loch Katrine at last, we dismissed our guide, having been previously assured, if we just "ganged on a wee bit mile straight adoon," we should meet the head of the lake. We plodded away; but the "wee bit mile" spindling into longitude interminable, we thought we never should have met the end of it. When we arrived at the little cottage at the head of the lake, or, as the hostess was pleased to dignify it, the "Inn," we were offered beds, with the easy business air of a waiter in Princes-street. We declined the favour, and, as the evening promised well, set off on Loch Katrine for the Trosachs. Before we set out, our "commissariat department" was considerably reinforced by some excellent ham, and cold roast beef, with something else that bore a fascinating resemblance to cold grouse, a rather formidable-looking bottle of the most inimitable *Islay* also seemed to enjoy a very flattering place in the affections of all on board. And here, perhaps, we might indulge in one of those rhapsodies which the most facetious of the great reformers of the present age so amusingly ridicules, and speak of hills, and valleys, and islands, "bathed in sunlight," "flooded with summer glories," *et cetera*, but we should feebly, indeed, convey the most-infinitesimal idea of the exquisite beauty of that ten miles' pull up the lake. At first, a little flat, and some-

what commonplace, the borders of the lake soon become precipitous, and on rounding one particular point, all the magic scenery of the "*Lady of the Lake*" bursts on our view. Having contrived to get through the cold grouse rather respectably, and explored the depths of the black bottle, we were in excellent humour to hear about Fitz James, and Roderick Dhu, and the Fair Ellen. Our pilot seemed "well up" on the poem—

"It 'ill be no far from this," said he, with a most villainous Scotch brogue, "that rash chiel Græme swam across. You mind (recollect) weel, sir, the words—

"'Tell Roderick Dhu, I owed him nought,
Not the *pure* service of a boat
To waft me to yon mountain side'—
Then plunged he in the flashing tide,
Bold o'er the flood his head he bore,
And stoutly he steered away for the shore.

You ken the remainder."

We inquired after "Ellen's Isle."

"I'd make ye visit that, gentlemen, and see the *echo* and the bower; but it is unco late to see them."

The evening was closing in fast; so, after hearing several parts of the poem recited by our Palinurus, we thought it better to make for the little inn in the glen of the Trosachs. On approaching the end of our journey, we were utterly amazed and delighted by the beauty and sylvan richness of the encircling hills; and when we stepped on shore, and bent our steps through the glen, we were obliged unanimously to confess we had indeed seen nothing even in Scotland that could at all compare with the magnificence and beauty of the Trosachs. It is a spot to ramble through from night till morning, from morning till night, with the great magician of the north. As we passed through it, "the western waves of ebbing day" were flinging their long shadows across the glen, our poetic friend was fain to commence a recitation, the truthfulness of which was particularly striking:—

"One burnished sheet of living gold,
Loch Katrine lay beneath us rolled;
In all her length far winding lay,
With promontory, creek; and bay,

And islands that, empurpled bright,
 Floated amid the livelier light;
 And mountains that like giants stand,
 To sentinel enchanted land.
 High on the south, huge Ben-Venue
 Down to the lake in masses threw
 Craggs, knolls, and mounds, confusedly
 hurl'd,
 'The fragments of an earlier world;
 While on the north, through middle air,
 Beh-An heaved high his forehead bare."

Indeed, before we reached the little inn, we had read through the two first cantos of this exquisite poem; nor was our poetic rapture at all abated, till the waiter, in a somewhat pragmatical way, proffered a long document professing to be a bill of fare, and threw out the faintest possible hint we were late for dinner, but we might have "a chop to our tea." We begged to be favoured with the last-named luxury, without the chop, and sallied out again to enjoy the delicious calm of the evening. It would be difficult to fancy a more secluded or exquisite spot than that little inn at the Trosachs. We were just thinking how completely severed from the world we were, when a fashionable chaise drove up, and put to flight our misgivings. Such an apparition we were scarcely prepared for. A Highland foray we could understand; but when a beautiful small foot and ankle, followed by their pretty owner, and a second foot and ankle! and a third! made their appearance, some indistinct vision of Jacob's dream came over us, and our Highland associations suffered considerable perturbations. A descent to levy "black mail" would have been quite in character; but a wedding party from Edinburgh was quite a different matter. Yet such a spot for a honeymoon of poetry and love, provided always that the ladies kept from mounting inaccessible heights after harebells and roses, can scarcely be imagined. We speak from grim experience.

*The succeeding day being Sunday, the Sabbath stillness, every thing was beautifully impressive. We were informed the nearest "kirk" was ten miles off at Callander; but that in a little glen at the back of the Trosachs the few stray inhabitants of the spot, "two or three" usually "met together" to read the Bible. We were

much inclined to join in their primitive worship, not unmindful of the inspiring promise of that Holy Book, but thought it perhaps better taste not to interrupt their quiet devotions, by the appearance of so large a party of strangers. In the after part of the day, the several inmates of the little building turned out for a ramble along Loch Katrine, and through the glen, when we contrived to do the amiable—*aimable* (by-the-by, how is it spelt?)—with our fair visitants of the previous evening. Need we chronicle those delightful hours? The "Maid of Athens," who took away Byron's heart, is now Mrs. Somebody of Egina. Our "Lady of the Lake" was within one inch of committing the same predatory inroads on the affections of one of our party, and when we set off in the evening for Callander, one of our number, ahem! seemed particularly anxious to remain to explore the botany of the glen, and with the ill-fated tin-box and portfolio, straw-hat and gaiters, represented about as lachrymose an Adonis, in quest of

"Beds of hyacinths and roses,"

as you could easily meet.

At Callander, the "Pass of Leny" and "Bracklin Bridge" are most worthy the attention of the travellers. Having lost the coach next morning, we posted it to Stirling, a much pleasanter mode of seeing the country, which all along is particularly fine. We passed the pretty village of Doune; Blair Drummond, where we could see some dozens of hares darting through the grounds, and a little after the beautifully cultivated property of Mr. Smith, Deanston, where his reforms in the systems of *draining* have been tried, and given to the agricultural world. The view of Stirling Castle, however, soon becomes the chief point of interest in the landscape, and one begins insensibly to think of the beautiful but unfortunate Mary, and the thousand historic associations connected with her name. We were soon rattling through the pretty streets of Stirling. Having been put down at the inn, we ordered something in the guise of lunch to be ready in a couple of hours, and bent our steps towards the castle. The street is fearfully steep, but before many mi-

nutes we were on the topmost point of this magnificent relic of ages long gone by.

A rather frowny-looking official volunteered his services as guide; but beyond the more salient points of interest he seemed to know nothing. The view from the different embrasures is perfectly beautiful, and in point of historic interest perhaps unequalled in the three kingdoms; on our side, the everlasting Grampians towering into the sky; and then around Bannockburn, with its flag-staff still proudly venerated; "Heading Hill," where James executed Albany; the Forth, the Teith, rife with historic reminiscences. A green spot is shown where the tournaments were held, and the "Ladies Hill," where possibly Mary sat the "Queen of beauty." We looked at it again and again for her sake, and then turned to explore the castle.

"If you'll just gang up yonder," said our sleepy friend, "you'll see Queen Mary's apartments."

We were all obedience; and after mounting up some steps, expecting some old and time-honoured association, we were met by a rough voice inside, "What's your wull?" Thinking it should be Lord Darnley at least, we begged to be excused for our intrusion on royalty, and were descending with sundry trepidations, when an

Helen Macgregor-ah-looking young lady, with her hair in papers, and a squalling child in her arms, begged of us to enter. Not being quite aware, however, that the "Queen of Scots" was endeared by any such associations as the two we have mentioned, we took the rest for granted, and turned towards another part of the building. The chamber where Douglas was murdered was next shown to us, and the walled-in space where some of the James's confined his lions. How we wished some of those we had visited were in a somewhat similar custody! Casting one parting glance at Bannockburn, we descended. There, at least, we could *imagine* the haughty Edward with his troops engaged with Bruce, and Douglas and Randolph foremost in the fight; but the gentleman who acted as *Cicerone* seemed to think it almost a statutable offence to delay "glowering o'er auld histories."

Pretty considerably fortified at the inn against the drive, we set out for Falkirk, where we were to meet the train for Edinburgh. I got ensconced next to a Scotchwoman on the top of the coach, who bored the life out of me with her Highland jargon, (your Scotchwoman, I may say parenthetically, is your only true bore). She more than once brought to my mind the lady in "the Search after Happiness," as she asked

"About the news from Eastern parts,
And of her absent bairns—pure Highland hearts!
If peace brought doon the price of tea and pepper,
And if the *nitmugs* were grown *ony* cheaper;
Were there nae speerings of our Mungo Park—
Ye'll be the gentleman that wants the sark?
If ye wad buy a web o' auld wife's spinning,
I'll warrant ye it's a weel-wearing linen." •

Something like the "Sultaun of Serendib," I essayed to tell her that not linen, but a little fresh air and health, were the commodities I was in search of, and in the blandest manner asked whether she felt not very happy on the shores of Loch Katrine.

"Na, na," said she, "them d——d steamer bodies frae Glasgow should bring doon their chimney-boat, that a' the warld kens will na pay, and tak the bit out o' the puir weans' mouths."

On further enquiry, we found that the previous season a small steamer was placed on the lake. One beautiful evening, as usual, she was seen

panting away up to the Trossachs; but next morning was *non inventus*—gone to the bottom of the lake, or up into the sky—for she could not have got out of the lake except the way she came—namely, in pieces.

"What happened her?" said Watson, with the utmost curiosity; "she can't surely have sunk?"

"Why, it'll be she was just scuttled frae the outside, that's a'," replied our communicative acquaintance, with a no very amiable smile on her countenance.

It seemed this was a fact; the steamer having interfered with the

vested rights of these descendants of Rob Roy, whose sole inheritance now seemed a fishing-boat and Scott's "Lady of the Lake." We might possibly have learned some further adventures, but we were now at Falkirk; and when we saw our fair friend safely deposit herself in a third-class carriage, we felt something like a night-mare off our spirits.

We were up in Edinburgh before we were well settled in the carriage; and when I state that we remained a week in *Auld Reekie*, and met several old friends, and raked up many old associations, and dined with the "Foigh a Ballagha" at the Castle, and had a night of it at *Ambrose's*, in pure respect for certain quaint productions in another magazine, and visited the sights on the Calton, and went through Holyrood, and heard Christopher North lecture, and Doctor Chalmers preach—not on poor laws—I have noticed sufficient; but, like my old friend on Ben Lomond, were I once to set off to describe all the "lions" we came across, I should get transfixed in pig-iron, or deep into the mysteries of stone-quarries or statistics. The good people of Edinburgh, like all the rest of the world, seem attacked with the prevailing "epidemic," and serious notions are entertained of making a tunnel under the Calton, to connect two branches of railway. We heard them blasting the rock: we only hope they may not disturb the Jews in their subterranean abode hard by.

Our pilgrimage to the shrine of Sir Walter Scott was undertaken at the close of the week; but so profuse and poetic in their praise of *Abbotsford* seem the guide-books, which, for the first time, we now happened to meet, that we should be intruding on their valued province to say any thing. The trees planted by his own hand—the thousand reminiscences of that great spirit as you walk through the house—the room where that last calm scene, described by Lockhart, took place—how, indeed, could we fancy we had got somewhat nearer the great mind, revelling in Waverley or Marmion. After leaving the house, we turned our faces towards the last resting-place of this great and good man—Dryburgh Abbey. What a homily on human greatness! No king or noble lay beneath, yet could we kiss the dust that

lay over that calm grave. We thought of the lines of Milton on a kindred poet, and believed that neither did Scott for his memory require

"The labour of an age in piled stones,
Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
Under a starry pointing pyramid."

But in that little Gothic ruin, with the clustering ivy overhead, and the fresh air of heaven wafting incense all around, lay, "sepulchred in such pomp,"

"That kings for such a tomb would wish to die."

A couple of days after we went to Dalkeith Palace, as put forth in the "bills of performance." The grounds are very beautiful, and the interior of the house rather elegant; but if the awkward looking pile conveys the idea of a Scotch palace, we have many prettier palaces in Ireland, not generally acknowledged as such; I could venture to promise half a dozen at least, between Limerick and Castle Connell on the upper Shannon, and a day's fishing to boot, worth the entire little stream at Dalkeith.

Our second "Sabbath" was passed in Edinburgh. Much has been said and written about the observance of that blessed day in the modern Athens, and elsewhere in Scotland; but we were quite unprepared for the sense of respect and religious veneration with which every one regards the first day of the week in Edinburgh and Glasgow. Every one, old and young, "gangs away to kirk," at the precise time the minister gets into the pulpit; the doors are closed—no loiterers being allowed to disturb the congregation. A psalm is read out—every one joins, as if his heart was set on out-singing his neighbour, no organ being allowed in any of the kirks; and when service terminates, every one "gangs hame," in as business a way as he came. No straggling or promenading about town—no cantering round the different squares on hired chargers, or running down to the "Rock," and up again—no hiring juries to the "Brook" or "Strawberry beds," with your other Dublin atrocities.

Our next point of interest was *Perth*—there are two routes from Edinburgh to Perth, the more preferable, perhaps, that by Queensferry, Kinross, Loch Le-

ven, Glenfarg, and Moncrieff Hill, three miles from Perth. Here the Romans viewed the Tay, crying out in a moment of pardonable forgetfulness, *Ecce Tibur!* The view of Perth and its valley is one of the most lovely, at least, in the north of Scotland,—the valley of the Tay spreading away east and west in all its exuberance and beauty.

In the town of Perth there is nothing very particular that we had not seen amongst the wynds and closes of Edinburgh. Two miles outside the town, however, we met Scoon Palace; from this Edward carried off the coronation stone to Westminster Abbey.

Hitherto we had been much indebted to the modern innovation of wheel conveyances; we were obliged now to step out on a somewhat more independent system, and after a walk of some twelve or fourteen miles, (hear that all loiterers in Grafton-street) reached the sweet village of Dunkeld. Our way at first lay through what was "Birnam Wood" that came to Dunsinane, and following the advice of Malcolm, we cut down branches, (how we thought of our botanic friend in the Trosachs!) and marched along—thereby "shadowing the number of our host," perhaps more classic than formidable.

¹ Hang out our banners on the outward walls,
The cry is still, *we come!*—

pleasantly remarked our poetic friend—indeed he seemed to hold out a flag of distress particularly soon, a dandy Dublin boot not being the most agreeable permissive to step out on a hard dry road.

The "Falls of the Brân" were next in order; and when I say we were delighted, but a little disappointed, I have said every thing particularly necessary. We now thought it time to get back to Glasgow, which we effected by a geographical cut across the country, through regions where the traces of civilization were in the last degree indistinct—spots indeed, some of them, where the imprint of a high-heeled boot would be as great a curiosity, as a similar phenomenon happened to be to Robinson Crusoe. We had seen some wild spots in dear Ireland; but to see real, thorough, dismal, unmitigated desolation, permit

me to recommend to you some parts of the Highlands of Scotland. When we were landed somewhat abruptly at the Coach-office again, in Princes-street, we imagined we had come into another latitude and longitude altogether, and could fancy the canny citizens of the Canongate and North Bridge, as magnified ants moving about an ant-hill. What they thought of us in return I can't well say, but we were a little the "worse of the wear;" however, after sundry evolutions at the hotel, and applications of cold cream, we were enabled to "put our faces before" our friends once more. We took the last train in the evening, and were sleeping soundly at the "North British," in Glasgow, a little after eleven o'clock that night.

The next day being Sunday (our third Sunday in Scotland) we had another opportunity of noticing the devout and religious observance of the Sabbath, which struck us so forcibly in Edinburgh. Being a *dies non* for going about, we satisfied ourselves with "ganging to kirk," and afterwards took a tour towards the Broomielaw. We spent the greater part of the succeeding week in the "Metropolis of the West," and were highly pleased. The "Glasgow bodies" have great reason to be proud of their Exchange and Statue, the College and Hunterian Museum, with its valuable pictures, the Cemetery, Infirmary, Banks, Churches, and Squares; but it would be getting a little too commonplace to say any thing about our visit to each. The city, like Edinburgh, is a curious combination of the antique and the modern; and while wending our way down the *Saut market*, we insensibly got back to the days of the worthy Bailie Nicol Jarvie. The air of business in Glasgow is quite delightful; except, perhaps, in Manchester and Liverpool, there is nothing at all to compare with it; yet if any thing intellectual, particularly if it be national, happen to be going on, scores of persons will be found amongst the most prominent, who seem to enjoy it not the less, that they were a short hour before engaged in the sublimes of pig iron, or the mysteries of canvas or cotton. The theatre in Glasgow is a perfect gem in point of decoration and paintings; in general the legitimate drama, however, is "quoted

at a very low figure" by the business folks, from their tired out acquaintance with the "old familiar faces" of the company, disguise them as they may. Any particular "star," however, appearing above the dramatic horizon, never fails to bring immense houses. The quiet, thoughtful demeanour of the audience is the first thing that strikes one accustomed to the *elegances* of the upper gallery nearer home; every one seems to come to learn and be amused. It has often been a subject of wonder, that the same neighbourhood, at least the same people, could have given origin to such men as Watt and Burns, from the lowest ranks of society; the secret seems to lie, however, in the very general information diffused amongst the great masses of the people in Scotland. James Watt and Robert Burns represent many of the operatives of Glasgow—a singular confirmation of the abstract mechanical and poetic. We had several opportunities of observing this during our stay, particularly at the book auctions and the theatre, and amid the clanking of wheels and cylinders in several of the factories.

One night, in quest of information, we directed our adventurous wing towards the least refined part of the house; it was chiefly occupied by engineers and stokers, all day exposed to the heat of the furnace or engine-room, yet willing to undergo a second broiling for the sake of the intellectual treat afforded by Macready's portraiture of Macbeth. The house was crammed, yet you could hear every word as though it were empty. We contrived to "draw out" a young man, an engineer, who sat before us, before the play had proceeded very far. He held the text of Shakespeare in his hand, which he referred to occasionally as some new idea struck him, but what seemed to delight him beyond measure, was the well-known music of the *Witches'* part. Though dressed in a fustian jacket, betraying no very equivocal traces of oil and smoke, his criticisms were at once the most natural, many of them deep and well founded, and all conceived in the most excellent taste. Between the two last scenes, the orchestra struck up a piece of music—a complete Babel of chromatic horrors—a kind of Scotch reel grafted on a polka.

"Yon, I take it, has nae muckle harmony nor melody in it," said he; "it 'll be some figment of that daft callant yon. Oh, sir, what sweet bonnie bits in Mozart and Weber, or even Donizetti, they could play just as weel; na, na, sir, horses ganging round in a myill winna get on for scolding."

"You're fond of good music, I perceive."

"Of music verra fond, sir. I mind verra weel the opera folk here lang syne—Der Freyschutz, and Puritani, and Norma—oh, sir, it was delicious."

By an imperceptible detour, I led him to his own subject, but here he was quite at home, and with a familiarity with the matter quite amazing, described the peculiarities of almost every steamer in the Clyde."

"I say, Jock, your vibrating cylinder, how does she work?" said he to an acquaintance two seats from him, and forthwith he and Jock entered into a curious and animated comparison of facts which seemed of considerable interest, on the relative value of the fixed and movable cylinder, interrupted somewhat abruptly by the sober looking representative of the divine art of physic, and Lady Macbeth. The conduct of this plain, unpretending man (and the pit and gallery was full of such) contrasted strangely with that of an individual, a stranger, I believe, who sat near us in the boxes another night, and who gave origin to a scene scarcely within the bounds of credibility. The play was *Othello*, in the middle of which this person indulged in some sarcastic sneers towards the gentle Desdemona. The gentleman acting *Othello*, I believe knew his man, but in an unsuspecting moment he crossed the footlights, scrambled up into the box, and gave him a thorough pummelling, returning very quietly to finish his part! We could scarcely believe, even in matter-of-fact Glasgow, such a piece of acting would be tolerated; but the *habitus* of the theatre seemed to look upon it as an ordinary piece of business enough, nor had we much time to differ with them in opinion, as we left on the succeeding day.

The most interesting spot we visited in the vicinity of Glasgow, was the "Falls of the Clyde;" *en route* we passed Bothwell Castle, a magnificent ruin, and a little farther, on Bothwell

Bridge, so celebrated in story, after which the first fall, that of Stonebyres, comes into view. We were scarcely prepared for a scene so beautiful, and withal quiet and unpretending—the entire waters of the Clyde rushing in three successive falls over their rocky barriers, in the midst of the most exquisite bit of country we had seen, at least in Lanark. A little farther, still tracing up the Clyde, we came to the falls of Corra Linn and Bonnington—a delicious walk through groves of trees, the thunder of the river in our ears, and all that the most lovely and picturesque country could afford of rural quietude to soften and harmonize a scene at once bold and magnificent. We picked up our lost pleiad in one of the groves, where, after the manner of a wayward Alcibiades, he had been recounting his conquests in the fields of love and botany, with no stern Socrates to direct the current of his philosophy. The tin box and portfolio were replete with specimens, and he seemed on his way only to invade the southern parts of Scotland—Selkirk, and Jedburgh, and the Tweed; we parted, however, with the driest possible eye-lids. (Mem.—Gentle reader, never join an entomologist or botanist when you intend to enjoy yourself.) On our return to town we went

through some of the factories by especial favour, particularly the St. Rollox Chemical Works—the most extraordinary and perfect establishment perhaps in the world, and next morning were away from Ardrossan, with an occasional gleam of sunshine and a delicious breeze in the North Channel, and bound for Old Ireland.

One word in conclusion. We parted from Scotland, not without many regrets. We might have gone farther north, did our time permit, but even the few sweet spots we had seen sufficiently disclosed to us the broad features of this favoured land; indeed, our impressions of the country of John Knox and Robert Bruce, have been such as shall not be readily erased. Yet we think there are sweeter and sunnier spots for the tourist to *discover*, where the laugh of youth is merrier, “the tints of the earth and the hues of the sky” more softly beautiful, the *cead mille fealthagh* of the people bubbling up more generously from the heart. We will only add, we would not exchange Ireland, with its Killarney, and Glengariff, and Lismore, and Wicklow, Connemara, Cove, Lough Erne, Lough Derg, and Giant’s Causeway, for Scotland and the Orkneys put together.

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRIOUS IRISHMEN.—NO. XV.

WM. MAGEE, ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

FIRST ARTICLE.

It is unnecessary to explore into the remote ancestry of those who have achieved for themselves an eminence which no ancestry can give or take away. The family records of William Magee must be briefly adverted to, as the incidents of a life illustrated by the most honourable distinctions, and rendered interesting by the events in which he bore a distinguished part—must claim all the space we can afford to its relation. Of his lineage, the most authentic account which we have been able to obtain refers us to 1640, when the immediate ancestor of his family came over from Scotland,* and settled in the County of Fermanagh, and may be presumed to have been in competent circumstances.

John Magee, the father of the archbishop, appears to have been resident in Enniskillen.† He had married a person likewise of Scottish descent—a woman of some property, to whose worth, piety, and considerable talent, her illustrious son may have been indebted for much of his after successes in life. She was a Presbyterian.

By the generous credulity of Mr. John Magee, the circumstances of the family were reduced from comparative affluence to a struggling condition. He was betrayed into some liability, which soon placed him at the mercy of creditors; but the clear integrity of his conduct obtained liberal terms, and he was rewarded with an allowance of £100 a year.

By a memorandum of his own, made in 1799, the archbishop would appear to have been born in 1764; but according to the authority from which our statement is mainly drawn, he was born in 1766, in Enniskillen. He was the third child, and only surviving son of his parents. His disposition to learn was early shown. In the fifth year of his age he was sent to

school to Mr. Fea, as a day-scholar; in two years more he was removed to the endowed school of Enniskillen, of which Dr. Noble was then the head master. On the history of this portion of his life we must be cursory: a half-brother of his mother's, Dr. Viridet—a gentleman deservedly distinguished for parts and knowledge, and happily endowed with the most exalted moral temper of mind—early impressed with a conviction of the striking abilities of his nephew, and determined that no fair advantage should be wanting—took the youth to reside with himself, in order more efficiently to superintend his preparation for the University, in which he rightly foresaw the distinctions to which he might be expected to arrive. Under the care of this excellent and able guardian, he rapidly advanced in his studies; and before he had completed his fifteenth year, he entered Trinity College, in June, 1781, as a pensioner, under Dr. Richard Stack.

In college he was assiduous in the cultivation of those social enjoyments, for which his wit, facility of language, and the vivacity both of his intellect and affections, so eminently qualified him. He was no less industrious in the acquisition of the various branches of elementary knowledge, which composed the undergraduate course—a course, which, though even then in advance of the time, was very far short of that which has since, by his own labour, and that of a few other distinguished cotemporaries, been substituted. It must, indeed, be fairly allowed, that the studies to which the world has been indebted for so large and comprehensive a command of learning, and such singular skill in its application, cannot, without much unfairness, be regarded as defective; and when it is recollected that the greater

* The previous year the Covenant was proclaimed in Scotland, and the fierce struggle commenced between Charles and his Scottish subjects, which soon, by the rapid diffusion and prevalence of the popular spirit, compelled the royalists to emigrate in considerable numbers. Among these was Magee's ancestor. The name of Magee was, we believe, adopted on the same occasion.

† We have in our possession a document, bearing the seal of the corporation of Enniskillen, and recording the election of Mr. John Magee as a freeman of that borough in the year 1759.

changes since effected, are mainly due to the progress which has been made in mathematical science, it must be felt how very sufficient for all its proper uses must have been the course of studies then pursued.

With all the fire and vivacity of his temperament there is somewhat worth of reflection in the studious diligence of Magee at this interesting period of his career. It was his custom to pursue his studies throughout the day, from an early hour in the morning till ten at night, when instead of yielding his wearied nerves to well-earned rest, he rather looked for the relaxations of society. At that late hour, he frequently laid aside his book, to appear in the haunt of social gaiety, the colloquial circles, then so brilliant in the Irish metropolis. Whatever was the complexion of the party, Magee was a welcome addition. Innocent in his liveliest conversation, severely irreproachable in his morals, his ready repartee, his prompt good feeling, and easy expression of mind, already distinguished him. It is almost superfluous to say how great were successes which obtained a still higher distinction for his academic career.

"He obtained all the college honours; he got nine certificates—all that could be got in the first three years; the last year he had no occasion to go in for any examinations but the Hilary and October; the October being for the degree, there was no certificate; he got besides the four Hilary premiums." He was besides a gold medal man.—*Mrs. Hunter's M.S.*

Of this time, now one of curious interest, the records are scanty; and if it were not so, we could not here well avail ourselves of the abundance. From the letters of his uncle, Mr. Daniel Viridet, we can distinctly ascertain the main points of his conduct and character for many years. Mr. Viridet was evidently a person of extensive attainments.

He had been himself a Scholar,* and evidently possessed no slight attainments in academic literature.

A few extracts from the correspondence of this gentleman may interest the reader, and convey a more distinct idea, than we can otherwise hope to

give, of this period of Magee's life. In 1782, Mr. Viridet thus addresses him:—

"We are all well here. Much of our happiness depends on the figure you and Bob will cut at the next examinations."

And again in the same year—

"You need make no apology to me for any trouble or expense you can put me to. If in the trouble I took in explaining the passage that puzzled you, I have opened your eyes to the sense of your author, I am fully repaid."

In the same letter he adds—

"Cut a figure in the course—read—be a scholar . . . and no money that I can command shall be refused you. . . . Consult me, then, freely as a brother on any thing that puzzles, or any thing that happens you. You will not hear from me again till, I hope, you will obtain the premium. Do not, however, suffer yourself to be over-anxious, too much awed or concerned about it—that might confuse or disturb you. *Ne quid nimis*, is an old and just proverb."

A letter from the same hand, on the 29th January following, ascertains the fact that Magee then obtained a science premium in the most distinguished manner. Among other things he says—

"Mr. Stack's kind greetings arose not merely from friendship for you or me, but from deference to merit. A modest, unassuming behaviour is now more necessary for you than ever. . . . A fellowship is what I wish you to obtain; and you have begun so well, that I do not doubt at all of your success. . . . You have taken the lead gloriously, and to lose it would be shameful. How many were in your division—were Crofton and Miller with you? Remember you beat them easily now, and will beat them more easily when mathematics come into play. . . . Consult me about every word of the Odes, I know them well, &c. . . . As to Locke, you surprise me much; I never thought it easier than Murray. It requires attention, and clearness in the head, and frequent lectures, to bring you into his purpose, &c. . . . You have proved yourself, in Murray, Greek, and Latin, equal to any one of your division; and after Locke, your other sciences are all so much mathematics, or mathematical; that I should have no doubt of you at all, if you once could master this. But

* Mr. Viridet obtained his scholarship in 1769, together with Dr. R. Stack, under whom he afterwards entered his nephew.

I know your diligence, and cannot be brought to doubt the infinite powers of your abilities."

To set a just value on the substance of these brief extracts, the reader must keep in mind that they are the language of a distinguished scholar, having obviously a thorough acquaintance with, and a deep habitual interest in the subject of academic literature. A letter in the following April acquaints us with the fact that Magee obtained the certificate, thus confirming his superiority in his division.

"You have done well. Your own reflections must reward you—my thanks cannot add to that recompense; if they can, you have them most heartily and sincerely—you have them almost more for your unsolicited and early declarations of endeavouring to win, than for the success you had in obtaining the last glorious testimony of your literary merit and application, &c. . . . Don't spare to take any money you desire for necessities, or for any amusement you like. . . . What was Yelverton, and what is he now?"

We think these extracts enough to convey a clear impression of the success with which Magee commenced a course, the results of which amply indicate that it continued to be at least as meritoriously distinguished.

It appears from many passages in Mr. Viridet's letters, that his nephew was considerably inconvenienced by the idle habits of his chum. As the period of the scholarship examination approached, we can easily perceive that there was so little doubt of the result, that it could not have been a subject of anxiety.

Magee obtained his scholarship in 1784. The most remarkable among his cotemporary scholars of the same year, were Usher, Phibbs, Russel, and Ward, who like him afterwards became fellows, Theobald Wolfe Tone, of unhappy memory in the history of this country, and Richard Jebb, the late excellent judge of the King's Bench. Among the body of existing scholars at the time, were several afterwards well-known names: Thomas Addis Emmet; that excellent man and illustrious naturalist, Whitley Stokes, afterwards among the fellows and professors; William Conyngham Plunket, since Lord Plunket; George Miller, the able and eloquent Professor of History; Richard Graves, among the most learned of our theolo-

gians. In the following year, the illustrious name of Bushe was added to the roll. It was a period of high intellectual eminence in Ireland. The college had not then attained the high scientific reputation, which now places its fellows and professors in the foremost rank of European science. Science itself had not yet attained that vast development, or that position of superiority which it now holds among the branches of human knowledge. But in the classical, metaphysical, moral, and political sciences, which were the standard elements of mental attainment, as well as in the range of science then open to the student, no University stood higher in reputation, or perhaps in reality so high—an estimate which will stand the test of comparison when fairly applied. Much unfairness has been displayed on this important subject, which we cannot pass without some comment: the University should be tried by its fruit: not publications, of which the greater part float idly down the stream of oblivion, but men: orators, statesman, and theologians,* whose after celebrity, whose eloquence, and whose writings, are as much the produce of their *Alma Mater*, as if their lives had been passed within her venerable walls. The occasion does not permit any expanded commemoration of the eminent names of Burke, Berkeley, Young, Grattan, Flood, Fitzgibbon, &c. &c. who were amongst the most striving and successful alumni of the "*Silent Sister*," and who obtained, in their times and professions, all the fame and success that lay within the compass of attainment; and now that our fellows and professors stand in leading places in the ranks of discovery, and that we possess names which may fairly contest the intellectual palm with either of the two English Universities, in their several departments of learning, we may still look back with justifiable complacency on the period when men like Magee, Plunket, Saurin, Bushe, were armed for the competition in which their equals have not been found among those whose invidious superiority was only to be maintained by unwarrantable sneers at the "*Silent Sister*," or at the bombast of that popular rhetoric, which they were pleased to call "Irish eloquence."

But the eventful life of Magee de-

mands too many details to allow us to linger on those of his undergraduate course. We shall offer one more brief testimony, which may serve to show how deep and general must have been the impression made in this period by Magee:—

“Mr. Seton writes thus of you to me—‘But for your great comfort, and to my great satisfaction, I hear from all who know him [Magee], that there is not a doubt but that he will be a fellow: his abilities are shining, his application intense, his morals pure, and his manners genteel and amiable.’”

The interval between his first degree in the commencement of 1786 and the year 1788, when he obtained his fellowship, was devoted to the same undeviating course of laborious application. During the interval thus occupied, his health had begun to give way to exertions far more congenial to his high-wrought and mercurial temper of mind, than adapted to a frame not naturally robust. He was indeed a very remarkable instance of that power which a frame of delicate structure sometimes has been remarked to derive from such a spirit. Such spirits, indeed, are, for reasons which we shall not stay to discuss, oftener found in the haunts of active life, or in the scenes of gaiety, than in the pale quiet of the study. Were it not so, we incline to suspect there would appear a greater frequency of ruling spirits in the world. Not that high animal spirit is even commonly combined with intellectual power; it is indeed a rare combination; but it is to the union of restless energy with strong reason, that such men as Magee are due. The observation is by no means idle: the high and strenuous part which he took in the far more

momentous concerns in which he was afterwards a prominent actor, cannot be fully comprehended without an ample allowance for this most essential aspect of his character. And at the present period of our narrative, when he was engaged in the most laborious, and, if adequately pursued, most deep and extensive course of study known, his strength was supported by the vitality of a spirit that could not yield to weariness or depression. Nor did he, during the whole time, deny himself to the social circle, which he loved, and for which he was so framed. After twelve hours of drudgery, while others sought for rest or sleep, he refreshed himself with lively chat, or keen discussion, or repaired with laughter, smiles, and wit, what mental toil had worn.

In 1788, he obtained the fellowship, and gained very great praise for his answering, against a remarkably distinguished bench of rival candidates.* There cannot indeed be any doubt as to the very superior excellence of his answering, when it is recollected that on this occasion Dr. Miller, two years his senior, was among those who were that year unsuccessful. We should, perhaps, apologise for recurring to such a test; but to be excelled by Magee, is surely no deduction from the most honourable fame; and if it were, few indeed can afford it so well as Dr. Miller. We ought also to add, that the result of the fellowship examination was then mainly governed by mathematical and physical answering. And Magee was among the most eminent mathematicians of his time, and might have been as permanently distinguished in this as he was in more popular departments of literature, had not his talent been called into a

* After obtaining his fellowship, Magee paid a visit to Enniskillen—it was the first after an absence of ten years. The following extract from a letter which he wrote upon the occasion, conveys a lively impression of his feelings:—“I will confess to you, I felt a little bit of silly pride as I approached the place of my nativity, from the reflexion that it had once distinguished itself so much by its gallant efforts in the cause of liberty and religion. I may well forgive others their pride of wealth, of learning, of rank, or of birth, when I could be vain of the name of an Enniskillener. It is now ten years since I left this, and the joy at my return would astonish you. But that, very fortunately, I have made myself the property of my old master, Mr. Noble, by declaring my visit to him, I should have been torn in pieces to satisfy the demands, not only of my friends, but of almost every gentleman in the country. In short, they make a kind of show of me here, and the manner in which I am received is so extravagant, that I would not venture to describe it.” In fact, as we learn from another source, the houses were illuminated in Enniskillen; the horses were taken from the chaise, and he was drawn to the inn; and Lord Enniskillen, his father’s old friend, kept open house for three days, that all might meet him.

more important and more suitable field of action.

Magee was framed for the exigencies of the time, and soon selected the path which we have not the smallest doubt was marked out for him by the Providence that governs all things to purposed ends, and raises up among the good or evil those instruments best adapted to the immediate working of events. Mr. Viridet, looking with a fond, but not mistaken partiality on the talents, in the development of which so much was due to himself, considered that neither the University nor the Church offered an adequate field for their exertion. Though not inferior in learning to any body in Europe, the college of Dublin exacted the most overwhelming labour from its fellows; of whom the number was not more than barely adequate to their most wide and burthensome range of duties, rendering it a question of curiosity to understand how men like Berkeley, Hamilton, and Young could have attained their distinguished eminence in letters and science; and offering difficulties nearly insurmountable to less than the highest genius, to extend their intellectual walk beyond the mental treadmill of the classes and daily lectures. The state of the Church, as we shall have occasion to show, was, at the time, less promising still. It was at nearly its lowest ebb in attainment, in influence, and in spirit; nor could Mr. Viridet foresee that his nephew was to be a signal instrument in the hands of God to raise it from its prostration. He was zealous in his wishes that Magee should study for the bar, which then afforded the fairest scope for powers such as he possessed, and was the main attraction for the talent and ambition of the day. Possessed of a free, prompt, and powerful eloquence, and of that simple and flowing mastery of appropriate diction which is not (we think) to be acquired, and can only flow from the very happiest natural adaptation, Magee could not fail to have been prompted towards the bar. The natural constitution of his temper was aspiring, and every friend must have been incessantly telling him what he was fit for. But he turned into the seemingly obscure path of clerical and academical duties, and early formed a strong wish to enter into holy orders.

Had his uncle not at the time been in some measure restricted in means, so that he could not, when he wished, meet the expenses of fees and terms, it is quite evident that Magee must have yielded to the wishes of one whose desires were to him as imperative as laws. The opportunity thus passed, and now that he might be expected to apply his own resources to the purpose, an obstacle arose which could not be surmounted without more assiduity and effort than he felt called for in opposition to his own views for himself. In order to take the lay fellowship, it was necessary for him to obtain a dispensation from the provost. Hutchinson, who then held that station, was, as is known, not a college man, and carried into his office the intrigues and favouritisms of civil life as it then existed in Ireland. It was believed, and, we have much reason to think, not unjustly, that he refused his dispensation to Magee, to keep open the lay fellowship for a future candidate. However this may have been, there is no doubt that Magee applied, and was decisively refused. We can doubt as little that the disappointment was borne with that equanimity which results from such efforts of painful compliance as are contrary to the inclination. It may be more just to say, that he had for some time deeply felt the influence of his providential call to a ministry in which a spirit like his was wanting, and in which he was to be a chosen instrument of great ameliorations. The pain of a contest in which the highest and noblest affections of his breast were set in opposition to each other, can be well understood from the letters, impassioned to violence, of the good old man who had hitherto identified himself with his progress, and was now incensed at the provost's refusal, and not less at the lukewarm zeal of his nephew, whom he could not bear to see turning away from the lofty path of honour to which he had destined his course, and passing into what he called "*ignotas semitas vitæ*." Among many remarkable expressions of strong indignation, which we shall not quote, Mr. Viridet writes:—"I have written to Willy Plunket, and have not spoken intelligibly, for I am nearly choked with rage. May Providence favour your real interests, and enable him or some other friend to rescue you from ruin."

Oh! if he were as you are now, how little he would mind any obstacle that malice or deep shamming might throw in the way of his better hopes." But happily the truer and better path was chosen, and, like the choice of Solomon, the fame and dignity he rejected were eventually to be added to the "wisdom" which he chose. He was ordained deacon in Kevin's Church, May 25th, 1790. His first sermon was preached soon after at Peter's Church, in Drogheda. He was appointed to preach the sermon on the Restoration, in the College Chapel, on the 29th of May, 1791. And though much obstructed in the preparation by the consequences of a severe scald, which confined him to his chamber for some weeks, he so acquitted himself on the occasion, as to be specially complimented by the provost and fellows, with a request for the publication of his discourse. He was, nevertheless, not quite satisfied himself with the composition, and declined to avail himself of the occasion. In the account which he himself gave of these circumstances, in a letter which has been preserved, there occurs the following striking comment on Paine. Having first mentioned that he had attacked his positions in the sermon, and praised his popular style, he goes on—"In short, in Paine, whatever is good is not new; whatever is new, is bad. His positions are Locke's, (in his Essay on Government,) without the limitations which render it possible to reduce them to practice; so that, on the whole, he may be called Locke run mad."

It was about the year 1790, that Magee became acquainted with Miss Elizabeth Moulson, niece to Dr. Thomas Perceval, of Manchester, and at that time on a visit to her friends in Dublin. From the correspondence which followed up to the time of their union, the most valuable recollections of his character, feelings, and of the details of his personal history during the earliest periods of his fellowship, are to be obtained. They indicate indeed, with all the force and distinctness to be expected from the unreserved warmth of private intercourse, the genuine features of the extraordinary character which was afterwards to be, under the direction of Providence, the instrument of great changes in the Christian church. And there

is nothing more remarkable than the perceptible combination of the deepest and most enthusiastic tenderness in the private relations of life, with a stern and inflexible pertinacity in the maintenance or vindication of whatever he regarded in the light of public duty. This temper, which was afterwards to be manifested on a broad scale, and with important effects, at the head of the church in Ireland, had now to pass through an interval of trying and corroborative discipline in the more confined sphere of the university.

He had obtained his fellowship while Hutchinson was provost. That gentleman, a lawyer of great ability and high eminence both at the bar and in the Irish House of Commons, having been placed at the head of a body of which he had not been a member, contrary both to usage and the inclination of its members; as was to be expected, a strong spirit of ill feeling was generated on either side, and a long succession of harassing disputes was the consequence. A few of the more pliant sided with the provost, and were repaid by partial acts of authority in their favour; the rest, when occasion offered, were made to feel the weight of the same authority. A right which, if it really existed, had not been enforced till then, was asserted and acted on by the provost. When a fellow died or went out, his pupils had always been distributed among the remaining fellows at the will of themselves or their parents; if no such will were expressed, it was then the privilege or duty of the provost to assign the pupils at his discretion to such tutors as he might think fit. The existing provost, however, claimed the absolute right to dispose of the pupils thus circumstanced, without regard to their own wishes or those of their parents. Some instances of the harsh exercise of this privilege had already occurred, and the disagreements of the previous year had also operated to excite a strong spirit of resistance. The resignation of Doctor Richard Stack in 1791, left a large chamber to be disposed of; and as Magee had been the favourite pupil of that gentleman, a large proportion of the pupils, to the amount of four or five and twenty, were, also designated by the doctor, and with their parents' consent and their own, to be now trans-

ferred to Magee. Again the provost interfered, and assigned the larger part of them to Messrs. Phipps, Stopford, and Ussher. Resistance was resolved upon, and those fellows who felt themselves aggrieved, prepared to submit the question to a visitation. Magee's very superior aptitude for business, and the consideration that he was the principal sufferer, caused the main burthen of the preparatory proceedings to be thrown on him. The labour was aggravated by a heavy weight of academic duties, as he happened at the time to fill the troublesome office of junior dean. After very considerable labour in searching into the state of authority and precedent, and in preparing cases for counsel, the question was brought before the visitors in August, 1791, and decided rather hastily and peremptorily for the provost. The matter does not retain sufficient interest to rake it up now from its oblivion; it is little likely that the case would have arisen, had not a spirit of disunion been infused into the college by the unjust, offensive, and inconsiderate conduct of a corrupt and tyrannical government in placing a stranger at the head of the university. Mr. Hutchinson let pass no occasion to assert and vindicate whatever power he conceived himself to possess, and as such a temper cannot fail to find matter for vexatious interference, there could not be any long continuance of peace within the college walls. It was indeed the same spirit of insult and vindictive feeling in the following year, when the professorship of astronomy became vacant, which dictated the nomination of a stranger. This was, it is true, one of those fortunate cases in which an insult and an injury turns out an eventual benefit; and posterity, which can estimate by results, may rejoice in the selection which gave to Trinity College and the Irish Church that great and able mathematician and astronomer, and exemplary prelate, Dr. Brinkley, the late Bishop of Cloyne.

In the period of the present portion of our narrative, the disadvantages with which the junior fellows had to contend, were not confined to those arising from an irregular and unconstitutional control in the person of an external ruler, who carried into a seat of learning the miserable arts of a political intriguer. There were dis-

orders and difficulties to be resisted which were inherent in the state of society in Ireland. It was, it will be remembered, the day of the hard-drinking and gambling old school of country gentlemen, the swearing and bullying race whose open hospitality allowed all to enter and none to depart sober, whose boast and pleasure was the overflowing bowl, so frequently mingled with blood—a state of society which in its most aggravated form, in parts of the west of Ireland, has never had adequate justice done to its fierce and dissolute morals and manners, even in the page of fiction. (By such portraitures, indeed, the purpose of fiction would ill be served.) At that period, the youth of Ireland received the more influential part of their early culture in the stable, where they imbibed, from associates additionally depraved, the vices of their fathers, without the gentlemanly temper which, without correcting, softened and humanized those vices. With such a training, they submitted more or less with an ill grace to the control of mothers—themselves in numerous instances not better than mere housewives corrupted by affluence and luxury—or yielded a forced subjection to the tyranny of boarding-schools; and were too happy to emerge into the modified independence of the university, carrying with them their low and vicious tastes, their undisciplined tempers, and the hot, wild passions of youth. It may be said that this is too unqualified a statement of the condition of those times; that this demoralization was far from *universal*: this we admit; but we are not engaged in the history of that state of manners, and must be restricted by an immediate purpose—its effect on the university, by the discipline of which it was to be encountered. Every man of ordinary common sense is aware how even a small infusion of such vicious elements, congenial as they are to human passions, will rapidly taint the whole mass; and the more so when from other causes which we shall have to mention further on, the religious state of society, on which all true practical morality must depend, was in the very lowest condition.

But to estimate the effect of this state of things in a university, is a question important in the commemoration of one who, more than any other, had the merit of originating the great

and salutary changes which amended this evil state, first in college and then in town. The office of junior dean, which devolved upon him in 1791, was then no sinecure. The students were the "cream and flower" of the dissolute generation which we have above attempted faintly to describe, fully indoctrinated in the mysteries of Bacchus and Venus, little encumbered with any rudiments of learning, less with morals, and not at all with religion; they had in most instances passed the age of school discipline, and attained the passions of maturity, without the soberness or discretion which is the attainment mostly of more advanced experience. Under such conditions it is easy to understand what must have been the effect of social aggregation, in ripening, developing, and diffusing the prevailing vices of the time in their worst form. In such a state of things, no practicable discipline could have been enough to control the impulses of insubordination among a mass of fiery youths separated from the general currents of social life, and thrown upon each other for amusement. There could hardly fail to be some leading characters among the crowd of youths, by their wit, courage, and physical prowess, to give an impulse to folly and misdirected ambition, and to ornament the degradation of vice. A lesser circle of desperadoes, chiefly from the lower ranks, distinguished by more abandoned habits of dissipation, by their recklessness and daring, and sometimes by their talent, afforded examples to weaker minds in the low heroism of riot and lawlessness. The university, of which it is no flattery to say, that it has still kept in advance of the progress of society in Ireland, has long shaken off this evil state of discipline;* and it must be acknowledged also that the rapid

amelioration of the manners, morals, and tastes of society are such as must by this have amply effected the same desirable ends. Ireland, whatever may be the evil destinies she has yet to add to a dark and long succession of evil, will never, we may dare to trust, be again doomed to see the state of social barbarism from which the following description was but one of the essential results:—

"What a situation this must be, surrounded by eight hundred restless, and many of them mischievous blades, continually mixing in one mass, you may form a conjecture, but that conjecture will be far short of the reality. I was not two days in office when I was obliged to sally out at eleven at night, from a warm room and under a heavy cold, to put a stop to a battle between a party of our sanctified youth and a body of the police. After plunging through the dirty streets on a very wet night, for more than an hour, I raked them all into the college, some out of the watch-house and some out of the kennel, &c."

—MS. Letter from Magee to Miss Moulson.

In this early period of his career, the reforming spirit of Magee was shown by an important improvement of discipline. The usage of wearing the academic dress had long fallen into disuse and disrepute, while in the then existing state of manners it would obviously have had the useful effect, of operating to restrain the conduct, by subjecting the person to more distinct observation. The deans had long talked of it as a thing to be done, but had successively shrunk from the unpopularity of the attempt. The resolute and prompt spirit of Magee was wanting to effect the desired change: he began by wearing his own cap and gown in every part of the town, and having thus shown the example, he prevailed on the other

* Such dispositions are, under the assumed conditions, only *directly* to be remedied by constraints proportioned to the outbreaks they are meant to control; but for other very plain reasons, such constraints could not be adopted in a university. The wisdom of Trinity College has been shown in its cautious and gradual relaxation of such constraints as could not be enforced further than as irritants and incentives to fierce opposition, giving a centralization to youthful passions. Instead of the fierce *esprit de corps* of former days, a temperate combination of influence and authority, of moderate freedom and restriction, of penalty and reward, have tended to communicate the decent and respectable sense of the gentleman's and Christian's character. Instead of a crowd of grown-up schoolboys, with the folly of children and the passions of men, under a stern and yet inadequate control, our college now displays a very gratifying spectacle of all that ought to be looked for by the parent in the child—all that the enlightened statesman would wish in the improved promise of the rising age.

junior fellows to do the same. This first excited a strong disposition to resistance, and made the dean for a short time very unpopular; he nevertheless firmly persisted, and the students soon became reconciled to a regulation which produced the happiest effects, inasmuch that the dean received the thanks of the provost officially at the board. Thus we may at this early period of his history trace the same enterprising and efficient spirit which we shall hereafter have to view on a broader stage, and in still more momentous efforts for reform and improvement.

So much talent, energy, and efficient industry, must have operated to obtain for Magee, among the students and members of the University, that influence which they are mostly sure to win for their possessor. But he was still more remarkable for other endowments—those qualities which give its real value and attraction to superior knowledge, and those still more winning dispositions which conciliate regard. He was not one of those silent repositories of dates and titles, whose ponderous erudition can only, like heavy artillery, be brought out in the pitched battle—that require the silence of the closet and the shelf of the library to give it avail. Still less was he the barren retailer of knowledge cut and dry into shallow deducibles, and understood in the spirit of a conundrum. His extensive reading had been digested and assimilated, and his knowledge was his mind; it overflowed in his familiar conversation, and gave a character even to his language. In most men so large a mastery of the elements of thought might have assumed the character of pedantry; but his gaiety, vivacity, and salient wit, with the kindly promptitude of his affections and social sympathies, completely neutralized any such effect.

"His playful liveliness and wit," writes a correspondent, "made him the life of the company wherever he was; and, to use the words of one who knew and loved him, such were his moral feelings and pure tastes, that he never uttered a jest that was not conformable to the feelings of delicacy and religion; for this he was remarkable in youth, and in later years the writer has often admired

the innocence and simplicity of his extraordinary and agreeable wit. Disposed to the utmost cheerfulness, he made others happy in his society. . . . He had," continues our correspondent, "a peculiar talent for making others pleased with themselves."

In common with every man of sense and honour, he was alive not only to the interest and character of the community of which he was a member, but he entered with warmth and zeal into the interests of every fellow-student who came within the range of his circle of intercourse. Among his intimate friends were to be chiefly reckoned those whose names were afterwards best known for any high virtues or brilliant talents. Plunket, Bushe, Burrowes, &c., were among the most intimate. The following accidental sketch taken from one of his letters to the lady who afterwards became his wife, may give some idea of his very considerable popularity in that early period:—

"Just after I received your letters, I was unlucky enough to get my leg scalded by a kettle of boiling water. The pain of this was, for some time, excessive. However, when this was abated, and nothing seemed to remain but confinement for a few weeks, I looked upon the accident as fortunate, since it gave me an opportunity, as I thought, of employing my time as I wished, without the interruption of business. . . . But as soon as my misfortune became known, my friends, both from college and town, flocked in upon me, from a compassionate wish to alleviate my sufferings; and as, like poor Macheath, 'the Captain was always at home,' I was never left for one moment to myself. My doors were obliged to be continually open; and I went to bed every night (and not even then did my friends leave me till a late hour) more fatigued than ever I had been by the most laborious exercise."

Between such men as Magee and his intimates, it is interesting to think what spacious fields of thought may have been traversed and explored in many of these sittings. Though it must also occur, how painful must have been the infliction which he must occasionally have been forced to endure, when thus chained down by the cruel charity of good-natured dullness!

In 1793, his marriage took place with Miss Moulson. A strong attachment, founded on either side on the most enduring and true grounds both of sentiment and reason, from the time of their first acquaintance, in 1791, had, during the interval, taken possession of his breast, and while it was, on account of the obstacles to be overcome, an object of great anxiety, it had also a very useful effect in modifying his lively and social temperament. With all his intellectual ardour, Magee was not one to live alone: there was no man more fully alive to those bright and vivid influences which make the gay and mixed assembly so attractive in youth to every "heart of human mould:" and amidst all the hurry of engagements and lectures, he had been subject to a divided rule: the love of studious pursuits was disturbed by the wants of the affections, and the lights of old authority were thrown somewhat into the shade by those more youthful and attractive lights, to which Mr. Moore attributes properties of a very opposite nature. But the many lesser lights were at last condensed in the one pure bright star, which was to rule his destiny—

"To light his home and cheer his way."

But the immediate circumstances in which he was placed, were not such as to admit of an immediate union with the lady of his choice. Some time was to elapse before the income to arise from his fellowship could offer an adequate provision for the married state. A house, or at least expensive lodgings, and a distinct establishment, must have been indispensably requisite. At first, indeed, it was evidently (as we can collect from his letters) his impression that the attainment of his wishes could only be effected by the acceptance of a living. And for some time, it is certain, he felt himself reduced to await the falling in of a college living. In this object he was, however, impeded, by his strong sense of what was due to the lady of his choice. He could not bear the thought of bringing her out of a most respectable and happy home in a civilized country, into some quarter remote from her friends and life, to the poor establishment of a country parson in Ireland. And with all the impatience of a lover, he commanded his ardour,

and resolved to wait for an adequate living. The consequence was, an interval of separation. It would be unsuitable to these pages as it would be unnecessary to dilate upon the sufferings which, though prescriptively the theme of song, are not less the universal truth of nature. Every one worth caring for can recal some clouded moment of that yearning of the heart for which there is no language, when divided by some heavy and insurmountable barrier from the only object to which it is linked with all its life. We are writing with a guarded pen, and would not be thought to indulge in the commonplaces of sentiment upon this subject; but to leave it untouched would be most unpardonably to omit a true and interesting feature of the strong and firm character which we have to illustrate. We extract a few sentences from himself, and trust the reader will not be unthankful for the specimen of a love-letter from the pen which has transfixed the infidel and the heretic:—

"I have been this moment employed in burning a letter intended for your perusal. My triumph for the fortunate state of spirits I enjoyed after our parting was shortened; it scarcely survived my last letter—my spirits fell immediately after—the utmost efforts of my reason were insufficient to rally them. I every instant felt a want of something that I was uneasy without. Every hour of the day continued to bring with it the tender, but melancholy recollection of some interesting employment, that a short while before had been annexed to it. I felt myself some way desolate, as if cut off from the world, without a friend, or even a companion. These horrors accumulated upon me, until no longer able to support them, I yesterday sat down and ungenerously sought relief, by imparting them to you. However, though I had not resolution to prevent me from writing, I had just enough to delay sending my letter until this morning, and in the mean time I have summoned all my courage against it, and destroyed it."

It is needless to show how deeply true to the finest feelings of human nature is this language—the sincere private breathing of the noblest and least perishable affection: and it comes with a peculiar charm of contrast in a life only known to the public by the high and stern strivings of official authority, in a station of the most

awful obligation, and under the most trying and embarrassing positions, in which all considerations but duty were to be peremptorily overlooked and rejected, if not disregarded.

The long wished for union took place in 1793. Every one more or less feels, what otherwise it would not be easy to explain, the common process by which strong inclinations gradually modify, and at last set aside, the scruples and delays of cold and calculating prudence. In the interval, such livings as had fallen were not allowed to come so far as Magee, or were inadequate in point of income. The living of Cappagh was, in fact, the only one since 1791, when Dr. Richard Stack had gone out on the living of Omagh and Killyleagh, one or both of which he exchanged for Cappagh. But it seems probable that Magee came to the conviction that the retention of his fellowship, while it would be little inferior in point of income, offered many advantages of no less importance. To Magee, as well as to his affianced bride, a woman of considerable talents and attainments, the refined and civilized circle of the University and the metropolis was more than wealth could otherwise compensate. There was also evidently a fairer scope for the hopes of future distinction, which could not be wanting to a man like Magee. The college statutes alone presented an obstacle to the marriage of its fellows; but a rule so little conformable with human nature, or the principles of Christianity, had long become inoperative. All circumstances tended to recommend and favour this union, so long desired, and so essential to the happiness of one so alive to the power and influence of the social affections. And never was there a union in which more of worth, affection, and all the more sterling qualities which contribute to the happiness, dignity, and adornment of the married state, were combined in two human beings—so far as we are enabled to judge from the correspondence, not only before their marriage, but long after, when many years of prosperity had afforded the most trying test, as also from the uniform authority of those who best had the means of judging, in the unguarded intercourse of domestic privacy.

As the great importance of the events of the later periods of Magee's

life renders it inexpedient to go into the details of his academic conduct, or to relate at length the transactions in which he took an active part as a member of this body, we may here offer a summary view of the character which, at this period, he soon acquired, and ever maintained: and we must observe, that this is the more important, as the same firm and leading qualities which distinguished him in college, offer an essential aid in rightly appreciating his merits as the Archbishop of Dublin. We have already given instances of the prompt energy and the eminent practical efficiency which never failed to place him immediately at the head of every movement in which he was induced to take part. It is even remarkable to notice the manner in which every selfish consideration and all the little personal motives by which ordinary men are swayed, in him gave way, so that he seemed to throw aside his very nature at times, in the course of any affair which seemed to involve a duty. On such occasions, he manifested an indomitable energy which seemed to throw its influence over the minds of his associates; and often it has happened, when he has succeeded in rousing the dull or indifferent into some strenuous proceeding—the labour has still been thrown upon himself. In the elections, in the assertion of the rights of the fellows, or in those collisions with the provost to which we have adverted, however he may have simply begun by taking his individual part, he was sure in the course of a few weeks to be found heavily engaged in the researches, arrangements, and writings necessary—in exciting some to action, and instructing others how to act. And perusing as we have been enabled to do, the remaining records of the several transactions of this description in which he bore a part, we can say that every word and act in which he appears, contributes to shew beyond question, the high and clear temper of his integrity, and the unflinching spirit which could at any moment sacrifice every personal motive and feeling, to what he regarded as the right and true principles of action. With these remarks we feel compelled to pass the details, for which the material lies on our table,

of his active exertions in many transactions of college interest. In the elections he was by far the most efficient friend that a candidate could have; from the time that Mr. Plunket first offered himself, he was his strenuous ally and a main agent in his success. Considerable efforts were made on the part of government to detach him from this friend, and offers were made, which only had the effect of adding fervour to his zeal.

During the early periods of his college life, Magee's political opinions were, in common with many of the ablest men of his time, those of a liberal and constitutional Whig, as those terms were once understood. But at the time to which our narrative has now arrived, his sentiments had gradually undergone a change. A very rapid and demonstrative succession of public indications could not fail to impress on every honest and sober-minded looker-on, that the party of his principal associates, was one to which a thorough Christian of the Protestant Church could not continue to belong without a compromise of principle. It was not even the difference of opinion which must soon have arisen between him and them on several party questions; but it was impossible not to perceive and feel that the views which were entitled to be called liberal, were then undergoing a rapid transition into extremes: the spirit of democracy had long possessed them, though under many a specious disguise; but the spirit of infidelity, sprung from the same source, both in temper and principle, was fast beginning to characterize the Whigs, and by various indications to separate from them and attach to the Tory party, many who felt that no political consideration was to be weighed against the higher allegiance of the Christian. It became clear enough, also, to the more sagacious that all their fair pretences would be carried farther than they yet anticipated—that liberty would become license—that the petition for equality would grow into the fierce clamour for ascendancy—that the claim of all

religions would become the assertion of no religion. A Christian divine of the Church of England, must even at the early period of our narrative, have felt that he could not continue in political communion with that party. But then, with the better and more intelligent Whigs, there was little yet to awaken any very decided sense of opposition—in many things they were still within the compass of justice and moderation. Much could not yet be resolved into its consequences, and there was scope enough even in politics for the common intercourse of men of essentially opposed tendencies.

We must next proceed to the necessary task of offering some view of the state of religion and its teachers at the same period. To this we must call the reader's attention, as it constitutes the essential introduction to any adequate view of the early labours of Magee as a preacher and writer, and still more so of his successful exertions as the instrument of Providence in reforming that vitiated and low state of which we shall offer a slight, but, we trust, distinct sketch. As might be anticipated, Magee soon began to attract public notice as a preacher. It was a time when this was no slight test of oratorical power; the public ear was rendered discerning and fastidious by the eloquence of Curran, Grattan, and other great orators, and the "repose of the pulpit" had been broken by the powerful appeals of Kirwan.*

We have already described the low state of morals at that time; we are now in some measure to account for it. The stream had been poisoned at the fountain-head. The teaching of the Scripture was either wholly set aside, or simply adverted to as the foundation of the prudential system of ethics, or the philosophical casuistry, cold, unpractical, and erroneous, which filled the ears of the church-going crowd with unprofitable sound. It was usual to appeal to the passions and the moral sentiments, by the rhetorician; the subtle reverted to theories of fitness, or deduced from afar the results of good and evil; the practical common sense of the many in-

* Kirwan has fallen into an unmerited disrepute by the comparison which his remaining discourses have been exposed to with the more strictly Gospel preaching of more recent times; but in this estimate the consideration has been overlooked of his comparative superiority over the preaching of his own time.

culcated the homelier but far truer maxims of the vulgar, and instilled the prudence and practical advantage and detriment of vice and virtue. The only real foundation in the revealed word was shuffled off in a single sentence of formal recognition at the end. Such teaching was an essential result of a period of the most dissolute morals, when every vice was so broadly matted and engrained in the entire texture of the public mind, that the very name of sin, or any, the most remote allusion to a pure ground of action, carried a ludicrous impression to the ear, as "cant," or "swaddling," or "fanaticism," or somewhat too remote from humanity, to be worthy of a serious thought. It was easy to feel that the utmost enforcement of abstract ethics, or prudential morality imposed no chain and conveyed no real reproof; and as might well be anticipated in such a state of things, the preacher but too commonly took a perverted pride in shewing that he was no strait-laced slave to the dull formalities of an office held in no very high respect by his associates. Like the Prior of Jorvaulx he could wind the horn, and drain the bowl, and the parson's tale and song were not among the dullest in the merry ring. And he could not, for very shame, censure too effectually in the pulpit what he practised in the ways of life—far indeed from the "strait gate" described by the master whom he little served. It was in this state of religion, that Kirwan began to refer with plain and explicit unreserve to the real fundamental element of all true teaching, in the great leading truths of the Gospel, and directly dared to disclaim, in the most explicit language, those motives and rules which were at the time the low philosophy of the day. This was a first step—it was but a first step; it would, however, be unjust not to observe, that considering the state of the public opinion as we have described it, he could not well have produced the same effects by going much further. No eloquence (humanly speaking) could then have redeemed the full preaching of the Gospel from the popular charge of "swaddling," or some such term of contempt.

Such was the state of religion, and

such the state of the pulpit, when Magee first commenced that honourable career, in which he was to carry both so far beyond such unworthy and inadequate conditions.

We shall not in this memoir enter into the minute history of Magee's earliest achievements in the pulpit. He rapidly attained the reputation which his eloquence, determination of purpose, and learning could not miss in his position of advantage; and with such a reputation, he was, as a matter of course, frequently solicited to preach a charity sermon.

We have before us a list of his discourses for the support of the charitable institutions of Dublin, from 1794 to 1806, including Dun's Hospital, the Lying-in Hospital, St. Peter's parish, Meath Hospital, Penitentiary, St. Mary's, Asylum for Females, &c. &c., several before the lord lieutenant, and some in England—plainly enough indicating that he was much sought on all occasions of charity, or of any public importance. On one occasion, his eloquence and courage were signalized by a discourse before the profligate court of Lord Westmoreland, in which he ventured boldly and explicitly to arraign the licentiousness of the time. Of this we have spoken in the foregoing pages; it would lead us too far beyond our purpose, to describe how the brutal debauchery of the inferior classes were countenanced by the more refined dissipations of the superior. But there was, in the especial time of which we are speaking, an inner circle of vice, which consisted of the *élite* of fashionable life, and lay like a halo of darkness round the vice-regal court. To comprehend its character in the fewest words, we may refer the reader to the recollections of the court of Charles II. On this occasion, Magee having been called upon to preach, took his text from Isaiah v. 16—"Wash ye, make ye clean;" and as we have been informed, delivered a plain and forcible exposure of the immoralities and indecorums which were then so ostentatiously borne. We are not informed what special notice was taken of this discourse, in the circle that was adorned by the notorious Mrs. Stratford, by Lady Fitzgibbon, and Lady Westmeath, and other fair votaries of the *Bona Dea*, who made no mystery of their profession. But we mention the circumstance, as it shows at least

how little subserviency, or "doctrines fashioned to the varying hour," had to do with his promotion.

To return to the general character of his public discourses. On those occasions his success was next and nearly equal to that of Kirwan, though the means were indeed widely different. Some remarks on this difference will offer the briefest and most advantageous view of his general style and character as a preacher. The style of Kirwan was like the popular oratory of the Irish parliament—in a high degree ornamental, dramatic, and elaborated for effect. That of Magee had a power resulting from a very opposite cause: his language and rhetoric were the peculiar and genuine flow of a mind framed for the communication of an exhaustless fountain of knowledge—hence, however rich might be the texture of his phrases, they carried no impression of study or conscious design; his was pre-eminently both the style and manner of what Johnson calls "a full man." It was a river "exulting and abounding" in its even depth and flow—no working up, no studied verbal effects, no pictures to bring the hearer's imagination to his side nor did he turn from the tenor of his plain forcible and commanding line of reason to address the passions; and yet before he concluded, both the imagination and the feelings had responded to the power of reason and force of statement. Such were the several characters of style and manner, as we (in distant after times) infer them from the perusal of remains. But the actual effects are attested by the recorded result. His sermon for the Female Orphan House in 1802, was followed by a published vote of thanks from the governors, which states the collection in church at £702. And though we think it easy to overvalue the flattering generalities into which public addresses have a tendency to fall, the following extract has the stamp of sincerity and truth:—"They are sensible how much they are indebted to him for the readiness with which, amidst his many engagements, he undertook the office of their advocate, and for the ability and effect with which he discussed the *true principles of charity*—a discussion from which they trust may be derived not temporary advantages only, but that the permanent interests of the establishment, &c."

But Magee was to obtain a far more permanent as well as nobler reputation than popular eloquence even in the pulpit, can win for its possessor. Some time in 1795, he was appointed Donnellan lecturer for the year. His attention directed itself on this occasion to a subject which has occupied the attention of the profoundest minds—the interpretation of seventy weeks in the prophecy of Daniel. On this important and interesting topic he preached twenty-two sermons, of which the fame was largely spread in both kingdoms, and the publication impatiently looked for by theologians. As they had been delivered in the college chapel, before the most competent audience then perhaps existing, there was no doubt as to the value they should possess as a publication. But while engaged in preparing them for the press, his attention was strongly awakened by the impulse which the Socinian heresy had received from writers in England, whose success was due mainly to the revolutionary tenets with which their doctrines were characteristically combined. Those doctrines had at the time received a great additional impulse from the writings of Mr. Belsham, which happily called up in the University of Dublin a champion unequalled in modern times for the defence of scriptural truth. Two sermons were preached in the college in proof of the doctrines of the atonement, and published in 1801, with a brief dedication to the students of the college. Their publication had been loudly called for; but while they were passing through the press, it occurred to his mind that the subject required a far more extensive treatment. The varied resources of sophistry, and all the small but shrewd cunning of misinterpretation had been exhausted upon the subject, and demanded exposure. Under this conviction, he delayed the publication until he poured forth that body of annotations which constitute the well-known volumes of his great work "*On the Atonement.*" As this is the lasting monument on which his place among our English divines is fixed, we shall have to offer some critical reflections upon it in the close of this memoir. It is now mentioned in its place among the main incidents of his life, and as the foundation of his promotion.

THE OUTPOST BUGLE.

Grey dawn broke on our bivouacs.
 A bugle sounded shrill,
 And a thousand throats repeat the notes
 Along the outpost-hill.
 "Stand to your arms!—stand to your arms!
 See! there the mist rolls past.
 Look! deep below, dense stands the foe—
 Rise, comrades—gather fast!"

We spring from soldier-slumber—
 Who sleeps when bugles call?
 To arms we stand for our fatherland,
 True sons of Britain all.
 Proud at our head is the chief who led
 Our ranks to former glory;
 Old soldiers tried, we too feel pride—
 Our deeds *may* live in story!

"Sound loud 'advance!'" he cried;
 "Who fears these men of France?"
 Then downward bold our battle roll'd
 As our bugles rung "advance!"
 Below combine column and line,
 And fiery fight flames far;
 Then spoke our chief bold words and brief,
 As onward surg'd the war.

"Now, comrades, cheer for England!
 'Old England!' be our cry.
 One loud hurra!—win we *must* this day—
 Charge, comrades—charge or die!"
 Then shouting loud defiance proud,
 We shouldered—few to few—
 And with England's might for England's right,
 Charged home—like Britons true.

Volley on volley poured the foe—
 So pours the tropic rain—
 And on us fell thick shot and shell,
 Our ranks were riven—in vain!
 For still each rank, as comrades sank,
 Closed in with dauntless tread;
 Till victory beamed, as our bayonets gleamed
 O'er foes and comrades dead.

"Cease fire!"—the bugles blew,
 And Mercy loves that sound.
 The struggle's passed—that welcome blast
 For Victory, is wound.
 The fight is done, the field is won,
 And we count our comrades o'er;
 But many this morn who heard that horp,
 Shall "stand to arms" no more!

Let now our bugles wail
 A requiem o'er the brave ;
 Though men of steel, we soldiers feel—
 Tears dew a comrade's grave.
 For the dead we've tears, for the victors cheers—
 A tear and a cheer for all !—
 And we'll think and tell how they fought and fell,
 When sounds our bugle-call.

J. C.

Sixth (Royal) Regiment.

A PLEA FOR ILLUSION.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

Of such as mock the mind that weaves
 Fond dreams, to cheat life's real woes,
 The poet's lay no record leaves,
 The painter's brush no portrait shows.
 'Tis hard to blame the charmed sleep
 Which aching heads so keenly woo—
 The aching heart seeks opiates, too,
 In visionary musings deep,
 Its pains in joys that steep !

Oh ! kindly look on them who take
 A short, sweet lease of heavenly dwellings !
 The reveries of fancy make
 A calm on passion's angry swellings !
 Nor call them idle, if they sit
 Unheeding all the riot round them :
 Their visions have in silence bound them
 To labours richer than *his* wits,
 Who at them scoffs and spits !

III.

But when our castles in the air
 We, dreamers of the world, would raise,
 Let 's build them of the clouds most fair,
 And nearest heaven, so that our gaze—
 Undazzled by the gorgeous shine
 Of suns and stars that are not lent
 For dalliance vain and time misspent—
 May rest on visions more divine
 Than, idler ! thine or mine !

SIR ROBERT PEELE AND THE PROTESTANTS OF IRELAND.

A JOURNAL, the organ of the British cabinet, and the ablest advocate of the ministerial policy, affirms, that it has repeatedly asked, without receiving a rational answer, "What is the quarrel of the Irish Protestants with Sir Robert Peel's government?" We are not sanguine enough to suppose that we can succeed in an enterprise in which, it would appear, many have failed, that of inducing the querist to express himself satisfied with the reply which his question has provoked; but, regarding that bold question, from the circumstances in which it has been proposed, as eminently deserving of an answer, we shall bestow our best attention upon it. We consider the challenge of "The Standard" as the challenge of Sir Robert Peel himself, and will endeavour to meet it with the decorum which the Right Honourable Baronet has a right to demand, and in that spirit of candour which each and every portion of the Protestants of Ireland would expect in its organ or representative.

Were we disposed to be captious, we would take exception to the use of the word "quarrel" in the question we are about to answer. It is not true that the Protestants have any quarrel with Sir Robert Peel's government. To constitute a quarrel there must be reciprocity of aggression. Where all the suffering is on one side, and the violence or severity on the other, there may be assault, and injury, and wrong—there scarcely can be quarrel. The Protestants of Ireland have suffered, and have not retaliated. They made great efforts to raise Sir Robert Peel into power—they have made no efforts to displace him—they have no quarrel with his government, unless the word be understood in that sense in which it signifies a ground of complaint or offence. It is in this sense, we apprehend, the word is used—in this sense we propose to consider it, while, without further preface, we proceed to enumerate the grounds of complaint which have been furnished by Sir Robert Peel's government to the disappointed Protestants of Ireland.

"The Standard," in a tone of confidence which seems rather an argu-

ment than an interrogation, or an interrogation of that startling kind which shapes out the figure in which defiance is best expressed, proposes certain questions, to which, it seems to anticipate, the answers must be favourable to the cause it patronizes. If these are the questions best and safest to propose, (as, considering the acknowledged ability of the advocate, we may conclude they are,) that cause cannot be, at the same time, successfully and honourably defended.

"And now, one word upon the general question—*What is the quarrel of the Irish Protestants with Sir Robert Peel's government?*" This is a question that we have often asked without ever obtaining a rational answer. Did that government leave the lives and properties of the loyal people of Ireland undefended in a season of danger, as they were always before left undefended? We presume that the Irish Protestants do not forget the care bestowed upon their safety in 1842-43. Did Sir Robert Peel's government coquet and traffic with traitors, according to the inveterate practice of fifty years? We presume that the state trials live still in memory. Lastly, did Sir Robert Peel's government direct penal laws against Protestantism, and persecution against Protestants, according to the old practice? No, it allowed the penal law against processions to expire, and out of its expiration has arisen this very case of Mr. Watson, who has been removed from the commission of the peace for an indiscretion which, if imitated, would render necessary the re-enactment of the penal law in question, and Mr. Watson's is the only case of a persecuted Protestant that we have yet heard of. What, then, is the quarrel of the Irish Protestants with Sir Robert Peel's government? We repeat the question, and demand to have it answered."

We have borrowed this citation from a provincial journal, as we have not immediately at hand the number of "The Standard" in which it originally appeared. Of its accuracy as a citation we cannot entertain a doubt, neither will it be denied that it is characteristic of the spirit in which Sir Robert Peel's ablest apologist has uniformly defended him. Although in form interrogative, the passage is, in substance,

affirmative, intimating, in language which seems to defy contradiction or doubt, that the government of Sir Robert Peel has entitled itself to the praise of having been eminently careful of the lives and interests of loyal subjects in Ireland—of having liberated Protestants, or suffered them to be liberated, from the oppression of a severe and partial law—and of having discountenanced and disconcerted the schemes of agitators and “traitors.” We cannot accord this praise, although we might do so, without prejudice to our argument. We might admit, and would gladly admit, were it true, that the claims of “*The Standard*” on behalf of Sir Robert Peel were well founded, while we, at the same time, insisted, that Irish Protestants had strong grounds of complaint against him. Unhappily, it appears that even these specific interrogatories, which seem intended to fix attention on the most undeniable merits of ministerial policy, have the effect of rendering not only blemishes but vices conspicuous. We shall consider the interrogatories in order.

“Did the government” (of Sir Robert Peel) “leave the lives and properties of the loyal people of Ireland undefended in a season of danger, as they were always before left undefended?” “As they were always before left undefended!” Here there is a two-fold question—one part reminding us of what Sir Robert Peel is assumed to have done—one, of what his predecessors had left undone. We cannot, however, return the answer which is evidently anticipated. Truth constrains us to affirm, that, whether we judge the government of Sir Robert Peel purely by its own acts, or by a comparison with the governments by which it was preceded, it is not entitled to the praise, either comparative or positive, which seems arrogated as its due. We affirm, deliberately, that, taking into account the magnitude of the danger, as manifested in demonstrations and declarations of a character unusually formidable—the power of government in the legislature and executive—the circumstances, character, and conduct of the friends of British connection—there never was a period of Irish history, since the accession of William the Third—or perhaps before it, except during the brief tyranny of James—in which “the

lives and properties of loyal men” seemed so little thought of in arrangements made for the defence of the country, as during the portion which has elapsed of Sir Robert Peel’s administration. “We presume,” adds “*The Standard*,” “that the Irish Protestants do not forget the care bestowed on their safety in 1842–1843.” The presumption is reasonable—the Irish Protestants are not likely to forget the incidents of these two years; but as to the “care bestowed on their safety,” they require yet to be taught wherein it consisted—how it was manifested: for our parts, we declare, with the most entire and unaffected sincerity, we have seen no symptoms of it. We may be told that the military and police were augmented—that pensioners were, in case of necessity, to be called out into active service—that several towns were strongly garrisoned, and some military posts fortified. We frankly admit all this, and more—we admit that all necessary arrangements were made, and all due precautions taken, to secure Ireland as a dependency of the British crown, and to make agitators know that a repeal of the legislative union could not be forcibly effected, contrary to the will of the government and legislature; but we affirm, that all this is very different from caring for the safety of the lives and properties of loyal men. We deny that any such care was effectually manifested. Those who resided in garrisoned towns were not excluded from the benefits of military protection—those who resided in rural districts, and who could absent themselves from the sphere of their duties, and were willing so to do, had it in their power to “escape for their lives” from tumult and extreme danger; but those whose aim it was to disorganize society, to intimidate the loyal, and inflame the disaffected, were also left free to prosecute their purposes up to the very verge of insurrection. They could cabal and agitate, menace and cajole—they could lay the whole country under contribution, and extend the fear of their vengeance wherever it was profitable for them that it should fall—they could extend their organized association, and hold their stated sittings, and summon their monster meetings, with as little let or impediment as if there were no loyal men to be alarmed by this truculent agitation, or no presiding government to

afford the protection which civil allegiance reckons among its inseparable conditions.

It was not thus those governments acted with which "The Standard" desires to have Sir Robert Peel's administration compared; nor can Protestants be insensible to the difference. They remember that former governments appeared to consider the interests of loyal subjects as well as those of the crown; that while they garrisoned Ireland with troops, in such a manner as taught the disaffected that it was no time to rebel, they also enacted laws, and executed them, by which the mid-day agitator and the midnight incendiary were embarrassed in their vocation. They remember the Insurrection Act, passed with the concurrent sanction of Whigs and Tories, introduced by the Duke of Wellington, and supported by Mr. Grattan, in the year 1807, continued in 1808-1810. They remember the proclamation and the renewed Insurrection Act of 1814, continued in 1816, expiring 1817, to be renewed again in 1822. They remember the act of 1825, against illegal associations, its continuance 1826, 1827; the act for the suppression of the "Catholic Association" in 1829; the proclamation to put down the Anti-Union Society in 1830; the struggles between the repeal party and the Anglesea government in 1831, 1832; the act "for the more effectual suppression of local disturbances and dangerous associations in Ireland," in 1833; the attempted renewal of this coercion act in the year following; the contests and conspiracies it occasioned, eventuating, ultimately, in the resignation of Earl Grey. They remember that, if the Melbourne administration, which succeeded, visited on them the governments of Normanby and Ebrington, it nevertheless was strong enough or wise enough to contrive by the Lichfield house compact, or some other arrangement, that there should be no such fearful demonstrations of power and purpose as later days have witnessed; and they certainly are not likely to forget, that when those demonstrations were made, and the Peel government strengthened the military force in the country, if repealers were warned that their objects could not be achieved by war, they, the loyal Protestants, were also taught that their alarms and their dangers were accounted matters of but

slight consideration. In a word, Sir Robert Peel did but half his duty—a comparison with former ministers renders his omissions only the more conspicuous. Like them, he showed a resolution to retain Ireland as an integral part of the British Empire; he did not, like them, take measures to protect the loyal men who were the best friends to the connection he defended.

It may be said, that the ordinary means of counteracting the schemes of disaffection, and securing the public peace, were not such as it would have been expedient to employ. It may be said, that the frequent departures from the principle of British law to which we have alluded, seem to testify against themselves, proclaiming that they were inexpedient, and thus excusing Sir Robert Peel for abstaining from them. An objection of this kind would be out of place in an argument which concerns itself only with the fact, has the present government been more careful than its predecessors of the lives and properties of loyal men, and which leaves altogether out of consideration the policy of neglecting them. We are asked now whether Sir Robert Peel adopted a system of policy wiser than that of the ministers to whom he has succeeded, but whether he was more careful than they of loyal men's safety. We deny that he was. Perhaps, there never before were more elaborate or ample preparations made to avenge, if necessary, the massacre of loyal men, or even to ensure success to the cause for which they died; there certainly never before was less heed, apparently, taken, to protect "their properties and lives."

But while we account an objection like this inadmissible against our argument, we hold it not irrelevant to our subject. The lesson read to us in the too frequent departures from the ordinary course of law, is very different from that which our adversaries seem to have gleaned from them. To us they proclaim not the folly of changing the laws we are supposed to lie under, but their unsuitableness to the circumstances of our times and country. We can well understand, that, while Roman Catholics had what were considered wrongs to be redressed, wise men and generous might strongly object to the adding the vexation of oppressive laws to their continually besetting disabili-

ties. It was then a plausible topic to urge, that disorder and discontent would cease when aggrieved men were righted, and that it was unworthy of a great nation to attempt, by the enactment of severe laws, an enterprise in which she was sure to succeed by showing herself just and generous. Such a topic could not now be plausible. Elective franchise, emancipation, education, reform—none of these was like “repeal,” there is no experimenting on this last; and when an association, strong enough and widely-extended enough to keep a country in disorder, declares that it will never be at peace until it has achieved a measure fraught with national ruin, there seems but one course suitable to the emergency, and this Sir Robert Peel did not take. He should have peremptorily insisted that, whatever was to be thought of the lawfulness of petitioning for repeal, the processes through which it was to be attained must be peaceful. He should have enforced upon its champions abstinence from all that savoured of conspiracy or intimidation. In short, he should have cared for the lives and properties of loyal men—should have secured them even against the alarm, which is a sore evil in human life, and which too often deteriorates character and corrupts principle. In thus protecting loyal men, he would have best consulted for the well-being of the empire, and he would have had the support that is most desirable—support from the wise and good of all parties. He has pursued a different and, we fear, a disastrous course—he has guarded against rebellion, he has allowed free scope to agitation; and, while refusing to yield repeal to the clamour with which it is demanded, he has been the means of cherishing, if not of evoking, a spirit, which will furnish as good reasons or excuses for the final and fatal concession, as Sir Robert Peel himself alleged, in the evil day when he passed over to the side of emancipation.

The minister cannot be praised for the wisdom of a course like this, nor can he be excused on the ground of its necessity. Having come into power with an overwhelming majority in parliament—with all the advantage derivable from the strong desire of a weary people to be at rest—Sir Robert Peel had nothing more to do than to act fairly—administer the laws justly

—distribute the government patronage impartially—and he would have had ample support in putting down, and keeping down, all agitation for the repeal of the Union. He would not, therefore, have been unsuccessful, had he taken courage to meet the difficulty when it first appeared; had he done so, Irish Protestants would have been grateful to him; and in consulting for their welfare, he would have consulted for the best interests of the kingdom. His policy was different; and the gratitude of Protestants is accordingly a mixed feeling. They are grateful, to the full extent that they ought, for military arrangements which taught rebellion that it had little prospect of success; but they “do not forget” that agitators who were warned not to rebel, were left free to intimidate; and that their lives and properties were left exposed to perils greater than had ever before been uncared for by the legislature. An untoward accident at any monster meeting—an impatient movement by the outraged and indignant Protestants of Ulster—would have been followed by calamities which it is, in itself a severe affliction to contemplate. That they were not experienced is not to be ascribed to Sir Robert Peel’s government; it is ascribable to leaders in the repeal movement, who felt that extreme caution in their opening enterprises was essential to their ultimate success; and to Protestant noblemen and gentlemen in the north of Ireland, whom the existing government so far from encouraging in their disinterested exertions, has done every thing in its power to disgust into inaction. The loyal men of Ireland, therefore, owe little thanks to the Peel government for its care of their safety. They complain that that government indulged or connived at a terrific agitation, which it could, and ought to have suppressed; and that, while it took precautions to prevent the success of an insurrection, it did not take measures for the security of the lives and fortunes of peaceable and loyal British subjects.

“II. Did Sir Robert Peel’s government coquet and traffic with traitors, according to the inveterate practice of fifty years?” This is the second question; it admits of a brief answer. The “Standard,” which proposes it,

has thus characterized the Romish hierarchy and priesthood:—

"The crimes of Ireland (see *Standard*) the frightful outrages and cruel murders, which have made the name of the island a bye-word in the civilized world—are, in fact, the crimes of the Romanist bishops and priests of Ireland; for, if they had co-operated with the law—if they had not nursed the cherished antipathy to Britain upon blood—no such crimes could have been committed. Let us not forget the cases of the honest and pious men driven from the Romish Church, because they would not countenance the Ribbon conspiracy; and this, too, at the very time when CROLLY and MURRAY were sickening the very turnspits in Dublin Castle with their lip-loyalty.

"From 1798, when the Romish priests took the field as leaders in the rebellion, the crimes that have disgraced Ireland have been the crimes of conspirators, and, as such, known to the priests, from whom no conspiracy can be hidden.

"The proofs, however, in question are so conclusive, that no one is excusable who ever doubted the disloyalty of the Romanist bishops and priests of Ireland.

"As to the threat of desecrating chapels to schools of sedition, and bringing up the ignorant to fit them for the gallows, is it not what they have been doing for centuries, though they have not before acknowledged the wickedness with such desperate effrontery? If the priests are to be teachers of treason—if their chapels are to be schools of treason—if the end of their teaching is to fit men for the gallows, it must be unnecessary to say what is the duty of a humane legislature in reference to such teachers, such schools, and such pupils.

"BANISH THE TEACHERS, shut up or regulate the schools, and put it out of the power of the pupils to harm you, their country, and themselves: this is all that was done by the penal code, against which so much invective was directed."

This passage we have borrowed from the "*Dublin Evening Mail*." From the same source we take an answer to "The *Standard*'s" question:—

"We beg to refer 'The *Standard*' to the legislative measures that have been since enacted, and the course of proceeding that has been since adopted towards those priests and pupils, and both sustained and advocated by that jour-

nal, subsequently to the 18th May, 1843—only two years and three months ago: their church endowed by law; their prelates elevated in rank, and given precedence by act of parliament to peers of the realm; £75,000 a-year of the public money bestowed upon the priests ('to fit men for the gallows') for the exclusive education of Roman Catholics in the national schools, while a grant of a single shilling is refused to the primate or the clergy of the Established Church; the foundation of provincial colleges—which, with the exception of that in Ulster, will be wholly popish, &c. &c."

So much for the courtship of a body of men to whom "The *Standard*" has applied a name which we shall not adopt as our own, and of whom it has been said, on authority not to be gainsayed, and in terms which have never been denied, that they are "at heart all ardent repealers."

But all repealers were not treated with the indulgence bestowed on the ecclesiastical portions of the body (we do not like to copy the strong terms suggested to us). "The *Standard*" "presumes that the state trials live still in memory." To us it would seem as if apologists of the government should wish them dead. "The *Standard*," however, is right—long must it be before the state trials are forgotten. Judges, jurors, counsel, people, repealers, and friends of British connection, Protestants and Roman Catholics, England and Ireland, have strong reason to remember them. The future historian will write of them as among the agencies through which the interests of repeal were promoted. They gave proof that the law was strong enough to put down agitation, and that upon the government of Sir Robert Peel rested the responsibility of so thwarting law as to render it powerless. The trials at bar in Dublin, with the verdict of the jury and judgments of the bench, the deliberate opinion of the judges in England, the reversal of the judgment thus solemnly confirmed, and the agency through which it was reversed in the House of Lords, constitute altogether a monster procedure, in which the government has done more to shake the authority of law than all the intemperance of the most seditious agitation. And the declaration of Sir Robert Peel, which may well be taken as his comment on the disastrous his-

tory (a declaration, not to the effect that the law should be strengthened to do what the peers of England were required to consent to certain law lords hindering it from doing, but to the effect that there existed in Ireland "a formidable confederacy against the British government which must be broken up, and which he believed could not be broken up by force), gives a character to the whole transaction which it would be impossible to describe adequately without using language of a description from which, whenever it may be avoided, it is our uniform practice to abstain. This we will say:—no friend of Sir Robert

Peel—no advocate who respects his reputation—should ever wantonly bring the state trials into remembrance.

III. "Lastly, did Sir Robert Peel's government direct penal laws against Protestantism and persecutions against Protestants, according to the old practice? No; it allowed the penal law against Protestants to expire, and out of its expiration has arisen this very case of Mr. Watson, who has been removed from the commission of the peace for an indiscretion which, if imitated, would render necessary the re-enactment of the penal law in question.*" For this the apologist seems to claim credit, we think un-

* We think it advisable to subjoin the letter in which Mr. Watson's deprival of the deputy-lieutenanthip is notified. If the passage in italics be true, "The Standard" is not correct in saying, that Sir Robert Peel's government has "allowed the penal act against Protestants to expire."

"Dublin Castle, 31st July, 1845.

"SIR—I am directed by the Lcrd Lieutenant, to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 23rd instant, stating, in answer to that which inquired of you, 'as deputy lieutenant of the county Antrim, whether you joined in the resolutions of the Lisburn Orangemen, or signed them as chairman'—that you signed the resolutions alluded to as chairman, and not as deputy lieutenant.

"His Excellency has received this answer with deep regret.

"It must be in your recollection that the subject of Orange societies has anxiously engaged the attention of the crown and the legislature.

"On the 25th of February, 1836, his late Majesty King William the Fourth, in reply to an address of the House of Commons, praying his Majesty to discourage Orange lodges, expressed himself to the following effect:—

"I willingly assent to the prayer of my faithful Commons, that I will be pleased to take such measures as may seem to me advisable for the effectual discouragement of Orange lodges, and generally of all political societies, excluding persons of a different religious faith, using secret signs and symbols, and acting by means of associated branches. It is my firm intention to discourage all such societies in my dominions; and I rely with confidence on the fidelity of my loyal subjects to support me in this determination."

"The intentions of his Majesty, as thus expressed, were without delay adopted and enforced by the legislature.

"In act of the same session (6 and 7 William IV., cap. 38,) on a subject not necessarily involving the question, opportunity was taken of inserting provisions (sections 8, 9,) which opposed the strongest practical impediments to the assembling of societies constituted as Orange lodges as described to be; and a subsequent act, specially directed to the purpose (2 and 3 Victoria, chap. 74,) put an end to their legal existence.

"The subject was again brought under the notice of parliament in the past session, when this act was renewed by the 7 and 8 Victoria, cap. 78; and a bill is now passing through parliament for its further continuance.

"The law being thus unequivocal, and the sense of the legislature thus deliberately pronounced, you have, nevertheless, thought fit, while bearing the commission of the peace and the office of deputy lieutenant for the county of Antrim, to attend and act as chairman of a meeting at which certain resolutions were passed, entitled 'Resolutions of the Lisburn Orangemen,' and of which the following passage forms a part: 'Resolved—that we deem it essential to take immediate steps to re-organise the Orange Institution in this county, and that the county secretary be forthwith requested to convene a county meeting.'

"His excellency cannot reconcile your concurrence in such a resolution, and your acting as chairman at such a meeting, with the duties incumbent on you as a justice of the peace, or as a deputy lieutenant.

"As a magistrate, you should carefully guard and warn people against breach of the law, should they appear likely to violate it. You have incited them to re-organise societies which the law prohibits.

wisely as well as unfairly. Sir Robert Peel recently allowed the anti-procession act to expire, but last year he had renewed it. The circumstances under which he acted in both instances ought to be made known, and although we do not think it just to name our informants, we pledge our reputation for the truth of the account of the affair which we proceed to lay before the reader. At the time when the act against processions was last renewed, some persons of much influence in Ireland waited on Sir James Graham, with a request, that, if the act were renewed, it should not be continued in the partial form of which loyal men had just reason to

complain. They said that it was difficult to reconcile the minds of Protestants in Ulster to a law of which they alone felt the severity, and with which they were frequently taunted by subtle adversaries. The answer was, that in the following year the offensive statute should be suffered to expire, or else should be rendered less objectionable by being made general. Early in this year the subject was again brought under the consideration of the members of the government, who were strongly urged to make the act comprehensive enough to prohibit processions of all such descriptions as were calculated to provoke jealousy or alarm. Another course was chosen: the anti-procession

"As a deputy lieutenant, you should be an aid to the lieutenant of your county in all lawful measures tending to preserve its peace. You have encouraged assemblies, the result of which, in an adjoining county, has been a formidable affray, attended with loss of life.

"In allowing the act to expire which prohibited party processions in Ireland, her majesty reposed a willing confidence in the loyalty and good sense of her Irish subjects. That confidence has not, in the main, been disappointed. Successful exertions have been made by many of the most enlightened, patriotic, and influential of the magistracy and gentry towards the prevention of armed displays tending to excite breach of the peace, to alarm the peaceable, and to perpetuate discord; and the country has had the advantages of owing their discountenance, not to the penalties of an act of parliament, but to the laudable discretion and loyalty of the people.

"Among those who have thus merited the approbation of her majesty, and the gratitude of their country, you have not been found. On the contrary, you are among the few of your station who have concurred in advising the renewal of an illegal association, whose proceedings have heretofore given occasion to frequent and sanguinary conflicts between different classes of her majesty's subjects, of the lamentable character of that which has recently occurred in the city of Armagh.

"Under these circumstances his Excellency feels bound to deprive you, as far as in him lies, of any influence and authority derivable from the offices you have hitherto held under the crown; and a letter has been addressed to the lieutenant of the county of Antrim, intimating your removal from the office of deputy lieutenant.

"The lord chancellor has your conduct under his consideration with reference to your commission of the peace.

"It is not without feelings of extreme regret that his Excellency has arrived at the decision now announced to you.

"He has been informed that you have attained to an advanced age, possessed of the respect and the esteem of those by whom you are surrounded.

"It is painful to his Excellency to place a mark of disapprobation where it seemed so unlikely to be called for; it is equally painful to him to deprive a gentleman of a trust which he has long enjoyed, and of which he has been hitherto considered entirely deserving.

"But in proportion to the station and rank in which you are placed, and to the esteem with which your general conduct has invested you, must be the effect produced by your precepts and example in the country where you hold an office of trust under the crown; and his Excellency feels bound in your instance to demonstrate to the public that it is his firm determination to be influenced by no other considerations, in the exercise of the functions with which he is invested, than those which relate to the maintenance of the law and the promotion of the public welfare in that part of her Majesty's dominions in which the supreme authority has been committed to his charge. I have the honour to be, sir, your most obedient servant,

(Signed)

"E. LUCAS."

sion act was permitted to expire, Protestants were left free as repealers; but it was freedom, it seems, "with a difference;" the processions which were conformable with law were unacceptable to the minister, and for exercising the freedom which Queen, Lords, and Commons restored, Sir Robert Peel's government dishonours, so far as it has power, a magistrate whose reputation for uprightness, courtesy, and honour, could not suffer in comparison with any gentleman in the empire. To us this appears a procedure which should be neither enulated nor praised. There were three courses from which government might have chosen without adding very materially to the grounds of complaint against them; there was a fourth course in which it was practicable to exceed the measures of ordinary despotism, and Sir Robert Peel's government found it out: they gave liberty, and followed the exercise (the wise and virtuous exercise) of it with punishment.

Having expressed our opinion on the severity inflicted on Mr. Watson, in our last number, we shall not weary the reader by a repetition of it; but, at the same time, feel it advisable to advert to one incident in the recent history of our times, which will serve to show how very groundlessly Mr. Watson has been censured in the epistle containing his dismissal. The reader is, no doubt, aware that the ostensible cause or occasion of this rebuke, was not the procession, but the resolution subscribed by Mr. Watson, and affirming the expediency of re-organizing the Orange Society in the County of Antrim or Down. We showed, in our last number, that the view of this resolution taken by the government was erroneous: we proceed to lay before the reader a further proof that our own impression was correct.

During the fever of the repeal excitement, in the year 1842 or 1843, at a time when Protestants in various parts of Ireland regarded themselves as forsaken by the government, and exposed to the assaults of the adversaries of British connection, the thought presented itself to some brave spirits, that safety could be found in union, and that the Orange system, if only it were legal, supplied the best and most efficient form of or-

ganization. Accordingly, a case was submitted to counsel, and instructions were obtained, from one of the most learned and eminent members of the bar, for the re-construction of the Orange body, in such a form as should be found conformable to the letter and spirit of all existing laws. How far these instructions were acted upon we do not undertake to say. Our belief is that the general re-organization of the Orange Societies was prevented by the resumption of something like a determined spirit on the part of the government. It is a fact in the history of Orangeism, that it always grew and increased when danger became imminent, and that, in seasons of tranquillity it "slumbered and slept." When government seemed to have abdicated its high functions, and a powerful faction threatened the dismemberment of the empire, Orangeism was preparing to do its accustomed duty; but as soon as the prospect cleared, and the ascendancy of the law seemed likely to be asserted, preparations for re-organizing and augmenting Orange lodges were discontinued, and in various districts the Society remained extinct.

The incidents of the late session of parliament have very materially changed the opinions of Irish Protestants, and greatly added to their alarm. New reasons have been given, and old reasons have been enforced, for the re-construction of a Society to which, in evil days gone by, the country was so deeply indebted. Mr. Watson agreed in the opinion that the Orange institution should be revived; but, as all who know the principles of that institution must be aware, revived conformably to law; he had the instructions previously given to be his guide, and the only question to be raised respecting his conduct in subscribing the resolution at which Lord Heytesbury or Sir Robert Peel took offence, was simply whether it was one called for or justified by circumstances. We crave the reader's earnest attention to the circumstances under which the resolution was passed, and especially to Sir Robert Peel's part in the justification of it.

We have already cited the announcement of the Right Hon. Baronet, that there existed in Ireland a formidable confederacy against the government, which it is of imperative

necessity to break up; and the singular confession of his inability to break up this confederacy by force. The importance of the confession will not be understood, unless it be taken in connection with the object and end of the confederacy. We transcribe from the "Dublin Evening Mail" Sir Robert Peel's estimate of repeal:—

"The Repeal of the Union is tantamount to the dissolution of the British Empire, and it could only be assented to upon principles which resolved society into its first elements. I feel and know that the repeal of the legislative union must lead to the dismemberment of this great empire—must make Great Britain a fourth-rate power of Europe, and Ireland a savage wilderness."

It was an alarming confession of imbecility to say, that England had not force, if force were necessary, to break up a confederacy which threatened such calamity as this; a confession calculated to stimulate repealers, as it did, to bolder daring, and to arouse the manhood of Irish Protestants to meet, as best they might, the coming danger, and, (in the event of their being deserted by England,) in the strength of their just cause to abide the issue, if God so ordered it, of a sanguinary war. The first move in preparing for such a struggle, was that for which Mr. Watson was dismissed—the resolution to put his county in a state of readiness for the coming evil, by re-organizing the Orange Society.

The county wherein this resolution was passed had a solemn precedent for the act, in its well-remembered history. In the memorable year 1778, the inhabitants of Belfast learning that their coasts were threatened with invasion, applied to the government of the day for protection. We transcribe a portion of the answer to their application:—

"The greatest part of the troops being encamped near Clonmel and Kinsale, his excellency can at present send no further military aid to Belfast, than a troop or two of horse, or part of a company of invalids."

We need not remind our readers of

the effect of this reply. That it aroused the spirit of the whole country, and was the summons to call out and arm for the field, more than sixty* thousand volunteers. Such was the effect produced by the government announcement "that there was reason to apprehend that three or four privateers in company may, in a few days, make attempts on the northern coasts of the kingdom," and "that his excellency could afford no further military aid to Belfast than a troop or two of horse, or part of a company of invalids." What, then, if the ancient spirit lingered in the hearts of Irish Protestants, might be expected from the announcement of Sir Robert Peel—that there was a confederacy in Ireland to attain an object which "must lead to the dismemberment of the empire, must make Great Britain a fourth-rate power in Europe, and Ireland a savage wilderness;" and that he did not believe this baleful conspiracy "could be broken up by force." Was not this to say to the Protestants of Ireland, you must maintain yourselves? When his royal mistress said to the Duke of Argyle, that she would make his country a hunting-ground, who has not commended the spirit of the reply, that he must hasten home, and have his beagles ready? Sir Robert Peel proclaims that there is a confederacy, too strong to be broken up by any force at his command, which threatens to make Ireland a savage wilderness. In this extremity Mr. Watson proposes to call together the Orangemen—the men to whose merits Sir Robert Peel bore this high testimony:—

"I believe the individuals who compose the Orange Society are, generally speaking, as brave, as high-spirited, and as a loyal class of men as any in his Majesty's dominions. They may be safely depended on in any hour of emergency, for the defence of their country, from the danger of external attack, or internal disorder."

And for proposing to bring together such men, in such an emergency, Sir Robert Peel, without any ground, imputes to a most loyal man a disloyal intention, and dismisses him from office, under the false pretext that he had

*The Appendix to Mr. Nevin's History of the Volunteers gives the numbers in detail, and makes their amount one hundred thousand.

counselled or contemplated an illegal act.

Thus far, in obedience to the specific interrogatories in which "The Standard" has defied Irish Protestants, we have considered those parts of Sir Robert Peel's policy upon which his apologists think it most advisable to fix attention: we shall now bestow a few paragraphs on the question, what is the ground of our complaint, or of our "quarrel with Sir Robert Peel's government?"

Foremost in the file of our complaints we charge that government with the sin and shame of undertakership—a sin always odious, even when some semblance of necessity could be pleaded in its excuse, but which, considering the circumstances of Sir Robert Peel's accession to office, appears unpardonable. We do not believe that the history of any country records an instance of power attained under circumstances more favourable to the development of a wise and upright policy, than those in which the right honourable baronet became prime minister of England. Ireland, where he professed to expect his difficulty, was peculiarly free from incidents which could embarrass him. An Irish majority had kept his predecessors in place, and must accordingly have had its influence in determining the policy of the government it created. The supporters of Sir Robert Peel in Ireland were in a minority, and consequently without power; the Irish majority was powerless, for the obvious reason that it was in opposition. Sir Robert Peel was consequently free to take the course that true wisdom approved, and the general interests of the empire dictated towards Ireland. Undertakership could not be forced upon him; Roman Catholic opposition was overborne, and Protestant support was incapacitated from insisting on unjust concessions by the commanding majority which conservative constituencies throughout Great Britain had sent into parliament. For the first time in our history, there was a reasonable prospect that the deliberate wisdom and justice of England would be brought to bear thoroughly on the government of our country. Sir Robert Peel has marred

the precious opportunity. We accuse him, not because of the instruments through whom he has chosen that his purposes shall be carried into effect, (his choice may aggravate the evil,) but because when he had power to carry out a system of wise and impartial government, he has thought proper to have recourse to an expedient which it was discreditable to have compulsorily adopted, and which we know no excuse for the crime of having voluntarily chosen.

"The Standard" asks for proof that our charge is well-founded:—

"But Sir Robert Peel, it is said, is employing the Roman Catholic bishops as his undertakers. What is the proof of this?"*

The article from which we have copied this extract, offers us assistance to answer the question:—

"Walpole, it is well known, was an open professor of the practice of corruption; he held all men to be accessible to bribes, and he found all his opinions of the corruption of human nature realized in the Irish Parliament. He could not do the work of bribing the majority of three hundred gentlemen in person, being compelled to remain in England, and therefore he employed agents, &c. &c. . . . Thus matters went on until the Union made the use of undertakers unnecessary. But the habit continued long after the necessity out of which it arose, had ceased," &c. &c.†

Is further proof of our assertion necessary? The agents who distributed Walpole's bounties to members of parliament were his undertakers; the agents selected to distribute Sir Robert Peel's bounties to the Roman Catholics of Ireland—none flow from him exclusively to Protestants—are the Roman Catholic bishops. It may be said, that these latter bounties are not bribes, as Walpole's were. They are only "considerations." We are not very sensible that there is a value in the distinction. Perhaps, in the days of Walpole, the recipients of ministerial favour were equally fastidious as to the name which should be given it. We have, however, matter of too much importance before us, to allow of our delays on such a topic any longer.

The second ground of complaint which we allege against Sir Robert Peel, is furnished in his policy respecting Maynooth. In the year 1840, he said, in his place in Parliament,

"If there be any well-founded objection to the system of Maynooth, all I can say is, that the principals of the College would be, of all others, the persons most interested in repelling them, and challenging the inquiry. I WOULD ADVISE THEM TO DO SO, BY ALL MEANS, FOR THE SAKE OF CONCILIATING THEIR PROTESTANT BRETHREN. Nothing short of positive proof of abuse will render it proper for the house to enter into a pledge as to the positive withdrawal of the grant. But if all these complaints were removed, I should vote for the grant with much greater satisfaction than I do now, when so strong an impression prevails that the system of education stands in need of improvement."

In the year 1845, he carried the Maynooth Endowment Bill, without granting an inquiry into the system of education so strongly complained against, and without taking any precautions for its improvement.

We do not mean to enter at length into the argument on the question of this ill-bestowed endowment. Public opinion, we think, has been strongly enough pronounced on the ministerial scheme, as well as on the favoured institution. But it is impossible for us to remember how vehemently the rash measure was condemned, without being reminded of an aggravation of Sir Robert Peel's fault in the scheme which he so recklessly forced upon the country. As a measure of conciliation, it would be desirable that Great Britain, and not the minister of the day, should have the grace of any concession made to the Roman Catholics of Ireland. If the feeling against Maynooth were a groundless prejudice, it should be removed by explanation and argument—if it were a well-grounded dislike, the cause of it ought to be removed—and when, but not before, dispositions of mutual good-will had been induced, the favour should be accorded by the benevolence of a people, not flattered or extorted by ministerial dexterity, or force. Sir Robert Peel appears to have adopted a very different method of procedure. He shows to the Roman Catholic that he it is to whom they owe the concession—that half his party

in the House of Commons could not be persuaded to acquiesce in the propriety of it—and that it was granted in defiance of the wishes of, it might almost be said, the whole people of Great Britain, so many were the petitions against, so few those in favour of it. The opposition thus manifested between the minister and the nation, could not be ascribed, under ordinary circumstances, to the minister's agency; but when it is shown that in his communications with Protestants, Sir Robert Peel was capable of expressing himself in the manner in which he spoke to the Scottish deputation, it is very difficult to acquit him of the crime of having fostered feelings in the minds of the Protestant people such as were likely to produce that very opposition to the Maynooth scheme, which, however it may have set off the minister in the sight of the body he favoured, was sure to deepen and exasperate in the minds of Irish Roman Catholics the antipathies of race and creed.

Dr. Buchanan's statement, and Mr. Pringle's confirmation of it in the House of Commons, are well remembered.

"We were much struck and deeply interested," observes the reverend gentleman, "by a declaration Sir Robert Peel made while referring to the importance of bringing out the bench of bishops. Independent of rousing the English members, and England generally, to the importance of your individual question, he thought it was of the highest moment that the English and Scotch Establishments should unite in these days on the common ground of the Protestant faith, in resisting the encroachments of popery. "It is impossible, I think," he said, with great earnestness of tone and manner, "to look at the progress popery is now making, and the efforts it is putting forth, without anxiety and alarm. The establishment of the order of the Jesuits in most of the countries of Europe—the movements in Prussia and Belgium—the increase of popish chapels and seminaries in our own country, show us too clearly what we have to dread. And I am persuaded," he continued, "that we shall ere long, see a struggle arise in which again we shall have to determine the question whether popery or Protestantism is to have the ascendancy."

We would not be held to think lightly of the sinfulness of aiding in the propagation of error (or of the

crime of providing for the inculcation of principles objectionable, not only on account of their untruth, but of their evil tendency,) because we write thus of a matter "collateral to the issue." We hold that the Maynooth endowment scheme, in principle and in detail, was evil; but we think that its pernicious influence, in exasperating religious rancour, should not be overlooked; and we think that so far as the acts or omissions of Sir Robert Peel conspired to this calamity, they became substantive grounds of charge against him.

And we are thus led to a third topic of complaint, which we shall state in the words of Mr. Shiel:—*

"The right honourable baronet, the first lord of the treasury, had made a declaration, on coming into power, and a most remarkable declaration it was—that if a Roman Catholic and a Protestant, both equally qualified, were to be candidates for an office, the Roman Catholic should have the preference."

This was, indeed, a remarkable declaration. It was exemplified, as we remember, although not correctly, or to the letter, in the appointment of a learned serjeant, who was advanced, it was said, over the heads of fifty, or perhaps a hundred men, in legal station, very greatly his superiors, the merits of his creed overcoming every professional disqualification. We are no adversaries or ill-wishers of the gentleman thus exalted. On the contrary, we should have heard, with much satisfaction, that he had obtained a title, or a ribbon, or a pension: but we were not satisfied to see him placed above the worthies of the Irish bar, in a post of present dignity, and prospective advancement to a judicial station. Still, it was the principle we condemned. In the eye of the state there should be no such distinction as Sir Robert Peel created. The Emancipation Act was passed to fuse two peoples into one. It was criminal, more especially in the man through whom that act was carried, to break its promise to the heart, by re-dividing the classes it was to have united. It was "foul scorn" to proclaim to the Protestants of Ireland that attachment to their faith was a disqualification for

office; and to make known to Roman Catholics, that in every contest, in which they had equal merit with a Protestant competitor, the creed of Rome was to turn the scale in their favour. This was, even on the supposition that the Peel government adhered to the letter of their leader's declaration, as heavy a blow to Protestantism as could be safely dealt it. The minister could scarcely venture on promoting unsuitable persons, often, to stations, in which their incompetency would be made manifest; but he could cast a slur on Protestantism with impunity, and he did not let the ignoble opportunity escape him. In this, however, he has not harmed the Protestant character or cause. It was good to mark the generous spirit in which Protestants generally bore with the announcement, that, under the Peel administration, the profession of Romanism was to constitute a ground of preference; but their high-minded forbearance seems but to render more conspicuous the blame-worthiness of the minister who had first sacrificed the constitution to the principle of equality, and then violated equality by an invidious and, unless it might conduce to some selfish advantage, a most impolitic distinction. Well might Mr. Shiel pronounce the minister's declaration "remarkable." It was in keeping with his Maynooth endowment proceedings. In them, he said to Roman Catholic ecclesiastics, "I forsake, or break up my party, and oppose the British people, to do you a service." In the "declaration," he said to the Roman Catholic laity—"in the eye of the law I have made you equal to your Protestant fellow-subjects—in my eyes you are superior."

We object to Sir Robert Peel's patronage of the National System of education, as seen in connection with his rejection of the claims of the Church Education Society. On the subject of the National Board, our views agree with those of Dr. O'Sullivan. If the rules of the Board retained their original strictness in excluding works of peculiar religious instruction, and were silent respecting Scripture, we should hold it a matter of purely individual concern whether any individual con-

* In the debate, August 5; "Warder," August 9.

nected himself with the Board, or held himself estranged from it. We would not require from the Board a rule which insisted on the reading of Scripture. We should be content to leave the regulation in this department to the discretion of the respective patrons. Our objection to the rule of the Board is, that it is based on the principle of the Church of Rome; and we complain against Sir Robert Peel, that he has given that principle a preference, and secured to the system of education founded on it a monopoly of the public bounty. The State, at this day, endows no school in Ireland, in which the principle of the Church of Rome respecting Scripture is not recognized. Wherever human compositions on religious subjects are excluded, the Bible is excluded with them. Wherever the Bible is admitted into a school, religious works of erring men must share in the admission. This is the great peculiarity of Romanism. It does not prohibit, but contents itself with disparaging, Scripture.

To any of our readers who think the government justifiable in its refusal to aid the cause of scriptural education, we earnestly recommend the correspondence between his Grace the Lord Primate, and Sir Robert Peel. A perusal of it will prove very instructive. It consists of six letters, three from each of the distinguished personages, with some accompanying documents. In the Primate's first letter, soliciting aid in behalf of the Church Education Society, he refers to the last address of the Irish Bishops, in which the grounds of their objection to the National system were stated, and informs the Premier, that seventeen hundred of the clergy of Ireland had "expressed their concurrence in the views put forward" in that address. His Grace enclosed copies of the resolutions passed in Dublin, and the address signed in London by a very large proportion of the noblemen and gentlemen of Ireland in recommendation of the claims of the Church Education Society. Against the argument of the letter and address, and against the authority of so many high names, Sir Robert Peel sheltered himself behind the recommendations of a Commission appointed, in, we believe, the year 1808, to inquire into the state of education. Than these Commissioners,

Sir Robert Peel says, "it would be difficult to name persons of higher authority on the question of public institutions in Ireland;" and they, he says, recommended a system similar in principle to that which has been framed or adopted by the National Board. In replying to this "*argumentum ad verecundiam*," the Primate cites the testimony of one of the Commissioners, Dr. Elrington, late Bishop of Ferns, to the effect "that the new schools were to be supplementary to the parochial schools, which were to remain under the management of the clergy, and towards the support of which the Commissioners recommended that increased aid should be given." Sir Robert responds, "I must contend that the opinions of the Board of Education ought to be inferred from the official reports made by that Board to the Crown, and not from letters of individual Commissioners, written at a period subsequent to their presentation." In reply, the Primate sends the official recommendation of the Board, distinctly and authoritatively given, in the second Appendix to their Fourteenth Report—a recommendation that there should be, independent of the supplementary schools, two thousand four hundred under the care of the parochial clergy, and in which it was calculated that there would be about one hundred and twenty thousand pupils educated. Sir Robert Peel does not attempt to deny the truth or genuineness of the citation thus unaccommodatingly introduced to him, but affirms that "it suggests a system of instruction utterly at variance with the recommendations of the Report, and which it would be impossible to carry into execution."

Were we wrong in calling this an instructive correspondence? It contains much valuable matter, to which we have not adverted; but even the single thread we have drawn from it may serve as a useful clue in the mazes of the argument. The primate, with strong aid from reasoning and authority, asks of the government to favour a scriptural system of education. Sir Robert Peel replies, that two systems are not to be supported, and that that which the government has adopted is the system recommended by commissioners, whose authority on such a subject could scarcely be exceeded. The primate cites one of those commissioners to

prove that they had intended to establish two systems of education; and Sir Robert rallies, refusing to admit individual testimony, in opposition to the official recommendation. Mild and forbearing as the primate shows himself all through the correspondence, he does not consent to compromise the strength of his cause. He cites the original official recommendation, which the minister had, it would seem, pledged himself to honour. He cites the recommendation of the commissioners, that there should be two systems of education—one similar to that of the Church Education Society; one, to which the National System bears a kind of awkward resemblance; and Sir Robert, casting away all respect for the commissioners, rises in his own person, and pronounces their recommendations at variance with each other, and such as "it would be impossible to carry into execution." We conclude this topic, and our complaint against the right honourable the premier, for that he employs the public funds and the name of the government to aid and advance a system in which the pure Word of God is disparaged, and the "distinguishing iniquity," as it has been called, of the Church of Rome, is set in honour.

We do not enter into a consideration of the gravest charge that has been preferred against the minister in this matter—the charge of having given directions that church patronage should be profaned to serve as a decoy for the National System. We will only say, that, where the prime minister of England was accused of a sacrilegious impiety, and was questioned on the subject in the high court of parliament, the question and the reply ought to have been most unequivocal and satisfactory. We remember thinking that they might have been more so than they were; and we have not been able to discern, in the distribution of government patronage in the Irish Church, or in the conduct of the patronised, since that day when the appalling accusation was preferred, any thing which could reconcile us better to the premier's inadequate disclaimer.

We shall for the present, set down but one more item in our enumeration of grievances—an item of a somewhat different description from those of which we have been writing. Hitherto we have directed our attention to the preferences of government—we shall now address ourselves to its standard of equality. It may be said, that we are hard to please when we can find ground of complaint in directions thus opposite; but if from each quarter the Protestants of Ireland are smitten sore, they may be excused for complaining of the varieties of affliction. When they learn, that if they are candidates for office, a Roman Catholic, as the Premier's advertisement announces, will be preferred, when they see, that a system of exclusive education is endowed when Romanism demands it—that united education, at the dictation of Romanism, is to be based on an anti-scriptural principle—and that, in order to give this evil system all the advantage in its power, it is invested with a monopoly of government favour and support—it is natural that they should complain, and ask why the system of education which would not be tolerated for Protestants in England, is the only one provided for Protestants in Ireland; why this country shall be treated as a colony, and governed, in a matter of the most vital importance, according to the rule which Romanism is pleased to dictate? Here, surely, unjust preference justifies a murmur. The reader shall judge whether cause of complaint may not be found also in the principle which influences government in refusing to acknowledge a preference or distinction.

There are two parties in Ireland who have purposes and objects very decidedly at variance, and who pursue their ends by processes, in which there is some little resemblance—one consists of Roman Catholics who aim at a Repeal of the Union—the other of Protestants who would maintain the Union, and the articles on which that great compact was effected. One of these parties would make of Great Britain, according to Sir Robert Peel, "a fourth-rate power, and Ireland a savage wilderness"—the other would

* The following "gem" from recent proceedings in the Conciliation Hall has not met our eye. The speaker was Mr. John O'Connell:—

"No man could admire all that was worthy of imitation in General Jackson's

give life and land to maintain Britain in her high ascendancy, and Ireland in strict connexion with her. To the Right Honourable Baronet, these two classes are alike. If Orangemen hold a meeting to show their love for British connexion, and the power they have to defend it—if Repealers hold a meeting to proclaim their hatred of the Union, and their determination by any means, and at any risk to dissolve it, the minister looks on both with equal disesteem. The objects of the respective assemblages are alike insignificant to him, and their processes equally inconvenient. Between the patriot and the incendiary, the benefactor of his country, and the man who would make it "a savage wilderness," there is no difference when once they have entered within the unfriendly precincts of the Premier's mind. In that dreary region nothing is remembered, save the part taken in doing or refusing homage to the will of the minister—moral distinctions become as difficult of recognition as Menippus found physical in Tartarus—among all who have "shown their teeth," the dead to the cynic, the living before the legislator—individual characteristics seem effaced, and Sir Robert Peel will see no more difference between Mr. Archdall and Mr. Steele, Mr. Watson and Mr. Blake, Daniel O'Connell and Col. Verner, than Menippus could discern between Nireus and Thersites—Pyrrhias, the cook, and Agamemnon—the beggar Irus, and the King of the Phaeacians. Here is, surely, grave matter of complaint—matter, indeed, of painful alarm. If public meetings to commemorate a great national deliverance are so inexpedient that they ought not to be held, let them be prohibited by law, but let not the law assume a character of partiality and injustice, by tolerating assemblages of an opposite description. If meetings are to be allowed, let them be judged of by the objects they propose, and the means they employ to win them—let them be decided upon in the spirit of British law, not by the caprice of any minister—and let not the confusion be introduced into the

minds of men, which arises from seeing one person degraded for attending a meeting where national ruin was contemplated, and another because he assisted at the peaceful and legal commemoration of a great national deliverance.

Thus far we have endeavoured to meet the challenge conveyed through the government organ; but we must pause here, in our enumeration of complaints, or groins of complaint; otherwise we should leave ourselves without space for some general reflections which we hope will not be thought irrelevant.

It has been charged upon us that we have lent our columns to writers who made use of the indulgence to avenge their own quarrel on a minister from whom they had experienced personal disappointment. We declare the charge unfounded; and, confidently affirm, that it had been our desire to serve Sir Robert Peel's government, and that, in any of the few instances in which we departed from this our rule, the language of censure was forced from us against our will. It is to readers who have long been distrustful of the premier, and not to his supporters, we owe an explanation of the views we have acted on.

When Sir Robert Peel came into office, we regarded the empire as having had a signal deliverance from what might have proved a fatal dominion. The preceding cabinet existed on sufferance, holding office at the pleasure of Mr. O'Connell. At any moment he could have broken it up. At every moment, therefore, his voice and will must have had high authority; and, accordingly, we thought the impress of his mind was discernible on the policy, home, foreign, and colonial, of the Melbourne administration. A strong effort, upon the part of the British people, stimulated, some by a sense of high disdain, others by influences still better and holier, rescued the country from this pernicious and disgraceful thralldom; and Sir Robert Peel came into power with a majority, furnished by Great Britain alone,

character more sincerely than he. He was unquestionably a man of great genius, and of undaunted courage in carrying out his views; and there was this feature in the history of his life, which it was not likely that many in this Hall would reverse his memory the less for—namely, that he had given a capital good licking to England, (loud and vehement cheers).—*Freeman's Journal*, Sept. 10, 1845.

strong enough to sustain him in office, and to give effect to his measures. We thought it not irrational to hope a favourable result, where there was so much to encourage expectations; and we did expect. The initiatory movements of the new administration did not discourage us. We were not disgusted by the coming of Lord Eliot; nor daunted, although sorely distressed by the ingratitude with which John Beatty West was put aside and sacrificed. We held it to be of much consequence that insurrectionary or seditious movements in Ireland should be rendered unpopular, and thought, that, while Sir Robert Peel was shaping out his scheme of government, and contriving the means by which it was to be successfully carried on, it was of more than ordinary moment that he should have peace in Ireland. We saw much that we could have wished not to be, but we made excuse for it. We saw that the boast of giving to professional merit its rank and value, was flagrantly disregarded in practice—we saw services of great worth to the cause of order—services rendered, in difficult times, and at costly sacrifices, culpably overlooked—we saw what we esteemed a poor and unworthy delay to do justice to men whom the rancour of a faction had assailed, and whose wrongs we knew it would have been even good policy to redress; but still we did not complain—much might well be submitted to for the sake of peace; and we were determined, that, on our part, the conciliation experiment, defective and one-sided as it was, should have fair play.

As time passed on, and errors accumulated, we became somewhat more uneasy than we were; but still hoped—still relied on the prudence, if we had less trust in the political conscience—of the minister. We gave him credit, too, for high designs. Set on a commanding eminence, from which he could see dependencies of Great Britain dotted over every portion of the earth's or ocean's surface, we thought it natural that he should desire to consolidate all those colonies, and make them part and parcel of the British empire. With the material advantages at his command—surpassing wealth—and a powerful navy—and with the moral advantage supplied by the principles and habits of such a people as that of England, we felt

that it was practicable to bring into one harmonious system—animated by one soul—all islands and continents, however widely separated, however far extended, which owned the sway of Great Britain; and we thought it excusable, that a minister, whose mind was set on such a vision, and who had no monitor, within or without, to keep him right, might forget matters which were to him of a more homely or a less exciting nature; even though they were matters of principle. With these views, we have advocated, both in private and in public, the cause of Sir Robert Peel; and have always insisted, that, even where he was to be censured, those whose silence and inactivity might have betrayed him into error, ought to share in his condemnation. He was sent, we said, to be a minister of finance—he had, in the department for which he was qualified, done his duty well; he was not to be looked to for the guardianship of sound principle. This, we repeatedly urged, was to be the care of his religious supporters, and we very earnestly entreated the Protestants of Ireland to do their part in the important work, recalling their leader to a sense of duty and danger where he was going wrong, and bringing to his knowledge or remembrance matters of deep interest which, in the multiplicity of his cares, or the loftiness of his designs, he may have misunderstood or disregarded. In short, we held from the first the same course we are now pursuing: we strenuously advised the Protestants of Ireland to become acquainted with their true interests and dangers, to become united for the maintenance of their rights and their country's true interests; and, whenever Sir Robert Peel showed that he forgot or undervalued them, to make known to him and to the British senate and empire, that they were not matter of indifference. This was our course in past time: if of late our tone has become more earnest, it is because the necessity has become more constraining—the danger more imminent; it is because Sir Robert Peel, if there be meaning in words, has confessed the failure of his great experiment, and declared his inability any longer to protect that one interest, to the maintenance of which he was ready to sacrifice all others.

It is demanded of us in what form this portentous declaration was made? We answer—when Sir Robert Peel aid, of that formidable confederacy against the government, *that it could not be broken up by force*. We differ in opinion with the dispiriting statesman; but all who understand language can interpret his announcement. It means that the repeal party have become stronger than the British empire, and that the legislative union is doomed. It means, that, if the union is still to be maintained, it must only do on sufferance; and that if permanence is to be given to it, it can only be by winning the assent of the repeal association on such terms as they shall condescend to dictate or approve of. If there be truth in this, the union—there would be wickedness in concealing the evil—should be considered as virtually dissolved; and the preparations which brave men would adopt for maintaining themselves in the sorest emergency, the Protestants of Ireland should at once earnestly employ themselves in making. If they do not, they will soon be disabled from making themselves ready. They can have no faculty in anticipating what is now the policy of the vanquished minister. No man will suppose that the craven announcement issued from his lips unadvisedly. When he proclaimed the strength of the repeal confederacy, he uttered the preamble to a new programme of more lavish concession. They are not to be broken up, he said, by force, and this he said when he was dedicating the resources of England to the office of propagating what he had sworn to be damnable error. They are not to be broken up *by force*—we are trying if they can be broken up by subsidies; they may perhaps be influenced by cajoleries which shall set one class in estrangement, if not in array, against another. The bishops have asked an endowment for Maynooth; they may accept, perhaps, some short time hence, an endowment for their church; they may perhaps thus enter into intercourse with the government, through which

they will ultimately decoy the lay agitation into the pasturage of the state, where it will browse tranquilly. Sir Robert Peel does not know the men whom he hopes thus to turn from their purpose. Bishops, priests, and laity of the Church of Rome and of the repeal party in Ireland, will accept what is given them without abandoning their great purpose. They may be offered endowments and may accept them—they may be indulged in a sight of the Established Church prostrate and impoverished—we trust not dishonoured—they may succeed in an energetic effort, or without effort, in effecting a reversal of the act of settlement (if Sir Robert Peel's gloomy hallucination be right, this is a boon which a conceding government must yield, if pressed to grant it), and through all their successes, never turn their thoughts or their march from the great object of their desire—national independence—triumph over England. For this state of things we are indebted to Sir Robert Peel's government. Need we answer at greater length the question, "what is our quarrel with it?"

We are bound, however, to repeat, that there is one excuse or palliation for the faint or false-heartedness of the Peel policy towards Ireland. It is found in the supineness of Irish Protestants. It is because they in their inactivity count for nothing, that Sir Robert Peel counts the imperial cause weak. Let them show themselves in the imposing attitude of their loyalty, their intelligence, their numbers, and their wealth; in the strength of their cause and their power to maintain it; then their merits will be understood and their rights acknowledged. There is yet time to do all that is needful. If they suffer the opportunity of the occasion to pass unredeemed, a few months hence they may mourn that "time is past." Let them avail themselves of the golden moment, and unite; when the next parliament assembles, they may be able to thank God that the danger is past.

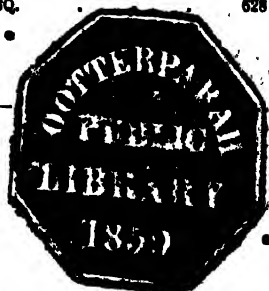
DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

339

No. CLV. NOVEMBER, 1845. Vol. XXVI.

CONTENTS.

	Page
THE GERMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH	513
BLACKLETTER RECREATIONS. THE IRISH STATUTES—IRISH DRESS AND CUSTOMS—MARRIAGE AND FOSTERING—THE KING'S TITLE—SLAVERY—CLERICAL ABSENTEES—GENTLEMEN AND VAGABONDS	537
THE WHYCHCOTS; A LEAF FROM THE CENSUS OF 1841. CHAPS. V., VI., VII., VIII.	550
TRAVELLING IN INDIA	563
A NIGHT WITH MEPHISTOPHELES. FROM THE POSTHUMOUS PAPERS OF COUNT SIGISMUND D—	570
ITALIAN POETS.—No. V. ARIOSTO.—PART II.	580
THE DUTIES OF IRISH PROTESTANTS—PEEL AND "THE STANDARD"	600
THE COCK AND ANCHOR	607
AN APPLE AND A SPINNING-WHEEL—A BALLAD IN A DREAM. BY SIR EMBER	625
CLAIMS OF ARCHBISHOP DE LONDRES TO A NICHE IN THE NEW HOUSE OF LORDS, IN A LETTER TO HENRY HALLAM, ESQ.	628



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THE GERMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

THE event of our times may soon be, we dare not yet say *is*, the Roman Schism in Germany. The struggle of the old and still powerful papal superstition with the varied forces that oppose it, is, beyond all doubt, the question of questions over the whole civilized world; and Germany, which began the struggle three hundred years ago, is once more the prime agent in re-commencing it.

Again the battle of religious controversy sounding through the earth! How mysterious—how inexplicable must such contests as these seem to the man who recognizes in human nature but the perishable mechanism of time and sense! How impossible would they be, were he no more than this! But no—man is above all things *the "religious animal"* he has been designated. Nothing can evince it more forcibly than the arousing efficacy which through his whole history this *one* topic has ever exclusively possessed. The infidel Hume has acknowledged the fact in one remarkable passage, which moulded as a contemptuous sneer, admits a mighty truth. No consideration stirs the depths of man's soul like the prospects of eternity. Be his hope a shadow or a reality, be it an empty dream or a solid truth, "the powers of the world to come," are the powers that alone thoroughly master the inmost recesses of his spirit. Every secret region of his heart still sends back its mysterious echoes to that keynote. The man of the world smiles at that religious ardour of the Crusader or of the wild Münster Ana-

passion; he may find a theme for deeper reflection in the strange potency

of that remote and dim-seen Object, which, even when by turns eclipsed by every successive passion, or mighty only to madden not govern them, does still in either case retain so wondrous a supremacy over the main current of the thoughts and actions of the man. Transitory desires, fears, calculations, may alternately overbear that master-thought, but the man cannot rid himself of it! Day by day he may in his folly and feebleness, rob himself of every solid ground for anticipating heaven, but he cannot endure to surrender the faint hope of it to the last. Nay—his fiercest impulses to persecution are often only his impatience of uncertainty—of uncertainty generated in spite of himself, by the perpetual presence of dissentient opinions; the way, he feels, is clear to *him*—his life is in that conviction—to mar it, is to leave him comfortless, to plunder him of the dearest treasure of his being; what right then, he cries, and grasps the sword—what right has any man to poison the sources of his peace by practically denying the belief by which he lives? Miserably—blindly do they scan the page of history, who can find nothing but folly in religious tumults and religious wars; these bloody struggles are fought in the very face of Christianity, they violate its simplest maxims, they are gross and sensual misinterpretations of its lovely spirit, but—they prove its power withal! The man who slaughters his foe for religious differences is mistaken—fearfully mistaken; but he is a *Man*; nought below man—the heir of eternity, the being whose true sphere is beyond the grave—could ever have done so.

It is a horrible madness, but there is sublimity in its horrors too!

Of such conflicts—if not unto blood, yet surely conflicts ardent, energetic, desperate—it is scarcely possible not to surmise that the world is now on the eve. The more the civilized world becomes by rapidity of intercourse one family, the more prominently will the differences upon these great questions present themselves, and the more urgently will they demand settlement. But there is a deeper ground for anticipating a mortal struggle of religions. The accumulated forces of scientific knowledge for the last two centuries, on the one side—of knowledge gained by pure inductive habits as opposed to dogmatic and *a priori* maxims,—the claim of a single infallible human authority on the most important of all subjects of thought, on the other,—principles in themselves almost necessarily hostile, have been frowning on each other from their adverse hills for a long period; skirmishes of the outposts, and one fierce and savage engagement at the close of the last century—have already taken place; but the decisive trial of strength has not come yet. The wild onslaught of the French Revolution upon all religions, decided nothing, and almost altered nothing; its literary oracles knew no Christianity beyond the Roman superstition; to assail it they assailed Christianity itself; the world at large could not go along with this monstrous tactic, and all things speedily returned to their old positions and relations. It is the idle vanity of French writers to exaggerate the permanent effects of their Revolution; few remarkable changes in civil affairs have really had so little. Compare it for one moment with the Reformation of the sixteenth century; the abortive infidel Reformation, with the real and successful Protestant one! In truth, Christianity in its main elements has so ineradicable a hold in the ground of man's nature; it so grapples with his heart of hearts, and implicates itself with all his deepest feelings, that no attempt at its universal overthrow will ever—some unimaginable conjuncture apart, have a chance of lasting success; the great contest will ever be, not to destroy, but to

restore and purify it. The nations of the world will ever take the substance of Christianity for granted, while they dispute fiercely about its circumstantialia; the universal human heart cannot do without it in some form. To say it without irreverence, man's *taste is spoiled* by such a system as the New Testament, in even its corruptest interpretation, offers, for such coarse garbage as the sensualist infidel—such airy and unsatisfying *hors d'œuvres* as the more refined unbeliever, can furnish. The conflict will be, and it can scarcely be long delayed, between the power that assumes to dictate Christianity to the world, and blundering on from age to age still maintains its haughty pretensions, and the inherent claims of the religion itself, in the simplicity of its primitive form. Would to God that in such a struggle those who oppose that tremendous power had not blindly and wantonly deprived themselves of the strength of union; and in many lamentable instances so fallen away from the purity of the faith, as to make it too often doubtful whether even the error they oppose, is not preferable to the error they maintain!

It is, indeed, *this*—mutual dissension and the wantonness of individual speculation—that has ever constituted the weakness of the adversaries of Rome; as the Eagle of the Gallican Church keenly saw, when he penned his "Variations." Yet Bossuet cannot but have seen also, that *logically* considered, the claim of infallibility is no remedy whatever for this difficulty. Let us pause for a moment upon this important question; *these* are days when even the most superficial of readers ought to feel the necessity of being thoroughly conversant with the pompous sophistry of Romanism. We say then, that except the claim of infallibility be first *assumed* (and then all further argument becomes unnecessary,) mere uniformity of doctrine is no presumption of truth more, than of error; no doctrine has been more remarkably uniform than the theology of Mohammedanism, and it has continued so for a far longer *period*, than many of the peculiarities of the Roman Church. But if the claim of infallibility be *not assumed*, it must

be received on one or other of two distinct grounds. Either we must come to believe it *wholly without proof*, and by some mysterious interior revelation, which leaves all religions on a level, as each may at pleasure allege such a revelation in its own favour, and the nature of the supposition precludes all test to discriminate between them; or it must be received by an *appeal to evidence* of some kind; and then there will be, as events have amply shown, as much room for difference of opinion on the value and verdict of this appeal to evidence (whether Scripture, Antiquity, Reason, or any two, or all three of them,) as on any other conceivable point of theology. Nor can the Romanist advocate here cover his retreat by urging, that, *at least*, it narrows the controversy to one question instead of several; no assertion is more utterly groundless; for the truth is, that the controversy on a claim of infallible guidance, to be satisfactorily conducted, must embrace *all the various points upon which the Church which claims it is alleged to have erred*; those very allegations of actual error being the most conclusive grounds for doubting, or wholly denying, the validity of the claim. What rational man is there beyond the Roman communion, who does not feel that even if there *were* (as in truth there is little or none) some plausibility in the common arguments for the supreme prerogatives of the Church of Rome as a guide in faith, the mere *fact* that that church has for centuries *practically countenanced* (and very nearly, if not wholly, justified in theory) the absolute worship of the Virgin and the saints, is in itself an irresistible *à posteriori* refutation of all its pretensions? To say that a Christian man is first bound to believe the infallibility of a particular religious body, and then, as a consequence from that belief, to

receive without hesitation all its subsequent doctrines, (however *inconsistent with the very grounds on which he professes to believe that infallibility*), is exactly as if a witness of whom we know nothing previously, should *first* demand to swear us to believe him incapable of error in all he tells, and then bind us in virtue of our oath to the solemn *duty* of believing that the book on which he swore us is circular, when our eyes see it to be square.

Nothing, therefore, is more certain than that the plea of infallibility does not remove one single difficulty in the theory of religious belief. It is *absurdly* impotent for the purpose; the real truth being, that it only adds one *more* question to the numbers that already exist in controversy, instead of solving the rest, or substituting itself in their place. The most enthusiastic votary of Romanism will scarcely venture to tell us, that the claim of a certain respectable clergyman of the name of Cappellari, to govern the whole Christian world—nearly three hundred millions of human beings—is as self-evident as one of Euclid's axioms. What is not self-evident must depend on proof. This proof, it is a mere matter of fact, is not found satisfactory by at least one-half of the above millions; their objection being, among several other things, that the admission of the claims of the said highly-respectable gentleman involves the admission of a vast variety of propositions, *every one of which must be separately argued and settled* before the claim can be conceded. And *this* is the short path to religious peace!—this is the “end of controversy!”—this is the happy haven where so many are now sighing to be at rest; wilfully blind to the hollowness of a device which ambition has formed to ensnare the inherent indolence and self-delusion of human nature.*

But, though the doctrine of infalli-

* It is sometimes a matter of curiosity to watch by what evasion Romish advocates endeavour to wriggle out of the iron grasp of such arguments as these. The very ascetic Mr. W. G. Ward, (whose unexpected matrimony amused the public some time ago, and whose adoption of Romanism seems about as important,) appears to rest his attachment to Rome principally on a certain internal sense, or mysterious popish *gusto*; which, undoubtedly, is dexterously enough chosen, as it avoids all logical confutation by at once declining all rational test. He professes (as every heretic and schismatic from the foundation of the church has done before him.) that, following after his own incommunicable individual light, he has found

bility be thus demonstrably ineffective as a short-cut to theological certainty, no doubt it *has* its exterior and superficial charms. By perpetuating and

consolidating accumulated errors, it will assuredly be the ultimate cause of the combined destruction of the *whole* system when its "fulness of time"

himself landed in the blessed realms of Mariolatry. This *quaker* pathway to Rome is as pretty a device as any thing in the fashionable world of modern theology, and, we doubt not, will be quite the rage for a season or two.

But, after all, we grieve to tell him it is not altogether new. He is but one of innumerable instances how the extremes of *ultra-mysticism* and *infidelity* meet. Like others of a similar school before him, he agrees with Gibbon and Voltaire, in smiling contemptuously at the notion of establishing the claims of any doctrine on ordinary *historical evidence*. There is really so much to be "said on both sides," that poor Mr. W. G. Ward is quite perplexed. The disagreements of Bull and Petavius are too much for him. Think of the learning of the "*Dogmata Theologica*;" think of the rival learning of the "*Defensio Fidei Nicenæ*." Mr. W. G. Ward forgot that the *inward moral light* of Petavius and Bull differed quite as much as their views of external evidence; and that if difference is to produce scepticism in the latter case, it is hard to show how it can leave us in full repose in the former.

The general result of "Mr. Ward's *philosophy*," (if we are to term it so, but we have seen most of it far more clearly stated in old Robert Barclay,) seems to be, that a good man will almost unfailingly be led to correct dogmatic—that is, Roman—belief; and that, at all events, it is his duty not to take much trouble about any external means of proving it—he is to be content with what is good in his present faith, and leave the future to Providence. These advices seem about as consistent with *each other* as they are with Mr. Ward's own deliberate abandonment of "the sacredness of hereditary religion," for the new "variety of untried being" on which he has so rashly ventured. It is, however, more important to observe, that the former involves an implicit justification of religious persecution; for it irresistibly concludes, that deadness to the charms of Romanism, when duly presented to the recusant, can only proceed from *moral depravity*.

One point, however, Mr. Ward considers now fully established, and it would be a pity not to enable our readers to participate in the benefits of the discovery. It appears by his justificatory letter, (which we beseech all to read who would know *what* are the pleas to which intelligent men are in the present age reduced, in order to vindicate secession from the English Church,) that he has been, for some time, waiting to determine whether he might enjoy the happiness of maintaining all Roman doctrine while remaining a priest of the Church of England; and has, at last, to his sorrow and surprise, discovered that that church does *not* admit its sworn ministers to hold or teach that (e. g.) St. Paul was in the daily habit of worshipping the Virgin Mary. A late ecclesiastical decision (in the case of Mr. Frederick Oakeley,) has, he considers, settled the question, which was involved in some obscurity before. We should have thought it settled a little earlier; but it is, at all events, important that the public in general should be aware that the matter is now considered to be a ruled case.

We do not fear that the example of this misguided person will be largely followed. He himself admits in his letter that he has no hopes of what is called the "high" party in the English Church. He tells us, that "an additional reason for the giving up the hopes he entertained when he wrote his work, arises from the fact that the anti-Roman *high churchmen* have shown no sort of willingness (*quite the reverse*) to unite with what are called extreme persons on any such terms;" the terms, apparently, of perverting the sense of the articles into the recognition of the errors they condemn. English honesty is yet a little too strong for Mr. W. G. Ward's "hopes."

* But this irrational mania among a few young Englishmen, and these, in some instances, men of fair education, for gross, disgusting, debasing superstition—for superstition accompanied by no one real advantage which they cannot possess if they will to seek for it where it is, or revive it where it is not, in the English Church—how it reminds one of the saying attributed to the great Bishop Butler about the downright *madness* that (as he thought) sometimes attacked communities and circles of men no less than individuals. Think of a person of the intellect, the real learning, the boundless opportunities of John Henry Newman, bowing before the paltry image of an uncertain saint, and elaborately proving the practice to be an easy "development" of St. John's "keep yourselves from idols;" patronizing the fetish-worship (for it is in practice not a whit better) of the Holy Coat adorers of the

shall have arrived; the ponderous armour that protects the cuirassier while he fights, becomes his ruin when he falls; but until then, the very assumption itself has its power over many minds. Intellects of natural subtlety, *too hard for themselves*, tempted to constant scepticism, and yearning for some repose, are rapidly drawn into the fascinating influence of this cheap Roman tranquillity, and are, at last, ready to believe any thing so they may but be secure from the disquietude of doubting of all. Daring in its claims, Romanism is unscrupulous in its practical enforcement of them; and the vast, and uniform, and disciplined organization which the papal system commands and works through the whole extent of its dominions, is a tremendous antagonist to the scattered, unsettled, discordant forces that here and there oppose it. Set aside the Anglican Church, and her American daughter, and where is there a *single united* force capable of competing with the huge numerical strength of the Roman body? The vast Oriental Church, which comes next to the Roman in magnitude, is unhappily but poorly endowed in knowledge and ability for such a struggle. Nor need we wonder at the incessant efforts made to entangle the people of England, both individually and nationally, in the Roman snare, when we remember with what *comparative* indifference the Court of Rome probably looks upon every other antagonist!

This old weakness of continental Protestantism clings to it still; nay, it seems to have *grown* every year since the Reformation. We much fear that

North Germany was seldom in a much less favourable position for a genuine and profitable religious revolution than now; and when we consider its real state, we confess we are not very sanguine as to the result of the present remarkable movement. Still, the impulse itself is, in many respects, very noble; and there are bright gleams here and there through the tumult of the scene—such gleams as Providence may yet send some gifted leader to collect into one steady, and universal, and permanent light.

We cannot do much better than devote a few pages to some account of this movement, and some comment upon its progress.

The new "Catholic Church of Germany" has begun in the same circumstances as the old Reformation of the Sixteenth Century; nay, the very pope that precipitated the Reformation, is indirectly the cause of the present movement. This is a curious coincidence, and may well be claimed as an omen of success. A wild, semi-idolatrous superstition, authorized by the heads of the church, has aroused Rongé, as similar abuses* aroused the mighty monk of St. Augustine before him; and the very *Leo* whose indulgences and bulls rent asunder the Christianity of the north and south of Europe three hundred years ago, is the *Leo* whose special indulgence of 1514 was published the Autumn of last year at Treves, to guarantee forgiveness of sins to the pilgrim worshippers of the Sacred Coat, and the pilgrim contributors to Treves Cathedral.

Our readers can scarcely require to be reminded of the story of the famous

Rhine, and the holy clay worshippers of Ireland! For how much *less* a perversion of reason have men ere now, in common life, been stamped as lunatics?

Meanwhile, it will be worth our reader's while to observe the cool and somewhat contemptuous reception Mr. Ward's Letters have met from the organ of the English Romanists, *The Tablet*. Now that they have secured their victim, they are determined to make him feel the icy grasp of the chilling bondage he has adopted. No more ideals "of possible churches," no more philosophical speculations, permitted to the poor captive. Mr. Ward "is now only at the commencement of his conversion. In due time, and by the graces of the sacraments, he will become, we doubt not, a useful and effective member of the church." But "we think it an act of kindness to help him to get completely rid of the past delusions," embodied in "these last productions of Mr. Ward's." How well the abettors of this system of delusion, worsted, as they have been, in every single field of argument, know the effect upon weak minds of this quiet assumption of superiority!

* Nay, this *very same* abuse. It was in reference to this very bull of Leo X. and the Treves pilgrimage which followed, that Luther cried out—"How long has the devil dressed up dead bones into holy bones, &c. What results have been brought about by this parading at Treves of the coat of Christ!"

Coat, and its exposure for veneration in August, 1844. It is now an ascertained fact that there exist, or have existed, *twenty-four* holy coats, all claiming to be *the one* coat which the Virgin Mary (for such is the legend issued under authority at Treves) herself wove for the Lord, which miraculously grew with his growth, and which finally fell into the hands of the Roman soldiers on the day of his crucifixion. Alas for this terrible German research! Treves is not far from Bonn; and, notwithstanding the efforts of the Cologne archiepiscopate, men think and talk very saucily about mediæval legends at Bonn. Accordingly, the pilgrimage of the million *chitonolaters* was scarcely well over, when a brace of staunch text-explorers of Bonn set to work to investigate the legend upon archaeological grounds. The pamphlets of Gildermeister and Von Sybel—the latter himself a Romanist—are almost unparalleled as specimens of research concentrated upon the minute details of a single obscure question.*

These terrible professors examine the relic *itself*, and they examine the question of the *rival* relics. As to the coat itself, they establish, with enormous probability, that it is *not a Palestine garment at all*. The *size* is against it—the coat is at least five feet long, the tunic of a Hebrew never went below the knee. [Compare also Mark xii. 38, Luke xx. 46.] The *colour* is against it—the coat, now faded, was on a former exposure described as having been purple. This was the most expensive dye among the ancients, and utterly incompatible with our Lord's humble position in life; besides that, the soldiers actually are recorded to have *taken off* "his own garments" in order to clothe him in a purple garment. The *material* is against the legend—the coat, so far as the ecclesiastical authorities allow it to be inspected, which they soon became reluctant to do, is described as soft, and silken, and like *fine* linen; this effeminate dress (for so it was then considered,) is still more inconsistent with the habits of Him who tells us that "they who wear soft clothing are

in kings' houses;" linen, indeed, was worn only by priests and females. The *structure* is, by the oldest authority, declared *not* to be woven, but "*reticulato opere*," knit. But the most awkward of all the difficulties regarding the relic, is the discovery of certain *figures worked in the substance of the coat itself*. Now, the Jewish law, in one of its studious provisions against idolatrous tendencies, prohibited the image of any living being in any form; and, to increase the perplexity, specially mentions *birds*, (see Deut. iv. 17,) which appear to be the very animals portrayed in the coat. The design is also found to be abruptly cut short in one portion of the coat, which can hardly be accounted for but by the supposition of a *seam*; though the seam itself may now have become, through age, almost imperceptible. We may add, that the Treves coat was found undestroyed after three hundred years, (by the Empress Helena, the wife or mistress of Constantine the Great,) and never heard of until the year 1056, or, as others have it, 1196, or mentioned in any historical document until the bull (already mentioned) of Leo X. in 1514. It is scarcely possible to conceive a greater congress of difficulties, uniting, as if incidentally, into a single *focus* of improbability. This was the coat which Rhine poured forth all his hundreds of thousands to adore, and which numberless intelligent witnesses heard the people, as they passed the object, implore in the words, "Holy Coat, save me! Holy Coat, pray for me and protect me!"

But the professors are still more elaborate and conclusive upon the question of the *rival* coats. The great existing competitor is the "Holy Coat of Argenteuil," witnessed by the authority of the chronicler, Robert de Monte, and bulwarked by sundry papal bulls;—(the reader will remember that the holy coat *can* be but one, as all the legends include the figment of its having been woven for our Lord when an infant, and afterwards miraculously expanding as he grew). This being the most serious antagonist—as the French clergy are very proud of their Coat, and have no idea of resigning its ex-

* "Historical Dissertation upon the Holy Coat at Treves, and the other twenty [four more were afterwards scouted out] Holy Seamless Coats."

clusive pretensions—a professor [Marx] in the Episcopal Seminary at Treves, was commissioned to publish something assuasive of the threatened storm of Gallic indignation. His hypothesis is dexterous enough. Argenteuil has got a coat, doubtless, a highly-honourable and excellent coat,—a coat which no man should think of without transport,—but it is not *the* coat; it is the upper garment of our Lord, not the tunic. Let Argenteuil be content—its coat stands next in excellence to the Treviran treasure; and, doubtless, if backed by extraordinary papal privileges, may even remit a murder or adultery nearly as well. The present pope, however, does not seem to be of the same opinion with the pacificatory professor;* for, in conferring special privileges upon Argenteuil only the year before, (August 22, 1843,) he speaks of it as possessing the “tunic of our Lord.” It is true, the same Gregory XVI. has authorized the pilgrimage to Treves, as possessing the same tunic, and has excommunicated sundry persons for denying it, *just one twelvemonth after the former bull*; so that, perhaps, His Holiness’s authority cannot very fairly be alleged on either side of this question.†

But, indeed, it is scarcely kind to

expect the pope to authenticate either of these coats, for he can do so only at the expense of *his own*. In the Lateran, at Rome, is preserved “the seamless garment woven by the Blessed Virgin Mary for her Son our Lord.” In the inventory made by order of Nicholas IV. it is specially entered among the other relics of that famous church; the *tunica inconsutilis Christi* is again celebrated in the age of Gregory XIII.; and *la camicia che gli fece colle sue mani la beata Vergine* is recorded by Rusponi, in his work on the Lateran, dedicated to Alexander VII. For our own parts, we cannot but suspect that the popes have had all along a secret predilection for this candidate, and that this supposition best explains the apparent inconstancy with which, not perhaps desiring cruelly to *deny* the claims of various towns and churches, they determined equally to attest them all, and thus more circuitously destroy the credit of all. It is thus that in Treves itself we discover an old quarrel between two holy coats, which Urban VIII. in 1631, seems to have kindly decided by authenticating *both*. It is pleasant to detect these traits of paternal tenderness in the “father of the Christian world.”

As to *other* holy coats, about twenty

* The late Bishop of Treves (Von Hommer) was evidently somewhat undecided as to the genuineness of the coat, and would not authorize a pilgrimage. For, though he argued elaborately for its claims, he admits that it is “an ancient matter which cannot be fully proved,” and that a “man predisposed in favour of any thing will readily accept partial proofs for valid ones;” a state of mind of which the worthy bishop seems highly to approve.

† In the last of the “Provinciales” the reader will find a case, not quite so self-contradictory, of papal attestation of relics (the bones of St. Denis,) admitted by the author of those famous letters to be an unquestionably erroneous decision. Pascal employs the case to exemplify the noted distinction of infallibility as to doctrines, and infallibility as to facts, and to prove that popes, like other men, “sont sujets à être surpris.” The Roman Church has never, that we are aware, settled the point—a point, one should think, of some slight moment in her theory of religious belief. That popes and councils *have* been glaringly mistaken as to mere matters of fact, there is scarcely a doubt expressed on any side; and thus the distinction supplies a very convenient and valuable retreat in the well-known instances of Liberius, Honorius, Damasus, Zosimus, &c. On the other hand, the conception of an infallibility on doctrine, united with a fallibility as to fact, becomes somewhat perplexing when, as so often happens, doctrine pre-supposes fact, and is inextricably interwoven with matter of fact. And, indeed, in the very question at issue in the Jansenist dispute; viz. whether certain condemned tenets were or were not contained in the Book of Jansens, how shall infallible guidance consist with liability to error on such a point as this? What exercise of spiritual guidance is more important than the direction of the faithful as to the orthodoxy or heterodoxy of books; or what would be the value of an infallibility that should fail at such a pinch? And what is it to pronounce on a book, but simply to state of a certain series of propositions—for a book is nothing more—that they are orthodox, or heterodox, or ambiguous; *the very thing that is done in deciding on doctrine*—so shadowy and evanescent is the distinction?

are producible, with various degrees of evidence; but each, now or formerly, upheld as the glory of its respective shrine. The coat has, unhappily, been lost and never recovered, several times over. Gregory of Tours, for instance, tells us of one in Galatia; another authority, of one in Jaffa. The coat has been in the British metropolis, for Edward the Confessor gave the true, undeniable garment to Westminster. It was at one time to be found in Cologne; it was at Constantinople; it was in a church at Bremen. And all through these centuries of mysterious ubiquity, it never, for one hour, left the town of Treves. We need not suggest how this marvellous fact ought to augment the reverence with which the Holy Coat is justly to be contemplated by the faithful.*

But how was this new experiment received in Germany? The multitudes of votaries clearly enough show that the church could count upon the adherence of at least the lower classes. But there had, nevertheless, been indications in German society that might have fairly led the ecclesiastical authorities to suspect that this audacious revival of antiquated imposture would scarcely be suffered to pass without reclamation.

We do not here speak of the general diffusion of a sceptical spirit under the title of neologism, or rationalism. Opposition from the chiefs of the rationalistic school would, in all probability, tend rather to give *éclat* to a Romish miracle. Infidelity, in Germany, as any where else, in its wild outbreak against all supernatural interpositions alike, loses every chance of beneficial influence against real abuses; its strength is wasted for lack of concentration; and people identify Tridentinism and Jesuitry with pure Christianity, when they find that the same antagonists are the enemies of both. The school of Paulus and Hegel will never do the work of Martin Luther.

However, when the principle of referring religious beliefs to the test of reason is *combined* with a professed admission of all the truths of Christianity in their ordinary acceptation, the case becomes very different; and a spirit may be generated not, on the whole, at all disadvantageous to the real interests of religion. Such was the great *Hermesian* movement, whose results are by no means extinct in Germany. This may have been, as its adversaries maintained, one offshoot of rationalism; but it is certainly unfair to identify them. Dr. Hermes himself (he was a professor at Bonn) was no unbeliever in the mysterious truths of religion; and he unquestionably numbered among his followers many of the best and most devoted of the clergy of Germany. His real objects seem to have been to deepen and widen the rational grounds of religious faith, and to discountenance that ultra-mystical notion of the nature of the process of belief which separates it almost wholly from the ordinary operations of the intellect. The main point, however, is, that the movement was one *within* the Roman Church itself; headed and supported by Romanist professors at the universities; and prescribed for by the Roman court as an internal disease. All the old and well-understood machinery of ecclesiastical penalties has been brought to bear on the offenders. The writings of Hermes were condemned by a bull of 1835; and the outward expression of Hermesian views has certainly been checked; but it might have been easily apprehended that, in such a state of the literary and philosophical world of Romanism, the exhibition of the holy coat might have been somewhat too premature and insolent a triumph over the rebellious forces of human reason.

A question coming still more nearly "home to men's business and bosoms," was the dispute relative to "mixed marriages," which for years kept Prussian society in commotion, and is not

* Bishop Arnoldi, of Treves, is no whit daunted by the tumultuous reception which his exposition of the Holy Coat has met with. He has just instituted an annual festival, to be held the third Wednesday after Easter, in honour of the coat, the holy nails, and the holy lance—other unquestionable relics. Prince Metternich has got the nails; and it seems that that profound diplomatist has at length yielded to urgent solicitation, and (we mistake, or in return for some "valuable consideration") has promised to bestow them on the marvel-monopolizing parish church of Treves.

even yet allayed. Nothing could tend more directly to disgust men of ordinary candour than the arrogant claim made in this instance by the Romish priesthood. They had orders from Rome to refuse the nuptial benediction to parties of different persuasions in all cases in which a promise was not first made that the children of the marriage should be brought up in the Romish faith. This is directly against the law of Prussia, which expressly enacts that, in all such cases, the parents are to determine the religion of the children; and in case of disagreement, that the religion of the father is to decide the point.* The Romish priesthood (as usual) laughed at the notion of legal restrictions, and deliberately persisted in the claim. Their *consciences* could not allow disobedience to an Italian prelate in a matter directly concerning the internal legislation of Prussia. Baron Droste von Vischering, the archbishop of Cologne, had been promoted to his see on an understanding—indeed an express promise—that he was to maintain the original convention between Prussia and Rome on this subject. He became archbishop, and at once broke his engagement, and issued fierce *Macholian* rescripts to his clergy to persevere in denying the “sacrament of matrimony” to all who would not swear to educate their children in the faith of Rome. This, our readers will perceive, was a stroke of comprehensive policy. In a country circumstanced as some provinces of Prussia are, as to the relative proportions of the rival religions, the unflinching prosecution of this canon would have made the entire population of many districts Romanists in a few generations. This (they will also recollect) was the illustrious prelate whose proceedings upon this subject so constantly attracted the special notice and applause of Mr. Daniel O’Connell, at the Corn Exchange meetings. The attempt itself has (it is well known) been frequently, though pri-

vately, made in this country; and we doubt not, will form one of the first objects of sacerdotal policy in Ireland, as soon as Sir Robert Peel’s authority, and Mr. John Wilson Croker’s pen, shall have secured a fixed revenue to the Hiberno-Roman priesthood, and shall have thus enabled that body to turn its attention from humouring the people, to prosecuting directly and exclusively the policy of the Roman court—from *political to ecclesiastical intrigues*—for such, beyond all shadow of doubt, will be the result of that measure. Gregory XVI. supported his archbishop resolutely, threw himself heart and soul into the struggle, and commended, in the most official form, both the traitor of Cologne and the archbishop of Posen, who had actually: *excommunicated* all priests who should hesitate to violate the municipal law of Prussia at the order of the pope. We beseech all who read these lines to remember that this (which it is now the fashion to sneer at those who pronounce *possible* in these countries) took place within the last few years, under one of the most vigorous absolute governments in Europe, and in a country whose universal system of *national education*, for all classes, is the perpetual object of liberalist admiration among ourselves. The attempt itself was not only in the teeth of the law, but actually in violation of engagements known to the present pope himself; for it was he—Cardinal Cappellari—who had conducted those negotiations with Prussia which fixed the law. Rome, however—such is the sole and sufficient explication—had become strong enough to take a step in advance towards recovering the unforgotten ground of Innocent III. and Boniface VIII. The Jesuits, condemned and banished by all the successive governments of Europe, and by the pope himself, in 1773, had been deliberately revived in 1814, and had made themselves felt in dismembering the kingdom of the Netherlands, and

* The Austrian law differs from the Prussian, (we rather think to its disadvantage,) but is equally hostile to these extravagant pretensions. Austria—the most resolutely Romish empire in the world—determines that, in the case of mixed marriages, the sons shall be of the father’s, the daughters of the mother’s religion. Such is the law even of the country that persecuted the families of Zillerthal out of their Tyrolese home, because they dared to doubt of the infallibility of Rome.

wrecking the throne of Charles X. England had been overreached in Ireland, and was bullied in Canada. The King of Prussia was accordingly selected for the next experiment. But the King of Prussia was made of tougher material. He saw the tremendous importance of instant and firm resistance, and he resolutely upheld the rights of his throne. Gregory's allocution of December 10, 1837, was speedily followed by the Bishop of Paderborn's refusal to obey the law of the land; and Frederic William at once signified his determination to maintain it. We need not continue a tale doubtless familiar to our readers. But, though the law of Prussia has been vindicated, the church still mutters her rights; and the obstinacy with which she persists in professing herself a martyr to state tyranny, perpetuates national commotion and family discord; and doubtless, though it may attract the sympathy and adhesion of the lower classes, enlists against her the honest feeling of many a "true-hearted German."

But, even apart from these grounds of discontent, a movement yet more universal, and more nearly allied to the present schism, was in progress before the letter of Rongé. It is quite a mistake to imagine that that energetic person is the first who has felt and murmured at the disciplinary and theological abuses of Romanism in the Germany of late years. A very considerable party, widely extended through German society, has long been urgently demanding the reformation of at least three or four prominent evils; and in truth, the main chance of success which the present movement possesses, lies in the fact that the discontent was so widely diffused (though not hitherto publicly expressed), and diffused to a certain extent through a temperate and thoughtful class, long before Rongé and Czerski undertook to give it utterance. The celibacy of the clergy and all its attendant evils; the confessional and the execrable indecencies of the training for that tribunal; the folly and uselessness of a Latin public service; the unscriptural and tyrannical

refusal of the cup in the Holy Communion;—these have long been well-known subjects of complaint, and these are the principal subjects put forward by the leaders of the movement now in progress. Bavaria was one of the chief localities of this previous discussion; but it must be confessed that the monarch does not seem to have advanced with the march of events. He was wont to praise the reforming Bishop Sailer, and allowed himself to be classed with those who desired a temperate amelioration of ecclesiastical evils; he will not now suffer the "German Catholic Church" to be named in his dominions; and prohibits the great European intelligencer, the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, which is published within them at Augsburg, even to allude to the movement.

Of all these previous discontents—discontents that indeed go back to the days of Becker of Paderborn, who was imprisoned for his unauthorized zeal in 1798—the crisis was precipitated by the exhibition at Treves in August, 1844. The relic was first displayed on the 8th of August, and it was restored to its shrine on the 7th of October. The number of visitants for the two months is stated by some at 1,000,000; by some at 1,500,000. From the 18th to the 27th of August the police-lists reported that 112,224 persons had come into Treves to remain for at least the day. It was reckoned that 600,000 had entered the town from the 18th of August to the 14th of September. The Rhenish provinces were completely emptied of their population; and France and Holland sent immense contingents. The great movement of the Crusades could alone parallel this army of pilgrims; and the church authorities quietly smiled to see a force collected at their beck, sufficient, under due training and leadership, to disturb, if not to overthrow, any government upon earth. Irish gentlemen, who were witnesses of the scene, remembered "the holy sacrifice of the mass" at Tara and Mullaghmast, and acknowledged that "the true church" is beautifully uniform in her proceedings over the world.* On they went in their thousands to kneel before the

* Such Irish gentlemen could not but be further edified by remembering that, in the Prussian dominions, processions and collective pilgrimages are expressly forbid-

piece of linen in the cathedral, and pay their respective taxes for the support of its dignity as they passed; and (what above all things shows the perfect facility with which the church can wield its multitudes) came and went without tumult or disturbance, and were able to have recourse to the markets without even any serious rise of the price of provisions; so admirable were the arrangements, so effective the priestly commissariat of this ecclesiastical army.

In the midst of the enthusiasm, the divine approbation was manifested by a resplendent miracle. The Countess Droste-Vischering (a name of omen), a near relative of the far-famed archbishop, was suddenly cured of a disease in the leg. As the Countess's leg is, however, again nearly as bad as ever, we must be permitted to lament the imperfection of her faith.*

On the first of October, 1844, appeared (in the "Sächsische Vaterlandsblätter") the "JUDGMENT OF A CATHOLIC PRIEST, MR. JOHANNES RONGE, ON THE HOLY COAT OF TREVES!" A letter in a newspaper is not much in these countries; but a bold criticism of public affairs is a rare explosion in Prussia. The letter was dated from Laurahütte, an iron-foundry in Upper Silesia; and it drew instant attention. Every man naturally asked, who was this daring censor, who thus ventured to play Luther's bold part in our petty day? A few could and did answer the question fairly; and many undertook to reply to it by gross calumnies—calumnies which Rongé's "Justification" speedily disposed of. This last document appeared in December; and in the interval the indefatigable Rongé gave the public an

"Address to the Catholic Teachers," an "Address to the Lower Catholic Priesthood," and an "Address to my Fellow-believers and Fellow-citizens." In these papers Rongé boldly exhorts his fellow-subjects to unite in forming an Apostolic Catholic Church on the national basis; retaining all the truths of Christianity, but rejecting papal control and papal peculiarities. We need not detail how in the brief period of a year, the appeal has been answered by the formation of congregations in numbers of the leading towns of Germany; there are supposed to be not less than one hundred and seventy such congregations already collected. Baptisms, marriages, the Lord's Supper, are celebrated among them; but they are as yet indifferently supplied with ministers to conduct their worship; and (as might be anticipated) their confessions of faith manifest considerable discrepancy. It is vain to deplore this; we cannot but see that it is scarcely possible matters could be otherwise; and we should never forget that in such a case the blame of variance, disorder, and uncertainty, largely belongs to the church whose errors and vices have forced the separation.

Rongé gave a full account of his own personal history, in his "Justification." He is the son of a poor Silesian peasant; born in 1813. In his early days he kept his father's sheep, and obtained some of the elements of knowledge at the village school. His father was persuaded to send him to the Gymnasium at Neissen, in 1827, and he remained there till 1836. In December, 1839, he entered the Priest-Seminary; and was appointed to the cure of Grottkau, in 1841. Grottkau is connected with the Chapter of

den by law. What cared the *Higginsian* prelate of Treves for the usurper's heretical ordinances? As Mr. O'Connell occasionally imbibes refreshing "breezes of liberty" from America, Bishop Arnoldi might have secured the reversion of an Atlantic "breeze"—a second-hand puff of rebellion, at a nearer stage of the west.

* The countess, a young lady quite beyond suspicion, had been suffering for some time from a scrofulous swelling of the knee. A shortening of the tendons of the knee-joint had taken place. She was impressed with a strong conviction (in which there is nothing, under the circumstances, very miraculous) that the Holy Coat would heal her ailment. Prostrate before the altar, in a state of high ecstacy, she made a strong effort—nearly impossible, except under enormous excitement—ruptured the tendons, and thus straightened the leg. She was thus enabled to walk; but (which too clearly shows how little the cure had to do with the fulness and glory of a divine restoration) with pain, and only by constant support. She now uses, we understand, crutches, as before.

Breslau; and it was in this position that Rongé first had occasion to manifest his views. The vicar-general of the diocese, who at this time exercised the control of it, in consequence of the vacancy of the see, was a Dr. Ritter, a divine of strong Roman predilections, who earnestly exerted himself to extend ultramontane views among the members of his chapter, and in the practical management of the diocese. Rongé had thought for himself, and had probably been influenced by the workings of that general movement to which we have already alluded; and he boldly opposed himself to the principles and designs of the vicar-general. In the course of the year 1842, he published an article in the *Vaterlandsblätter*, under the title of "Rome and the Chapter of the Cathedral of Breslau." For this he was suspended by a vote of the chapter, in 1843. He retired to Laurahütte, as chaplain and teacher of the Foundry; and it was from thence that his voice was again heard in October, 1844.

Rongé, of whose first appeal fifty thousand copies are said to have been sold in Leipsic within a fortnight after its publication, collected his own congregation at Breslau. The infection rapidly spread. Great numbers acknowledged the new leader; and Regenbrocht, a Professor in the University of the same city, at once declared the important fact of his secession from the communion of the Roman Church, in an animated address to the suffragan bishop of the diocese.

But Rongé was not alone. At a period contemporary with his first labours, another priest of, perhaps, higher qualities of mind and heart, undertook in his own district a similar work, on principles not altogether dissimilar. This was the celebrated Johann Czerski, whose congregation and confession have the honour of being the earliest in the history of the new church. He was priest of Schneidemühl, in Prussian Poland; and as, according to Prussian law, every new congregation must receive the sanction of the state authorities, Czerski forwarded, so early as October 27, 1844, the petition of his congregation to the departmental government at Bromberg, to be permitted to unite under

the protection of the law. He also sent the Confession of Faith of the new congregation; and at the same time published it at Stuttgart. Czerski, as well as Rongé, has drawn up and given to the public a "Justification" of his entire proceedings. His name and character, we need scarcely say at this period of the movement, are of much authority through all divisions of the new community; and his confession has been adopted with little or no alteration by many among the congregations.

The secession was gradually strengthened by the adhesion of several other divines of very high character; among them, Dr. Schreiber, the Principal of the University of Freiburg, in Baden; Dr. Kerbler, who had been the priest of Lindenu, and is now, we believe, minister of the new community at Leipsic; and Mr. Licht, a preacher of great eloquence, one of Bishop Arnoldi's own clergy, and for thirty years pastor of a very attached flock; Professor Wigard of Dresden; Dr. Theiner, and others, of well-known piety and ability.

Our readers may, perhaps, be assisted towards conceiving the scene and progress of this movement more clearly, if we enumerate some of the principal places where the earlier congregations appear to have been formed, and the dates, so far as we have ascertained them, of the formation of such congregations, or of the publication of their respective confessions.

The congregation of Czerski, at Schneidemühl, was embodied, and dated its confession,

Halberstadt,	Oct. 19, 1844.
Kreuznach,	Feb. 10, 1845.
Leipsic,	Feb. 10, "
Elberfeld,	Feb. 12, "
Breslau,	Feb. 15, "
Offenbach,	Feb. 16, "
Dresden,	Feb. 20, "
Magdeburg,	Feb. 22, "
Unna,	Feb. 22, "
Hildersheim,	Feb. 25, "
Berlin,	March, 2, "
Marienburg,	March, 3, "
Brunswick,	March, 7, "
Worms,	March, 7, "
Wiesbaden,	March, 8, "
Thorn,	March, 8, "
	March, 25, "

There are several later congregations; as at Königsberg, Chemnitz,

Landshut, Glogau, Darmstadt, Heidelberg, Biberich, Stuttgart, Coblenz, Ulm, Wesel, Mannheim, Liegnitz, Freiburg, Frankfurt, &c. &c.; but it is not easy to fix the *precise* period of their formation; nor indeed can any information be relied on as permanently applicable to a movement so liable to changes, whether retrogressive or in advance.

On the 24th of March, the first general assembly was held at Leipsic; it was attended by a numerous body of deputies; and the name of the entire body was fixed as "the German Catholic Church." Little could then be attempted towards forming any harmony of confessions; nor has much progress been yet made towards that important work. At Breslau, a few weeks since, a synod of deputies of the "Christian Catholic" Communities of Silesia was held; to which above forty communities sent representatives. Professor Regenbrecht was chosen president; Dr. Theiner read the new liturgy, and Rongé preached. The large Protestant Church of St. Bernard, in Breslau, has been lent for the accommodation of the Reformed Catholics; a matter of considerable importance, as their place of meeting in this city—the capital of Silesia, and cradle of the movement—had before been narrow and inconvenient.* Similar arrangements are in progress in most of the other chief centres of the new party; the evangelical churches being very generally offered to the New Catholic bodies for their use, after the close of the regular Protestant service. But on these minuter matters of detail it is (as we have said) unnecessary to enlarge; they are to be found in the ordinary sources of intelligence; and such things are in their own nature too liable to variation to be made the ground of any definite anticipation, or to be recorded as fixed features in this remarkable religious revolution. Another important general "council of the German Catholics" was lately held at Stuttgart, the capital of the kingdom of Wurtem-

berg, to which we shall have occasion presently to draw attention.

We proceed to offer a few observations on the material point of the *doctrinal* contents of the *confessions of faith* which have been promulgated by the principal of these bodies. They seem to us to bespeak at least two—and we rather think three—distinct schools of theology. The chief hope of their powerful Adversary must of course be in the difficulty which will inevitably be found in conciliating and uniting them.

Schneidemühl and its sister communities uphold, under Czerski's guidance, a theology which retains many of the principal peculiarities of Romanism. The confession of Schneidemühl admits the seven sacraments of the Tridentine creed, and the dogma of Transubstantiation, with the mass as a service of profit to dead no less than living. On the other hand, it discards papal supremacy, the celibacy of the clergy, the celebration of the mass in Latin, and the refusal of the cup in the Eucharist. Of purgatory it declares there is *not* any such as that taught by the Roman hierarchy; but that there are in the house of our Heavenly Father many mansions as steps towards arriving at the vision of God; and that, as these steps must be gone through by those who have not made themselves fully worthy here on earth to behold God, on this ground our prayers may be serviceable to the dead. The confession of Schneidemühl is adopted by Hildesheim, Unna, and others of the new communities. It obviously expresses the feelings and convictions of a class not willing to break with their old traditional associations, or entertaining any mature objections to the fundamental points of the mediæval theology, but earnest and anxious for the rectification of plain practical abuses. The community of Elberfeld (near Dusseldorf, and a town of manufacturing importance,) give in their adhesion to the confession of

* The seceders from the Roman obedience in the province of Breslau are said to amount to 12,000: in the city itself there are reported to be now not fewer than 6,000—and Breslau is a very important and influential centre of Roman authority. Among the seceders are twelve or thirteen priests; these include, besides Dr. Regenbrecht, the Rev. M. Eichhorn, Pastor of the Church of the Minorites, a man of high character, who has lately published his "Reasons for Separation."

Schneidemühl; but add the rejection of the religious veneration of saints and of relics, and an abjuration of "the ideas of the Roman Church on the Lord's Supper," without apparently any very distinct statement of their own precise belief.

In the opposite extreme stands the confession issued by Rongé himself and the congregation of Breslau, with the very similar declaration of the new community at Leipsic. Rongé begins:—

"We declare ourselves independent of the Roman bishop and his satellites. We assert full freedom of conscience, and detest all compulsion, lies, and hypocrisy. The foundation and the structure of faith is, the Holy Scripture. Its free examination and exposition no authority ought to restrain. The substance of its teaching is, that we believe in God the Father, who by his Almighty word created the world, and rules it in wisdom, justice and love—in Jesus Christ our Saviour, who by his teaching, his life, and his death, redeemed us from sin and slavery—in the working of the Holy Spirit on earth, in a holy general Christian Church, forgiveness of sins, and life everlasting."

It is impossible not to observe how palpably this symbol bespeaks the intrusion of the rationalistic spirit; no recognition of the Divinity of Christ; his redemption declared to have been wrought by his teaching and life, as well as his death, without any note of distinction; and the personality of the Holy Ghost lost and absorbed in his operations. Few Socinian congregations would refuse this abstract of the contents of Holy Scripture.

Rongé proceeds to pronounce, that the Sacraments are but two; that the Lord's Supper is a commemorative feast; that the invocation of saints, veneration of relics, remissions, and pilgrimages are to be rejected. The tone of the whole confession is to our taste unpleasingly irreverent; does the Leipsic confession much prove the indistinctness of that of Breslau, when it adds that the grounds of belief are to be solely the Scriptures, and "reason penetrated and moved by the idea of Christianity." This is, we fear, the dialect of a school from whose miserable freedom

the bondage of Rome itself would be a rescue.

Dresden and several other communities express their sympathy with the faith of Breslau. Kreuznach, a town on the Rhine famed for its mineral baths, and whither the Countess Droste had resorted for cure previously to her miraculous restoration, professes its belief in much the same spirit. The "rock" upon which the Church is built it does not state, with the Gospel, to be the faith in Christ as Son of God, but "that sublime passage—Love God above all, and thy neighbour as thyself." This is not a very promising beginning to those, who are familiar with the Christianity of Rousseau and his school.

The Confession published at Berlin, though it has been accused of indistinctness and timidity, appears to us to be among the best of these documents. The locality in which it appears makes it, of course, specially important; and we shall, therefore, give it entire. It dates March 3, 1845:—

"I.—We take the Holy Scriptures as the truest source of Christian Faith, and accept the oral delivery of it only in so far as it agrees with the Scriptures.

"II.—We hold the belief in Christ to be the foundation of our justification, and honour works only in so far as they flow from faith.

"III.—We acknowledge only two sacraments as being ordained by Christ, Baptism, and the Lord's Supper. The other sacraments of the Roman Catholic Church, therefore, we acknowledge as only pious usages consecrated by tradition.

"IV.—We reject, however, the doctrine of Transubstantiation; that is, the change of the substances of bread and wine into the substance of the body and blood of Christ. We acknowledge, however, that we partake in the substances of the real spiritual presence of the Saviour.

"V.—We partake of the Holy Supper of the Lord in the two elements; but admit the partaking of it in the bread alone.

"VI.—We retain the holy mass as a memorial of the bloody offering on the cross of Jesus Christ; but only in the language of the country.

"VII.—We reject the ordinance of auricular confession; but respect the

voluntary acknowledgement of guilt to the minister of the congregation.

"VIII.—We deny the belief that the priest has the power to remit sins, and reject the imposition of express penances; but respect the pious mediation between the confessing and the minister.

"IX.—We reject forced celibacy, and also the making of monastic vows against marriage; but respect the voluntary abstaining from marriage in so far as a conscientious discharge of the duty of the party requires it. We require for the validity of marriage, the celebration in church by a priest.

"X.—We admit the celebration of marriages between Christians of different confessions of faith.

"XI.—We reject pilgrimages and remissions; but we acknowledge the utility of the veneration of saints, and respect their human remains, yet we do not address or invoke them, but expect from God alone our salvation through Christ our only mediator.

"XII.—We reject the doctrine of the Roman Catholic Church concerning purgatory; but admit a purification of the soul after death.

"XIII.—We acknowledge Christ alone as the Head of his Church, and the Holy Ghost as his substitute on earth.

"XIV.—We declare ourselves free from the pope and his priesthood, and do not acknowledge him as the head of the church appointed by God."

We need not say that there are points in this of which we disapprove; for example the unworthy accommodation to manifest error in the article of the Cup; and the (to say the least, *needless*) affirmation of a positive doctrine about future purification; but we think the temperateness of its tone, and the evident spirit of fairness with which the distinction is constantly drawn between customs more or less useful in themselves and the Romish abuse of them, bespeak in the framers of the confession a character from which good results may hereafter be anticipated.

There is another class of ultra-theorists, who style themselves the "Friends of Light." These persons seem to be only incidentally connected with the real movement. They are *Protestants*, who dissent for various reasons from the Protestantism of their country, who bitterly oppose the Pietists, and professedly abjure the old standard of German orthodoxy—the Confession of Augsburg. As far as their peculiar tenets are at all

known or consistent, they seem to lean to the vague interpretations of the rationalistic schools. It is, of course, the interest and the tactic of the enemies of the Catholic movement to confuse its operations with the proceedings of these teachers; but the two classes are totally distinct in origin, though, of course, it is not unlikely that individuals of either may connect themselves with the other; and indeed unless the followers of Rongè should be led to embrace a more definite form of orthodoxy, it is not improbable that the parties may, to a degree greatly to be regretted, be found ultimately to coincide.

Let us now offer a few statements or conjectures as to the *external and political prospects* of success attending this movement.

A material question, of course, must be, how far the governing powers of Germany are disposed to abet or to oppose the formation of the new community? In a state of society such as almost universally characterizes the kingdoms and states of Germany, this must be a matter of almost decisive moment. The crown is there the fountain of honour and of emolument to a degree which must give to kings and their cabinets a power nearly boundless of controlling public opinion, through the agency of private interest; and the restrictions on the press block up at every town the communication of thought upon questions affecting the general welfare of the country. "Where the word of a king is, there is power," is as true in modern Germany as in old Israel. We all remember how largely the success of the elder Reformation depended on the resolute support of the Frederics of Saxony and Phillips of Hesse; the degree and extent of this kind of influence is increased, in the progress of centuries, by the matured organization of authority, and the more perfect centralization of governments.

The policy of Prussia is manifestly the main question. But Prussia is cautious and vigilant. The whole population of that powerful kingdom is in round numbers about 15,000,000, of whom father more than one-third are in communion with the Romish Bishop. The Romish majority is chiefly in the Rhenish provinces, where the Romanists are three to one. In Silesia, where the movement has

still its most important field of action, the parties are nearly equally divided; and this holds, not indeed as exactly, but nearly so, for Westphalia, where each Protestant is matched against something less than a Papist and a quarter—odds, which we have no doubt our Ulster friends would regard with sovereign tranquillity. In Posen, another theatre of the new Reformation, the Papists are two to one. But through all the rest of the kingdom the Protestant majority is decisive.

It is evident that there are some points of view in which Prussia might gain politically by the success of the Rongists. Her perpetual difficulties with the Court of Rome, relative to the marriage question, would be at once terminated, by the formation of a non-Roman Catholicism. And the anxious desire which the Prussian crown has so long manifested for regulating the religious concerns of the people, and making theology an affair of the cabinet, would find an admirable field for its controlling interferences in this new, unsettled, experimental church.

The newspaper rumours as to the present proceedings of the Prussian government are various and contradictory. But a royal order, issued early in the summer of this year, is not discouraging; and would seem to indicate, that with a due degree of prudence and temperateness the new body may count upon—if not government aid—at least government neutrality. So far back as the 30th of April the following edict appeared.—

“The movements in the Roman Catholic Church justly excite, in a high degree, the public interest, and require the greatest attention, and the most prudent treatment of the civil authorities. It is, therefore, necessary to indicate to them the course they have to follow. The case of those who declare their secession from the Roman Catholic Church has not yet assumed a decided form, either internally or externally; and consequently it is not yet ripe for a judgment on their future admissibility as a tolerated religious community, or the contrary.* My decision on this point must, therefore, be waited for, before the authorities take any step, either to favour or to impede the course

of this affair, which might on the one hand violate the fundamental principles of the Prussian government—liberty of conscience; or on the other hand, anticipate in any manner my resolutions on the case of these dissidents. I accordingly direct you, the ministers of Ecclesiastical Affairs, of the Interior, and of Justice, to give all the authorities complete and positive directions to this effect.”

“FREDERICK WILLIAM.”

“The king’s heart is in the hand of the Lord, as the rivers of water; He turneth it whithersoever he will.”—Prov. xxi. 1. We earnestly hope that a wisdom higher than human will direct Frederick William how to employ his boundless power in this momentous crisis.

In AUSTRIA, the great southern German Empire, the movement has made little way; nor can it be expected to spread largely there. The eldest child of the Church is devoted to its theology, however vigilant to hamper its civil and political independence. In a German population of eleven millions and a half, Austria does not include a quarter of a million of Protestants. Her characteristic jealousy of innovation acts in the same direction; she knows well that from independence in religion to independence in politics, is ever an easy and a tempting passage. Both Austria and Prussia have evaded, or deliberately forsworn, the pledges to their people of a representative constitution, solemnly passed in 1815 and 1818; and the former is peculiarly reluctant to suffer changes that may indirectly rouse the attention of her population to these covenanted rights, by producing collisions between the government and any portion of the people.

BAVARIA has four millions and a half of subjects, of whom more than three millions are adherents of the Church of Rome. The king, as we have already stated, is himself a member of that communion, and, it would seem, a very determined one. The ultra-Æsthetic monarch of Munich bitterly opposes the new community; and Rongè has no prospect whatever of a niche in the Valhalla. He is said to

* The Evangelical and the Roman can alone be considered the *State Churches* of Prussia. Others are merely tolerated, and have no legal right to solemnise marriages, &c. until duly registered.

have a very pretty taste for persecution; and particularly enjoys the luxury of forcing his dear Protestant subjects—clerical and lay—to drop on their knees when the papal eucharist is carried for adoration through the streets. Nevertheless, Ratisbon, Augsburg, and other places within his dominions, maintain their little congregations in despite of the royal frown; and the German Catholics will, of course, increase, if the king should fortunately take to persecuting them in good earnest.

WURTEMBERG has, for the most part, maintained general neutrality. A third of the population is Roman; and the government has seemed inclined until lately, to leave them to settle their internal differences after their own fashion. Of late, however, Stuttgart became the scene of some important proceedings. The "German Catholic Council" commenced its sittings at that city, on the 15th of September; and the Evangelical Consistory not being unwilling to accommodate the dissidents with the Church of St. Leonard's, the government interfered, stating that as the new community had not yet been formally recognized by the state, the Church of St. Leonard could not be conceded to their use. The ministry of the interior, of Worship, and of Public Instruction, required "the Evangelical Consistory to make known to the authorities of the city of Stuttgart, that the cession of the Church of St. Leonard to the German Catholics, for the celebrating of a solemn religious service, could not *for the present* be permitted;" because that "the request of these persons to be recognised as an ecclesiastical community *being still under consideration*, they could not be authorized to hold a public meeting for the exercise of their worship, and must confine themselves, as hitherto, to performing their devotional exercises in the reformed church, or in a private house." "A large assembly in a place not used for religious meetings would not be prevented." The council was held, and successfully; Rongè himself being present, and of course taking an active part in it. Germany was regularly divided into provinces; a committee formed for receiving the adhesions of converted priests in the various localities. Twenty-four communes sent representatives to the council. One of

the most remarkable of the measures adopted was the recognition of the right of *women* to vote; a step, it may be, of deep policy, as attracting to the standard of the new church a portion of society whose influence cannot but be powerful in all great social revolutions.

SAXONY is peculiarly circumstanced. The population is over 1,700,000; the number of Roman Catholics is less than a fiftieth part of the people; but the king is among them. It is a difficult game to play; king and a couple of pawns against the whole board; and the late transactions at Leipsic show that it may be a dangerous one. The court are fiercely indignant against the seceders, who have dared to diminish their little flock; but they are reasonably doubtful how far they can try the temper of a huge Protestant majority. The government, in the mean time, does all it *can* to suppress the movement; refuses to sanction the German Catholic meetings, and denies the converts the right of church worship. The king lately addressed his subjects in a tone of much vexation, but with the vagueness of one who knows how uncertainly he can rely upon their sympathy:—

"Without taking into account the creeds of the various recognized churches, I promised, on ascending the throne, to support, above all, those religious feelings which the people of Saxony have known how to maintain in such an honourable manner. I expressed the conviction that the States of Saxony will be guided by the same respect for what is the most sacred thing in the world. If my confidence in this respect be well-founded, I hope and I rely that you will grant me your support, in order that the principles of the church may not be shaken, and that the fundamental pillars of the state, and the welfare of humanity, religion, and faith, may not be sapped at their foundation."

This is hollow talk from a man who is known to be a devoted adherent of Rome; and who *must* look upon the great mass of his own subjects, for whose "faith" he professes such solicitude, as, equally with the dissidents, destined for everlasting perdition,—being, with them, outside the pale of that church, "beyond which," even the elementary catechisms of Roman-

ism teach the Irish pupil, "no one can be saved."*

Dresden adopts the Confession of Schneidemühl, but sympathises also with Rongé. An address was sometime since presented from thence to that leader, signed by nearly eight hundred persons, among whose names stood the conspicuous title of "Ernest Edward Luther, a descendant of Martin Luther." Their address draws special attention to the fact which we have already noticed, that this very exposition of the sacred coat at Treves, drew down the great reformer's indignation; four days before his death he denounced it in the last public discourse he ever delivered.

HANOVER—but how shall we announce it to the already broken-hearted Orangeman of the North?—Hanover's King has issued a sharp manifesto *against* the Catholic Reform. He goes upon most autocratic grounds. He protests that he will permit no Christians in his dominions (he has already 200,000 Romanists), who do not recognise the full power of the State to regulate all their religious concerns. Even thus it is that "proud Cumberland prances" in his own paddock; while the confiding and innocent Orangeman, beset by foes, still heaves—unaware how undeservedly—the soft sigh of remembrance for the whiskered chieftain of his ancient glories!

BRUNSWICK—is there any secret association in the name? Brunswick acts more fairly. The majority of the Roman Catholics of Brunswick are reported to have rejected the Roman preliminary from their designation in March last. They have celebrated worship by permission of the Duke, and are regarded with no unfavourable countenance by the authorities.

But it would be useless to prolong this detail further. The position of the new sectaries is, of course, changeable and uncertain. It must depend largely on the measures of the civil authorities; and these measures it is quite impossible to predict. The great duty of the non-Roman Catholics is to provide that nothing on

their own part may be lacking, and to leave the rest cheerfully to Providence; to so organize their body, and so purify and consolidate their faith, that they may be *worthy* of the blessing, should it be the will of God to offer it to their labours and perseverance.

And this brings us to the last part of our task, to estimate in some degree what are the *internal* prospects, wants, and duties of these interesting religionists. But on this we must now be brief.

The first great difficulty in the way of the dissidents is to be found in their mutual differences as to theological belief. No one can peruse their published confessions, and not perceive that it must be matter of great unlikelihood that communities differing so widely in their views of the religion of the New Testament should coalesce into a single harmonious body. Czerski and his followers profess a religion evidently disagreeing in its tone and spirit from that of Rongé and his party. The various local leaders, nevertheless, seem to acknowledge mutual sympathy; and probably their wisest course would be to defer as long as possible any distinct universal confession; leaving to time the gradual removal of differences, and admitting in the fundamental regulations of the whole body—if it is to be a single body—as large a *present* scope for local differences as is at all feasible. This is not, indeed, as *lofty* a course as might be conceived; yet we would not readily call it a shuffling or dishonest one. The parties unquestionably *agree* in the rejection of certain very important and very urgent practical claims; a rejection which either party may fairly say is at least a necessary preliminary to all further improvement. As in the English Reformation so in every other, *the withdrawal of allegiance to the Bishop of Rome* must be the first step of any attempt to repossess the doctrine which the church inherited from the primitive ages. The papacy is too deeply pledged to the mediæval and modern theology, to suppose it possible that it could countenance in its admitted sub-

* "Are all obliged to belong to the true Church? [just defined to be "Roman," &c.] Yes: NO ONE CAN BE SAVED OUT OF IT." This is the catechism taught in five-sixths of the liberal and humanising government-schools of Ireland.

jects any real departure from that system. No compromise, we may be assured, can ever be made with the papacy which will not reserve to the Roman Court the power of again binding its old shackles whenever opportunity may offer. Czerski's party seemed to demand comparatively little—the abolition of the demoralizing compulsion of celibacy, the restoration of the cup in the communion, the celebration of divine service in the language of the country: but they were perfectly correct in believing that the resumption of these primitive rights of the Church of Christ was vain, unless it were accompanied with a disclaimer of subjection to an authority whose interest and secret determination it must ever be to deny them. Common authority, legislation, unanimity, no doubt are advantages; the old patriarchates were founded in that conviction; but the patriarch of South-Western Christendom has betrayed his trust; the perpetuation of his government is but the consolidation of error; he is unhappily bound for ever to any folly he has once sanctioned; the whole *prestige* of his supremacy depends on that pertinacious adhesion to what were often but the caprices and precipitancies of former ages; and as he will not give men back the religion of the apostles, they must even make shift to resume it in spite of him. In this great preliminary step Czerski and Rongé can move together; and each being assured that this at least is essential to all profitable religious reformation, may charitably hope that, in whatsoever else they shall be found to differ, God will reveal even this unto them. Czerski's advance, and that of the communities he may be taken to represent, will probably be yet more in a *protesting* direction; this will be only the natural sequel of the present impulse; our fears, we confess, are much more vivid as regards the other party. Rongé may, however, be well assured that no interpretation of the Bible will ever be durable among men which professes to be the sole and *exclusive* work of any single man's mere unassisted reason. The damning fact meets all such independent views of Christianity, that they already abound in multitudes—all plausible, and all contradictory of each other. Something more is absolutely necessary—if not in *theory*, yet

in *practice*—to give habitual repose to the mind; a man's religion must be grafted on some stock beyond his own individual, isolated deductions to give even to himself the confidence in its truth, which is necessary for constant practical efficiency. We see this exemplified every hour. Nearly every man's confidence in his theological views—would we all but acknowledge it—rests in reality far more on his knowledge of the *persons* who hold them—their piety, their learning, their social importance—than on his own purely logical conviction of the legitimate argumentative connexion of doctrines with certain texts. Rongé should seek to identify the religion he teaches with that of the Church of Christ over the world—of the church at large, viewed as purified from local and incidental influences. Why, above all, neglect the safe and simple formularies of early Christianity, the time-hallowed and venerable Creeds; more especially when neglect of so obvious a course is almost inevitably interpreted as deliberate rejection? Why make an almost boastful display of liberty of thought and novelty of view, when all wise men know and deplore that German liberty of speculation has already reduced the religion of the New Testament to a few propositions in ethics, and that whatever in the essentials of religion is absolutely new stamps itself by that very character as indubitably false? Why deliberately perpetuate the name of “Catholics,” without any recognition of the existence or the importance of a *genuine* Catholicity? Surely there is such a thing as a great outline and body of doctrine involved in and proveable by the New Testament writings—a body of doctrine which is universally made the substance of the spiritual life of the early believers, which is to be *assumed* for true and unchangeable, not reopened and reinvestigated by any teacher who will expect to be received with confidence among sober-minded Christians. It will never do in religious reformation to commence with the Cartesian universal doubt; all sensible men refuse to go back to the *cogito ergo sum* in a question eighteen hundred years old. In short, and to be plain—the doctrine of the Holy Trinity, in the old-established sense of it, and with its necessary accompaniments and corollaries—the fundamentals of a Christian's belief as

fixed from the Word of God in the early councils; these must be the basis of any church that calls itself Catholic, or its leaders are but chousing the public out of their sympathies under false pretences.

No illusion should be more steadily repelled in such a case than the vague philosophic spiritualism of the Berlin schools. Let these sophistical dreamers first settle their own belief; let them first fix which is the true authentic dream, before their fantasies are allowed to become the oracles of true-hearted and earnest spirits like Rongé. This man is really called to a great work; he may, under God, secure to his native land a faith far superior to any she at present possesses—the true, ancient doctrine of the Christian church in all its venerable and dignified simplicity, yet depth; distinguished alike from the “new Prussian evangelical” compromise and the fulsome gaudiness of Rome; but to do this requires a mind of unexampled equilibrium. We much fear Rongé is not equal to it; his “confession” is an ominous indication. It is not indeed to be desired that in such a crisis any one mind should possess absolute control over the religious movements of Germany. What made the Anglican reformation so immeasurably superior to all the contemporary movements on the Continent was chiefly the fact that it was the progressive result of many minds of very different characters and qualities, and united the wishes and interests of many classes; it thus came to represent and express the whole of the sound mind of England, not the opinions of any individual. There is no Luther, nor Calvin, nor Zuinglius in the reformation of England; and accordingly the religion of England is neither Lutheran, nor Calvinist, nor Zuinglian, but Apostolic—the religion of Peter and Paul, of James and John. The “German Catholic Church” must strive to be something beyond *Rongism* or *Czerkism*; if ever it is to claim dignity and permanence as a living member of the Christian body; it must rise above individual leaders and individual opinions; it must incorporate itself by a willing, unequivocal adoption of the primitive faith of the church, with a period antecedent to sects and schisms; it must be, and profess to be, that which Rome professes to be, and is not—the faithful

reflection of the Church of the Martyrs.

There seems to be one very obvious means of strengthening the position of a rising church, which we are rather surprized should not occur to the leaders of the German movement.

We mean the simple process of adopting the forms, and thus, as far as may be, engrafting itself upon the stock of some extra-Roman Church *already existing and powerful*. If a choice for this purpose were to be made, we trust it is not the impulse of national vanity that prompts us to affirm that none other could approach the transcendent claims of the Church of England. If Rongé be really desirous to constitute a Christian church in the ancient sense of the term, what is to prevent his at once adopting the matchless *liturgy* of the English Church, and thus at the same time giving unexceptionable guarantee of orthodoxy, and securing the sympathies to a great extent of the most enlightened and influential Christian church in the world? By doing this the Germans would at once connect themselves with the old stock of catholicity, and they would remove the suspicion which must ever attach to innovators—that of innovating for mere novelty's sake. This, in fact, is what the great American Church has in substance done; and no other measure has in any thing of a like degree tended to its stability and advancement. A fixed liturgy we hold to be absolutely essential to the permanence of a Christian community; the ominous and instructive facility with which the very best of non-liturgical communities, the Scottish Kirk, was lately broken asunder, shows strikingly how slight are the bonds that tie together the members of religious societies whose public worship is conducted on the casual and unsettled extemporaneous plan;—a plan which, resolving all the excellence or security of the worship into the accidental qualifications of the minister, must habituate the people to look, not to the society itself and its principles, but to the minister and his talents or opinions, as their real bond of connection and which of course must lead them to veer about with their minister, altogether irrespectively of the higher claims of the community to which both he and they profess to belong.

And if a liturgy *be* to be adopted, we cannot doubt that it ought to be one derived, if possible, from some external source, not arbitrarily and suddenly devised for the occasion. The commonest and most obvious principles of policy will suggest the advantage of enlisting all possible force of *authority* on the side of a movement presenting at first sight, and so certain to be portrayed by its enemies as presenting in the highest degree, the marks of novelty and haste. Let Rongè then enable himself to say—"I speak not my own thoughts alone; I give you the long settled and matured wisdom of another great and conspicuous Church; yea, I give you what is more authoritative still, the very thoughts and words of an antiquity that stretches far in the distance beyond the boasted antiquity of corrupt and arrogant Rome."

In connection with this point of view, there is another most important element to desiderate in the constitution of the new church, which will already have occurred to all our readers; its organization under Episcopal government. How much the Protestantism of North Germany has lost by the want of this feature, it is scarcely possible to express. Setting apart altogether the deeper considerations on which many would argue the question, we might look at it upon the merest ordinary grounds of *human policy*, and contrast the dignity and fixity which this constitution gives to German Romanism, with the paltry aspect by which every traveller is struck as marking the position of her rival, even with all the encouragements of state favour. "There can be no doubt," observes an able writer of some years since, "about the fact, that the want of episcopacy is the weak point of German Protestantism. It induces some Protestants to go over to the Church of Rome; it deters many Romanists from embracing Protestantism; and it prevents the pastors of the reformed faith from rising to that station which the ministry of Christ ought ever to hold in a Christian nation. It is true that the apostles, with one exception, were unlearned men, and occupied but a low rank in the world's estimation of dignity; but German Protestants do not contend for an unlearned ministry; they acknowledge the power of learning; they must also appreciate the in-

fluence of station. All things can be sanctified and made useful in the great cause of truth. Protestantism has not fair play in Germany. Even in Protestant countries and under the sway of pious kings, the ministry of an idolatrous system, the *popish bishops*, take precedence of the highest functionary of the Protestant Church. What is this but to put a premium upon error, and to disparage and discountenance truth? The compliment is received and regarded by Romanists as an involuntary acknowledgement of the invalidity of Protestant orders, and the inferiority of the Protestant religion. Public homage is rendered to the sacredness and dignity of the episcopal office, and thus an immense momentum of influence given to popery and turned against Protestantism. The consequence is, that but few Germans of rank or wealth devote themselves to the work of the Protestant ministry, and that the order itself is rather patronized than respected by the higher classes of society. This may be of little consequence to the devoted minister, who looks beyond this world for his reward, but it is of vast importance to the cause of Protestantism and the best interests of society. Christianity can never flourish where a large and influential class think themselves too good for the Christian ministry. . . . A Protestant episcopacy would prove the great bulwark against the assaults of popery in Germany as it does in England."

The new church has not been without manifesting some sense of the importance of this point. Application, for example, was made to the Jansenist prelates of Utrecht, Haarlem, and Deventer, to ordain their clergy. In Offenbach, the separatists addressed Dr. Kaiser, the Bishop of Mayence, imploring him to place himself at their head. And we would earnestly hope that, as soon as the position of the dissidents becomes more settled, the subject may engage their attention. In a reform such as this, where the movement originates with the inferior laity, and the second order of the clergy, it is scarcely possible, indeed, that this question, however important, should come into view at an early stage of their proceedings. But we trust that, when once the congregations are duly organized, and their in-

structors fairly located among them, the leaders will take counsel of the universal voice of church history, and understand that no society but an episcopal ever yet contended against episcopal Romanism with thorough and *enduring* success.

Some persons, indeed, may argue the impropriety, on *ecclesiastical* grounds, of thus constituting, in any circumstances, a rival prelacy in any country. This appears to us ineffably—were it not for the solemnity of the subject, almost ludicrously—futile. Explain it how we may, it is a *fact* that Christian communities differ, and differ most momentously; and in such a state of things, to argue that the great advantage of episcopal government must be restricted to whichever *happens first* to occupy a district, involves consequences so monstrous, as to be utterly untenable. It is, no doubt, wrong that there should be two bishops in the same diocese; but the guilt really and exclusively belongs to *whichever of the two religions is the corrupt one*. What can be more grossly unreasonable than to assert that a corrupt episcopal church, by commissioning a bishop to reside in a certain region, shall, from the mere accident of being first in the field, for ever preclude all who in that region will not enter into its corrupt terms of communion, from possessing the blessings of the primitive church polity? Accordingly, when the divines of the Irish Church charge wilful schism upon the prelates sent hither by the Bishop of Rome, they do so, not

merely upon the ground that the Protestant bishops are the lineal inheritors of the sees, (which is, indeed, an unquestionable and an important fact,) but also upon the further ground that these Roman superintendents of clergy are the teachers of a spurious modern doctrine, overlaid upon the apostolic teaching. For, after all, if our Irish Church were itself the inculcator of false doctrine, it would be utter folly to argue that a purer church, Roman or otherwise, would not be perfectly justified in organizing its Irish branch under its own bishops. To deny this principle, would really be to assert that, by the essential nature of church polity, the devil—the author of all religious corruptions—is invested with a perpetual and unalterable power to paralyse, to a certain extent, the work of God, by depriving his churches of one of their most valuable elements. In any times but the present, when on this class of subjects such imbecile sciolism is accepted as oracular, it would indeed be superfluous to occupy time in exposing such folly.

The German Catholics have endeavoured, as far as possible, to awake the spirit of a *common German nationality*, as forming one of the chief supports of their enterprise. This would, no doubt, be a very important consideration, if the “nationality” were to be had. But there is much reason to question whether any such nationality is now, in Germany, any thing more than a name. A late clever observer, Mr. Laing* observes, with much shrewdness, that—

* The discussion which this gentleman's little book (“Notes on the Rise, &c. of the German Catholic Church”) contains on the subject of *endowing the Irish Roman clergy*, we beg leave to recommend to our liberalist readers. Mr. Laing's own views upon the Irish Church and Irish landlords (which are evidently of the least friendly description) give additional force to the decisive arguments by which he refutes the advocates of that short-sighted project. He urges, in the clearest manner, that the very nature of the Romish tenets on the subject of *clergy-donations*, &c. will for ever render it impossible that any state contribution can *really* lighten the burden on the people; and that consequently the parliamentary vote will merely be a subscription from the British government for the further encouragement of Irish Romanism. “All that is now paid (by the people) *must* be paid, and for the sake of the giver, or of those for whom it is given, not for the sake of the receiver, and for his support. That is but an incidental, secondary object. The *giving* is the essential. It is not to a ‘sustentation fund’ the peasant gives, but *for his own salvation*. . . . The endowment of the (Roman) Catholic clergy would not relieve the people, but only furnish the Church of Rome with funds for supporting *another* body of 2,200 priests in the country. Their bishops could not renounce these payments, because they are held essential by the giver to *his own religious welfare*, in whatever way they are applied. The people must first be relieved from the superstitious which makes them believe that such payments are salutary to their own souls in a future state.” How instructive to observe this

"This nationality has no existence, and from natural circumstances, can have none in Germany. It is but a thing talked of and wished for among literary and manufacturing men; but it is not in the mind and life of the mass of the people. They are eminently susceptible of loyalty, of personal attachment to their kings or leaders, but not of the spirit of nationality. From the days of Tacitus, Germany has been what it now is—a land divided among different tribes, bound together by no common tie, although of one race, and speaking one language. For this there are natural reasons, viz.: the identity of products over all the land, and consequently the want of dependance or intercourse between the parts for the supply of each other's wants. In countries like France or England, the natural products are so distributed, that one part lives by the other, and could not live without it. The coals, wine, cattle, grain, fish, of one part supply the wants of another, and bind all together by common interests into one whole, one nation with a common national spirit. But in Germany each little group of people, province, or state, is provided by the bounty of nature with all it requires within itself. . . . Hence, the Germans have no word for country in its *national* sense, no expression equivalent to mother-country. They have only a *fatherland*. . . . The German commercial league begins already to fall asunder from this want of common interests to bind together its parts into one national body. The southern states, Bavaria,

Wurtemberg, Baden, Saxony, begin to discover that they are naturally and essentially agricultural countries, and never can be any thing else. . . . The union they consider as a mere deception to enrich a few manufacturing districts on the Rhine, with which they have no common interest, and for the benefit of which they must pay high prices for inferior goods, while none of their products can be taken in return. . . . The nationality is a thing only talked of and sung of by a few literary and speculative people, an imitation, not a reality, even with them." Hence, he concludes that "the German Catholic Church is of premature birth, if, as Rongé proposes in his address, the German nationality is to be its mother, for it has come into the world before its parent!"

Another difficulty stated by this observer is, the power and universal influence of the *functionary class*. The German Catholics are almost wholly of the middle class of the town population; and

"In the eyes of this influential functionary class, the German Catholic Church has the unpardonable stain of having originated with the people, or middle class, without leave, sanction, approval, or recommendation from them, the functionary class, representing the sovereign. The rising wealth and display of it in the middle, mercantile, and manufacturing class, and the spirit of independence growing with their

man coming by this road to the same conclusion the true friends of Ireland have so long vainly preached, that the only permanent salvation of the country is the purification of its religious belief! "It is, besides, a gross exaggeration that six millions and a-half of people are impoverished by the sustentation of two-and twenty hundred single men. . . . While, in the naturally much poorer country of Scotland, one million of their fellow-subjects are *voluntarily* raising £300,000 a-year for the support of their church; and the whole body of English Dissenters, of all denominations, are supporting their ministers at a vastly greater sacrifice than ELEVENPENCE HALFPENNY a-head, which is about the amount of this impoverishing drain on the Irish Roman Catholic population."

All this is perfectly unanswerable. We now beg to quote the following sentence from the same writer, as an instance of the monstrous falsehoods that are—perhaps believed, certainly circulated—by shrewd, intelligent, respectable men, who really have a character to lose, on the subject of the Established Church of Ireland. Mr. Laing, known as a traveller, a scholar, and a gentleman, in a dissertation pre-supposing peculiar accuracy in financial matters, deliberately writes as follows:—

"The Protestant population in Ireland belonging to the Established Church, is reckoned to be only between eight and nine hundred thousand souls, and BETWEEN TWO AND THREE MILLIONS STERLING YEARLY, are said to be enjoyed by the body of the clergy of this church establishment" on which he builds a recommendation that it should be plundered without delay.

It would be an insult to even the most ignorant and bigoted of readers to waste one syllable in exposing a misstatement so unspeakably disgraceful to its author.

capital, are looked upon with great jealousy by the functionary class, of which the nobility is now but a branch.

It is not unlikely that the jealousy of some of this class may oppose the kind of treason against their order of such a movement as this, of congregations formed, marriages and baptisms solemnized, declarations and pamphlets circulated, and all by the class of independent traders, dealers, and others, in the Catholic population of the towns, without leave or sanction of the functionaries."

We are, however, inclined to think that no movement having real life in it, no movement intrinsically worthy to succeed, is ever likely to be quenched by the operation of jealousies of this kind; while it must be likewise considered that, if the new Catholics have to meet the hostility of these personages, it is because their views of religious reformation have taken root in the breasts of a class infinitely more valuable, enduring, and progressive—the sturdy and energetic middle class of German society. We cannot but think that, in such a dis-

tribution of influences, they have much the best of the bargain.

We must close. And we close in the hope that our sentiments are not liable to any misconception. With this German movement it is quite impossible to sympathize unreservedly, because its principles are as yet obviously unfixed, and (we must confess it) by no means satisfactory, so far as they can be discerned or conjectured. On the other hand—this very indistinctness and unsettlement gives ground for charitable hopes of a clearer and better future. And as an effort to get rid of the great bond and ligament of European superstition—the Roman supremacy—as a struggle to cast vigorously from the wearied shoulders of religion this papal Old Man of the Sea, and to recover (what, we repeat, must be the indispensable preliminary of all ecclesiastical improvement) the primitive independence of Christian Catholic Churches,—it has our hearty sympathy and most energetic concurrence.

B.

[Since writing the preceding article, we have received the Report of the Committee of the Chambers in SAXONY, on the subject of the religious movement. The recommendations of the Committee are, it will be seen, of a conciliatory character; and have been since partly followed.]

"The movement which has lately taken place in spiritual things, and more especially in those which relate to religion, in the whole of Germany, has been followed by a series of events which could not but interest every thinking mind, as well as the governments of the various countries in which they occurred. One of the most prominent and also almost important of those occurrences, is, however, the separation of a considerable number of Catholics from the Roman Catholic Church, and the formation of a German Catholic Church, the communities of which are continually increasing in various parts of the country. This new Church is not only different with regard to its dogmas and church organization from that from which it has separated itself, but also from all the other Churches and communities of Germany, professing at the same time to be a Christian Church. Our government had therefore to keep in view, with regard to the new church and its members, which are now become very numerous in our country, first, the principles of religious liberty, as adopted by the constitution of our state; and, secondly, the rights and privileges granted to the other Christian congregations; and according to these considerations, the ministers have thought it advisable to decree the following temporary regulations with regard to the German Catholic Church and its communities, and which are—1. That in all such places where, in consequence of the German Catholics, or other local circumstances, the allocation of a particular place of worship should become necessary, the use of an evangelical church should be permitted to the new community, with the exception, however, of the permission of ringing the bells of that church, &c. 2. The doctrines preached by the ministers of the new church must not militate against the constitution of the state. 3. The ministers of the new church are permitted to perform in their communities the ceremonies of baptism, marriage, and burial, on the condition, however, that a Protestant clergyman be always present on the occasion, but that the latter shall not be obliged to afford his attendance. The committee is of opinion that, considering all the circumstances, and in order that these temporary regulations should be the more effectual, the ministers of the German Catholic Church ought to be allowed to perform in their communities the ceremonies of baptism, marriage, and burial, having only to indicate the same to the resident Protestant divines; and that with respect to marriages, the former should only perform the religious ceremony. The committee points further out the following two objects for the future consideration of the Chamber and the ministers—viz., first, whether the members of the new church will have to continue to pay, in the meantime, church-rates to the Roman Catholic Church; secondly, whether they they continue to enjoy the same rights and privileges as before the separation?"

BLACKLETTER RECREATIONS—THE IRISH STATUTES.

THERE is a very entertaining volume written by Mr. Barrington on an apparently very dry subject—old acts of parliament. The object of his inquiries did not, however, lead him to consider our Irish statutes, his book being confined to the English. It is not likely that many readers, as a matter of entertainment, would think of the twenty bulky folios which comprise our ante-union acts. They nevertheless contain matter which may be attractive both to grave and gay—not merely to the historian and politician, but to the general reader, who seeks in their musty quaintness to find only what may be curious or striking. By a reader of the latter class the following memoranda were made.

It may be necessary to premise for the very learned, especially antiquarians, that these notes contain nothing erudite—nothing of the age of Ollam Fodla or even Brian Boroihme. The reader will find nothing beyond the singularities, good and bad, the efforts or follies, of men within the period of modern history.

For the unlearned also a prefatory remark may be necessary. None of the early statutes previous to Edward II., and only a few of those previous to Henry VII., are found in printed editions of the Irish statutes; and some few acts even of a later date are not among the printed statutes. They are frequently noticed, however, in books easily accessible, particularly by Sir John Davis.

IRISH DRESS AND CUSTOMS.

There are few subjects so commonly mentioned, in which such contradictory opinions have been held, as the laws made by the early Anglo-Irish against Irish dress and manners. English historians and chroniclers of two centuries ago made them the subjects of extravagant commendation. We, in our more just estimate of their injustice and impolicy, exaggerate them the other way. At the time they were passed, sumptuary laws were as usual as police acts now; and it was considered not more unconstitutional to limit the tail of a man's coat or the toe of his boot, than it is now to fine him for beating his own jackass or imprison him for being drunk. In fact, the latter regulations would have been looked on as far more tyrannical than the former. It is true the early Irish acts were not made with the same object with which sumptuary laws were ordinarily made, but in estimating their injustice and impolicy we ought to remember the notions prevalent when they were passed. At the

same time that an Anglo-Irish citizen of Dublin was forbidden to cut his beard like an Irishman, a native London apprentice was forbid to cut his doublet like a gentleman.

All the laws against Irish customs, especially the earlier ones, were evidently made by men extravagantly prejudiced against the native Irish. The English settlers then regarded the "mere Irish" and the "wild Irish" much as we do a Mohawk or an Ojibbeway. The language of their acts is therefore almost invariably that of a civilized speaking of a barbarous people. The Norman settlers, indeed, in some things seem to have been as credulous as the Greek geographers of several centuries before. Strabo* describes the native Irish as being greedy cannibals, delighting in eating their dead fathers, and publicly committing incest and similar crimes. In the reign of Richard the Second, at least, the story of Irish cannibalism was believed by the English. It is recorded in Froissart, on the authority of a gentleman who had been much in Ireland, that the natives cut the

* Εἰς δὲ καὶ ἄλλοι περὶ τὴν Βρετανικὴν νῆσον μικροὶ, μεγάλῃ δὲ ἰσχυρῇ. Ἀγχιώτῃσι τῶν Βρετανῶν υπαρχούσι ἢ κατακυνοῦντες αὐτὴν, ἀνθρωποφάγοι τι σῶντες καὶ πελοφάγοι, τοὺς τε πατέρας τελευτῶντας κατεσθίουσιν ἐν καλῇ τιθιμένοι, καὶ φανερῶς μιμησάμενοι ταῖς τε ἄλλαις γυναιξὶ καὶ μητρᾷσιν καὶ ἀδελφαῖς. Geog. lib. iv. So in lib. 2—Πλησιον ἀγχιων τιλιως ἀνθρώπων.

throats of their enemies like sheep, and take out their hearts, *which they eat as a great delicacy*. They use knives, he says, "dont ils occient leur ennemy et ne tiennent point un homme pour mort jusque a tant qu'ils lui ayent coupe la gorge comme a un mouton, et lui ouvrent le ventre et en prennent le cuer et l'emportent; et dient les aucuns *qui congnoissent leur nature qu'ils le mangeunt par grand delict*." According to the same authority, the natives sheltered in forests, and lived in huts made of boughs, like wild beasts. "Et demeurent en grotes faites dessous arbres ou hayes et au buissons, ainsi comme bestes sauvages."—Froissart Chronicle, tom. iv. c. 63. Edit. Lyons. So Giraldus Cambrensis, in his history of the conquest, mentions that Dermot M'Murrough, seeing among the heads brought to him the face of one he particularly disliked, bit the nose and lips off. He also mentions that one Donald had put out the two eyes of M'Murrough's son, upon which his commentator, Hooker, notes that among the barbarous Irish "this was a courteous kind of punishment." Giral. Camb. c. 4.

Froissart states that this account was given to him by a gentleman named Castide, who, by his own statement, was in early life a retainer of the Duke of Ormond here, and taken prisoner by an Irish gentleman (whose name is Frenchified into "Brin Costeret,") who kept him seven years; and it would appear treated him very kindly, for he married his daughter and had two children by her. He was afterwards retaken by the English, and as he had become quite familiar with the Irish language, was chosen by Richard II. to be with the five Irish kings who came to do homage to him in Dublin, to teach them how to behave themselves. His account of his progress in this is very amusing. He first observed that at dinner they made ugly faces, which he resolved to correct. They also allowed their dependants to eat off the same dish, and when Castide, to correct their taste for low company, put the minstrels and servants at the lower part of the table, they at first strongly objected, but afterwards good humouredly "doucement" assented. He also objected to their not wearing breeches. Their names are Frenchified as fol-

lows, le Grand Ancel, Roy de Mecte, Brun de Thomond, Roy de Thomond et D'Aire, Arthur Maquemaire, Roy de Linstre, Conhuo, Roy de Chaveno and D'Erpe. When at last they were knighted and brought to dine with the king, they were, says Castide, much stared at by the lords present, not without reason, for it was, believe me, a great novelty, "grand nouveauté," to see four Irish kings.—Froissart tom. iv. cap. lix. Edit. Lyons. The whole account leaves an impression that their wild Irish majesties had much more sense and genuine politeness than their self sufficient and frippery Norman instructors.

Beside their inveterate prejudices, there were also other reasons for the low estimate these early writers give of the Irish. The country had been for a long time previous to the English invasion, torn by internal dissensions and civil wars, and the natives had in fact much declined from the high state of cultivation we read of in the golden age of Irish civilization; in addition to which the Anglo-Normans had little opportunity of being acquainted with any other natives than the hostile sept engaged in the marches on the border of the pale, whose habits, like those of all men engaged in an irregular border warfare, were wild and coarse. Some of these writers, too, were so extravagantly credulous, that they are to be believed no more than Marco Paulo or Pontoppedon. Giraldus Cambrensis, for example, among many stories of dreams and prophecies, stoutly asserts the truth, and endeavours to prove the probability, of a story of a conversation between a wolf and a priest in Meath; of a coin that always came back to Dublin of its own accord; and numerous other equally extravagant miracles; and lastly asserts that the true cause why Ireland was not wholly conquered, was because Prince John came here when he ought to have assisted the holy church at the crusades.

In addition to these causes, personal and interested motives seem to have had considerable influence on the commencement of the Anglo-Irish legislation against native customs. William Burke, Earl of Ulster, who was killed in 7 Edward III., left behind him an infant daughter and two

male cousins. The daughter was heiress by the law of England ; but by the Irish law, which then prevailed outside of the pale, the female would be excluded, and the two male cousins would inherit as tenants in Irish gavelkind. The two cousins, therefore, claimed the inheritance, and to give the greater colour to their title under the Irish law, assumed the Irish names of Mac William Eighter and Mac William Oughter, and adopted the Irish language and mode of dress. The lady thus disinherited, fled to England, and married Lionel, subsequently Duke of Clarence, who thus became entitled (by the law of England) to the inheritance claimed by the two cousins. This very Lionel was the lieutenant who summoned and presided at the celebrated parliament of Kilkenny, and introduced the very first laws which were ever made in this country against Irish customs. By these statutes, alliance by marriage, nurture of infants, and gossiping with the Irish were made treason ; and it was enacted that if any man of English race should use any Irish name, Irish language, or Irish apparel, (or in other words, should do what the Mac Williams had done,) or other Irish guise or fashion, his lands should to be seized till he gave security to live as an Englishman ; and if he had no lands, he should be imprisoned. By another clause, persons using the Brehon law (under which the Mac Williams claimed) and not the English (under which Lionel claimed) were declared traitors.* The wisdom of this parliament is a fertile subject of commendation to Sir John Davis, and other English writers of the same comparatively recent period.

These acts were afterwards very frequently confirmed, and their authority finally established in Poynning's parliament, in the reign of Henry VII. ; which last confirmation of them, however, expressly excepted those enactments "that will that every subject shall ride in a saddle, and those that speak of the language of the Irish."

In reference to the first exception,

it is curious enough that Edward III. himself (in whose reign the parliament of Kilkenny was held) had a large force of Irish cavalry in his own army at the siege of Calais, A. D. 1347, under the command of the Earl of Kildare, and Fulk de la Freign, an Irishman. The mode of riding prohibited was riding without saddles, or in saddles without stirrups. It appears the Irish were exceedingly active in springing on and off their horses ; and one of their modes of attacking an English horseman was to spring from the ground behind, and throw their arms round him, so as to pinion him quite fast. There is an account of this mode of fighting given in Froissart, by Castide, who had himself been taken prisoner in this manner ; and he adds, that the natives were so active and so strong that no man, however well mounted or armed, could escape when attacked in this manner. Giraldus Cambrensis bears testimony to the same fact. There is an act relating to the coin in the reign of Henry VI., which, to prevent the melting of gold coin, prohibits any but knights or prelates of holy church from using gilt bridle or harness (23 Henry VI. c. 6) ; but there is no other statute against the Irish mode of riding. Nor is their language again mentioned until the reign of Henry VIII.

Their habits of dress, however, and especially the wearing of moustaches, are more frequently prohibited. Thus 25 Henry VI. c. 4, passed A.D. 1447, ordains, "that no manner of man that will be taken for an Englishman shall have no beard above his mouth ; that is to say, that he have no hairs upon his upper lip, so that the said lip be *once* at least shaven every *fortnight*, or of equal growth with the nether lip ; and if any man be found amongst the English contrary hereto, that then it shall be lawful to every man to take them and their goods as Irish enemies, and to ransom them as Irish enemies." And the use of moustaches by the native Irish living among the English is prohibited by a statute of Edward IV.

* Neither the statutes of Kilkenny nor any of the many confirmations of them, are among the printed Irish statutes up to the date of Poynning's law, 10 Henry VII. See the report of the Irish Record Commissioners. These acts are all, however, noticed by different historians, and particularly by Sir John Davis, both in his reports *passim*, and in his discourse on the state of Ireland.

A. D. 1465, (5 Edward IV. c. 5). It is not an uncommon error to confound moustaches with glibbs. The former were, however, called by the natives crommeal. The glibb was quite a different thing, being a peculiar way of wearing the hair uncut and in a thick mat on the head; and though this was really an unseemly custom, it is not mentioned in the statutes till the reign of Henry VIII.; probably because it was so barbarous a custom the English did not fall into it; although it appears from Cæsar (lib. 5, c. 5,) that wearing glibbs was the custom of the ancient Britons.

There is another statute of the same period (5 Edward IV. c. 2), which certainly takes a somewhat unconstitutional method of encouraging English fashions. After stating the increase of depredations, especially in Meath, it enacts, that it shall be lawful for all men who find thieves going or coming, "having no faithful man of good name and fame in their *company in English apparel*, to take and kill those, *and to cut off their heads*," and to encourage the execution of the act, "the cutter off of the said head and his ayders thereto," were to bring the head to the portreiffe of Trym, who was to put it on a stake in the castle, and to give them a warrant under the town seal, authorizing them to levy a reward from every man in the barony, down to the "cottier having house and smoke." As the man who was to get the reward was, of course, to judge for himself whether the persons going or coming were thieves or not, it must have been a servite of danger for the patrons of Irish manufacture in those days to travel in the neighbourhood of Trim.

The next statute against Irish dress, and the most wholesale of all, was made in the reign of Henry VIII., who, so far as legislating went, never did any thing by halves. The act alluded to is 28 Henry VIII. c. 15, and is curious, not merely as a sample of the policy of the legislature at that time, but as being the only one of these acts which describes and gives the Irish names of the customs prohibited. It begins, like most other statutes of that reign, with a ludicrously pompous recital that the king's majestie, "prepending and weighing by his great wisdom, learning, and experience," how much it tends to increase the knowledge

of Almighty God, that ignorant people should have a conformity in "manners, order, and apparel with them that be civil people," foresees immense benefits (which are enumerated at length) from what he is going to ordain "of his most noble and princely disposition, and fervent zeal that we his said subjects might the better know God." For these theological purposes, it is therefore, among other things, enacted, that "no person or persons, the king's subjects within this land, shall be shorn or shaven above the eares; or use the wearing of haire upon their heads like unto long locks called glibbs; or have or use any haire growing on their upper lippes called or named crommeal; or use or wear any shirt, smock, kercher, bendel, neckerchour, mocket, or linnen cappe, coloured or dyed with saffron, or yet use or wear in any their shirts or smocks above seven yards of cloth; and that no woman use or wear any kirtell or cote tucked up, or embroidered, or garnished with silke, or couched, or layed with usker, after the Irish fashion; and that no person or persons shall use or wear any mantle, cote, or hood, made after the Irish fashion." It may be proper to mention, for the benefit of those who still wear moustaches, or are attached to the use of yellow cravats, that this statute is still in force. It has never been repealed; and it is very doubtful if, under any circumstances, a statute can lose its force by becoming obsolete.

It is to be observed that the legislature fell into an error in forbidding the use of saffron. There is every reason to believe that the dye from saffron was not known or used at the time by the native Irish. The vegetable with which they coloured their linen was the indigenous plant called in Irish Buidhe-mor, or "the great yellow," which is used to this day for the same purpose. Its botanical name is *Reseda luteola*.

This statute also contains stringent enactments to encourage the speaking and teaching English, instead of the Irish language; and further provides that all persons "shall, to their power, knowledge, and ability, use and keep their households as near as ever they can according to the English order, condition, and manner," upon pain of heavy forfeitures.

All these provisions as to dress and

domestic affairs are certainly very arbitrary if regarded with the liberal views of modern politicians; but at the period at which they were passed, the legislature very commonly interfered in such matters. In England, there are similar provisions just as arbitrary. Not to mention the well-known edict of Elizabeth, limiting the length of gentlemen's rapiers, and a statute of an earlier date, prohibiting the use of furs on ladies' dresses, there is an act in the reign of Edward IV. called the "statute of appareyle," (22 Edward IV. c. 1.) which prohibits any but the royal family from wearing cloths of gold or purple silk; any below the degree of knight, wearing velvet or damask, or gowns of satin (except the king's esquires); any below the degree of esquire or gentleman wearing satin or damask at all, or gowns of chamblet; and any but lords wearing sable, fur, or foreign cloth, (i. e. made elsewhere than in England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, or Calais). Husbandmen, servants, and labourers are prohibited from wearing any cloth of more than two shillings per yard, or hose that cost more than eighteen pence, or (what was probably more difficult) suffering their wives to wear the dear cloth or kerchiefs whose price exceeded twenty pence. The act also prescribes the length of gowns and mantles of all below the degree of a lord—that they must be, at least, long enough to cover the hips when the wearer stands upright, the fashionable extravagance being then to wear them very short.* The clause of the Irish act relating to the internal economy of houses, may find a parallel in an English act of Edward III. (*statutum de cibariis*) enacting that no one shall be allowed either for dinner or supper more than two courses, and not more than three dishes in each; and "soused meat" is expressly directed to count as one dish. There is another English statute (5 Elizabeth, c. 5,) to oblige every one to *eat fish* for the encouragement of mariners; and another of the reign of Henry VI. (33 Henry VI. c. 4,) prohibiting any man in Kent from making above one hundred quar-

ters of malt into beer or ale for his own use.

One of the foregoing acts relating to Irish customs (5 Edw. IV. c. 5) is also remarkable for prescribing the use of English surnames among the Irish; the nature of which it defines as follows. "An English surname of one town, as Sutton, Chester, Trim, Skryne, Cork, Kinsale; or colour, as white, black, brown; or art, or science, as smith, or carpenter; or office, as cook, butler," to be used by him and his issue. According to Sir James Ware, surnames were used by the Irish long before the date of this statute, and though these were originally only nicknames attached to individuals, he states (without, however, citing any authority) that surnames transmissible to their posterity were introduced among the natives here about the same date as in France and England, viz. A.D. 1000. He states, however, that they were not generally used for hundreds of years afterwards. The surnames of the Irish were formed by the addition to the ancestors name of an H. or a Va, (afterwards changed into Mac and O,) which denotes a descendant. And it appears from some old pleas (quoted Dav. rep.) that the sept of Irish living among the English, were so known before the passing of this statute. There were but five sept for a length of time, allowed protection among the English, and as every native, therefore, used the name of one of these, they had probably grown too large to answer any useful purpose of distinguishing families. This act is also curious as describing the sources from which surnames were then commonly adopted in England, and the manufacture of arms at that time being looked upon as the most honourable craft, Smith naturally was the name most frequently adopted. As already noticed the statute of Kilkenny prohibited the English taking Irish surnames, but seems not to have been very effectual, for this is one of the vices of the "degenerate English," much complained of by English

* This statute is curious for concluding with an enumeration of several persons by name who are exempted from its restrictions. They were probably persons employed about the palace.

writers, especially by Davis, who enumerates (Disc. 39, 40,) a dozen "noblemen who were so "ungrateful and unnatural" as to fall into this vice.

On the subject of surnames it may be mentioned that the common acceptance of the meaning of the word "gentleman" is erroneous. It is remarked by the ingenious author of the observations on the statutes, in a comment on statute 34, Edward III. (A.D. 1360) that the words "simple home" and "gentle home" occurring in that act means, the first, a man who has a simple or single name as John, Thomas, &c. and the latter, a man who has a surname or family name, (*gentile* from *gens*.)

MARRIAGE AND FOSTERING.

The constant hostility of the natives and the English settlers gave rise to another class of very stringent acts—against marrying or fostering with the Irish, which offences were punishable as treason* among the English settlers. It is well known that the affection for their foster children was perhaps the strongest social tie recognized among the native Irish, a much stronger one indeed than marriage—a bond which (if we credit English writers) they held in no very sacred estimation. Hence arose the practice among the English lords of giving their children to be fostered by the natives, in order to attach them, and strengthen their parties; which custom, according to John Davis, gave rise to these acts. Of the custom itself, he gives the following account. "For fostering, I did never hear or read that it was in use or reputation in any other country, barbarous or civil, as it has been and yet is in Ireland. The potent and rich men selling, the meaner sort buying, the alterage of their children. And the reason is, that in the opinions of this people, fostering hath always been a stronger alliance than blood, and the foster children do love and are beloved of their foster fathers and their

sept more than of their own natural parents and kindred, and do participate of their means more frankly, and do adhere unto them in all their fortunes with more affection and constancy. Such a general custom in a kingdom in giving and taking children to foster, making a firm alliance as it doth in Ireland, was never seen or heard of in any other country in the world besides."—Dav. Disc. 33, 39. Connected with the tie of fostering, and always mentioned along with it, was that of gossipred, and according to the same author, "no nation under the sun ever made so religious account thereof as the Irish." It may be mentioned that this tie between godfather and godchild, though now almost wholly disregarded, and not the subject of any legal rights or disabilities, was formerly, by the law of England, a good ground for challenging a juror.

The other tie provided against in these acts, (marriage) is one which, on the contrary, seems to have been held in very little estimation by the native Irish. The frequent repudiation of their wives, and promiscuous concubinage, are fertile subjects of reproach with the English writers. It is probable these charges are exaggerated. No other Christian nation allowed the practice of exchanging wives or temporary marriages, though a precedent for such an institution in ancient times was to be found in the laws of Sparta, and exists to the present day (if we may credit writers on the subject) in the laws of Japan.† Among the instances reported of temporary marriages in Ireland, is that of the celebrated female freebooter, Grace O'Mealy commonly called Grana Uaile, with Sir Richard Bourke (the "degenerate Mac Wm. Eighth" of her day) after the death of her first husband, O'Flaherty. The nature and result of the match is humorously but truly sketched by Caesar Otway. "The marriage was to last for certain but one year, and if at the end of that period, either said to the

* By statute 28 Henry VIII. c. 28. So of retayning or marrying with the Scots, 3 and 4 W. and M. c. 15; and as to fostering see 11 Eliz. sess. 1, cap. 6. These acts were all repealed in 11, 12, and 13, Jac. 1.

† See Golownin's Japan, p. 100, &c. The writer remarks that the privilege of separation is less frequently claimed by the women than by the men; p. 103 note.

other, 'I dismiss you,' the union was dissolved. It is said that during the year Grana took good care to put her own creatures into garrison in all M^r William's coastward castles, that were valuable to her; and then one day, as the Lord of Mayo was coming up to the castle of Corrig a Howly, near Newport, Grana spied him, and cried out the dissolving words. 'I dismiss you.' We are not told how M^r William took the snapping of the matrimonial chain; it is likely he was not sorry to have a safe riddance of such a virago. We shortly after find Grana siding with Sir Richard Bingham against the Bourkes. The O'Mealys on this occasion turned the fortune of the day, and most of M^r William's leaders being taken prisoners, six of them were hanged next day at Cloghan Lucas, in order to "strengthen the English interest."

The censure of early English writers on the Irish estimate of marriage is no doubt very just (if the facts they state are true) but not very consistent from such strenuous advocates of the perfection of English laws, for though bigamy is, by the English law, severely punishable as a felony, adultery and similar offences have never been subject to more than ecclesiastical censures, except for a short period during the commonwealth; at which date (A. D. 1650) there are two ordinances making them punishable with imprisonment, and in some circumstances with death, enactments strongly characteristic of the puritanical spirit of the time. The reproof would come with more justice where one would least expect it, from Italy. There is a very anti-Irish law of Naples, A. D. 1571, given by Giannone, which makes *kissing girls* a capital offence—"che per forza baciassero le donne anche per sotto pretesto di matrimonio."*

THE KING'S TITLE.

Among the many political nostrums for pacifying Ireland, the most notable is probably the devise of King Henry

the Eighth, viz.: changing his own name. His predecessors had, according to the English style, been called "Lords of Ireland;" but King Henry VIII., acting on the policy of modern *chevaliers d'industrie*, determined to take the title of "King" of Ireland, by the effect of which "his majesty's Irish rebels" were to be at once civilized and subjected, and induced to give up their ugly practices of pillaging and slaughtering "his majesty's Irish liegemen." The statute (38, Henry VIII. c. 1) introducing this change is a curious specimen of the legislation of the day..

It commences:—

"Forasmuch as the king, our most gracious, dread, sovereign lord, and his grace's most noble progenitors, kings of England have been lords of this land of Ireland, having all manner of kingly jurisdiction, pre-eminence, and authority royall appertayning to the royall estate and majestie of a king, by the name of Lords of Ireland; and for lacke of naming the king's majestie and his noble progenitors kings of Ireland, hath been great occasion that the Irishmen and inhabitants within this realme of Ireland have not bene so obedient to the king's highnesse, and his most noble progenitors, and to their lawes, as they of right ought to have been."

It is therefore enacted that he shall be called King of Ireland, instead of Lord of Ireland.

Shakspeare's Richard is not the only king who thought

"The king's name is a tower of strength."

The learned historian, Sir John Davis, believed the policy of this statute to have been very wise. He assigns the "reformation" in Ireland, in the end of the reign of Edward III., to two causes—the passing of the statute of Kilkenny, and the presence of the king's son, as deputy here, quoting Solomon as his authority for the latter, because the king, "dissipat omne malum intuitu suo." Davis was thoroughly imbued with the extravagant notions of his royal master, James I.

* Giannone, Vol. IV. p. 249. Cited by Barrington in Observations on the Statutes, by whom also the above edicts of the commonwealth are mentioned. The same learned author also quotes a very strong law of Sicily. "Si quis cum volente et acquiescente vidua stuprum commiserit flammis ultatricibus exuretur!"

' The nice distinction between "king" and "lord," the neglect of which was so pernicious to Ireland, was, it would seem, unknown to foreigners. Froissart, speaking of Richard the Second, calls him "King of Ireland," *"L'estait escrit roy et sire d'Irlande apres que le roy Edouard, de bonne memoire son ayeul."*—Tom. I. c. 59. If not a mistake of Froissart, it is probable that this style was adopted at court to gratify the vanity of the king, whose boasts about the conquest of Ireland, previous to his defeat, are matter of history.

The title bestowed on the Irish nation in the statutes previous to the reign of Henry VIII. is "Irish enemies." In later statutes they are called, when at peace, "his majesty's Irish subjects," and when at war, "Irish rebels." The historian above mentioned, Sir John Davis, states (Disc. p. 106, 7) that the change was made in consequence of the foregoing act altering the king's title; but this is not correct, for, in an act passed a few years previously, (29 Henry VIII. c. 28,) the natives are described by the more complimentary title of "his grace's Irish rebels."

It is scarcely necessary to say that the alterations in the name of king and people were both as signal failures as could be; and the Anglo-Irish and the natives continued butchering, burning, and plundering one another when opportunity offered, as briskly as ever. Indeed, as far as regards humanity, or observance of the laws, the "lack of rightly naming the king's majestie" seems to have infected the "subjects" as much as the "enemies," notwithstanding the moral privileges which the English historian tells us the former enjoyed in their own title. As a sample, we may take an event which happened in the preceding reign, and is detailed in Ware's Annals. The Earl of Kildare, having a quarrel with the Archbishop of Cashel, (both of them being English subjects,) burned the cathedral of St. Patrick, at Cashel. When the matter was brought before the king and council, the earl being interrogated as to the reason of so heinous an attempt, not only admitted the fact, but answered he would never have done it, *had he not thought the bishop was then in the church.* The result was, according to the chronicler, that "the

archbishop was worsted in this contest, who, suppressing his grief, returned to his country; but the Earl of Kildare, being received into the king's favour, was sent back with honour to Ireland, where he, with great trust and care, managed the public affairs." This is but one from hundreds of similar cases.

• SLAVERY.

It is among the proud and just merits of the English law, that it never permitted slavery at home. The prohibition was, however, till recently not generally extended beyond the British Islands.

Ware, in his annals, (p. 5, A.D. 1171,) mentions a fact highly creditable to the generous and kindly feelings of the Irish at the time of the Norman invasion. They had been in the habit of purchasing from the pirates who frequented their coast such parts of their plunder as they were willing to dispose of, and, among the rest, their English prisoners, whom they bought for slaves. When the foreigners landed on their coast, and subdued it, they thought it a visitation from God for some flagrant offence. A synod was held at Armagh, to ascertain the cause of the national visitation. It was the unanimous opinion of the clergy that it was a chastisement from God for the heinous crime of buying their fellow-creatures, and keeping them in bondage. It was therefore determined that every slave in Ireland should be set at liberty, and so the curse removed from the people.

An abhorrence of slavery, in theory at least, seems to have always been a predominant sentiment in Ireland—that the land gifted with so many natural immunities should never "fatten a slave where the serpent would die." But a nobler practical illustration of this sentiment occurred in more modern times. The year 1727 was rendered memorable by a resolution passed at a yearly meeting of Irish Quakers in Dublin. The case of negro slavery being taken into consideration, the practice of importing them from their own country was condemned, and the censure entered on the minutes of their proceedings. The first public record of a similar kind took place in England in the year

1756. Thus it would appear that, of all the European nations, the Irish were among the first to abolish slavery at home, and, in more modern times, the first to protest against the traffic of slaves from foreign countries; and so the measure of abolition may be said to have been first advocated in Dublin.

CLERICAL ABSENTEES.

The enormous quantities of wealth drawn from this kingdom by Romish ecclesiastics would be hardly credible, if the historians who record it were not themselves Roman Catholics, and many of them ecclesiastics. In the reign of Henry III. A.D. 1220, apostolic letters were sent by the pope to collect a tenth of *all* the moveables of the laity and clergy, to support his wars against the Emperor Frederick. This levy met with great opposition from the English, and according to the annalist (Ware, 46), "Ireland sent likewise after their money Irish curses; for they were driven at the worst hand to sell unto the merciless merchants their cows, hackneys, caddoes, and aqua vitæ(!) to make their present payments." A few years afterwards, A.D. 1240, another nuncio came to Ireland, who had the misfortune to fall into the emperor's hands; and in five years more, A.D. 1245, another levy was attempted, of 11,000 marks out of both kingdoms—England and Ireland, of which Ireland actually supplied the enormous disproportion of 6,000 marks. In 1270 Ireland was again required to submit to the exactions of his holiness, and the tithes of all spiritual promotions for three years to come were levied to support the pope's wars against the king of Arragon. These are only a few out of many instances occurring in a few years; and the reader may find similar events recorded in Ware's annals, as happening once in every five or six years, about the same period. According to Matthew Paris, such taxes and talliages sometimes amounted to a moiety of the goods of clergy and laity, and so much as two-thirds of the profits of the lands of these kingdoms were at one time finding their way into the pockets of the pope and the ecclesiastics who constituted his court.

The drain was not merely by such le-

vies as the foregoing; all the best ecclesiastical preferments were conferred upon Italians, who had factors living in these kingdoms who regularly transmitted the profits to Rome. Matthew Paris, who was a monk and in other matters almost worshipped the pope, calls England "Balaam's ass, loaden, beaten, and enforced to speak." In one view, at all events, this simile of the historian is appropriate. Nothing could exceed the simplicity with which the people submitted to barefaced cheats, the monies collected by which are to be added to the other more regular supplies from the pockets of the pious. One common device of the friars was, to persuade the people to put on the sign of the cross and vow themselves to the holy wars, and then immediately afterwards *sell* them a dispensation to relieve them from going there.

The following catalogue of the devices to draw money for holy church out of the kingdom, is given in the statute of faculties, 28 Hen. VIII. c. 19:—"pensions, cences, Peter-pence, procurations, fruits, suits for provisions, expeditions of bulls for bishopricks and archbishopricks, and for delegacies and rescripts in causes of contentions in appeals, jurisdictions legative, dispensations, licences, faculties, grants, relaxations, writs called *per de volere*, rehabilitations, abolitions, and other infinite sorts of bulls, breves, and instruments of sundrio natures and names, the specialities whereof be over long, large in number, and tedious to be mentioned."

The drain, however, which was most severely felt, as being in most constant operation, was the dedication of the profits of the most valuable benefices to foreign ecclesiastics, out of which grew the series of statutes against "provisions." The dispute between Primate Anselm and Henry I. ended by a concession of ecclesiastical patronage to the pope, in 1107, in return for which the pope gave up the right of sending a legate to England. The immediate use of this concession was the conferring on the attendants of the pope's court who never set foot in England, many of the most valuable benefices in the kingdom, "whereby," to speak the language of the old acts, "the treasures and riches of the land were carried away, and works of charity and hospitality neglected."

The pope presented his nominee by what was called a "bull of provision," and the person presented by him was called a "provisor," whence the statutes against the pope's usurpations were called "statutes of provisors." This assumption was accompanied by others of a similar nature. Thus, although judicial appeals to Rome never obtained in England, (except for a short time in Stephen's reign,) it appears from the preambles of various acts that breves of citation to Rome were at various times attempted to be enforced. All these aggressions were generally legislated against together, and as the aggressions on the independent judicial prerogatives of the kingdom became more important, the original name given to the statutes on these subjects was forgotten, and since the statute of 16 Rich. II. Engl. generally known as the "statute of *præmunire*," such offences were designated by the term *præmunire*. The latter name has no reference to any thing occurring in the statutes; but it was directed that the offender should have a garnishment or warning of two months, before he should be prosecuted. The proceedings therefore commenced by a writ to the sheriff, commanding him to admonish, "*præmonere*," the defendant. Offenders were then said to incur a *præmunire*, a phraseology which was adopted in subsequent statutes on similar subjects.

The legislation in England against these offences form a tolerably extensive code. The first chapter of Magna Charta is "*quod ecclesia Anglicana libera sit, et habeat omnia jura sua integra et libertates suas illcesas.*" Barrington (Obs. Stat. p. 6) observes upon this, that the liberties referred to were immunities from papal jurisdiction, and that every reign of the ancient Scottish kings, and almost every compilation of ancient laws, began similarly. The statutes against provisors in England begin in 25 Edward I. and the latest, previous to the Reformation, appears to be in the second year of Henry IV.

In Ireland legislation against "pro-

visors" began about the same time as in England, but continued much later. The earliest Irish act on the subject is in the reign of Edward I.,* by which sending or conveying money by religious houses out of Ireland to foreign superiors, is forbidden and punished. The English acts of Edward III. on the same topics, which are of some length, were adopted here by the famous parliament of Kilkenny, in the fortieth year of his reign; but the earliest printed Irish statute on the subject does not occur till after the similar English legislation had ceased—viz. in the reign of Henry VI. The recitals of the statutes of this reign show, that however hopeless his holiness found the effort to draw the profits of English benefices then to Rome, he was far from giving up the attempt here. The first act of Henry VI., in the thirty-second year of this reign, recites that "provisions" were then more frequent in Ireland than they had been theretofore; and another act of the same reign recites that "divers persons advanced to benefices within the land of Ireland, do absent themselves out of the said land whereby the issues and profits of their benefices be yearly taken forth of the said land of Ireland, to the great impoverishment and weakening of the same, diminishing of God's service, and withdrawing of hospitality." A statute passed a little later (7 Edward IV. c. 2) prohibits the purchase of benefices from Rome, and recites that in former times the clergy used to keep hospitality to the honour of God and profit of poor people, but of late had purchased bulls to hold their livings *in commendam*, "to the final extinguishment of divine service and hospitality." There are other unprinted acts of Edward IV. (11, 12 Edward IV. and 12, 13 Edward IV.) against the appointment by the pope to Irish preferments, by one of which (12, 13 Edward IV. c. 53) executing his bulls is made treason in all concerned. Besides the general provisions in Poyning's acts (10 Henry VII.) adopting the English laws on this subject,

* This act is not in the printed editions of the statutes, nor indeed is it, correctly speaking, an Irish statute, being the English act of the same year, "*de exportis religiosorum*," which was sent by writ to Ireland.—See Report of Irish Record Commissioners for 1830.

there is also a special act, adopting and enforcing all the previous statutes in both countries against "provisions." The great frequency and strong language of these several acts is a striking proof how vigorously the struggle was carried on between the advocates of English independence, and what would be now called "ultramontane Romanists," and how keenly the evil effects of the foreign ecclesiastical rule was felt.

What were called "commendams" were used as an evasion of the acts against "provisions;" and one of the preceding acts (7 Edward IV.) was caused by a decision of the judges, that the preceding statutes did not apply to a *commendam*, because they spoke only of "reservations, collations, and provisions." Commendams were a device of Pope Leo X. A.D. 848, and their object was to supply the means of hospitality and dignity to the holders of preferments, the emoluments of which were small. The old canons prohibited pluralities, but a distinction was taken that though a clergyman could have only one benefice *in titulo*, another might be "commended" to his custody until an incumbent was provided for it. Hospitality being then considered one of the cardinal virtues of the clerical character, presentations to benefices in commendam were usually to provide the means of hospitality, *in mensam*, which gave rise to a bad legal pun among canonists, that *in commenda* was quasi *in comedenda*. At first the benefices thus bestowed were usually without the cure of souls, but the practice soon degenerated into a mere evasion of the rule against pluralities. The foregoing statute, it is to be observed, was intended to prevent such presentations only by the pope or a foreign power, and not to prohibit them by the king or proper patron, by whom they continued to be made even after the Reformation.

The avarice of the regular clergy appears to have been, at all times, a popular subject of attack. Chaucer ridicules the avarice of friars. The Romaunt of the Rose, which he translated, was originally written by Jehan de Methuen, a Frenchman, who carried his spirit of satire so far as to play a practical joke on the friars on his death-bed. He left them a heavy chest as a legacy; but when it was

opened, instead of riches, it was found to contain nothing but *vetches*. He is said to have been refused Christian burial in consequence.

It is among the queer contradictions of Ireland that the party claiming to be the national one should be the adherents of the pope. The perfect independence of the ancient Irish Church seems, as an historical fact, past dispute. On every occasion the Romish party among the clergy seem, in early times, to have taken part with English settlers against the natives—not to mention that the first invasion of the English was under sanction of a bull empowering Henry the Second to reduce the heretic Irish. In the synod held soon after the Conquest, by Henry II. the subjugation of the Irish to the English Church was enforced by the more Romish part of the clergy in terms very insulting to the Irish. The details of this struggle are given by Giraldus Cambrensis. Vivian, the pope's legate, went so far as to excommunicate all who should question the title of the king of England to Ireland. The appellate jurisdiction of the English House of Lords—one of the great badges of subjection which yielded to the firmness of the volunteers of 1782—was first applied to by a Romish prior, in the case of the prior of Lanthony, A.D. 1432. It would appear that the clergy had a great influence in framing the statutes of Kilkenny, which may be said to be the first regular legislative provisions for this kingdom. These statutes introduce the writ "*de excommunicato capiendo*," and contain various other provisions for the establishment of ecclesiastical authority—ex. gr. chap. 10, which prohibits any person from holding communion with a man under sentence of excommunication. Yet these statutes contain the most stringent and severe provisions against the native Irish. They provided (caps. 14, 15) that Irish of Irish lineage shall not be admissible to any cathedral, nor to any ecclesiastical benefice among the English, nor even to profession in religious houses among them. It is also a singular, though accidental coincidence, that the epithet of "enemy," by which the natives had always been previously designated by the Anglo-Irish legislature, ceased to be applied to them in the reign of

Henry VIII. just at the introduction of the Reformation.

The evils of provisions, foreign commendams, &c. had ceased long before the Reformation; and the vigour of the English had so effectually terminated the efforts of the Romish ecclesiastics to interfere with the independence of the English crown, that prosecutions in England, under the statutes against provisors and the early statutes of *præmunire*, were at all times very rare, and in comparatively modern times unknown. Several other offences of a different character were, at a later period, made subject to the penalties of a *præmunire*; but prosecutions, even for these, were exceedingly uncommon. The only instance of one is said to be that given in the state trials, when the penalties of a *præmunire* were inflicted on some persons for refusing to take the oath of allegiance in the reign of Charles II. It was otherwise, however, in Ireland, where prosecutions, under the earlier statutes of *præmunire*, appear not to have been very unusual. In the reign of James the First, Sir John Davis, the English attorney-general here, prosecuted one Robert Lalor on the statute 16 Richard II., his offence being that he had accepted the title and office of the pope's vicar-general in the archdiocese of Dublin, and there exercised spiritual jurisdiction *in foro conscientie*, maintaining and justifying the pope's authority. The facts of the case, and the speech on behalf of the prosecution, are reported at length by the learned prosecutor himself. So, although the statutes adopting the Reformation here, and declaring the king head of the church, were passed in the 28th year of Henry VIII.; yet for some time afterwards the right, so jealously guarded in England, of presenting to bishoprics, was neglected here; and, according to Davis, the first presentations to the bishoprics of Derry, Raphoe, and Clogher, made by the king, were not made until the reign of James I.

The statutes against provisions and *præmunire* have never been repealed, though long fallen completely into disuse.

GENTLEMEN AND VAGABONDS.

There is a curious and spirited pas-

sage in Hollingshed on the character of an Irish gentleman:—

“For the Irishman standeth so much on his gentilitie, that he termeth any one of the English sept, and planted in Ireland, *Baldeagh Galteagh*, i. e. English churle; but if he be an Englishman born, then he nameth him *Baldeagh Saxonnegh*, i. e. Saxon churle: so that both are churles, and he the only gentleman.”

Modern observers have often remarked on the pride that prevents—or rather prevented, for it is a feeling now happily no longer existing—the connections of Irish families of respectability applying themselves to any useful pursuit. The patrician contempt of poor Paddy for all who “demean” themselves to work,

“For the glorious privilege of being independent,”

has been the fertile subject alike of uncharitable sneers and stern rebuke. It is almost four hundred years since it was represented to the English king as the prominent defect of the Irish character. There is an answer of Walter Fitzsimons, archbishop of Dublin, to Henry the Seventh, preserved in Ware, (Ann. p. 26.)

“The greatest and chiefest thing that not only impoverisheth this lordship of Ireland, and also causes so many stirs and jars with them, is idleness; for, if the father have an estate, and dies, though he have never so many children, they all hanker on that name, who is prince or chief of them, rather than to take an employment or trade, supposing it a disgrace so to do, their fathers before them having acquired an estate. This is the custom of the country, which your highnesse's subjects have learned of the natives, filling their panches, to care not for any other than brawling and plotting. They are so many stragglers, and prove that it is more charity to put them to work than to succour them with victuals.”

The character is not confined to the “gentleman.” Like other national characteristics, it infected the low as well as the high. Coupled with the opportunity afforded by the disturbed and ill-protected state of the country, it gave rise to a lawless and violent class, who were the objects of frequent legislation in our ancient statutes.

There are acts in the reign of Henry VI.* reciting the evils of persons leaving their lawful and honest works, and becoming "kernes, evil doers, wasters, idlemen, and destructioners of the king's liege people." There were enactments of the same character made in the parliament of Kilkenny; and others, earlier still, among the unpublished statutes of Edward II. (13 Edward II. cc. 2, 3) against "kernes, idlemen, and other vagrant trespassers on the people's property." These, and the numerous provisions against the custom of "coshering," were not aimed merely at the class which the modern meaning of the words would seem to include. The principals, at least, of the idlemen and vagrants were gentlemen. Among the articles to be observed in Ireland in a close roll of Edward III., (mentioned, Ware, c. 12,) is one against those who "lead or maintain kernes or the people called idlemen, unless in the marches.

From the phrase in the last-mentioned ordinance, "people called idlemen," it would appear that the word had obtained a more specific meaning than "idler." So the proper meaning of kerne is a foot soldier. The arms of kerne consisted of darts and daggers, or skeynes, (short knives.) The word was well understood in its proper sense by the English, as the use of it by Shakspeare shows, who correctly assigns to the kernes even their appropriate weapons—darts.† In the statute-book, however, these phrases—idlemen and kernes—seem to be used vaguely, as descriptions of ill-conducted and lawless wanderers. Kerne was so popularly understood among the English settlers here, as appears from Hollingshed, who was nearly Shakspeare's contemporary, he gives (cap. 8) the following coarse but curious interpretation of its mean-

ing:—"Kerne signifieth, as noblemen of deep judgment informed ~~me~~, a shower of hell; because they are no better than rakehells or the devill's blackguards, by reason of the stinking stirre they keepe wherever they be."

The principal grievance inflicted by these unsettled idlers was not, as might be supposed, plunder; but fixing themselves at free quarters, where they chose, without consulting their host whether they were welcome or not. This they sometimes did under colour of authority or right, but as often by mere violence. The practice is repeatedly prohibited in the early laws of the English settlers against "coshering," "cuttings," "coyne and livery," &c. Hollingshed describes coshering (c. 8) thus:—"These noblemen and noblemen's tenants now and then make a set feast, which they call coshering, whereto flock all their retainers, whom they name followers, their rithmours, their cards, their harpers, that feed them with musick. In their coshering they sit on straw, they are served on straw, and lie on mattresses and pallets of straw." Coshering is more generally understood to mean merely the custom of exacting entertainments from tenants, and is so used in the statute-book. "Cuttings" appears a corruption of "cuddies," which is another Irish term for a similar practice. Coyne and livery, which was a practice of compelling the inhabitants to supply food and clothing for man and horse, is a more modern device, introduced by the English in imitation of these customs. It was introduced by Maurice FitzThomas, Earl of Desmond, in the reign of Edward II. to support the king's army against the Scots under the command of Bruce, and is not, therefore, strictly speaking, an Irish custom.

* The English statute-book is not

* 18 Henry VI. and 25 Henry VI. c. 7. See also 11 and 12 Car. I. c. 16, for the suppression of cosherers and idle wanderers.

† Henry VI. pt. 2, act 3, sc. 1:—

"In Ireland have I seen this crafty Cade
Oppose himself against a troop of kernes,
And fight so long, till that his thighs, with darts,
Were almost like a sharp-quilled porcupine."

So in Macbeth, Act 1, sc. 2:—

"Of kernes and gallowglasses is supplied."

without its testimonies to the prejudice of the Irish so early as the reign of Henry VI., and, what is remarkable, the obnoxious class were not the haymakers or pig-drivers, but students at Oxford. Statute 1 Henry VI. cap. 3, Eng. enacts that, on account of the murders, robberies, and rapes, and other felonies committed by the Irish in the neighbourhood of Oxford, they shall be banished to their own country within a month, except graduates of the university, beneficed clergymen, and lawyers; and by this act, and another of the same period, (2 Hen. VI. c. 8,) all Irish students and graduates continuing there are required to find security for their good behaviour!

As a set-off for this, may be mentioned an Irish act of the reign of Henry VIII. (33 Hen. VIII. c. 15.) It is entitled "An Act for Vagabonds," and provides that "schoolars of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge that goe about begging, *not being authorized under the seal of the said universities*, by the commissary, chancellor or vice-chancellor of the same, shall be punished and ordered in manner and forme, as is above rehearsed of strong beggars," i. e. be whipped at a cart's tail, and sworn to return home with a letter certifying that they had been whipped as vagrant strong beggars.

THE WHYCHCOTS; A LEAF FROM THE CENSUS OF 1841.

CHAPTER V.

"Est aliquid fatale malum per verba levare.

Strangulet inclusus dolor atque exarsuat intus,
Cogitur et vires multiplicare suas."

OID.

"I looked upon the halls of Balclutha, and they were desolate."

OSSIAN.

I HARDLY ventured to address Irwin during our progress; he seemed to dread the danger of utterance, and his is one of those countenances in which deep grief takes almost the appearance of anger. I had little doubt that his life would have "rubbed on" placidly enough, and that though his thoughts might often perhaps have reverted to his early friend, his peace would not have been much disturbed by the recollection, had not the facts before detailed been thus by extraordinary accident brought before him. But "there is a joy in 'woe,'" and I was convinced he would not have forfeited the knowledge of those incidents to escape the pain it caused him; and for myself it was a relief to think the sad tale of which I had seen the catastrophe, would come to me, not as the forced discovery of a stranger, but through the hallowed medium of a friend to him that was

gone, so it was with thankfulness I resigned the keys of his papers.

Irwin and I arrived at the door, and while we stood awaiting its opening, a powerful tremor shook his limbs, and his large masculine features were shrunk and of an ashy paleness. When we entered he sunk upon the chair in the hall, and it was some minutes before, mastering himself with a strong effort, he was able to rise and follow me silently up the stairs. He turned as it were by instinct into the drawing-room, and looked expectantly around; his eyes fell first on the picture, then on the desk, the sight of which seemed to move him afresh.

"He lies up stairs," said I, "in one of the attics."

"I know," he replied, in a husky voice, and preceded me slowly to the room; he evidently knew which it was, and closed his eyes as he opened the door.

The old woman had occupied herself in removing all the apparatus of sickness; she had only smoothed the ruffled bed and composed the limbs of the body, and there it lay; its soft placidity affording a strong contrast to the working emotions depicted in Irwin's countenance. The features had slightly relaxed during the few hours that had elapsed since I had last seen it; the chest had fallen in, and the prominent breastbone in rigid outline under the white coverlet, bespoke the form of *death*; one waxen hand was exposed by the side, but the expression of the face was more life-like; the colour had returned; it was almost a smile that loitered on the lips, "like moonlight on the snow."

"There lived no trace on that pale brow
Of wishes unfulfilled,
The holy hope of answered prayer,
The calm of perfect peace was there,
The saint's last sleep to gild;
'Twere more than crime to mar a rest
So tranquil—so supremely blest."

With a forced sternness of composure Irwin regarded it; he feared to unman himself; and before he looked round upon us, the indelicacy of observation at such a scene which might have before occurred to my mind, struck me, so I left him, and descended with the servant to the room below.

In about an hour he joined me. I could perceive that tears had come to his relief—if indeed they are a relief; but he had in some degree resumed his self-possession, by being for a while freed from the necessity of stifling his feelings. I had told the woman that he was the executor of Mr. Daly, the friend whose name he had mentioned the night before, but that no step should be taken in his affairs without Mr. Barrett's concurrence and due authority, so that there need be no opposition to our examination of his will and papers.

In fact she was inclined to offer none, but as the circumstances were singular and unprecedented, I was dubious of the right path, and officiously willing to obviate any objection that might arise even from a menial. The first thing that met our eyes on opening the desk, was the will; it was dated eleven years back, and we did not read it, as bound with it was a codicil of much later date, which contained minute directions as to the dis-

posal of his body, and which was labelled with Irwin's name.

There was no time or inclination on Irwin's part for cool calculation, or for ascertaining the course of legal propriety.

"He had no near relative," said he, "nor, while living, one friend but myself. I had no means of serving him before, but now I will ask no permission to fulfil to the very letter his wishes, and I will take the consequences, be they what they may. His letters and papers shall fall into no hands but mine; as to his property, I care not concerning it: thus, had it been my case, he would have done by me, and thus will I act by him."

I will not prolong my own part in the story by further detail of our conversation; it will suffice for the satisfaction of all who read the tale, to hear, that before the day was over, we had ascertained from legal opinions, confirmed by Dr. —'s statement, as to the sanity of Mr. Daly, that Irwin was fully empowered to act as his executor, and the following day saw us travelling together with the remains to the county of —, about fifty miles from Dublin, whither he had desired to be carried for burial.

We left town at five o'clock in the morning, and as our pace was necessarily very slow, it was nearly four in the day when we arrived at Clonsalagh.

We had little communication during the journey, as Irwin volunteered but few words, and seemed lost in thought, sometimes perhaps pleasing, as he recalled the many times he had passed the nooks and towns on that well-known coach road, a wild and merry school-boy, and often again a sedate young collegian, accompanied by him who was now our silent companion; and at times the past seemed so entirely to possess him, that he smiled as he pointed out to me two or three spots associated with some juvenile pranks and recollections, and then in a few moments he would recur to the melancholy present—the sad end of us all.

I could not, however curious, bring myself to urge him with questions, but rather was desirous to wait until his inclinations might lead him to tell me some particulars of the history.

At last we entered, through a dila-

pidated gateway, a long avenue of trees, so thickly planted as to exclude the light and also to impede their growth; they were like a forest of masts, being only wooded at the top, and the earth beneath was bare or overgrown by their fibrous roots. The whole aspect of the place bespoke neglect and desolation; it had an air of gloom which even the presence of gay summer could hardly altogether dispel. Three or four dirty children who were at play near the gate, ran after the carriages as we approached the house, and watched our progress, and one having given notice to its mother, by some back entrance, the door of the house was quickly opened to admit us. The woman, who knew of our errand, although she had not expected us until the day following, immediately recognised Irwin.

"Och, then, but yer althered, sure enough, Masther John," said she, "but shure I'd know you av ye were biled itself," and in the energy of her affection she took his hand. "An' don't ye remimber me—don't ye remimber Judy that used to make yer bed; sure I was the housemaid in it in the ould masther's time, when ye used to coom down width poor Masther Richard, and many's the joke yez used to put an me, an' ye remimber the ghost yez dhressed up to frighten the life out o' me; and more betoken, many's the half-crown ye gave me whin ye thought no more of it nor iv it was a jack-stone——"

Whether the good woman had really recalled herself to his recollection or not, I know not, or if her words identified some ruddy Judy of former days with the haggard but good-humoured looking slattern that stood before him, but Irwin shook her hand kindly, and striding on through the familiar passage, entered a room on the left hand.

The sashes were open, and a large turf fire was blazing in the grate. She followed him.

"I was jist readyin' up the place a bit for ye," said she, "iver since the man come down this morning, and Mr. Murray coom here and towld me ye'd be in it. Whethen but it's a sorrowful world, Masther John; but it's little we any of us thought we'd see so much of it the last time we had ye here, before Masther Richard wint to

the Injees—and poor Miss Bessy too; well, how things happens. I only hard of her—I niver seen her ather she come back here the mistress of the place. I lit the fire up jist to take off the damp and the drary look off o' the room."

She went on in this strain, varying her reflections with sundry lamentations for our unexpected arrival, when she "hadn't a hap'orth barrin rashers an' 'eggs, an' a few owld stags iv pitatees" to offer us, until Irwin having braced his mind to a strenuous effort at composure, by looking often and slowly round the room and out of the windows, as though he would fain have the first introduction and emotion over, returned to the carriage to superintend the removal of the coffin to the opposite room, which was open and ready for its reception; that done and the carriage dismissed, he and I were once more alone and freed from the worthy Judy's sympathy and garrulity, as she went to the kitchen to prepare our repast.

It was a long, low house, in the cottage style, and had probably originally contained not more than five or six apartments; but it had been added to from time to time, until it now was quite a large building, or at least had much accommodation, occupying three sides of a square, but it was in no part more than two stories high.

The front, which faced the avenue, looked uninviting enough, the walls being discoloured, the shrubs around neglected, and the banks ragged and uprooted by pigs and poultry, which ran straggling at our approach. Opposite the door through which we entered, at the extreme end of the hall, or rather passage, was another, opening upon a lawn or grass garden; it was a sloping bank, at the foot of which a clear and narrow river "wandered at its own sweet will;" although not in order, still it was a garden, for a wild profusion of common annual flowers—bright sweet-pea and mignonnette, and their hardy mates—not to speak of many bushes covered with early roses, showed that some effort had been made still to retain its character; that side of the house, too, was overgrown with creepers, passion-flowers, and clematis, and two or three

rarer parasitical plants told of the hand of some who had once taken an interest in the beauty of the deserted house; round a part of the angle, at the right-hand side of the house, in the hollow square facing the garden, ran a low balcony, level with the upper story, from which were steps to the ground, covered with leaves and flowers.

From the house to the river, on that side, the garden was bounded by a thick wood of forest trees, guarded by a paling and a small rustic wicket, and on the left was a grove of ever-green shrubs, laurels, arbutus, and phillyrea, through which there was a vista of a small lake, supplied, as it would seem, by the river, which I supposed travelled out again at the other side.

It was a lovely spot—a place where the mind might well repose upon the peaceful bosom of nature; for here art was scarcely visible for the plantations; the garden was so suited to the scene, that they almost seemed suggested by it; but my mind was too restless then to enjoy its tranquil beauty. Say what we may, there is more interest in the workings of one human heart—in one glimpse into the source of one human feeling or passion—than in all the majesty or grace of inanimate nature; and when the latter affects us, it is only (but unconsciously, perhaps) as “*par rapport*” to the movements of the soul within. I will not say our emotions begin and end in self, but they generally begin and end in humanity.

There are times when the thoughts can rise higher from the created to the Creator—when we can contemplate the mighty mountains, wide forests, and roaring sea, as evolved from chaos ere yet man was made from the dust of the ground—and forgetting all human interests, be absorbed in their solitary grandeur; but this, comparatively, is seldom the case. More often the cloud-capt hills,

deep chasm and foaming cataract, figure to us the gloomy fates, dark passions, and wild power of beings—our fellows who have lived and died, or, nearer still, our own past, present, and future.

I roamed listlessly about the grounds for an hour or two—now lying on the grassy bank at the foot of the garden, inhaling the rich scent of the mignonnette which perfumed the gusts of the evening breeze, as the red sunset faded—clouds of gnats whizzed airily round the shallows on the water’s edge; and now and then a bat flitted dimly past—a soft repose fell over the scene. Was there no one sound of sorrow for the blighted possessor of this fair spot, who lay still and cold within that casement near? Was it a dirge for him the gentle water murmured?—was it for him the tall shadowy trees stood silent, without a whisper in their leaves?

“Could I but hear
What this river saith in night’s still ear.
But the river is clear and runneth slow,
We cannot tell what it saith;
It keepeth its secrets down below,
And so doth Death.”

There was a little island on the tranquil lake not fifty paces from the shore, and on it was a rustic building, which attracted my wish to explore it. A small boat was laid up in a shed near, but it was chained and fastened by a lock, which my efforts vainly essayed to unloose. I had thought Irwin would be best pleased to be left alone; but on returning towards the cottage, I saw lights in his window, and entered. I found him seated at the table, with Daly’s desk open before him, and the papers strewed over it; his spirits were calmed, and he was much more like himself; the silent fit, at least, was over, and I gathered from him then and subsequently the following particulars of the former inhabitants of this lonely dwelling.

PART II.

CHAPTER VI.

Mercede."

"Non alla biham

HORACE.

"Endeth, then, love in woe? Yea, or man lieth,
 And every worldly bliss, as thinketh me;
 The end of joy aye sorrow occupleth,
 And whose troweth not that thus it be?"

CHAUCER.

TWENTY years ago this house was a beloved and happy home. Its master, Henry Daly, was a handsome, easy-tempered, liberal country gentleman of the old school. He belonged, perhaps, hardly so much to the time in which he lived, as to the period when his father was his age, (and the fashion of open-handed prosperity had even then been long on the decline); nor had a sense of prudence, and the continual presence of the thought of social distinction, so prevalent now in the mind of the youth, and even childhood of this age, infected him. At his board the merriest hearts and wisest heads were best welcomed where all were welcome who came—the care-worn, thread-bare curate of the parish, and the hearty sly old priest; the attorney of the neighbouring town; the spirit-broken sizar, who was tutor between terms to the sons of the lord of the manor, and the lord himself betimes; and the county members were equally honoured guests at the same table. Not that Daly himself was insensible to the value of wealth and influence; but, conscious of ancient birth, and possessed of easy competence, he was equally a stranger to insolence and ambition. Not jealous of his own importance, which, to a certain extent, he felt to be invulnerable, he had too much inborn dignity to suffer a dread of impairing it to abridge his freedom. Probably this thought never tangibly came before him; but, if it did, his natural hilarity and frankness was so predominant, that he seemed to feel, rather than judge, every man his fellow, and to find something to like and admire in every human being.

This was constitutional with him—some say hereditary. It was of his father that the story ran, that he used to leave word at the village inn at Clonsallagh that every traveller who

wore boots was to be sent up to his house on his arrival; but this was in the old times, when the great house was standing, of which the present cottage occupied only part of the site, ere this kind of promiscuous hospitality had as yet reduced the Dalys from being the first family in the county, to a position of comparatively little significance.

I do not pretend to defend this state of things; nevertheless it had its advantages. The atmosphere of ease and cordiality which pervaded Daly's board was favourable to the cultivation of social kindness and equality. It brought out the qualities of men, apart from circumstances. When the poor sizar was given to feel himself not only the equal, but superior to the squire, the bitterness of his poverty was lost for the time being; and I am not sure that he—now the Right Rev. Lord Bishop of ——— has not happier reminiscences of those days than of many which gave him more splendid successes; and that he is not indebted for much of his gracious sympathy with modest merit and struggling talent to his sense of what he himself owed to his early friend. But whatever my opinion may be it matters little; such were the customs of this house, and such a man was Harry Daly.

His wife was an Englishwoman. Her mother, one of two co-heiresses, had married against her father's will, and been therefore disinherited; and as her husband died shortly after her marriage, and she herself expired in giving birth to her child, the orphan was left solely dependant on the remaining sister, who, being unmarried, adopted her, and brought her up certainly with care, if not with tenderness. But Love, who seems to have been an unpropitious deity to the

whole family, again interfered, to dash the cup of fortune. When the fair Alice, for the first time in her life, asserted her own will, and thinking all the world well lost, insisted on exchanging the gloomy grandeur of her aunt's abode, for love in a cottage at Clonsallagh.

As an Irishman, Mr. Daly possessed in Miss Whyhcot's eyes a prescriptive right to be, if not an arrant impostor, a designing fortune-hunter; and religiously did she promise to defeat his golden expectations, if he entertained such, by erasing her contumacious niece's name from the will, which had declared her sole heiress. But time rolled on, and the lady at last so far relented as to condescend occasionally to hold intercourse by letter with the offender; and having vouchsafed to stand godmother to the second son, when she offered to adopt him, Mr. Daly was prevailed upon, by his wife's entreaties, to consent to the proposal, even though on the hard conditions that the boy was to be given up wholly to her, and to be debarred all intercourse with his family, except through her intervention. This unhallowed bargain was made when the child was but three years old; and so rigidly were its provisions enforced, that his brothers and sisters were hardly aware of his existence; and the half-yearly formal accounts of his health and welfare, duly transmitted to his mother, were comparatively of little interest even to her, as years increased the distance between them, and added to the number of claimants on her care and affection. But nature may never be wronged with impunity; sooner or later she is avenged, though, as in this case, the sins of the fathers be visited on the children.

Mrs. Daly was a simple, gentle, pretty little woman, without much strength of character or intellect. To see her children healthy, handsome, and dutiful, and her husband loving to her and to his family, and popular with his neighbours, was sufficient for her happiness—without care for the present, or anticipations for the future.

When Irwin first became acquainted with this family, Richard, the eldest, was about eight years old. Irwin was his schoolfellow, but by about five

years his senior. In gratitude for some kindness he showed the child, he was invited to accompany him home during one summer's vacation; and this was the commencement of an intimacy which lasted during the whole of his school and college life, as afterwards his return to Clonsallagh with Richard was looked upon as a matter of course, as though it was his own home.

"From his childhood to his death he was the most noble fellow I ever saw," said Irwin; and we loved each other with a love indeed passing the love of women; but he was not made for this cold and common-place world, and I could see in him, even as a boy, the germ of those peculiarities of thought and feeling which inspired him through youth and manhood, and, alas! brought him to his broken-hearted end."

Amongst the many families in the neighbourhood who met constantly here, the most intimate was that of Colonel Power, an officer formerly in the French army, who being incapacitated by a wound from active service, had retired to live in a small cottage about half a mile distant from this, which was his native place; his income was very limited, being little more than his half-pay and a small pension, as he had dissipated the whole of his paternal property by early extravagancies, or, as some reported, in play. He had at that period a fair prospect of repairing his losses, being next heir to a large estate then in possession of a cousin of his father's, who, all the world presumed, would die a bachelor; but he disappointed the expectations of all the world in general, and of Colonel Power in particular, by marrying his housekeeper late in life, and the offspring, in the shape of a vulgarly healthy son, had come to defer, if not kill, the hopes of his quondam heir.

These circumstances, together with the irritation arising from frequent pain in his wound by a ball lodged in the shoulder, which could not be extracted, had embittered a temper naturally fierce, although joyous and lively, and roused a spirit of haughtiness and reserve which might otherwise perhaps have lain dormant.

He was not popular in the country, but nothing could withstand the in-

fluence of Harry Daly's bon-hommie and good nature, so that family was the only one with which he sought or enjoyed intercourse. The colonel had seen much of the world and society, and the polish of his manners and variety of his talents made him an acquisition to their circle, and what he had to bestow of regard, or rather of that complacent feeling which stands to represent affection in every hardened, worldly, and selfish heart, he bestowed on them, and they took it for friendship. He was an atheist, moreover, and took little pains to conceal it, if he did not openly avow his principles. His wife was still a beautiful young woman ; she was the portionless daughter of a noble family, and had been a friend of Mrs. Daly's in their school-girl days. She loved her husband devotedly, but with a love not slightly tinged with fear, but more still their only child, a pretty little girl of four or five years old.

Imperious and at times perhaps unkind to his wife, in this child also her father's affections seemed to be centered ; but this, as the sequel proved, was but another development of selfish pride. She was one of whose beauty, intelligence, and spirit, a father might pardonably be proud, and much as she loved her mother, her father, from his unbounded indulgence, was the object of her fondest adoration.

Being brought up from infancy with the young Dalys, she was regarded by them all as one of themselves ; but above all the rest, Richard was her especial favourite : to him she would appeal to defend her in all her childish quarrels with the others ; with him only would she choose to lead off the country dances in the long oak parlour or on the lawn, on Christmas night or midsummer's eve, and his affection for her in return even then, perhaps, partook of the nature of love, for his happiness seemed never complete in any enjoyment, or in a boating or fishing excursion, unless little Bessy Power was allowed to be of the party ; and great would be her childish delight when he would leap with her across the streams, or if she was tired, carry her in his arms, and caressing her, call her " his little wife."

This was all very well, and amused only his sisters and brothers while he was but thirteen, and she seven or

eight years of age ; but although after that the period when his school holidays would again bring him to Clonsallagh, was looked forward to with equal impatience by both, and its greatest promise of pleasure was that they should be once more together, the extent of their mutual devotion was, perhaps unconsciously to themselves, concealed from vulgar eyes. Richard was not of a nature to suffer any of his feelings to become a subject of ridicule, and she was too sensitive and instinctively understood his heart too well even then, not to endeavour to hide an affection which it might vex him to see her display in the innocent warmth of her welcome.

As years deepened and strengthened their attachment, its existence became less and less obvious, and at length had no place in surmise in the minds of any of their relatives. He was too deeply impassioned to be demonstrative, even in his manner to her in private, and she, as she verged towards womanhood, grew naturally less frank in her demeanour, and perhaps led by his seeming abstraction in her presence to doubt of his continued affection, she took her pride to task to be more shy and reserved with him.

Such was their relative position when Richard was one and twenty, and had been two years in college, which he entered late, owing to a disorder of the chest which attacked him when he was about seventeen, and which made his mother unwilling to suffer him to study or leave his home. But I had better give the remainder in Irwin's own words.

When I say "in his words," I must bespeak allowance. I had better have said in his person ; yet even thus the tale will be impaired, and I shall fail to transmit to the reader the vivid impression it produced on me.

It is almost impossible for a simple narrator bound to facts, a novice in writing withal, to follow the exact form of a conversation from memory ; and besides the effect lost by this consideration, I must encounter the disadvantage of giving as a succinct account that which was conveyed to the piecemeal and life-like, not by words alone, but by the speaking eyes and earnest spirit of a heart-warm actor in its scenes.

Though I had known Irwin from

my boyhood, and though his frank and cordial nature was such as had almost annihilated the distance which age might be supposed to establish between us, I had no knowledge of his early life and circumstances, and probably I never would have acquired any had not my part in this event brought us thus closely in contact. His natural reserve of feeling gradually thawed

as he proceeded in his story, and I had no scruple in asking him for minute details, as the narration seemed rather to be a pleasure than a pain, when the first struggle had subsided.

His endeavour to give me the characters and actions of his loved and lost, was like receding to contemplate a picture—they lived again before him as he spoke.

CHAPTER VII.

"Such fine hath all his greates worthiness,
Such fine his love, such fine hath his nobles,
Such fine hath this false worldes brittleness!
And thus began his loving of Cresseid,
As I have told; and for that cause he died."

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

"It may seem strange to you," said he, "that, intimate as Daly and I were, his attachment to this girl should have so long remained wholly unsuspected by me. But so it was. I had taken my degree before he entered, and being a scholar, I resided in college, and after his entrance, we almost lived together. I had no doubt that, ardent and imaginative as he was, love, whenever it might be his destiny to experience it, would be in him an inextinguishable and all-absorbing passion. But I was not surprised that he had hitherto never found an idol on whose shrine to hang all his hopes and faith among the many pretty dolls we usually met in society; for, though brimful of poetry and sentiment, he had exalted notions rather of woman, and his sensitive, fastidious taste was so readily susceptible of offence, as often to provoke a smile. Added to this, he, like most enthusiasts, dreaded the imputation of romantic feeling, in proportion to his consciousness of its reality and influence in his own mind; and these circumstances must account for my ignorance of that keystone of his destiny. Afterwards it appeared to me a stupid blindness to the natural course of things to suppose that Daly could have remained insensible to the singular beauty and grace, the kindred genius, strength and softness, which spoke in every feature and movement—every word and look of Elizabeth Power. I said she was beautiful, and she was; but her beauty was not of that correct and dazzling kind which immediately strikes the beholder. On the contrary, she might probably

have been passed over by many in an assembly with the mere commendation of being "rather a pretty girl." Her chief charm lay in that varied and lovely expression of countenance which neither painting nor description can convey; and yet that picture resembles her, for then one continued mood of mind had given a fixed character to her face; but it is not like what she was at gay sixteen, before she had known sorrow.

"The first discovery I made of Daly's passion was at the time I speak of. The whole family had come up to town for the winter, and resided in that house in ——— street, which we left this morning. It had belonged to Mr. Daly's mother, whose recent death had given it into his possession; and Mrs. Daly had induced her easy-tempered husband to forego his delights of farming and fox-hunting, and remove there for the benefit of masters, and the advantage of society for her two daughters, then growing up.

"One morning, having called to bring Richard to some shooting match or other amusement, I forget what, then going forward, Mrs. Daly said—

"I have just had such a pleasant letter from Anne Power. They are coming up to town, on their way to England. The colonel has had some sort of a reconciliation with Mr. Meredyth, and he has invited them all over on a short visit to Barron's court. To cement it, that odious wife of his has been dead these two years; so there is now no possible objection to their going; and I hear that his excellency is in such high delight, as to be quite

condescending; and she, too, writes in great spirits, and seems to regret leaving Clonsallagh the less on account of our absence. She does not hint at it; but I cannot but guess the project that is in the colonel's mind; and I, too, have laid out the plan quite to my satisfaction. The son and heir is to fall in love with my sweet Bessy, of course; and a charming affair it will be for all parties. I couldn't help thinking often what a mournful state she would be in, dear child, if any thing happened her father, and she was left penniless, as they would be, except for poor Anne's pension. I am going to write immediately, and tell her my hopes, and ask them to come here. I must ask you, John, to knock up a roost for Richard in your room at college while they remain, as I shall want his garret for Bessy.'

"Thus did the good motherly lady run on, but unheeded by me, for my eyes were rivetted on Richard, who, standing by the window, grew suddenly pale as ashes, and then blushing deeply, concealed his face by turning it fully way; but he did not articulate until urged by a question from his mother, whether he 'was not glad to hear the news?' when he replied, hastily, 'Yes, of course, madam, very glad,' and under some pretext left the room. I do not know why I made no jesting observation to Mrs. Daly on the effect of her communication on Richard. I did not do so; but when he and I left the house together, I ventured to rally him on his emotion, though in truth I attributed it to any other cause than the true one.

"Are you sighing for the prospects of your little wife of seven or eight years ago, Daly,' said I, 'or do you think Clonsallagh will be nought without the colonel?'

"He listened to me in silence for a few minutes, and then said gravely—

"Banter on, Irwin, if it suits your humour, or seems to you consistent with our friendship, when I tell you that the subject you allude to is no jest to me, but touches the very spring of my life and hopes here, and I believe hereafter."

"His serious manner sobered me at once, and he went on—

"If I have wronged our intimacy by withholding this confidence from you hitherto, it was because mine was

a love too deep for words. You would have thought me a fool or a madman, had I given it even the most measured expression. Perhaps, even now, you may think me both; but I believe I am not. It has grown with my growth, and strengthened with my strength; and my judgment daily confirms what my heart has long told me, that she, whom I love alone, was born for me, and is as far beyond all comparison with others, as the moon shines above the stars of heaven. She has been the object of my existence to this hour; and I speak in calm conviction when I say that, if she is not to be mine, life can offer me nothing worth its endurance.'

"Astonished as I was by this intelligence, and at the earnest solemnity of his manner, I could not quickly reply to him; but, endeavouring to resume the lighter tone in which I had first spoken, said—

"Well, Daly, cheer up, my dear fellow. I had certainly no notion you were so tragically deep in the abyss; but if you are sure of the young lady herself, as I have no doubt you are, you need not fear a rival. She will not forget you, or she is not the girl I take her for, (Cupid before Plutus any day at sixteen, however); and if she does, depend upon it she is not worth regretting. An heroic lover, and frightened by a bagatelle. I am ashamed of you.'

"Do not jest with me now, Irwin,' said he. 'I am serious. I have all to lose, and you nothing, unless, perhaps, a friend. Are you convinced of the reality of what I tell you? Do you know, or do you not know that my whole soul is staked on my love? If you are so ignorant of me as to doubt it, let us part. I will win, or lose alone; and the sole request I will make shall be, that, in memory of our past friendship, you will not impart this confidence to any one—that you forget this last hour; but if you believe me, will you indeed be my friend?—will you assist me to secure what is far more to me than life? May I reckon upon you, Irwin? Choose, and choose quickly.'

"You may anticipate the answer I gave him. I promised to do all in my power to forward his wishes; and, alas! I kept my promise to the very letter.

"He told me he had the worst opinion of Colonel Power; that he believed his sole ambition for himself and his child was the possession of wealth and rank; and that, to attain these, he would sacrifice her and his honour also. He dwelt on her love for her father, and his power, as well as influence over her; and he knew her nature, too, he said, and that a day of retribution would come, should she obey him, and repentance come too late. And he trembled for her, as well he might; and yet it had been better for her that his worst fears had been realized; but I must not anticipate.

"The following week the Powers came to town; and I wish you could have seen her as, on that day, when, for the last time, I saw her happy. Her forehead was high and broad, too large, perhaps, for regular beauty, but nobly formed; and her brows, though straight and delicate, had a character of decision not commonly seen in one so young. The rest of her features were small, and the outlines seemed hardly yet fully defined. Her hair, which was of a pale nut brown-colour, approaching golden, but darker, fell in wavy curls around her face, and in childish fashion over her neck and shoulders; and her large dark gray eyes, whose long lashes cast a deep shade beneath, had an habitually thoughtful expression, which did not quite amount, but nearly so, to melancholy—unless when she smiled, and then they seemed to beam mirth. Her skin was very fair, but not of that transparent kind usually called so, but of an opaque, vellum-like texture; and her complexion was singularly colourless, unless when excited, and then the soft glow that dawned upon her cheek was like the pink in the inside of an Indian shell; but this was seldom, for she was of a calm and serious temperament, and not readily moved. She sat next me at dinner the day of their arrival in town; and with her slight childish figure in her simple white frock, and long green sash tied behind, she looked 'scarce fourteen,' though she was, in reality, two years older.

"It was affecting to see her ignorant of the fearful solicitude that oppressed her lover, and of all cause for it—bending her innocent, inquiring look

on Richard's anxious face with the familiar air of a sister.

"'What is the matter with you?' said she, when we came up stairs to the drawing-room. 'Mr. Irwin, what has happened to Richard? He says he is not ill, though he seems so, and will hardly speak to any of us. He is changed, I think, since he has come to live in Dublin among all the gay people—isn't it so? But he ought not to be so surly when we are just going to leave you all. Indeed, Dick, turning to him as he sat abstractedly gazing at her, with coquettish laughter in her eyes, 'if you don't mend, I will take a leaf out of your book and forget you in turn, and take upon me to play the dignified when I come back to Clonsallagh, after our grand visit to Barronscourt. But no, you are really grieved, Richard; I have vexed you—in truth, I did not mean it!' seeing, with sudden concern, the pain given him by her thoughtless jest.

"He did not answer her; but taking the little hand that rested on his shoulder, pressed it for a moment between both his, and then starting up, left her and me together, and entered into conversation with Mrs. Power, in what would have seemed to a stranger a careless strain. I could easily account for this puzzling mood of his, but she was evidently at fault.

"'Can you tell me, Mr. Irwin, the meaning of Richard's manner? He is not angry with me, I know; but there is something strange in his behaviour. May I venture to press him for the cause? There is a vague sensation of fear over me concerning him—has he got into any scrape?'

"'Perhaps, Miss Bessy,' said I, gravely, 'he is hurt at seeing you so gay in leaving your friends. I doubt you do not know all his heart towards you.'

I looked steadily at her while I spoke, for I could not suppose her ignorant of Daly's passion; and, had I seen one symptom of duplicity in her bearing, I had determined to use my utmost efforts to free him from her toils. She turned her soft eyes wonderingly on my face, and they do not live who could doubt the truth of their fair open gaze. What she read there I know not; but it was a commentary of volumes on my words, for she cast them down soon, and her sweet face

my eyes. I was thinking perhaps it was the last time we might be reading together, and Edward laughed at me, and said he hoped I was not going to play Octavia on your hands, to finish the scene, and he made me angry, and I pretended to be very merry to puzzle him, and you too maybe. Well, I was thinking of all this, and longing to be once more back at Clonsallagh, to make sure my fears of that day would never come true, when the door opened, and in walked Master Oliver, looking for his whip or something.

"Hollo, you here, miss—what are you reading? Tom Jones—eh? What's this—French?" I laughed.

"No—Latin. And are you a scholar, miss? Upon my conscience, you're a very pretty one, at all events." Just then papa came in. "You know all is fair between cousins, sir," said he, winking at papa, and he suddenly took my hands and kissed me.

I was choked with anger, and pulling away my hands, told him he was very insolent; but he laughed, and shook his whip at me and ran off. I expected certainly papa would have been furious with him, but instead of that he called me a little fool, and said that he was a good young man, but perhaps a little rude in his manners, but that he was our relation, and I had no cause to be so indignant; that it was necessary for him that we should not quarrel with the Meredyths; that prudery was not dignity; and, in short, I got a lecture, and wasn't a bit convinced; but as to marrying him, that is too ridiculous. But I know papa wishes us to be very civil, and bores himself to death to be so, walking out through the farms and talking to the people, which you know he always detested doing, and then driving out in the poney-chaise with old Mr. Meredyth, and sitting late after dinner with him and my 'elect,' you wot, and some hunting, rough sort of men who come here, for there are very few ladies ever come; and then they talk of drains, and green crops, and aftergrass, and horses, and training, and light-weights, and anon of soups and sauces, in the science of which both father and son are skilled; in the first perhaps the taste is acquired, for he is not a fool, and when he chooses can be agreeable, but in the son it is, I am sure, hereditary, and

he eats and drinks like a pig. You know papa can care for none of these things, so you see you need not fear that our stay will be long, or that we shall not come back to Clonsallagh to love all its dear inmates better than ever; and for you, Richard—but I will not tell you all; I might say you know very well, perhaps too well, already how I am yours and you are mine."

"It was about a week after this, when one morning Daly came in. 'Irwin,' said he, 'I have been a fool to go on as I have been doing. I have been losing all remembrance of realities in my love for Bessy. After all, what have I to offer her but my heart, which would justly seem a poor settlement in her father's eyes. I can no longer waste my life in dreams; I must and will up and be doing. I have been pondering over my prospects and they are nothing; for study, if I had even a mind at ease and not tortured by my perpetual distractions, it promises little except its own "exceeding great reward" of knowledge; the bar and the church offer little encouragement; I have no interest to push me forward in either, and the recompense is a long way off. From my father I have nothing to hope; like all men who have taken their own way in matrimony, he would be particularly determined his children should not take theirs; not only would he, if he knew of it, forbid me to think of Bessy, but I firmly believe his first step would be to warn Power against me, so I have come to a determination which this morning has luckily given me an opening to declare. My uncle, Sir Edward Daly, has written to offer Edward a writership in India. Edward you know is a regular book worm, and is determined to die a chancellor, and will not hear of it, and besides my mother is averse to his going, as she says the climate would kill him. Now for me it would be different; I am strong and healthy, and the climate would, if any thing, be beneficial to me. My uncle was but a younger son, and went out without any thing, and in ten years was worth thirty thousand pounds; half that would content me. Oh, I know well what you are going to say; but I love my father, Irwin. God forbid I was to promise myself the purchase

of my happiness only by the event which my independence would involve. At all events I am determined, and all you can do is to encourage me, and to watch—oh, watch jealously over the treasure I leave in your charge.' I asked him what she would say to his project. 'I cannot tell,' said he; I have only now formed it. How could she judge? But this I know, she will trust me, and time and place will never change her now.' There was too much truth in his arguments and reason in his plan for me to be able to bring much against it; indeed, before we parted I had nearly decided on the wisdom of its adoption, but I never knew by what means Mr. and Mrs. Daly were brought to consent to this exile, as they, unlike me, were in

ignorance of Richard's motives and object. At first, I know, they were strongly averse to it, but they knew his ardent nature, and having never hitherto exerted their power of command over him, hesitated to do so now. Had he been directly forbidden by them, he would doubtless have renounced the project. I believe where there is even only a moderate portion of intellect, a strong will is generally invincible, and such was his. He had never bent his energies on a settled purpose before; his eager hopes gave vigour to his determination and brightness to his anticipations of quick success. These were at length infectious, and with his parent's full acquiescence it was arranged that in six weeks he was to sail for India.

TRAVELLING IN INDIA.

BLAME me as much as you like, my dear Sybel, for my silence, for I feel I deserve blame, though, as I have often told you, my life here is so monotonous, that I have in general little to say. But lately I have been thinking much of you, and of our long conversations regarding the luxuries of India; and I remember well that all I could say had not the power of convincing you that, what in England might be considered *luxuries*, or, at any rate, unnecessary comforts, are absolutely required to keep us in tolerable health in India.

You scarcely believed me when I assured you I should never wish for them, were I only living in dear England, or how very little they contributed to one's real happiness. You cannot imagine the weary longing that comes over my heart, when in sickness or sorrow I think of home, though surrounded by every thing that F— can give me; yet, the pining for one's "ain countrie," makes all of little value.

Do you remember the lines that E— copied into my book?

"Oh, grant me in a Christian land,
As I was born to die —"

How often have I repeated them, as I passed the melancholy-looking burial-ground, always made far away from the church in this country. But, my dear Sybel, I must not write so as to make you sad. That would be a poor return for all your welcome letters; besides, I sat down with the intention of sending you rather an amusing letter, viz. an account of my journey when taking Frank to the beautiful Himalahs, (never call them *Himalaya*, that is quite wrong); and though you will find it difficult to believe that it was really I, you must not imagine that I am exaggerating in the least—far from it I assure you.

Well, I shall begin, as our story-books do, and tell you that once upon a time F— was stationed at Delhi, and as my child was to go home in a few months, we determined to try and keep him with us there, though, being four years old, it was scarcely prudent to expose him longer to such a climate. Still, I thought we might keep him for our hot weather, by taking great care of him; and Delhi was not so unhealthy as some of the other stations in the neighbourhood. Before the end of May, all the small portion

of colour that he had gained in the preceding cold season, and in the bracing climate of the Hill Country, where we had passed the two previous summers, left his little cheeks; and in time the poor child began to suffer from the heat. He had constant fits of fever and ague, which severely tries the constitution of a grown-up person, and speedily undermines the tender frame of a child. Doses of quinine every ten minutes being unavailing, at last the doctor recommended me to take him to the Hills again, as the only means of preventing a recurrence of the fever. My husband could not be spared from his official duties, and I could not leave him for the whole season alone; so I asked a friend to receive my boy for me; but as he was too ill to be trusted only to native servants for the journey, (about two hundred miles,) I at last prevailed on F—— to let me take him myself to the foot of the Himalahs, where my friend Mrs. S—— made arrangements for meeting him. So I started on the 6th of July, with my child in my palanquin, and two servants—a man and a woman—with me.

I suppose you know that a palanquin is something like a couch, with light wooden sides and roof; and the easiest position in it is lying at full length. In fact, as you never travel during the day, you always undress, and make yourself comfortable in your dressing-gown.

You have eight men, (bearers,) four of whom carry you at once, two before and two behind; and the other four run alongside, and take their turn about every five minutes. Your servants travel in lighter conveyances than a palanquin, and have four men each. Then your clothes are packed in square boxes of equal size, and one is fastened to each end of a strong bamboo, which is then put on a man's shoulder, and he keeps up with the rest.

Then, to complete your *luxuries*! a man with a long torch in one hand, and a bottle of most dreadful oil in the other, keeps quite close to your palanquin, in order to give light to the bearers; so you have the comfort of the smoke and the smell the whole night; and if you meet with no obstacles, and your bearers are strong,

you go at the wonderful rate of three and a-half miles an hour, or perhaps even four! The whole set is changed every seven or eight miles.

I had almost forgotten to mention another necessary attendant on a journey in this country, viz. a native horseman, (called a Sowar) whose business is to keep all your bearers together, to see they do not put down your boxes, or run away with them, to make them go fast, &c. &c. So he gallops backwards and forwards, and with the most civil intentions, sends all the dust into your palanquin, generally not understanding half what one says, as these Sowars are servants of the native princes in the neighbourhood and have not much to do with the English. And now, my dear Sybel, I have often told you about a *dāk* journey, but I do not think I have ever given you a clear account of what it meant, and I hope from my present description you will be able to understand what *luxuries* I am about to enjoy whenever I write that I am travelling, or am going to travel *Uāk*, and when you have finished my letter pray tell me by the next overland mail if you think it at all more comfortable than travelling in England!

Well, off I started. I had four nights journey—stopping during the heat of the day, at small bungalows erected by government, for the convenience of those unfortunates who are compelled, like myself, by some urgent reason, to make a journey in the hot season. The first night was oppressive and sultry to a degree, the second was a little cooler, and all the different *innocent* reptiles were enjoying themselves. The frogs croaked so loud that sleep was out of the question even had it not been for the snakes, who seemed to have taken a particular fancy to the road that night and kept coming under my bearers' feet, and they very obligingly threw me down every time they saw one. Five times in one hour, did they throw me down, and scream out, "snake, lady, snake," and though I was not hurt, still you will allow it was not pleasant.

However I reached the house of our old friend Harry E——, at the end of that night, and after a comfortable day's rest, again I started.

When I had gone about ten miles, I felt sure we were going to have a thunder storm, which came on violently, very soon. The pouring rain speedily extinguished my torch, and we were in perfect darkness, excepting from the flashes of lightning—then came the thunder exactly over our heads, and then the bearers said they must put me down and wait; however, I insisted on being taken into a village which we were just entering, and on being placed under the projecting roof of a house until the storm should be over, for the rain was so violent that I feared the palanquin might be wet through, which would have been the means of giving my child a return of his fever. So they did as I told them, and, after about an hour and a half's delay, we started again, and finished that night's journey without any other interruption.

The last night we went on very well, and arrived at day-break at the small bungalow built just at the foot of the hill.

I cannot describe to you the beauty of these hills, rising at once from the flat plains beneath them—so green when all around them is burnt up and withered—the change is instantaneous. Before you have ascended a quarter of a mile, there is scarcely a tree that you have seen below, and the cold increases rapidly; besides the beauty of all around you, the change in the climate does you good at once, and you feel revived, strengthened, and happier, long before you reach the station, Simlah, which is about forty miles from the foot of the first range of hills. The whole forty miles is one continued ascent and descent, far too steep to allow of any wheeled conveyances, and instead of a palanquin, ladies are carried by the hill men in a kind of covered arm-chair. We perform this distance in about sixteen hours; gentlemen riding do not take more than six or seven.

These mountaineers are far more prepossessing in their manners than the natives of the plains—more an English cast of countenance too, if you can imagine a black Englishman; I mean they look more honest, and have not the cringing civility of the inhabitants of the plains. When we went to Simlah in 1844, we began the

ascent just before daybreak, and as the sun rose I felt as if I were on enchanted ground. I had seen nothing beautiful since I left England, and I was perfectly delighted. F—— enjoyed it too, nearly as much as myself, but you know he does not go into raptures as I do, and then it was not new to him, which it was to me. Though I had been travelling for two nights and all that day, I could not resist a scramble again on a mountain side; and though F—— feared I should be knocked up, yet I would take with him what I thought was a short cut across a hill. It was about three miles, but I declare I was scarcely tired with good quick walking, much to the astonishment of the hill men, who are not accustomed to see an *Indian* English lady exert herself so much.

It was night when we reached Simlah, so I could not judge of it; but the peculiar smell of the fir trees was most fragrant, and the soothing note of a bird I enjoyed much. I do not know its name, but as it is only heard at night, and is certainly not a nightingale, I believe it is some species of owl, and you may therefore add it to your long list of my luxuries, for I do not think a *musical* owl is known in England.

The next morning imagine my delight at seeing the snowy range in the distance—oh, so clearly against the bright sky! The sight of snow even at so great a distance, warmed my heart—how I wish I could describe it to you. Between Simlah and the Eternal Snow there are four ranges of hills to the north, rising one above the other. The two nearest are cultivated, and most brilliant from a kind of barley forming part of the crops, which, when ripe, turns blood red. Behind these a range covered with trees to the top, chiefly firs of different kinds; then a higher still perfectly bare and rugged, of a most beautiful deep purple hue, and between them and the blue sky towers the highest range of the far-famed Himalahs, upon which the snows never melt. I cannot imagine any thing more grand than an Indian sunset (for it is still the *Eastern* sky, though in this delicious climate), when the red clouds are reflected on the snow. Simlah itself is between seven and eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, and the

highest peaks of these different ranges vary from twelve to twenty-five thousand feet.

To the south, east, and west of Simlah the hills are covered with trees, evergreen oaks, larch and fir of different kinds, more resembling the cedar than English larch, wild fruit trees, &c., but the most splendid is the red rhododendron, which there grows into a tree, and is covered with immense blossoms, some a pale rose colour and others a rich crimson.

We used constantly to take long walks with my *arm-chair* behind me, in case I were tired (you would not understand me if I called it by its right name), though at first I found it very difficult to walk up any steep ascent off the regular road, it gave me such a violent pain in my chest. Every one, I believe, experiences this on first being on so high a level.

The shooting has great charm for the gentlemen, as there is some danger from the precipices; besides, there is more honour and glory in killing an immense bear than in murdering snipe, &c. I used to feel anxious though when they were out, after the death of a poor servant (a hill man too.) The ground was slippery from rain, and he fell from a great height whilst cutting wood; just where a deer had been shot by some of our party a few days before. In one of our long walks we came upon a hill woman, who had just put her baby to sleep; and as her way of doing so would astonish *white* mothers in general, I will tell you how they do it. They place the infant on the ground, near a spring, under a bush, to keep the sun off, and then bring a narrow stream of water to fall exactly on the crown of the head, which is bare; a hole is made in the ground immediately under, or rather behind the head, to carry off the water, so that nothing but the head is wet, and there the child sleeps as comfortably as in a cradle, the mother or a bigger child sitting near it. Their idea is that it strengthens the poor little creatures.

One could understand this treatment better if they used it in the plains, where the heat is so fearful, but at Simlah there are only about six weeks of the year during which a fire would be disagreeable. I dare say you will find it difficult to believe that

there is any part of India colder than England, but Simlah certainly is. July, August, and September are very cold months, from the constant rain. Oh, so refreshing when you have borne the heat for a few years, to find yourself enjoying a blazing fire, high above all the mosquitoes, scorpions, centipedes, and other accompaniments of the scorching hot months.

At Simlah I had the pleasure of working in my garden again, which is impossible in the plains, and the English flowers flourish very well; dahlias were splendid from the seed you sent me, dear Sybel.

Some of the inhabitants of Thibet come into Simlah. I never saw such strange looking mortals. I was very anxious to purchase an ornament that the women wear; it is a long strip of leather, upon which turquoises of different sizes (sometimes more than an inch long) and other stones are attached; their hair hangs down their backs in innumerable plaits, and this leather is fastened on their forehead, goes over the head, and hangs down in the middle of the hair; it is more curious than pretty, but I thought the turquoises might be of some value; none of them would part with it however.

You will think from this long digression that I quite forget F— was in Delhi, and that I actually ascended the hills with my boy; such is not the case, only the recollection of Simlah comes over me literally like green in the desert, and I could not help enjoying its verdure a little. I did not ascend a step; I watched poor little Frank as far as I could see him, and with rather a heavy heart I started at sunset on my return to Delhi.

Now my adventures were to begin. Do not imagine that I endured any thing very remarkable; many others have had quite as much to go through as I had—in fact, every one must, if they travel at that season, (just before the usual commencement of the rains). However, I shall tell you the exact particulars, and I do not think you will reproach me for my luxuries, for a twelvemonth and a day at least.

The first night of my downward journey over safely, and I reached the bungalow, whence I had started two days before for the hills. I arrived at about five in the morning, and had not

been there half an hour when another palanquin arrived. These bungalows are built to accommodate two parties, so the fresh arrival, a gentleman, took possession of the second half of it.

You will hardly credit me when I tell you he, at that hour of the morning, arrived tipsy. This I soon discovered from the noise he made, and from the disrespectful manner and sneering expressions of the natives around. I did feel ashamed for my countryman.

The morning passed away slowly enough. About one o'clock, unfortunately, a friend joined my neighbour in the other rooms, and very soon the noise rather alarmed me; at last they became so disagreeable, that, after eating a few mouthfuls of luncheon, I thought I would brave the sun rather than remain in their neighbourhood; and at three I started—in my hurry leaving behind me every thing eatable, excepting some tea and sugar, and a pomegranate.

At the time I did not think it signified, as I hoped to arrive very early the next morning at Harry E——'s house, with whom you know I had stayed on my way to the hills.

When I started, it struck me that the heat was much less than I had expected at that hour of the day; but it did not occur to me what had caused the comparative coolness of the atmosphere. I went on for six miles, when I noticed my bearers speaking to every one they met, evidently asking questions; and at last the Sowar rode up to tell me that I should not be able to proceed, as the rains had begun in the hills, and that every one they met told them the rivers were unfordable.—(Bridges are impossible luxuries in this part of the world!)

I had never travelled at this time of the year, and did not believe I should find matters so bad as they represented. Not a drop of rain either had fallen near me, and I knew that Harry E—— would think I was detained by illness, or that something had happened, if I did not arrive at the time I had told him; so I desired them to go on, which command seemed to amuse them, though they obeyed it, and about six o'clock, P.M., I was put down on the ground, close to a brook I had passed so lately with little Frank; then there was scarcely water

enough to drown a cat, and now rushing and roaring furiously by! I got out of my palanquin, and stood on a little bank just above the stream. The body of a native was whirled by me as I looked down. "Ah," said my bearers, "no doubt drowned at the village above."

I felt a little in despair, I must confess.

I watched an old ruin, which had stood high and dry when I saw it last, but was now in the middle of the stream, and I saw that the natives were correct in saying that the water was rising still. A number of people were collected, intending to cross, and I saw a crowd on the opposite side too. The flood had been so sudden, that no one was at all aware of it until coming near the river.

I thought of all at home, though as yet my courage had not deserted me. There I was, with every eye fixed curiously on me—the only white face among them—and many had seldom, if ever, seen a white lady before. In about an hour the letter-carriers came up to the halting-place (our post goes on foot always in this country). My bearers saluted them by saying they could not cross. "Letter-carriers dare not wait," they replied, and putting the bags on their head, they approached the brink. There their courage failed them, and they resigned themselves also to their fate. I knew they would be able to swim across with so light a load, long before my bearers could with my palanquin; so I hastily wrote a few lines with my pencil to Harry, telling him I was delayed by the waters having risen, and, therefore, not to expect me until I arrived, hoping, too, that I should soon be able to go on, for that I had nothing to eat with me. I gave the note to the letter-carrier, and a rupee made the poor man very glad to take it for me. He had just told me his life was a very hard one. "If," he said, "a poor runner is drowned in crossing a river, what do the English gentlemen say? Oh, the poor man's wife and children? No, they only say 'How provoking—all our letters lost of such a day.'" My conscience pricked me very hard, for I felt that might probably have been my first thought, had my English letters been lost.

Night came; and where was the

torch to be lighted? Not a hut within a mile or more. I luckily had not forgotten my lucifer matches, and I lighted a piece of paper, much to the astonishment of all around. I thought every minute an hour, until they told me the water was lessening. About ten the letter-carriers crossed swimming. As soon as it begins to lessen, it does so as rapidly as it rises, and at midnight they took me up, and went into the water. I must say I trembled not a little; but we safely reached the other side, and the bearers encouraging me with hopes of getting on well, and I them, with hopes of a large reward if I did, we went on for nearly two hours.

Then the roaring of water showed us that another river was at hand. It was pitch dark, and I had nothing for it but submission, when the bearers told me they could not go on till daylight! To make it pleasanter, and take away all hopes of doing so, the thunder began—first distant rumbling; but soon loud claps and pouring rain. They put my palanquin under some trees, and left the torch close to me, to prevent its going out. The Sowar got off his horse, and sat under it, and my poor bearers, in their light clothing, got all round me, to get as much shelter as they could from the palanquin. I thought of my mother and all at home, how little they guessed the situation I was in; and poor F—— too, I knew would be nearly frantic. You feel so lonely with only natives around you!

At last daylight came, and the rain nearly ceased. I tried to encourage the bearers to go on; but they only told me the river was too high to attempt crossing it, and at last I said, "Come and look, and I will walk. You can carry the empty palanquin."

It was about one hundred yards to the river, which I found not so wide as the first, but it was sure it was deeper, from the smooth way in which the water was running. The bearers were ashamed at seeing me standing in my thin shoes on the muddy bank, and the rain still coming down; so they at last began to exert themselves.

A beggar was found close by, who, in the hope of some unlucky traveller, constructed a raft, consisting of a with four light earthen jars,

placed one at each corner, with the mouth downwards.

They took the mattress and pillows out of my palanquin, and rolled them up; then they put it on this frail raft, and by means of ropes they took it across, four of the men swimming alongside, and holding it up.

The moment it was put on, it sank about a quarter of a yard in the water, raft and all, but at last it was landed, and the raft came back for unhappy me. By this time I was nearly wet through, for I had only a shawl wrapped round me over my white dressing-gown. There was no use in delay, so declining the offer of being carried down the steep bank, I held their hands firmly, and leaning all my weight on them, I jumped lightly on the raft.

"Oh, thought she, if her mother knew it, Deeply, deeply, her heart would rue it."

How glad I felt that I was not very heavy; for even my weight sent it under water, and I was obliged, in order to balance myself, to kneel on it, so I was thoroughly wet through. At the other side I seated myself in my palanquin. There was a bungalow, I knew, about seven miles off, and I hoped to reach it soon; but fancy my dismay at seeing that the whole country was a sheet of water!

The bearers said, "There will be five miles of this; the inundation has reached it, and it is all low land; then comes the Marcanda river, where, perhaps, we shall have to wait twenty-four hours, for it is the largest of all the rivers here."

How I did long for that bungalow, and what I would have given for a little tea! I sat shivering, and I had been long enough in India to know that shivering there in July was any thing but what ought to be.

Five weary miles of water we had to go through. When I saw the knee joint of my bearers above the water, I was satisfied; but I saw it but rarely. Constantly it was waist deep, and constantly they stumbled with me; and from the poor creatures being tired and cold, they could not hold my palanquin as high as they should have done, and constantly, therefore, was I in the water. I had not unrolled my mattress, &c.; as I was so wet, I hoped to keep it a little

dry for me when I changed my dress at the much longed for little bungalow; and the bottom of my palanquin being only rattaned, was of course no protection from the water.

At ten o'clock, A.M., we reached the Marcanda, and about a mile on the other side I saw the bungalow. But such a river!—the others were nothing to it. It was so much wider and so rapid. I was really frightened. I must always have great faith in the power of my tears. I could not help it, I *did* begin to cry. I was tired out quite, and not feeling strength enough left, nor courage either, to tell them to attempt the crossing, I sat there without speaking, with the tears rolling down my face.

The poor bearers had certainly never seen a white lady cry before! They all seized my palanquin, collecting all the men that were on the bank to help them, and putting it on their heads, instead of their shoulders, they shouted out, "Victory, victory over the Marcanda," and in we went. The water was in my palanquin the whole time. The bearers kept their heads above; but we were washed down a long way. At last, to my great relief, I was placed on dry land again, and my poor bearers went back to bring my boxes over.

They were almost exhausted, and I was glad to find a small bottle of brandy, F—— had put in for me, had not been left behind with my eatables. Don't be shocked at my taking such a thing with me, Sybel; *dâk* travellers always do; in cases of sudden illness, or one of your bearers being bitten by a snake, it is most necessary; so I told all the men with me they must take a little English *medicine*, and after a few scruples they all did, with the exception of the Sowars, who, being Mussulmen, would not of course touch it.

This revived them, and I reached the bungalow; it was occupied, and at first I felt glad that I should get a little tea without the trouble of making it. I was completely tired.

I found one gentleman had taken all the accommodation; his breakfast was prepared in a small room he vacated for me; he sent, and had it all carried away! So feeling I really was in want of something after all my fatigue, I was obliged to look for my

own tea and sugar from my palanquin. Alas! that I had never given them a thought before! The tin canister had opened, and the sugar had disappeared, and the tea was swimming about quite unfit for use. I still flattered myself the gentleman might have the civility to offer me a part of his breakfast; but not a thought of the kind entered his head, and I was too English to put myself under the obligation to him by asking for any. With some difficulty I extricated myself from my wet clothing, which refreshed me a little, and again I started. What specimens I have given you of our countrymen in India! I must say I was truly unfortunate.

Here I had fresh bearers—the eight that brought me to the bungalow had been with me from five o'clock the evening before till eleven that day—eighteen hours; the Sowars had been rather longer, and really scarcely a complaint had escaped them. They had gone through a great deal of fatigue, and had they chosen to put me down, and run away, I was quite at their mercy. They might have robbed me of any thing they liked, for even had they been discovered, I should not, in all probability, have recognised them; but they have a sort of inherent respect for a white face: ladies constantly travel alone, and I never heard of any one losing the smallest article. They seemed very well pleased with my reward, and began telling me their names, that I might ask for them if I came that way again.

After leaving the bungalow, and its *courteous* tenant, I was very thankful to find the road better. I had one more river to cross, on a raft similar to the one I had before; but it was near a village, and better constructed, and they were able to get some blankets to keep me dry. I went on all day, and about midnight again we came to another river. They put my palanquin on their heads, and took me over in it. I was brave after the Marcanda, and uttered not a syllable of fear.

In an hour after that, I heard a great shouting, and a number of torches were seen through the trees; some Sowars galloped up to inquire if it was my palanquin, and I found Harry had sent an elephant to meet me, in case the water had extended in this

direction. The poor letter-carrier had reached safely, and my note had been delivered.

Last not *least*, under the circumstances, even when an elephant was concerned, was a box with a cold fowl and some bread, and as I had eaten nothing since my hasty luncheon on Thursday, and it was then Saturday morning, I really was very glad to see it. The servant with the box did not know what it contained. He was a Hindoo; and it is as much against their prejudices to touch a fowl, as it is against those of a Mussulman to touch a pig. However, he had been a servant of F——'s, and was too much horrified at thinking what I had gone through to mind, and out came the fowl in his fingers, and the bread likewise, and then he gave me a fork, carefully holding it by the prongs!

I was almost too much tired to eat, and I found something to drink would be more acceptable at first. I could not fancy wine, which Harry had also sent, and as I did not like to mount the elephant at that time of night, feeling too much tired to bear the shaking of the animal, I told them I would remain in my palanquin, and

sent on a Sowar to announce my approach.

It was three o'clock in the morning when I reached Harry's house, and very thankful I was to do so, and to get at last a cup of tea.

My ill fortune did not desert me when I continued my journey, the rains having become general over the country, and I was twelve hours beyond the usual time; but I met with no serious discomfort, and at last reached Delhi—finding poor F—— frightened out of his wits nearly. He had sent the carriage to bring me in the last twenty miles, which helped me greatly, though the roads were such as no English coachman would have cared to drive over.

I had never such an expedition before or since, and I most sincerely trust I shall never be obliged to make another journey during the month of July, in that very *luxurious* country!

And now, my dear Sybel, I am afraid you are sadly tired of me, and this is the last safe day for the overland letters. Pray write and tell me what you think of me as a heroine! and believe me ever yours affectionately,

M. R. G.

A NIGHT WITH MEPHISTOPHELES.

FROM THE POSTHUMOUS PAPERS OF COUNT SIGISMUND D—

SOME fifty years have now elapsed since, after completing, at Heidelberg, a course of study, directed, I must confess, more by the suggestions of a "truant fancy," to one, whom birth and fortune rendered independent of control, than based on any solid plan of mental discipline, I resolved, before settling down for life on my paternal domain in Thuringia, to indulge myself in a tour through some of the southern countries of Europe.

Spain, far less frequently visited by my countrymen than Italy, appeared to me, nevertheless, from the close connexion between the nations at their period of mutual greatness, perhaps the more fraught with interest to a

German nobleman. And having adopted, from a strange half Jew, half Moorish professor of Oriental languages at my Alma Mater, a taste for researches of an occult character, I longed to prosecute them in the famed Biblioteca Reale of Madrid, where, to boundless stores of printed volumes, and MSS. of every age and country, were added unwonted facilities for their free and unmolested consultation.

No sooner, therefore, had I exhausted the few lighter resources of Madrid, than, on the approach of winter, so favourable for sedentary pursuits, I occasionally whiled away agreeable, though not, I fear, very

profitably spent hours in the privileged literary establishment before-mentioned; whose ancient Gothic hall, lined with the scanty wisdom and laborious trifling of centuries, presented, to a mind constituted like mine, a species of dissipation more congenial than scenes of livelier excitement.

I often availed myself of the smattering of Spanish acquired from the mongrel being already alluded to, for holding brief intercourse with the courteous and friendly librarian; who, though a churchman and a monk, was as exempt from bigotry as any sincere votary of an exclusive religion can ever hope to be. In his countenance, if not his words, might be read that he echoed in his heart my indignant youthful sallies against the barbarities of which the real or supposed prosecutors of my pet studies had so often been the victims. On day, however, on my closing a huge folio record of cruelties, on whose authors I indulged in a more than usually ill-judged torrent of vituperation, he put a calm and gentlemanlike period to my ebullition, by saying—

"You can never, my dear count, form a dispassionate verdict on these matters till you have endured transmigration into the person of an inquisitor of the sixteenth century. To judge aright, or even with tolerable fairness, of the conduct, not merely of a set of men thus remote from ourselves in period, opinions, and education, but of the actions and motives of our next-door neighbour, we must first learn to think, and feel, and appreciate, as he does, on all the great, and many of the minor affairs of life; and if we confess this to be impossible, leave his actions to be scrutinized, and their meed awarded by a higher and more competent tribunal."

A rebuke so mild and gracious was unanswerable save by a bow of grateful submission. The good padre pressed my hand in token of uninterrupted amity, and left the ball to pursue his avocations elsewhere.

I had not observed, till the close of my colloquy with the worthy father, that it had a not unattentive listener in the shape of a little decrepit man—in person the *beau idéal* of a famished alchemist, and with eyes (which, at the close of my remarks, I first perceived

to be fastened with the most searching scrutiny on my face) of that unearthly brightness which we unconsciously associate with the pursuit of forbidden studies, or the possession of unhallowed powers.

This singular individual, on whose strange physiognomy the rays of the setting sun, from one of the high windows under which he sat, shed a sort of lurid illumination, while his thin and impalpable figure, mingled almost imperceptibly with the dark shadows beneath—remained, like myself, seemingly absorbed in his studies for perhaps a couple of hours after the departure of the librarian; when, rising to replace on its shelf the curious volume he had been perusing (which I knew, from a late reference to it myself, to be of a mystical and magical character), he advanced towards the table where I was transcribing, and said, with an air of urbanity which sat ill on his sharp malicious features—

"I fear, young gentleman, much as I respect the ardour for study manifested by your praiseworthy forgetfulness of time, that, as an *habitué* of this place, I must remind you of the arrival of the hour for locking the doors; and though I, personally, should not feel materially inconvenienced by the prospect of passing a night in the excellent company" (this was said with a sneer) "of the holy saints and revered theologians here assembled, a heretical Lutheran, and moreover a young one, might not feel the forced association so desirable."

"Indeed," replied I, a little piqued by the oblique hit at once at my creed and juvenility, "had I a good fire, and a flask of Rhenish for companions, not to mention," (bowing ironically in return), "the advantage of the society of a gentleman of your venerable years and experience, I should think very little of being locked up for a night in a place so calculated to give birth to a thousand fantastic *reveries*, and to people either sleeping or waking dreams with images of the most unique and exciting description."

"Say you so, young man?" rejoined my companion, his little deep-set eyes kindling like sparks issuing from the womb of night at the touch of the hoof of some passing palfrey. "Then *topp!*" added he, gliding with the ease of an adept into my native language,

and suiting the action to the word, by grasping my hand in ratification of the tacit engagement I had incautiously formed, without an idea of being taken *au pied de la lettre*.

Ashamed, however, like all young fools, to back out of an idle braggadocio, and really desirous, besides, of seeing and hearing more of the extraordinary person who had testified a reciprocal and flattering wish to forego his night's rest for my society, I signified my acquiescence; provided (which was very unlikely) the officiating functionaries should be careless enough to leave their unestimated treasures of literature to the nocturnal mercies of two foreigners and possible incendiaries like ourselves.

"Bah!" exclaimed my polyglot friend, selecting for the expression of his contempt perhaps the European monosyllable most expressive of its superlative degree, "let me alone for that! We have only to ensconce ourselves in the deepening shadows of yonder almost impervious recess, and to forbear replying when the shrill cracked voice of the old porter Diego summons all '*Senores Cuballossestudiantes*, (few indeed and far between, in this age of Bœotian Spanish illiteracy), to quit the premises on which the approach of the *Ave Maria* may find them lingering, and the business is done. I question if, after sun down, friend Diego would encounter, even lantern in hand, the grim array of folios which frown on either side of him, in a progress of discovery into the gloomy depths of this vast den of departed literature. To do so at the risk of encountering there a heretic, and" (with a slight hesitation, and sardonic grin which might have supplied the *hiatus* less favourably), "*a philosopher*, would, I am sure, baffle his courage, backed by all the array of canonized worthies, and friars militant who might descend from their shelves to aid him in the adventure. But hark! I hear his step shuffling along the corridor. Down! down!" exclaimed he, rather unceremoniously pushing me behind the massy reading-desk; while (as I afterwards remembered) he was at no apparent pains to remove out of the sphere of the old man's imperfect vision, his own less conspicuous yet not wholly invisible person.

I confess that, even while anticipating nothing more alarming than a night's incarceration with a somewhat questionable personage, the hollow sound of the porter's massy keys, while yet hanging at his girdle, inspired me with a very unheroic thirst for deliverance; and nothing but the vice-like grasp (very disproportioned, by the way, to his apparent decrepitude) with which I was held down by my new acquaintance, and the impossibility of traversing, with sufficient rapidity, a room of such enormous dimensions, in the door of which the keys aforesaid already sonorously grated, prevented my throwing shame aside, and making what is called, in jail parlance, a "bolt" for my liberty.

But the matter was now past remedy. The turnkey's receding steps, and the successive harsh sounds of the locking up of exterior gates, had died on the ear; and not caring to forfeit, at the outset of our nocturnal adventure, my character for courage with my unaccountably formidable and domineering new friend, I made a virtue of necessity, and said, as gaily as I could—

"Well, here we are for the night— if we only had the fire and the flask of Rhenish."

"You don't think I would embark unprovided on an enterprise of this nature, Mein Herr," replied the old man, with an attempt at jocularity at utter variance with the saturnine expression of his cadaverous countenance. "I thought you Burschsch of Heidelberg, knew better than not to be aware that if sorrow is dry, so also is conversation; especially in an old disconsolate place like this charnel house of literature, where the removal from its shelf of one antediluvian volume cannot be effected without raising a dust, as if all the owls that inhabit your deserted castle at Rabenstein were fluttering at once from their perch of centuries."

I need not say that this direct allusion to the precise scenes of my birth and education, by an individual whom I had never before set eyes on, and who, to the best of my belief, had as little opportunity of becoming acquainted with them, as I had hitherto enjoyed for "prating of his whereabouts," made me feel, for the first time, thoroughly uncomfortable in my

strange position; nor did the genial influence either of the small portable *braseiro*, disclosed by mine host (who best knew how the devil it came there) from beneath the carpet of the reading-table, its two attendant *meerschaums*, or even of the flask of exquisite Johannisberg by which they were appropriately flanked, suffice for long to dispel the disagreeable sensations awakened by the abrupt mention of my paternal localities.

They were gradually forgotten, however, and at length totally absorbed in the fascinations of a conversation more racy and original, perhaps, than ever flowed from mortal lips, however highly gifted. And if, after skimming across the surface of ancient and modern literature, history, past and present, men and manners, familiar and remote, with the ease and rapidity with which some strong-winged sea-bird, after balancing for a moment on the crest of one fast-shifting wave, suddenly appears surmounting in conscious power the summit of another—those pinions were ambitiously stretched into realms of air beyond the legitimate scope of man's investigation—no young and ardent student, no German one especially, will doubt that, like other forbidden pleasures, the very questionable audacity of my new friend's speculations enhanced their hold of my juvenile fancy.

We were soon deep in the mysteries both of mind and matter; and when, by disquisitions equally sagacious and profound, intermingled with a vein of sarcasm which lent them but too resistless a zest, he had aroused all the latent propensities of my naturally restless and inquisitive mind, he suddenly reverted, for the first time, to the tenor of my conversation with the librarian, and said—

"That was a shrewd remark to come from an old cowed grey-beard, that to judge (even superficially and preposterously, as men alone do or can) of the actions of other persons, you ought to identify yourself with them in birth, education, original character, inherent feelings, and acquired prejudices, as well as all the minor circumstances of social position and accidental associations, which make the inside of one man's mind differ as absolutely from those of his neighbour as the

external form of his body, or expression of his features."

"This is all very well, and very true," said I, writhing rather impatiently under the first approach to a truism, which had lent a common-place character to my friend's truly unique lucubrations; but how is such identification as you require to be attained? We cannot walk out of our own bodies to take even a hasty inventory of the mental furniture of our neighbours."

"And why not, young gentleman?" asked my new friend very composedly, shaking the ashes out of his pipe, while I involuntarily looked up, to see how far the enhanced twinkle of his eye, coupled with the incoherence of his last question, might be referred to the influence of the *second* bottle of *impayable* Rudesheimer which had found its way from the recesses of his flowing gaberdine. "And why not?" reiterated he, after a glance had sufficed to satisfy me that potations more stimulating certainly than I had ever before found my native beverage, had affected him no more than an *aguardientes* glass of iced water at the *Puerta del Sol*.

As I naturally paused for an answer to a question not "dreamt of" as yet in my juvenile "philosophy," my extraordinary *vis a vis* came at once to the point.

"If," said he, with affected ironical humility, "I gathered rightly the import of your late incredulous remark, it bore the implied wish of Count Sigismund D——"—(at this explicit mention of my Christian and surname, innocent as they were, I winced like a convicted criminal)—"to be put in possession of the means of becoming, on special occasions, and for a limited time, the inhabitant of any mortal tenement, a temporary residence within which might appear desirable, for purposes either of increased acquaintance with, or adequate appreciation of the conduct, character, and motives of the party ordinarily domiciled therein. The wish, Herr Graf, is a very natural one, springing partly from a laudable ancestral curiosity, hereditary in your race, which I should be the last person in the world to discourage. And I am happy, singularly happy," added he, his eyes illuminated with a highly fiendish twinkle, "to have it in my power

to gratify such praiseworthy aspirations."

"Do you see this ring?" asked he, handing to me one of the smallest size, and most admirable, evidently antique workmanship. "By lending it, as I am quite disposed to do, to so promising a votary of the occult sciences, I shall enable you to locate yourself, with all the familiarity of a denizen, in any human bosom which it may import you specially to inhabit and explore. But as the unlimited privilege of such domiciliary visits would be equally troublesome to others, and fatiguing to yourself, my invariable practice is to restrict it to three, while the ring, on the faith of German honour and probity"—(a perceptible sneer)—"must be replaced with me, to save the *désagrémens* of a forcible resumption, within the period of three years. With a view to the former limitation of the privilege, I strongly advise you not to waste it rashly on idle curiosity, but reserve it for the weightier epochs of your history; while the restriction of your tenure to three years will, I doubt not, sufficiently remind you not to let these elapse without availing yourself, to the permitted extent, of such rare and precious opportunities."

If I looked up before to ascertain whether my companion was sober, it was not with any doubt of his decided insanity that I now rather averted my eyes from his unseen, but not less forcibly remembered features. Their whole expression, wild, unearthly, and painful as I had felt it to be during even the most flowing period of our genial intercourse, now deepened my conviction that the rare talents and commanding intellect of this singular person were, as too frequently happens, rendered valueless by mental aberration—at least that degree of it on particular subjects, which, in medical phrase, is styled "hallucination." To argue with persons so circumstanced, is proverbially fruitless; to incense them, (situated especially, as we then were, at a distance from all possibility of human intervention,) absurd and impolitic; and whether, (as, if the power of the ring had extended to myself, I should probably have detected,) I accepted it with any latent idea of its possible efficacy, I at the time persuaded myself I did so

at the simple suggestion of benevolent compliance with the morbid fancy of an old crack-brained, though highly-gifted victim of monomania.

Be my motives what they might, my companion was too politic to question or analyse them; or by investigating the extent of my belief, in his wild assertions, to pique me into doubt or refutation of them, or startle me from acceptance of a boon, on the supposition of its reality, of so very equivocal a nature. Taking deliberately from his finger the little antique, and holding it to the *brasero*, so as to let light fall on its hieroglyphical emblems—

"On the position of these," said he, "depends either the potency or utter harmlessness of this unique gem. In case of sudden emergency arising, in which you may wish to invoke its aid, I recommend you to wear it habitually—only reversing, on such special occasions, its mystic symbols, so that the head of Isis, here represented, may point *towards* the party whose *locum tenens* you are inspired with the wish to become."

I mechanically accepted, and drew on the ring, feeling, as a shudder crossed my frame in so doing, as foolish as an *esprit fort* when betrayed into superstitious feelings by the recital of a ghost story. Nothing more passed on the subject; yet, long as we had already sat, and rapidly as the night now waned, my friend's conversational powers were as inexhaustible as ever. But I no longer listened with the same interest. Confidence had given place to well-founded suspicion either of insanity or imposture; and as all trace of the former remained confined to a single topic, the idea of the latter necessarily gained ground in my mind.

It was not then to be wondered at if (in spite of his specious warnings against idle curiosity, nay, perhaps in consequence of them) I gradually yielded to the temptation of subjecting to the first ordeal of scrutiny the interior economy of my mysterious *vis à vis*; or rather (as reason preferred designating the process) proving, on the empiric himself, the fallacy of his vaunted nostrum. After a period of considerable hesitation, occasioned partly by the secret repugnance I felt to identifying myself, even in sport, with a creature from whom my very soul re-

volted, and partly by a vague fear of offending a being of whose power and energies, even in madness and decrepitude, I experienced an unaccountable dread, I seized a moment when the old man, exhausted perhaps by his long vigils and incessant conversational exertions, had leaned back, as if dozing, in his chair—to turn, unperceived, the position of the mystic talisman, and to point, in pushing over to him the small remnant of the yet unfinished third bottle of Rhenish, the head of the fatal figure towards its late possessor.

My disappointment—which, conscious how childish it was, I shrunk from confessing to myself—on perceiving, after the lapse of a few minutes, no change in my personal identity, was at the moment compensated by flattering myself that the attempt to invade the *penetralia* of his bosom had at least remained unsuspected by its object. A peal of shrill and sardonic laughter, into which he suddenly burst, soon undeceived me.

“And so you thought, Mein Herr Bursch,” exclaimed he, with a grin of mingled contempt and exultation, “to indulge that idle curiosity which I warned you was the weakest point of your weak character, by striving to transfer your pigmy fragment of a soul into a receptacle, the boundless capacities of which would soon have taught it the lesson of its own utter insignificance! Well is it for you, rash boy! that the attempt to identify yourself with me was as fruitless as the idea was presumptuous! Success in it, had it been possible, would have involved consequences which, were I to unfold them, would freeze the current of your youthful blood! But though, like a skilful master workman, I may defy puny efforts to unlock my secrets, even with a key of my own providing, it is fit you should pay the penalty of the meditated treason. Your attempt, abortive as it has proved, must stand for one of the three chances (not, as I hinted, with your turn of mind to have been thus thrown away) which were afforded you of ascertaining how you stood with your fellow-mortals. The remainder I foresee you will, in the waywardness of folly, misuse as signally as you have done the first; but in these, or any of your concerns, you cannot now expect me to take a

jot of interest. All I stipulate for—since my promise forbids my instant resumption of the forfeited ring—is its being punctually deposited this day three years on the altar of the ruined chapel in the castle of Rabenstein. I might, were I revengeful, assign you a more distant pilgrimage; but, with your restless character, *home* will probably be the last place where you will voluntarily be found. And now, young man, to sleep with what appetite you may! Henceforth, I hold no farther converse with one unworthy of my condescension.”

It would be hard to say whether regret at failure—shame under detection—or surprise at what seemed the supernatural prescience of the mysterious being before me, predominated in the complicated feelings with which I writhed under his scornful rebuke. I gazed at him as the expiring embers of the *brasero* threw their lurid light on his wizard lineaments, till they assumed, in my imagination, a demoniac character; and instinctively pushed my chair as far as possible from contact with the diminutive and contemptible form in which lay shrouded the energies, bodily and mental, of a giant. So thoroughly did my excited fancy, by degrees, recoil from him, and so rapidly did dislike and contempt expand into absolute loathing, that, had not sleep sheltered him from all save a coward's vengeance, the temptation to invade his mysteries might not improbably have been succeeded by the more irresistible one to deprive him of life! To return, at morning light, his hateful gift was the fixed purpose of my soul. Visions of denouncing him, as a cheat and dabbler in forbidden arts, to the proper authorities, succeeded to thoughts of blood in my excited imagination, till, exhausted by a night of intense emotion, and heated by the wine I had unconsciously quaffed, I at length fell asleep.

The morning sun streamed brightly through every window of the vast hall, when my eyes again opened to its rays. They lit up with unwonted cheerfulness the long dark array of ponderous folios, banishing, during their brief sojourn, the cimmerian darkness of many an obscure recess, and rendering completely visible, in all its length and vastness, an apartment never perhaps, at any less privi-

leged hour, so thoroughly illuminated. I rubbed my eyes, and cast them in the hated, yet inevitable direction of my sleeping boon companion. He was not there! *Brasero*, pipes, bottles, all relics of an orgie probably unique in the locality, had vanished with him; and the huge reading-table, whose sanctity they had so lately outraged, reposed as calmly unsullied, as if never desecrated by aught more profane than some canonized legend, or richly-illuminated missal.

I looked at my watch. The morning was certainly far advanced. Diego, (between whom and an acknowledged frequenter of the library, it was very possible to suppose some compact or collusion,) might have already entered, and, for his own sake, afforded assistance in removing the evidence of his criminal connivance. But when, in this belief, I tried the massy doors, they were still fast locked; and when the old porter at length, to my great joy, came hobbling to open them, his air of unfeigned amazement, and scarcely prevented swoon of apprehension, on perceiving a living proof of his over night's negligence, would have acquitted him, before any tribunal in Christendom, of a previous hand in the transaction.

This being the case, the old functionary was no less glad to turn me out of his precincts than I to be so emancipated; and I turned my back, I blush to say, for ever on the learned treasures of the *Biblioteca Reale*. Of the being with whom they must ever, in my mind, remain associated, no more was ever seen or heard; and had not the ring on my finger borne its silent testimony to the reality of the interview, I should, ere long, have set down the whole for a *bona fide* dream, inspired by a chance locking up in so peculiar and exciting a bivouac.

I should have forthwith quitted Madrid, had I not been unconsciously induced to linger by an *affaire du cœur*, savouring almost as much of romance as my nocturnal adventure. Accident had put it in my power to render, during the period of a brief but sanguinary insurrection, the most essential services to the family of a wealthy inhabitant of Madrid, to whose care I had been consigned by a German correspondent; and his

daughter, rescued, by my interposition, from a band of intoxicated marauders, had awakened in my breast, by her devoted gratitude, as well as her rare charms of person and mind, an hourly increasing passion.

As long as its demonstrations were confined to daily visits at her father's, and attentions, the more acceptable, perhaps, that they were unobtrusive, Juanita's reception of them had been abundantly encouraging; nor could the most timid lover have long failed to construe into proofs of sincere and growing partiality, the enhanced sparkle in her eye, and flush on her cheek, which marked my daily approach. But no sooner had I, with the precipitance of youth and passion, perhaps prematurely disturbed this auspicious state of tacit encouragement, by an explicit avowal of my attachment and offer of my hand, than a sudden damp seemed cast by it on the hitherto welcome enjoyment of my society; and Juanita—of whose reciprocal predilection at least, there could be no manner of doubt—if she did not, in compliance with her father's expressed wishes in my favour, absolutely refuse my suit, was thrown by it into a state of melancholy abstraction, wholly incompatible with that cordial acceptance of it, on which I had, perhaps, too confidently reckoned.

I have said that to her father—a man of the world and of liberal ideas—difference of country, nay even of creed, presented no obstacle to an alliance which gratified, by its nobility, his pride of birth, and more than satisfied by its opulence, a disposition by no means grasping or mercenary. His chief wish in it, after all, was to promote his only child's welfare and happiness, even at the sacrifice of her society; and sufficiently observant as he was, to have detected in her conduct many irrefragable proofs of reciprocal affection, he was, like myself, utterly baffled in the attempt to reconcile these with her evident reluctance to accept my proffered hand.

Nothing is so intolerable to a young and ardent mind as suspense; and I could, after weeks spent thus between hope and fear, have rather courted the worst confirmation of the latter, than daily read in the tearful and averted eyes of Juanita, and her waning bloom, the struggle which strong

internal feelings adverse to my wishes were evidently maintaining in her bosom.

"What a pity!" I exclaimed to myself one morning, as my eye fell casually on the ring which I still mechanically wore, "that this bauble cannot indeed possess the virtue ascribed to it by yon audacious charlatan, and enable me at once to fathom the mysterious aversion of one who so evidently loves, to sanction our mutual felicity." In so saying, I had drawn the ring indignantly off, meaning to deposit it, as I had long intended, in the deepest nook of my writing-desk. The key, however, it so happened, was out of the way, and not choosing to leave at the mercy of the inmates of a public lodging-house, the property, however valueless, of another, I hastily drew on the ring again, and proceeded to the scene of my daily fascination—the house of Senor Gonzales.

In the gardens—her favourite retreat during the cooler morning hours—I found her, in whose presence, painful as it had of late become, I had long only lived. I extended my hand as usual, to meet the friendly, though often trembling, grasp of her's, and had no sooner done so, than I stood transfixed and rooted with an excess of astonishment, of the external manifestations of which, and their effect on the no doubt bewildered maiden, I remain to this day ignorant. Attributing them indeed, I believe, to a *coup de soleil*, she fled in quest of assistance; but ere she returned I had learnt and knew enough, to make me relieve her for ever from a conflict under which, I became too sadly aware, her health was sinking, and life itself in danger of soon becoming extinct.

The words of the mysterious stranger on the powers of his fatal ring were no delusions! No sooner had the accidentally reversed ring pointed its mystic symbols towards Juanita, than my audibly expressed ejaculation of the morning gave it potency; and I became to all intents and purposes (as far as character and sentiments were concerned) a fond, a loving, but bigotted and broken-hearted Spanish maiden!

What a revolution was instantly made in all my views relating to the advantages of an alliance, which in my consequence of birth I had imagined

so flatteringly congenial with the pride of the Spanish character! I found the ancestral name on which I so piqued myself, was to my new and strange other self, a sound of barbarian import; and the visions of future residence in my northern castle, which gladdened my patriotic heart, metamorphosed into a sentence of chill and hyperborean banishment!

Amid these mortifications, bitter as they were, it was balm to find my wealth utterly left out of the account; while even love—all grasping love—might have been satisfied with the genuineness of the tribute extorted by its power from duty, conscience, and love of country. But how feebly had I hitherto estimated the potency of all (save the last) of these powerful principles of human feeling and conduct!

I now first comprehended that to a duteous daughter, accustomed from childhood to replace a buried mother in a widowed parent's affection, a father was bound by ties which love itself might loosen, but could never rend away; that to a daughter of the south, a comparatively humble home, beneath soft airs, and genial sunshine, could outweigh a palace in a less favoured climate. Nay, I half smiled, half shuddered to perceive how deeply weighed with the gentlest and softest of *Madrilenas*, the relinquishment for ever of the strangely national bull fight!

But these I felt—even while for the moment imbued with all Juanita's lifelong sentiments of filial and patriotic devotion—were elements over which love, wonder-working love, was achieving a silent but certain triumph. There reigned, however, a power in the bosom of the pious Catholic maiden, to which the first glance within that hallowed sanctuary, sufficed to convince me its inmate would die a martyr! Love for a heretic had been for months sapping, slowly but surely, not her principles but her life. To marry him was, in her simple view, perdition!—to exchange for a brief and troubled dream of sinful earthly happiness, the possession of ages of felicity beyond the grave!

When all these sources of cruel agitation and infallible future misery became unveiled to me—not by cold recital, or even ocular demonstration,

but actual identification with their every fibre and ramification in the bosom they had so long well nigh fatally tortured—how did I reproach myself for the selfish perseverance which had prolonged the poor girl's martyrdom ; for the accusations of caprice and coldness with which I had so unjustly aggravated her sorrow ! And how hastily did I set about sacrificing all my own views of happiness (visionary and delusive as I now perceived they must, under every possible result, have proved to another) by an instant farewell to Spain and its heroic and conscientious though prejudiced daughter.

What I wrote may be left to the imagination. Suffice it that a discovery, designed no doubt by a juggling friend to have been made too late, came early enough to save from misery a pair of youthful victims ; to gladden, years after, the decline of the virtuous Gonzales with grandchildren born around his domestic hearth, and educated in the faith of their ancestors ; and to leave me a sadder but a wiser man, at liberty to seek a more equal alliance in my own less favoured, yet henceforth dearer North.

If I have been fain to leave to imagination the details of my parting with Juanita, far less would it be possible for words to express the state of mind into which I was thrown and left by the unlooked for verification of the mystery of the ring ! As well might I attempt to account for the properties of the loadstone, as to throw the slightest ray of light on a subject so utterly inscrutable. It is with its moral results alone that I wish to acquaint my posterity ; because much of its abjured power may be enjoyed by all who seek honestly to place themselves, even in idea, in the situation of those they often misjudgingly blame.

During more than the following two years and a half, passed chiefly in my native country, in endeavours to compensate to an excellent mother for the wanderings of a somewhat truant youth—to my peasants for the long absence occasioned by my University career—and to myself, by the execution of rational plans of internal and external improvement, for the years misspent in worse than idle researches into subjects wisely removed beyond mortal ken—the ring remained resolutely consigned to the safest recess of

my family strong box. Never, during this period, did I feel interest sufficient in the views or sentiments of any one around me, to brave for their discovery the recoil of nature from the invocation of preternatural agency. My mother—the person by whom my affections were chiefly engrossed—needed no ring to unveil to me her two predominant passions of widowed affection and maternal tenderness ; and though it might have gratified vanity to see my own picture, as reflected in the mirror of my own partiality, I knew too well the horror with which the means would have inspired her, to unlock, with so unhallowed a key, the bosom's spotless sanctuary.

But partial—devoted as it may be—a mother's love is never long of a selfish engrossing character, and mine's last wish on earth was to see her son happily married. I had confided to her—for what (save that which would have shocked it) did I ever withhold from her maternal ear—my juvenile passion for the Spanish maiden ; only ascribing, of course, to natural causes a mutual relinquishment of nearer ties, which while I had long since ceased to regret them, a Protestant parent could not but regard as providential.

A heart once tenanted, my mother knew could not long profitably remain unoccupied ; and as soon as the repairs on my chateau had dislodged the owls (with which the disdainful allusion to them by the old alchymist had induced me to wage a deadly warfare) she unfolded to me her own long cherished aspirations regarding its future mistress. After my father's death, and during my absence, her existence, she told me, had been chiefly shielded from despair and desolation, by the tender and filial attentions of a young female relative, the daughter of an impoverished scion of our own noble house, who had cheerfully dedicated to the task of consoling the widow, the flower of her youthful days, and buried unhesitatingly amid my mouldering and desolated towers, a beauty which, coupled with her lofty birth, would, in the world's eye, have purchased for her undoubted distinction.

Nor would my unselfish parent—aware of my prolonged absence, and the possible uncertainty of my ratification of her darling choice—suffer

her own cherished but secret views to interfere, beyond a limited period, with the prospects of her duteous companion. Some time before my unexpected return, she had driven Leonora reluctantly from her side into the wider and gayer sphere of our provincial capital; where, if courts are not exactly the atmosphere for portionless beauty to find disinterested suitors, admirers at least, among whom the sovereign's brother might be numbered, hovered around her shrine.

Neither during her cousin's stay at Rabenstein, nor in their subsequent close correspondence, had my mother been unguarded enough (at least so she flattered herself) to hint at the object of her own wishes, far less to commit, in any shape, her absent son. When, therefore, I gave my cheerful consent to her proposal of inviting Leonora to pass the summer at Rabenstein, I did so with the pleasant feeling that no awkward previous gossip or implied expectations, would throw a shade of embarrassment on my unfettered opinion of Mademoiselle Von D——

She came, and all my mother's reports of her beauty—partial and highly coloured as I had thought them—were fully realized; yet were thrown into the shade by those charms of character and disposition, which it had been hardly possible even for her to exaggerate. Unsophisticated as if she had never quitted rural retirement, she returned to it with a zest which spoke volumes for the happiness of our future *vie de chateau*, and if beneath the radiance of her smiles and the warmth of her endearments, my mother's age was renewed, what wonder that her son's heart quickly yielded before their resistless influence. So rapidly did Leonora "come, see, and conquer," that with a haste, which even my mother was inclined to term precipitation, I threw myself, and all that was implied in the surrender of my hand and heart, at the feet of my beautiful though portionless cousin.

Let it not be supposed that independent, opulent as I was beyond my utmost desires, her being destitute of the gifts of fortune ever weighed a moment in the scale of my estimation. But, so wayward is man—so prone to extract poison from the very sweets of his cup, her utter destitution formed

a slight alloy in the gratification afforded by her prompt, nay, instant acceptance of my proffered hand! But two short months had elapsed since I was an utter stranger—a period little enough, suspicion would at times whisper, to give birth to a genuine reciprocal attachment, on the part of one fresh from a court and familiar with adulation. Could my rank or fortune, and her own dependant condition have indeed influenced a consent so unhesitating?

The best proof, perhaps, of the unworthiness in my own eyes of these misgivings, was, that at the sight of their object, they uniformly melted, like murky vapours before the presence of the blessed sun; secondly, that I durst not breathe even a hint of their existence to my frank, unsuspecting mother. Yet from the very warmth of her congratulations on that rapid success in my suit, which, partial as she then was, had surpassed her expectations, I gathered food for occasional musings on the strange contrast in my two attempts at matrimony, and the fate which had doomed me first to be beloved while rejected—and then perchance—oh, that odious word—to find myself accepted without the absolute certainty of my being beloved.

Now, if ever, was there scope for a third and final test of the properties of the ring; and never, perhaps, was the temptation resisted in a shape more forcible, if not seductive, than when I forebore to bring from its concealment the talisman which would have have silenced (a hope whispered triumphantly) every doubt which shed its sickly halo around my approaching nuptial joys.

But I had not lived so long in the pure and pious atmosphere of female companionship, without shrinking with added repugnance from aught that savoured of unballowed agency. The sneering allusion of the being (be he what he might) of the library, to that hereditary sin of curiosity, which, by lending the ring, he had done all in his power to fasten in a descendant of our luckless first parent, came back with ominous meaning on my memory. Like the spear of Ithuriel, it seemed to reveal in the old man the original tempter himself, or one of his subordinate agents; and it would have ill become one under whose auspices

(urged on by the counsel of a pious mother) the ruined chapel of Rabenstein had been transformed into a neat, cheerful village church, to pollute, by recourse to forbidden agency, the sacrifice to be in due time laid on its restored and consecrated altar.

In the double strength, then, of confiding love, and of higher and holier feelings, I exorcised from my path the evil spirit of doubt and suspicion, and threw myself for happiness on the faith and integrity of the bright being by whom that path was henceforward to be illumined. And oh, how richly was I repaid for the sacrifice! On the auspicious day which made Leonora mine, I dropped, at the close of the ceremony, the hated symbol of distrust and *espionage* on the steps of the nuptial altar. On the morrow I revealed to her, in the full tide of wedded confidence, its singular history and powers; and in so doing, (unconsciously perhaps,) enough of my late resistance to their exercise, to induce her to confide to me, with a half reproachful smile, a counter talisman in the key of her private *escritoire*, where, bound together by a long fair tress of the locks of my childhood, reposed a boyish miniature (copied by herself from one of my mother's), whose connection with a file of letters from that partial parent, breathing enthusiastic praises of her absent son, and unconscious aspirations after his union with

their object, attested the hold which, almost from its first pulsation, he had been acquiring over a youthful and susceptible heart.

Had more been wanting to prove that in Leonora's prompt acceptance of one thus half betrothed, there lurked no sordid or unworthy motives, a billet in the same, till then strictly sacred receptacle, tendering to its lovely owner the long-since rejected hand of Prince Maximilian of X—, put a climax to a connubial felicity never since overshadowed by the vestige of a cloud.

On the lowest step of the chapel at Rabenstein was found by the sexton an almost illegible scrawl, containing in its brief, characteristic tenor, the moral of this strange, mysterious history; which, if my children have not perused it in vain, will inculcate confidence in their fellow-mortals and mistrust of all who would endow them with gifts beyond humanity. It ran thus:—

"You have escaped. Had you profited to their full extent by the privileges of the ring, it would have remained in your possession, but on conditions from which your pusillanimity would have shrunk; at the expense of all those cherished delusions for which weak man is content to forego the clearer vision, and expanded powers enjoyed by a race whose daring he wants courage to emulate."

ITALIAN POETS.—NO. V.

ARIOSTO.—PART II.

IN our last chapter on Italian poetry, we prepared our readers for the study of Ariosto's great work, by an analysis of the story of the *INNAMORATO*. The romance of Boiardo is throughout conceived in a higher and more serious tone than that of Ariosto; but this is little felt by the modern reader, who for the most part sees not the original poem of Boiardo, but the dexterous substitute for it given by Berni, in which the peculiarities of Ariosto's style are imitated and exaggerated. Berni, however, is a faithful narrator of the story, and we cannot, on the whole, fall out with the decision of the Italian public, who, in spite of many attempts of their critics to restore the original work, determinately prefer the imitation. Whatever the effect at first may have been on Ariosto's popularity, of continuing the subject of another rather than composing an independent poem, there can be no doubt that the necessity of this reference renders his work at present less acceptable to readers who will shrink from any thing requiring antecedent study. It breaks the unity of the poem even more than his plan of relating parts of each of his stories, and then leaving them unfinished, to take up the thread of some other unconnected incident in the variety of adventures through which he conducts his knights and damsels. Through the whole work, however, a distinct plan prevails, and is sufficiently announced in the opening of the poem. The adventures of the knights, engaged in repelling the Moorish invaders of France, in the time of Charlemagne; the strange madness that fell on Orlando; and the marriage of Rogero, who seems to be the true hero of the poem, with Bradamante, the ancestress of the House of Este, these are the three leading subjects of the poem, and with one or other of these every subordinate incident is connected.

The invaders had made their way to the confines of Paris; Charles, to save the capital, gives them battle, and is defeated. Angelica, our readers will remember, has been consigned to the care of Namus, the old Duke of Bavaria, by Charlemagne, with the intention of giving her to whichever of the cousins, Orlando or Rinaldo, should most distinguish himself against the Saracens in the battle which had so fatal and so unexpected an issue. Angelica, foreseeing the issue of the battle, thinks it wise to make her escape, and mounting her horse, flies to a thick wood, where she meets

“In a close path a horseless cavalier.”

He has his shield on his arm; he is belted and mailed, and with his helmet on his head. He flies more lightly through the forest, we are told, than a half-clothed peasant running for a rustic prize. She no sooner sees him than she too flies; and her flight and agitation are compared to those of a shepherd girl who has been startled by the sight of a snake. This was Rinaldo, that had of late drunk of the fountain of love; but unluckily Angelica had about the same time tasted of that of hatred. She turns her palefrey round and leaves the choice of how she shall go to the sagacious horse. She reaches the banks of a river, and, lo! another adventure. Ferrau, the Spanish infidel, who had long before, as our readers will remember, fought for Angelica, and who had slain her brother, Argalia, is leaning over the stream. He had gone to it to take a drink of water, using his helmet as a cup. The helmet had fallen into the stream, and he was seeking as he best could to recover it, when he was startled by the cries of Angelica, whom Rinaldo had all but overtaken.

‘Courteous and haply gifted with a breast
As warm as either of the cousins two,
As bold as if his brows in steel were dressed,
The succour which she sought he lent, and drew

His falchion and against Rinaldo pressed,
 Who saw with little fear the champion true.
 Not only each to each was known by sight,
 But each had proved in arms his foeman's might.

"Thus as they are, on foot the warriors vie
 In cruel strife, and blade to blade oppose;
 No marvel plate or brittle mail should fly
 When anvils had not stood the deafening blows.
 It now behoves the palfrey swift to ply
 His feet, for while the knights in combat close
 Him, vexed to utmost speed with goading spurs,
 By waste or wood the frightened damsel stirs."

Angelica's plan in all difficulties is
 to fly. Rinaldo proposes to his pagan
 adversary a truce, and suggests the
 wisdom of their jointly pursuing the
 falchion or otherwise, who is best en-
 titled to her. The pagan feels the
 reasonableness of the proposal, and
 both mount Ferrau's horse.

"On foot the Spaniard left not Aymon's son;
 But him to mount his courser's crupper prayed,
 And both united chased the royal maid."

Then follows one of those passages which defies translation.

*"Oh gran bontà de cavalieri antiqui!
 Eran rivali, eran di fe diversi,
 E si sentian de gli aspri colpi iniqui,
 Per tutta la persona anco dolersi;
 E pur per selve oscure e calli obliqui
 Insieme van senza sospetto aversi.
 Da quattro sproni il destrier punto arriva
 Dove una strada in due si dipartiva."**

Where the way divides, the heroes self on the banks of the stream, and
 part company. Ferrau, after wander- at the very spot where he had lost the
 ing for awhile in the forest, finds him- helmet.

*Poplar is a tree
 that groweth by the
 water like a willow*

"Hard by the bank a tall young poplar grew,
 Which he cut down, thereof a pole to make,
 With which each place in feeling and in view,
 To find his skull he up and down doth rake;
 But lo! a hap unlooked for doth ensue,
 While he such needless, fruitless pain doth take,
 He saw a knight arise out of the brook
 Breast high, with visage grim and angry look.

* We transcribe Rose's and Sir John Harington's translations:—

"Oh, goodly truth in cavaliers of old!
 Rivals they were, to different faith were bred;
 Nor yet the weary warrior's wounds were cold,
 Still smarting from these strokes so fell and dread,
 Yet they together ride by waste and wold,
 And, unsuspecting, devious dingle tread.
 Them while four spurs infest his foaming sides,
 Their courser brings to where the way divides."

ROSE.

"Oh, ancient knights of true and noble heart,
 Rivals they were, one faith they lived not under;
 Besides they felt their bodies shrewdly smart
 Of blows late given, and yet (behold a wonder)
 Through thick and thin, suspicion set apart,
 Like friends they ride and parted not asunder
 Until the horse, with double spurring driven,
 Unto a way parted in two arrived."

HARINGTON.

*The ghost of
Argalia*

"The knight was armed at all points save the head,
And in his hand he held the helmet plain—
That very helmet which such care had bred
In him that late had sought it with such pain,
And looking grimly on Ferrau, he said,
A faithless wretch, in promise false and vain,
It grieves thee now this helmet so to miss,
That should of right be rendered long ere this.

"Remember, cruel pagan, when you killed
Me, brother to Angelica the bright,
You said you would, as I then dying willed,
Mine armour down when finished were the fight;
Now, if that fortune have the thing fulfilled,
Which thou thyself shouldst have performed in right,
Grieve not thyself, or if thou wilt be grieved,
Grieve that thy promise cannot be believed."*

Argalia, or the ghost of Argalia, having thus accidentally become possessed of his helmet, determines to keep it, and assures Ferrau that there are in the world some very good hel-

kets, every one of which he would find very becoming, if he could only manage to get it. "There is," said he, "for instance, Rinaldo's, or Orlando's would do admirably."

"Bristled the paynim's every hair at view
Of that grim shade uprising from the tide
And vanished was his fresh and healthful hue,
While on his lips the half-formed accents died.
Next hearing Argalia, whom he slew
(So was the warrior high) that stream beside,
Thus his unknighly breach of promise blame,
He burned all over flushed with rage and shame."

In indignation he swears by his mother's life (a Spanish form of adjuration) that he will never put helmet on his head till he can win Orlando's.

Angelica, meantime, flies through the forest imagining that she is pursued by Rinaldo.

"As a young roe or fawn of fallow deer
Who mid the shelter of its native glade,
Has seen a hungry pard or tiger tear
The bosom of its bleeding dam, dismayed,
Bounds, through the forest green in ceaseless fear
Of the destroying beast from shade to shade,
And at each sapling touched, amid its pangs,
Believes itself between the monster's fangs.

"One day and night and half the following day,
The damsel wanders wide, nor whither knows;
Then enters a deep wood, whose branches play,
Moved lightly by the freshening breeze which blows
Through this two clear and murmuring rivers stray,
Upon their banks a fresher herbage grows,
While the twin streams their passage slowly clear
Make music with the stones and please the ear."

She begins to feel herself at last in safety, and allowing her horse to pasture at will on the bank, thinks of laying herself down to sleep—but we

must avail ourselves of Sir John Harrington's rhyme, to describe the place of her intended rest.

"Hard by the brook an harbour she descried,
Wherein grew fair and very fragrant flowers,
With roses sweet and other trees beside,
Wherewith the place adorns the native bowers

So fenced in with shades on either side,
 Safe from the heat of late or early hours
 The boughs and leaves so cunningly were mixt
 No sun, no light, could enter them betwixt."

' Within, the tender herbs a bed do make
 Inviting folk to take their rest and ease,
 Here means this lady fair a nap to take,
 And falls to sleep, the place so well doth please.
 Not long she lay, but her a noise did wake,
 The trampling of a horse did her disease.
 And looking out, as secret as she might,
 To come all armed she saw a comely knight.

' She knows not yet if he be foe or friend,
 'Twixt hope and fear, she doubtfully doth stand.
 And what he means to do she doth attend,
 And who it was she fair would understand.
 The knight did to the river side descend,
 And resting down his head upon his hand,
 All in a muse he sitteth still alone,
 Like one transformed into a marble stone."

After resting for an hour or more
 in this kind of trance, he is at last
 overheard by Angelica lamenting his
 fate and complaining of the capri-
 cious destiny to which he is exposed,
 by the cruelty of some fair maiden

who, he complains, is indisposed to
 reward his love with more than words
 and looks, while a more favoured
 lover has to boast of more tender
 favours.

" Bare words and looks scarce cheer my hopeless state,
 And the prime spoils reward another's suit.
 Then since for me nor fruit nor blossoms hangs,
 Why should I longer pine in hopeless pangs ?

" The virgin hath her image in the rose
 Sheltered in garden on its native stock
 Which there in solitude and safe repose,
 Blooms, unapproached by shepherd or by flock,
 For this earth teems and freshening water flows,
 And breeze and dewy dawn its sweets unlock
 With such the wishful youth his bosom dresses
 With such the enamoured damsel braids her tresses.

" But wanton hands no sooner this displace
 From the maternal stem where it was grown,
 Then all is withered ; whatsoever grace
 Is found with man in heaven ; bloom, beauty, gone,
 The damsel who should hold in higher place
 Than light or life, the flower which is her own,
 Suffering the spoiler's hand to crop the prize
 Forfeits her worth in every other's eyes."

Angelica now recognizes in the
 stranger knight her old lover, King-
 Sacripant, who has wandered from the
 east in pursuit of her, and with

woman's wit determines to avail her-
 self of his services to conduct her
 to her own country ; of returning his
 love she does not for a moment think.

* " Ut flos in septis secretus nascitur hortis,
 Ignotus pecori, nullo contusus aratro ;
 Quem mulcent auræ, firmat sol, educat imber,
 Multi illum pueri, multæ optavere puellæ.
 Idem, quum teneri carptus defloruit ungui,
 Nulli illum pueri, nullæ optavere puellæ.
 Sic virgo, dum intacta manet, dum, cara suis est
 Quum castum amisit est polluto corpore florem,
 Nec pueris jucunda manet nec cara puellis.

Catullus.

“—with his plaint her heart no measure keeps :
Cold as the column which the builder rears,
Like haughty maid who holds herself above
The world and deems none worthy of her love.

“ But her from harm amid these woods to keep,
The damsel weened she might his guidance need,
For the poor drowning caitiff, who, chin-deep,
Implores not help is obstinate indeed—
Nor will she if she let the occasion sleep
Find escort that will stand her in such stead :
For she that king by long experience knew
Above all other lovers kind and true.”

“ But not the more for this the maid intends
To heal the mischief which her charms hath wrought,
And for past ills to furnish glad amends
In that full bliss by pining lover sought.
To keep the king in play are all her ends,
His help by some device or fiction bought,
And having to his purpose taxed his daring,
To re-assume, as wont, her haughty bearing,

“ An apparition, bright and unforeseen,
She stood, like Venus or Diana fair,
In solemn pageant issuing on the scene
From out of shadowy wood or murky lair.
And ‘Peace be with you!’ cried the youthful queen,
‘And God preserve my honour in his care,
Nor suffer that you blindly entertain
Opinion of my fame so false and vain.’

“ Not with such wonderment a mother eyes,
With such excessive bliss, the son she mourned
As dead, lamented still with tears and sighs,
Since the thinned files without her boy returned—
Not such her rapture as the king’s surprise
And ecstasy of joy when he discerned
The lofty presence, cheeks of heavenly hue,
And lovely form which broke upon his view.

“ He, full of fond and eager passion, pressed
Towards his Lady, his Divinity ;
And she now clasped the warrior to her breast
Who, in Cathay, had haply been less free.
And now again the maid her thoughts addressed
Towards her native land and empery,
And feels, with hope revived, her bosom beat,
Shortly to repossess her sumptuous seat.”

She tells Sacripant of her adventures since they last met—how, under Orlando’s guidance and protection, she had returned to Europe. How she had escaped all such dangers as the words she had overheard from him referred to. Perhaps this was true, says the poet, however improbable—but Sacripant saw with the dazzled eyes of a lover. Love sees but what it wishes to see, and Angelica was to Sacripant the same pure vision that had enraptured his youthful fancy. There was no reason to doubt the honour of Angelica, although the mali-

cious poet amuses himself with this passing jest, imitating Boiardo, who, in relating this part of the adventures of Orlando and Angelica, owns he is telling what would be a very improbable story were the lady, under the same circumstances, intrusted to his own care. Sacripant is not as generous as Orlando, and is disposed to avail himself of the opportunity which placed the lady in his power—when a third is added to their party. This is a warrior in snow-white armour, and with a snow-white plume ; Sacripant springs to horse, and prepares

to slay the intruder. The encounter is a fierce one; Sacripant's horse is killed and his rider crushed beneath his weight. The unknown knight is satisfied with his victory, and rides on, making no further inquiry about his adversary or his fortunes. Angelica raising Sacripant from the ground, endeavours, with a smile, to persuade him that as he has kept the field he is properly the conqueror. While this parley continues, a messenger comes up and

inquires have they seen the knight of the white plume. Sacripant tells what has just occurred, and is mortified to find that his conqueror is—a woman—the redoubted Bradamante. The ungenerous purpose of Sacripant is, perhaps, unsuspected by Angelica, and she mounts behind him on his second horse. They have not journeyed through the forest more than two miles when they meet a noble courser

' With housings wrought in gold, and richly bound,
He clears the brook and stream with furious force,
And whatsoever else impedes his course.

' ' Unless the misty air,' the damsel cries;
' And boughs deceive my sight, yon noble steed
Is sure Bayardo who before us flies,
And parts the wood with such impetuous speed.
—Yes, 'tis Bayardo's self I recognise.
How well the courser understands our need!
Two riders ill a foundered jade would bear;
But hither speeds the horse to end that care.'''

The Circassian king alights, and seeks to seize Bayardo's rein. The horse resists, but goes up submissively

to the maiden, for he remembered, when in Albracca, she had of old, prepared his food.

' That time the damsel loved Rinaldo bold,
Rinaldo then ungrateful, stern, and cold."

While she pats the steed, Sacripant watches his opportunity, and succeeds in mounting him; and she moves from croup to saddle on the palfrey. While they are about to pursue their journey, Rinaldo makes his appearance, and straightway demands his steed, and insists also on the possession of the lady.

Our readers are aware that the lady at present regards Rinaldo with detestation. Ariosto had found in the classical writers descriptions of fountains of love and hatred—in Claudian's description of the gardens of Venus—we have something of the kind:—

" Labuntur gemini fontes : hic dulcis ; amarus
Alter, et infusis corrumpit mella venenis,
Unde cupidineas armavit Fama sagittas."

Near Thebes, too, were springs, one of which was supposed to increase, the other to take away memory. These passages were sufficient to suggest the fountains of love and hatred in the forest of Arden, of which Rinaldo and Angelica drinking, are affected—the one, with passionate desire, the other, with unconquerable aversion. Before Rinaldo, however,

can make good his claim to either steed or damsel, he must encounter with Sacripant. The pagan knight meets his adversary at fearful disadvantages. Bayardo, the steed of Rinaldo seems gifted with more than human intelligence. In fact, there was something not canny about the good steed. It had been found by Malagigi,* the enchanter, in a mysterious grotto, toge-

* Malagigi was educated at Toledo. "One of his first exploits was the conquest of the horse Balardo, which lived in a wood defended by a devil named Rouart, and by a serpent. To deceive the former of these guardians, Mangia took the skin of a bear, lately killed, and made a dress of it, to which he attached at

ther with a suit of arms, and the sword Fusberta, under the watch of a dragon, whom he succeeded in charming. The treasure thus obtained was bestowed on Rinaldo.

The steed will not run against his master. Every manœuvre of the pagan

is defeated by the disobedience of the steed. Sacripant leaps down from the unmanageable horse, and they fight on foot. There is considerable life in Sir John Harington's vigorous translation of the passage:—

“ With naked swords there was a noble fight,
Sometimes they lie aloft, sometimes alow,
And from their blows the fire flees out in sight.

“ Sometime they proffer, then they pause awhile ;
Sometime strike out, like masters of the play ;
Now stand upright, now stoop another while ;
Now open lie, then cover all they may ;
Now ward, then with a slip the blow beguile ;
Now forward step, now back a little way ;
Now round about ; and where the one gives place,
There still the other presses in his place.”

Rinaldo, it is probable, would have won the day, for his sword Fusberta had already cloven through the Circassian's shield. Angelica, fearing

her champion's defeat, takes to flight. She has not gone far before she meets a hermit.

“ Devotion in his aspect was exprest,
And his long beard descended on his breast.

“ Wasted he was as much by fasts as age,
And on an ass was mounted slow and sure ;
His visage warranted that never sago
Had conscience more precise or passing pure,
Though in his arteries time had stilled the rage
Of blood, and spako him feeble and demure.”

The old hermit was a hypocrite, or, as we are reading an allegorical poem, was perhaps Hypocrisy himself—if the masters of allegory had not made

that saintly vice of the less worthy gender. We cannot but give our readers one of Sir John Harington's rhymes, describing the old rascal:—

“ And so devoutly cometh this old carrion,
As if he had been *Paul* or Saint *Hilarion*.”

The seeming hermit is told of the combat between Rinaldo and Sacripant. He opens his book, for he is a magician, and calls up a spirit. The lying spirit makes himself seen and heard by the combatants, and succeeds in persuading them that Angelica has just met Orlando, and is on her way with him to Paris. Rinaldo

immediately on this determines to pursue her, and leaps on the back of Bayardo, who now bounds beneath him with delight. His former seemingly strange conduct is explained in a manner very creditable to the good faith, as well as the sagacity of the gallant steed. The horse, though he did not actually speak, yet understood human

least five hundred fox-tails ; he moreover put on a leathern visor with seven horns round it, and when thus attired he bore, as will be readily believed, a greater resemblance to the devil than to any other kind of being. The disguise was so perfect that Rouart himself was deceived, and mistook him for one of his brethren ; and on Maugis telling him how well he had succeeded in causing an abbot and abbess to sin, Rouart was amazingly pleased, and said to Maugis that he merited much praise, and that he would be truly welcome on his return to hell. Maugis, of course, secured Baiardo, of which he afterwards made a present to Rinaldo.”—*Panizzi's Boiardo*, Vol. I. p. 70.

language, and saw his master's affection for Angelica. He also was witness of her flying away at a time that

his master was fighting on foot, and he thought it the part of a faithful servant to follow her.

"He chased the maid by woods, and floods, and strands,
In hopes to place her in the warrior's hands;
And with desire to bring him to the maid,
Galloped before him still with rampant play;
But would not let his master mount, afraid
That he might make him take another way."

Bayardo is, however, now imposed on; nor do we think that his believing a plausible lie, which has imposed both on his master and the Circassian king, is any impeachment on his understanding. He, like them, believes the lady to have gone to Paris; and to Paris he flies with speed that night seem to rival the celerity with which man is gifted by modern science. Arrived at Paris, Rinaldo finds King Charles preparing the city for an obstinate defence, and meditating an embassy to England. Rinaldo, sore against his will, is dismissed on this embassy. He is, however, compelled to obey, and encounters a fearful tempest. The poet, however, who has other business in hand, cannot for a while tell his adventures, but follows the path of his sister, Bradamante, through the forest after she has unhorsed Sacripant.

Bradamante, our readers are aware,

is the ancestress of the House of Este, and the poem of Ariosto had for its main purpose to illustrate that noble family; the movements of Bradamante are therefore of importance. She has not advanced far when she comes to a rising ground, and a little beyond it is a fountain. She saw seated beside the fountain a youthful cavalier, who recounts to her a sad adventure that had lately befallen him. He had been taking to Charlemagne a band of horse and foot, and with him was a lovely lady to whom he was passionately attached. They were on the banks of the Rhone, when looking up he saw a rider on a winged horse, and suddenly the rider pounced down like a falcon from above, and carried off the lady. After considerable search he makes his way to a barren valley, and on a rock above it, but wholly inaccessible to him, was a castle.

"From far it shone like flame, and seemed not dight
Of marble or of brick, and in my eye
More wonderful the work, more fair to sight
The walls appeared as I approached more nigh;
I after learned that it was built by sprite,
Whose potent fumes had raised and sorcery;
Who on this rock its towers of steel did fix,
Case-hardened in the stream and fire of Styx.

"Each polished turret shines with such a ray,
That it defies the mouldering rust and rain;
The robber scours the country night and day,
And after harbours in this sure domain.
Nothing is safe which he would bear away,
Pursued with curses and with threats in vain,
There (fruitless every hope to foil his art)
The felon keeps my love—oh, say my heart.

"Alas, what more is left me but to eye
Her prison on that rock's aerial crest?
Like the she-fox, who hears her offspring cry,
Standing beneath the ravening eagle's nest,
And since she has not wings to rise and fly,
Runs round the rugged rock with hopeless quest.
So inaccessible the wild dominion
To whatsoever has not plume and pinion."

The cavalier's story as it advances has new interest for Bradamante, for he tells here that, as he lingered near the castle walls, he saw a dwarf leading two noble warriors to the castle; one was Gradasso, king of Sericane, the other was Rogero. Below the wizard's castle a level field of about two bow shots in length was the scene of an encounter between the adventurous knights and the owner of the castle; and of this encounter the warrior who converses with Bradamante was an anxious witness, for on the event depended the deliverance of his lady. The fight is described with great animation, and continues till nightfall with doubtful success. The combatants were not as unequally matched as might be imagined, for if the castellan has his winged horse, on the other hand Gradasso has the *Alfana*,* a mare of monstrous dimensions and power, which he rode on as a mode of observing or evading his vow never to mount a horse till he could get Rinaldo's. As evening, however, is darkening on the scene, the enchanter

removes a silken case with which his shield had been covered, and the effect of its sudden brightness is such, that all beholders fall dazzled to the earth; the narrator of the story is himself deprived of all power of seeing the issue, but he has no doubt that both knights are now prisoners in the sorcerer's castle. "Show 'me," says Bradamante, "the way to this felon's castle." She did not know to whose guidance she was intrusting herself. It was Pinabel, a descendant of the wicked line of Maganza, whose treachery had been fatal too often, and of whom romance or history has preserved no good trait. He led on and she followed, nothing doubting. At last they came to the entrance of a cave, and having induced her to approach it, he thrust her in, and when he hears her fall, he flies away on her horse, of which he has taken possession.

Her fall is broken, and on her rising from the ground, she finds herself at the entrance of an interior cavern, which was fashioned as a church.

' This was a church most solemn and devout,
 Standing on marble pillars small and round,
 Raised by great art in arches all about,
 That made each voice to yield a double sound;
 A lightsome lamp that never goeth out
 Burned on an altar standing on the ground,
 That though the rooms were large and wide in space,
 The lamp did serve to lighten all the place."

The solemnity of the place awakened devotional feeling, and with heart and lips Bradamante prayed to God. While she was yet in prayer she hears the grating sound of a wicket door that opens in the opposite wall, and from it sees a lady coming slowly forth, that addresses her by name. The woman who thus addressed her is ungirt, is barefoot, and her hair flows wildly about her head. "Bradamante," said she, "I have waited for thee long; your

coming is not unexpected. Within this cavern is the grave of Merlin, and and here the sage reposes till, on the day of judgment, his spirit shall rise with the dove's or the raven's plumes. Meanwhile oracular voices are heard here, and I have lingered here for many weeks expecting thee, as thy coming was foretold by Merlin." Bradamante hears the announcement and follows her guide with anxiety to the tomb.

* * "Menage derives the word from EQUUS 'ALFANA dallo Spagnuolo *Alfana* che vale l'istesso e che forse fu così formato dall' articolo Arabo *al*, e *EQUA*. *Equa*, *eku*, *aka*, *haka*, *faca*, colla mutazione dell' H in F, *facana*, e per contrazione *fana* e poi coll' articolo Arabo (*al*) ALFANA.' On this metamorphosis the following epigram was written:—

" *Alfana* vient d'*equus*, sans doute;
 Mais il faut avouer aussi
 Qu'en venant de là jusque ici
 Il a bien changé en route."

"The very marble was so clear and bright,
That though the sun no light unto it gave,
The tomb itself did lighten all the cave.

"Whether it be the nature of some stone,
A darksome place with lightness to fill :
Or were it done by magic art alone,
Or else by help of mathematic skill,
To make transparencies to meet in one,
And so convey the sunbeams where you will ;
But sure it was most curious to behold,
Set forth with carved works, and gilt with gold.

'Scarcely had Bradamant above the sill
Lifted her foot, and trod the secret cave,
When the live spirit, in clear tones that thrill,
Addressed the martial virgin from the grave—
'May fortune, chaste and noble maid, fulfil
Thine every wish,' exclaimed the wizard brave,
'Since from thy womb a princely race shall spring,
Whose name thro' Italy and earth shall ring.'†

Merlin first gives her information that probably interested her more than the fates of her remote descendants. The will of heaven destines her for Rogero. He is to be won through her own prowess, too—by her own good lance. There is some comfort in this ; and Merlin gracefully concludes his discourse at the point which is most likely to please his fair auditress, and leaves Melissa—such is the name of the microphant—to arrange all further communications. Melissa begins her evocations ; and groupes of shadows obey the summons. Bradamante returns into the church, where Melissa had drawn a magic ring, little more than wide enough to contain the maiden, if laid at full length within it. On her head she placed a pentacle, as a sure protection against the demons, if by possibility any should break within the circle. The pentacle is a cap constructed with five sides, bearing some mystical reference to the five senses ; and in the south of Europe some reliance is still placed on its virtues. When the virgin is thus dressed, and placed within the ring, a more difficult task is imposed. She is directed to hold her tongue. The spirits crowd to the ring, but can go no farther. Each then circles it

three times, and when this evolution is performed, returns to the cave. Meanwhile Melissa, who instructs the spirits from a book of prophecy what part they are to play, informs Bradamante who they are, who are thus represented. When this pageant of future princes—her descendants—has passed on, Melissa instructs her how she is to defeat the wiles of the enchanter, Atlas, in whose power Rogero now is. The magic effect of his dazzling shield can only be overcome by a magic ring, now in the possession of the Dwarf Brunello. King Agramant knows that the destinies of both armies and of France depends on the part Rogero shall take in the coming contest ; and he has sent Brunello to try and win him to the side of the invaders. "Brunello will guide them to the castle, in order that, when entrance is gained, he may do what he can to gain over Rogero. Distrust Brunello, but use his services ; and when opportunity offers, do not hesitate to slay him, and possess yourself of the ring. Should he succeed in slipping the ring into his mouth, it will render him invisible, and enable him to transport himself whither he pleases." The ring itself was stolen by Brunello from an Indian queen,†

† Harington.

† Rose.

† The Indian queen is Angelica. For the circumstance of the ring, see the *INNAMORATO*, canto I. See also DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE. (Article, ITALIAN POETS,) Vol. XXVI. p. 189.

and Brunello himself, though an amusing scoundrel in his way, is one of whom it were well that earth was rid. His cunning is that of a mischievous imp, and the only objection to slaying him is, that it is soiling a noble weapon to employ it in giving a dog of the kind the death of a man.

Bradamante listens with anxiety to the advice of the generous enchantress. With Rogero, whom she seeks with such earnestness, and whose destinies she has just learned are for ever interwoven with hers, she has hitherto had but one interview. When King Agramant had first meditated the invasion of France, he had been assured by an old necromancer that victory could not be obtained without the assistance of Rogero. The war itself was undertaken, as all readers of romance know, to avenge the death of Trojano, the father of Agramant. Rogero was the son of Galaciella, the sister of Trojano. By his father's side, he is descended from the house of Priam, and thus related, in no distant degree, with the Emperor Charlemagne. The incidents of the wooing and wedding of Galaciella are worth recording, as few will suspect how the father of Rogero won his bright and beauteous bride. Riza, or Rhegio, is besieged, and the fair Galaciella is one of the Saracen invaders. She engages in single combat with a Christian warrior, who succeeds in smiting her down with the sword. The wounds are not mortal; and a serious dialogue ensues, in which he teaches her some lessons of theology; and he straightway baptizes, and marries her. His brother, Beltrame, an ungenerous viper, is above measure annoyed at this, as he had himself taken a fancy to the fair catechumen. And Beltrame's revenge is taken by betraying Rhegio to the enemy, and his brother to death. The widow has no choice but flight; and the opportunity of flying is only granted on her consenting to return to the religion of Mahomet. From this alternative she shrinks at first, but ends in a feigned adoption of the required creed, and is shipped off for Africa. That her zeal for Christianity is sincere is proved by her contriving to slay all the infidels on board, that is, the whole crew. She lands at last, all alone in her glory, on a desolated island, and dies after giving

birth to Rogero and a twin sister. The two children were handed to the care of the African magician, Atlantes, whose dwelling is on the mountain Carena. To ascertain the precise situation of Carena presented serious difficulties to King Agramant and his wise men. His army was like that theatrical company, in which there was nothing but kings; and one of his kings wandered far and wide in search of Carena, and returned with the information that, in his opinion, it was no where. Perhaps it was the very Outopia, or Utopia of later romancers. Another council is held, and the old conjuror (himself a king, Garamantes by name) insists on the existence of the mountain, though he cannot say where it is, and adds, that the way to it can only be discovered by whoever is fortunate enough to possess the ring of Angelica. The old king feels that his audience is still incredulous. "I grieve," said he, "that I possess the gift of seeing things before they come to pass. As for instance, I now know that I shall in a moment die;" and he dies. A reward is offered to whoever finds the ring; and one of the council presents the Dwarf Brungello, who is more subtle than any of the beasts of the field, and who has a taste for the commission, as it had in it any ingredient of mischief or malice. Brunello is a thief—not exactly one of the swell mob; his line is the shabby genteel; and he soon comes back with Angelica's ring, and—what Agramant had never thought of—the horse of Sacripant, Marfisa's sword, and Orlando's sword and horn—all of which he had stolen on his travels in search of the ring. Agramant is in delight. A day probably will come when the title and office of king may cease to be an object of ambition; and certainly, if one can imagine any place or time where it ought to be of small repute, it was in this court of Agramant. However this may be, Brunello is rewarded for his successful enterprise by being made king of *Tingitana*.

There is now some hope of finding the palace of Atlantes. Agramant, Brungello, and his knights, in long cavalcade, traverse the great desert, and arrive at last at Carena. Below the mountain was a fruitful and well-wooded plain, watered by a noble

river, From the plain was descried a beautiful garden on the side of the mountain; and there, too, was seen the mansion of Atlantes. The gifts of magic are like the gifts of nature, and increase of instrumental means is not always a real addition of power. The philosopher's stone has its virtue only in the hands of the philosopher; and the ring, which rendered visible to the infidel army the retreat of Rogero, showed them but the difficulties of the enterprise in which they were engaged. The rock on which the palace was built was so steep and smooth, that none could scale it; and the King of France, with fifty thousand men, who went up the hill, and then went down again, accomplished a feat greatly to be remembered, in comparison with that of Agramant, who seemed likely to have never got further than the valley. Brunello's wits, however, did not desert him; and he suggests the holding of a tournament on the plain. As Ulysses wiled Achilles from the court where he was concealed, so Brunello fancied that the sight and sound of arms might attract the young warrior to the fete. He was not wrong. Rogero joins the games; and his tempter, looking into his own heart, fancies that Rogero's is not unlikely to be accessible to a bribe. So he tells him of the meditated invasion of France; and, in the shape of a bounty, to engage his services on the side of Agramant, he gives him Sacripant's horse and Orlando's sword. In the mêlée Rogero is treacherously wounded, but healed by Atlantes.

In Atlantes, the earlier Italian commentators* think that Cupid is meant, and fancifully explain all the incidents and accidents of the description of himself and his castle by this strange conceit. They, no doubt, are wrong. Rogero is confided to Atlantes, as Achilles to Chiron. He is fed on the marrow of lions, and disciplined in every exercise that is best calculated to develop all the highest faculties of body and of mind. While no one can deny the existence of allegory in the passage, yet there is a manifest error in endeavouring to strain it too closely;

and it is abundantly plain that love, in any of the ordinary meanings of the word, cannot be meant. Atlantes is to Rogero an instructor, even as Chiron was to his pupil; and while the thought, perhaps, runs through the passage which Wordsworth expresses in his miraculous ode, of the instructor endeavouring to make the foster child forget "the imperial mansion whence he came," we think all attempts to exhibit any precise parallelism between Atlantes and any of the abstractions which ingenuity may suggest, will probably fail.

Rogero joins the invading army, and performs prodigies of valour—he even fights with Orlando himself. Atlantes, however, has watched over his safety, and deludes Orlando's sight by a phantom representation of Charlemagne assailed and almost overpowered by numbers, and summoning him to his aid. Another adventure in which the young hero distinguishes himself, gives the occasion of his first interview with Bradamante. He tells her the circumstances of his parentage and education; and she—who had mingled in the war in a knight's dress, and enacted the heroic part of a Penthesilea and Camilla—feels other wounds than those of sword or spear as she listens to the story of the young warrior. Is it accident, or is it woman's pardonable guile that makes the daughter of Aymon, when she has told the wondering youth her romantic story, remove her helmet? Her fair hair flows over her neck, and her features glow with more than their own radiant beauty. The youth is dazzled with the vision of transcendent loveliness, and a new passion, of the existence of which he had never before dreamed, awakens in his heart. Alas! for true love!—the accidents of the battle separate the lovers. While she is without her helmet, a troop of Saracens attack her, and one (whom, however, she immediately cuts absolutely in two, the sword cutting through bone and brain, and down to the waist,) wounds her in the head. She, notwithstanding her wounds, pursues the rest of the assailing party into a wood, where she loses sight of them, but where she meets a

* In particular, *La Speditione de M. Simon Fornari da Rhaggio sopra L'Orlando Furioso*. Florence, 1548.

little hermitage, the occupant of which, who had not seen a human being for the last sixty years, finds some difficulty in distinguishing her from the great enemy of the human race, with whom he had had many encounters during his long separation from the world of bustling humankind. He prepares himself for an encounter with the evil one, thinking it was no other that came against him in the form of an armed man; but when his visitant, for the purpose of showing her wounds, undid her armour, and the hermit saw his guest was a female, youthful and beautiful, and seeking his compassionate assistance, he did but feel the danger increased. Was not this a form which the demon but too often assumed?—and supposing, after all, the fair phantom is woman and not devil, is the danger to poor human flesh and blood less to be apprehended? He doubts and trembles, and is at last re-assured. He then begins to dress her wounds, and with that view commences by cutting off her beautiful tresses—an operation which, however necessary, gives rise to other adventures in which the fate of another of Ariosto's heroines is involved, but which we must leave untold or our story would never be at an end.

Our readers are now prepared to accompany Bradamante in her search after Rogero. She finds Brunello soon after she has parted from the enchantress, and the ring of Angelica is on her finger. Ariosto seems to adopt the convenient maxim that has been every now and then asserted by transcendental moralists, that a liar is not entitled to the privileges of truth; and a conversation ensues, in which they try to outwit each other. The lady herself witnesses the feats of the hippogryph and his rider, and Brunello guides her to the enchanted castle of Atlantes, (for it is Atlantes who has his castles in Europe as well as Africa). She succeeds in obtaining from him the enchanted ring, but she spares his life, contrary to Melissa's advice. She reaches the plain below the tower, and blows the bugle to summon the wizard. He appears with no other arms than a book and a shield covered with crimson silk. He rode a steed which was not, as might be supposed, a creation of magic, but an actual steed, brought forth in the

course of nature—the offspring of a filly and a griffin: in wings, back, crest, and the fore feet shaped like his sire—in the other parts like the mare his dam. In the Rhipcean Mountains, mules of the kind are still now and then, but rarely, found. He was brought by enchantment from his native hills, and broken and taught all that it was fitting for a horse to learn by the magician. The winged horse was the only thing in the whole place that could be called real—all else were glittering show. The ring rendered all enchantments vain; even the shield, which dazzled all eyes, was powerless against the virtues of the mighty amulet. Bradamante affects to close her eyes when the crimson covering is removed; but this was a feint that she might tempt the enchanter to dismount. He dismounts, and is soon conquered by the triumphant maid. He tells her of his affection for Rogero. To save him from predicted danger, he has confined him in his castle; and to render his captivity less irksome, he every now and then enticed such company as he could find. He leads her to the castle gate, when a new wonder strikes her astonished sight: wall, and tower, and garden, and castle have vanished, and they are on the side of an inhospitable mountain. A city suddenly deprived of light by the interruption of the play of its gas-works, alone would give some idea of the dismal change and the causes which produced it. Atlantes has from the threshold removed a concealed stone, graven with magic characters, which covered a passage to vaults below the wizard's domain, where perpetual fire burned, and with the extinction of the fire the whole scene passed away. On the side of the bleak mountain are seen all the human captives of the old magician,

“ And many at the freedom felt annoy,
Which dispossessed them of such life
of joy.”

The meeting between Bradamante and Rogero is not unpleasantly described by Ariosto; of all that properly belonged to the magician the hippogryph alone remained, still bearing the dazzling shield, but concealed as before in its crimson covering. The lady seeks to seize

him by the rein; he seems to play with her, for he stands fast for her approach, and when her hand is reached out he spreads his pinions, and like a bird rests a little way off, and again begins to fly. All the warriors who have been released by the success of Bradamante's adventure, pursue the steed, who it would seem, is only amusing himself by leading them to some rocky height or moist spot of the valley. The hippogryph takes a short flight in air, and descends near Rogero. This was the artifice of Atlantes—he loved Rogero, and the winged horse was left for the purpose of tempting him away, like the bridleless steed of the

Arabian romance, which comes to bear Thalaba to the palace of Aladdin. Rogero leaps on the strange steed in the boldness of his youthful heart. He goads him with the spur; the horse gambols for a moment, and runs a short course. Does Rogero feel aright, or is he rising in the air?—is it a dream, or does Bradamante as she looks, see the horse still ascending and lessening to her view? They have vanished, the poet leaves Rogero to relate an unimportant tale of Rinaldo. His return to the adventure of Rogero opens with the passage not unlike Scott—nor is Rose's translation unworthy of the original.

“Although Rogero is of constant mind,
Nor from his cheek the wonted hues depart,
I ween that faster than a leaf in the wind
Fluttered within his breast the stripling's heart.

“When the huge bird his pinions long had plied
In a straight line without one stoop or bend,
He, tired of air, with sweeping wheel and wide,
Began upon an island to descend,
Like that fair region whither long unspied,
Of him, her wayward mood did long offend,
Whilom in vain through strange and secret sluice,
Passed under sea the virgin Arethuse.”

The island where Rogero lands from his voyage in air, is the loveliest that the sun beholds in his whole round,—this Rogero had an opportunity of knowing, as his flight was sufficiently near earth to have beheld almost every place at all worth seeing.

There is a freshness and beauty over the whole passage, that is to us the great charm of Ariosto. From his enchanted palaces we every now and then find avenues that lead to common earth and air. We must quote a stanza.

‘Amid red roses and white lilies there
Which the soft breezes freshen as they fly
Secure the cony haunts and timid hare
And stag, with branching forehead broad and high,
These fearless of the hunter's dart or snare,
Feed at their ease, or ruminating lie,
While swarming in those wilds, from tuft or steep,
Dun deer or nimble goat, disporting leap.”

Rogero ties his horse to a myrtle, and finding a little fountain which bubbled up among palms and cedar trees, he stoops to drink; the hippogryph, in the meantime, is startled by some accidental sight or sound, and seeks to disengage himself from the myrtle. The effort is vain, but the myrtle is disturbed at being so rudely shaken, and Rogero is startled at hearing from the tree a human voice. The myrtle, it would seem, is the prison of one of the paladins of

France—Astolpho, who was not only cousin to Orlando and Rinaldo, but also heir apparent to the crown of England. A storm had cast him on the shores of this island. The mistress is the enchantress Alcina, a lady whose habitual practice it is to fall in love with wandering knights, and when she is wearied with them to enchant them into some other shapes of vegetable or animal life. Human consciousness remains, and the man knows in general that he is no longer

a man but a haddock or whale, or cabbage, or, if he were a very handsome fellow, he sometimes looks well in his new form, as for instance, the myrtle is after all a shape better than that inflicted on some of Astolpho's companions. Alcina—the myrtle adds—"has robbed her sister Logistilla of the best part of the island. Logistilla

lives beyond a barren mountain on an unimportant part of the land which ought to have been divided between them equally." Rogero seeks to learn the way to Logistilla's. As he is on his way thither, he sees Alcina's city, and seeks to avoid it—in vain. A crew of monstrous shapes oppose his passage.

"Some with the head of cat and some of ape;
With hoof of goat that other stamped the land;
While some seemed centaurs quick in fight and rape;
Naked or mantled in outlandish skin,
These doting sires—those striplings bold in sin.

"This gallops on a horse without a bit;
This backs the sluggish ass or bullock slow,
These mounted on the croup of centaur sit,
Those perched on eagle crane or estridge go,
Some male, some female, some hermaphrodite,
These drain the cup, and those the bugle blow."

The crowd by which he is assailed are the Seven Deadly Sins, led on by indolence, their captain, who rides a tortoise;* he is drunk, and with difficulty supported on his seat by his companions. Rogero is young, is resolute, and at last draws his sword on the assailants—in vain. If he had uncovered the magic shield, it would

have prostrated, in sudden blindness, his enemies; but he relies on his own strength, and if he remembered the shield, was unwilling to use it. While his danger from this vile rabble still continues, two ladies appear riding on white unicorns—they seem to be sisters, and

"With such a mien
Embodied GRACE and BEAUTY would be seen."

At their approach the rabble scatter. The ladies extend their hands to the knight; and an impulse of courtesy, on his part, effects all the mischief which had been in vain attempted by his violent assailants. He returns with them to the golden gate of Alcina's palace. A cornice above the gateway is encrusted with the rarest gems from India. The portal rests on columns of solid diamond. On the sill and through the columns ran sportive girls, who would have appeared "more fair," had they ob-

served a woman's fitting port. They were all arrayed in green, and wore garlands of green leaves; and the colour is not, say the Italian commentators, without mystery, green being the symbol of fickleness, as blue was of constancy. A dangerous enemy, however, was still to be overcome. Eriphila guards the bridge, which must be passed before the castle is reached. She is armed, and rides on a wolf. We are told that Avarice is the fiend or plague designated; but whatever be her name,

"The accursed plague, arrayed in surcoat, comes
Above her arms, in colour like the sand,
That, sowing in its dye, was of the sort
Which bishops and which prelates wear at court."

* This passage is imitated and expanded by Spenser, *Faery Queene*, book i. can. iv. The passage is given in Craik's "Poetry of Spenser," Vol. I. page 133, *Knight's Weekly Volume*. Mr. Craik's work gives an exceedingly accurate and useful abstract of Spenser's poem. The reprint of Fairfax's Tasso in Mr. Knight's publication, is also an important service to our best literature. We hope that Chapman's Odyssey of Homer may be printed in this cheap form. It is, in every respect, far better than his translation of the Iliad.

The monster is at last conquered, and the charms, not often united, of black
 Alcina appears. Alcina is described eyes and eyebrows, and with them
 as of transcendent beauty, and uniting light hair.

"Her shape is of such perfect symmetry,
 As best to feign, the industrious painter knows,
 With long and knotted tresses, to the eye
 Not yellow gold with brighter lustre glows.
 Upon her tender cheek the mingled dye
 Is scattered of the lily and the rose.
 Like ivory smooth, the forehead gay and round,
 Fills up the space, and forms a fitting bound.

"Two black and slender arches rise above
 Two clear black eyes, say suns of radiant light,
 Which ever softly beam, and slowly move.
 Round these, appears to sport in frolic flight,
 Hence scattering all his shafts, the little Love,
 And seems to plunder hearts in open sight;
 Thence, through mid visage, does the nose descend
 Where envy finds not blemish to amend."

The illusions and the enjoyments of the island of False Pleasure are the same that all romancers, from Homer down to our own days, have described. Rogero is the not unwilling captive of the beautiful fairy. He is disenchanted, however, soon, for Melissa, to whom it seems to be intrusted to bring the love of Rogero and Bradamante to a happy termination, makes her way to the island, and succeeds in arousing a sense of manly virtue within his mind.

The adventures of Rogero are pursued with many an episode till his conversion and baptism. The usual aids which the epic poet derives from prophecy enable Ariosto to connect his hero with the house whose praises it was his task to celebrate; and we are bound to say that flattery never assumed a more graceful garb. Nothing can be more remarkable than the contrast which the light and laughing verses of Ariosto present to the sombre and constrained style of Tasso, all whose powers appear paralyzed, when he has to dilate on the glories of the house of Este.

The second thread which is to lead the poet and reader through the enchanted land of the *Furioso*, is the madness of Orlando. The subject of Boiardo's poem is the love of Orlando. In this, Boiardo deviated from the old legendary character of his hero, who was represented in

earlier poems; as too wise to have ever felt the passion which at one moment or another has seized or subdued every heart of human mould. Every incident in the *INNAMORATO* grows out of Orlando's love for Angelica; and we have some doubt if, when this is once felt by the reader to be the writer's true subject, it does not present a sufficient unity of purpose, and sustain the interest in a series of adventures growing out of it, as fully as the wrath of Achilles, or the wanderings of the King of Ithaca. In Boiardo, Orlando has abandoned his prince, his country, and every duty of life, to indulge in the wild dream of love; and, though his character has undergone an important change in the hands of Ariosto, we yet think that representing the passion as rising to actual madness, in some respects excuses, in some exalts and ennobles him.

It is impossible to think of Ariosto's poem without being compelled to refer perpetually to its connection with Boiardo's. And we advise such of our readers as do not happen to have Boiardo* or Berni at hand, to look at our account of Orlando's adventures in pursuit of Angelica, in the August number of this magazine. Language cannot describe his indignation, when, after having brought Angelica through so many dangers to France, she is taken from him and left by Charle-

* Of Boiardo, the only readable edition that exists, or ever existed, is Parisini's, (Pickering, 1830.)

magne to some ultimate disposition, to be arranged after the conquest of the Saracens. He has heard of her escape from the guardianship into which she had been entrusted by the emperor; he is distracted at the thought of the dangers to which she is exposed; he remains through half the night sleepless, and when sleep comes it is accompanied with harassing and anxious dreams. There are momentary scenes of joyance, interrupted by what would seem the howling of tempests tearing up trees, and scattering their branches over the forest. He is wandering, it would seem, at night, and seeking for her whom he has lost; voices reply with ominous warning. He awakes and is unable to distinguish between dreams and realities. He leaps from bed and dresses himself in armour; he rushes to the stable where his horse is, and gets it ready without the assistance of any esquire. Instead of his own bearings, he adopts those of a knight whom he had conquered and slain some time before, and leaves the camp of Charlemagne. His absence is not known till the next day. He passes through a thousand adventures; in every one of them generosity of purpose and conduct is manifested. He one day reaches a little rivulet, on the banks of which were meadows and shadowy trees. He thought of it as a pleasant place of repose, for he is tired with travel and fatigued with the weight of his armour, rendered more oppressive by the fervour of the mid-day sun to which he had been exposed; he sees engraved on several of the trees round him, writing which he recognizes as Angelica's, and with her name, was that of Medoro entwined in a hundred love knots. Of Medoro Orlando had not before heard, but it was too plain that Angelica had a favoured lover. Medoro, a man of humble birth, had won the heart for which so many of the paladins sighed, and was already married to the heiress of the crown of Cathay; but this Orlando did not know. He endeavours first to persuade himself that the Angelica whose name he sees every where written, may be some other than his charmer; he then seeks, with the ingenuity of a mind rendered insane by what it has learned, to give meanings different from what the words would

naturally imply to the love verses in her praise which he finds carved on rocks and trees. He is unable thus to deceive himself, and he sinks into helpless stupor, which is succeeded by violent frenzy. The peasants of the neighbourhood do what they can to assist him, but he breaks from the bed in which they have placed him; he leaves the place at night, without any attendant. When he is alone he dwells on all the past; his agony shapes itself into words, and Shakspeare himself has never depicted any state of mind more truly than Ariosto does the succession of feelings through which his mind passes, till it ends in utter and ungovernable madness—will, indomitable will, with the fury of an unchained torrent, or tempest, or volcano, alone ruling, and mind and body becoming merely instrumental. We do not think that in any poet whatever is there any thing finer, more entirely true to nature, that is, to possibility, than this whole passage. The translations—and it is no fault of the translators—are utterly and entirely inadequate. Till the passion has attained its full strength there is, as we believe is the case in actual madness, a sort of microscopic subtlety every now and then mingling with the colours in which Orlando represents objects to his mind; and this is one of the particulars which the translators have been unable to deal with, which they do not quite understand, and for the introduction of which they fall out with their author. We think this the passage of most power in the *FURIOSO*.

In the more playful parts of the poem, both of Ariosto's translators—we speak of Harington and Rose—are far more successful; indeed, we think the determination of each never to allow the meaning to run beyond the limits of the very artificial stanza in which they write, is unfavourable to serious effect. Hoole's translation we have not looked at for many years; our recollection of it is, that the story is not unpleasantly told, but that every thing is frozen into the conventional style in which verse was written in England, till the poets of our own day and that which has just passed away, broke the spell.

We have avoided any interpretation of the allegory, even where it seems to be forced on us. All such interpreta-

tions are deceptive, as even where the characters are allegorical, the incidents are necessarily often such as have no peculiar reference to the allegory.

In Spenser, for instance, when Alma (the soul) goes through her palace of the body, the teeth, represented as her guards, rise up to do her reverence.

' And round about the porch on every side
Twice sixteen warders sate, all armed bright
In glistening steel, and strongly fortified.
Tall yeomen seemed they, and of great might,
And were arranged ready still for fight.
By them as Alma passed with her guests—
They did obeisance as beseemed right,
And then again returned to their rests.'*.

While there can be no doubt of who the twice sixteen warders are, there is surely as little that no distinct meaning, as far as they are concerned, is to be looked for in the fact of their being represented as tall yeomen ready for fight, and doing obeisance to the lady of the castle and her guests. We, therefore, feel that, in looking for the meaning of Ariosto's allegories, we may be likely to attribute more than is fitting to mere picture. It, however, is scarcely hazarding too much when we incline to think that the hippogryph, the winged horse, originally in the service of a power who seems to look no higher than those heights which may be seen from our own earth, and who seems employed alone in increasing the enchantments of earth, and giving to the barren desert all the colouring of the brightest landscape, and to age and decay all the attractions of youth and beauty, is no other than the glorious faculty of Imagination. This "forward and delusive faculty," as Butler † calls it, which, either under the control of the magician, who looks no further than earth, or in obedience to its own caprices, hurries Rogero to the island of false pleasures, is afterwards, when trained and disciplined in the domains of Logistilla (or Reason), the same faculty that bears Astolpho to the

high regions in which he finds St. John and Elias.‡

The extent to which playfulness and sublimity are combined in the great poems of the Italians, is, perhaps, the main cause why they are so little sympathised with by us, who demand boundary lines distinguishing every thing, and who are perpetually employed in educating ourselves into a state of feeling in which romance and reality, far from being one, as for real happiness they perhaps should be, are never allowed to entrench on their respective domains. Never, certainly, did imagination indulge a stranger or more capricious flight than in Astolpho's journey to the lunar sphere to bring back the wits of Orlando. The passage is admirably translated by Harington, in spite of some minute inaccuracies; and we cannot, perhaps, interest our readers more than by transcribing the passage. We transcribe from the first edition of 1591. There are minute variations in the edition of 1634, which also lies before us, but they are unimportant. This translation is, from the size of the book, and from the great merit of Rose's, little likely to be reprinted; but we think a few extracts from it ought to possess great attractions for the lovers of our old poetry:—

" When the sunne began this earth to balke,
And passe into the tother hemispheare,
Then they prepar'd to fetch a further walke,
And strait the fire charret that did beare
Elyas, when he vp to heau'n was caryd,
Was readie in a trise, and for them taryd.

* Faery Queene, Book II. Canto 9. See also Warton's Observations on Spenser.
† Analogy.

‡ See the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, (August, 1845,) Vol. XXVI. pp. 168, 169; article—*Wills's Poetical Works*.

"Foure horses fierce, as red as flaming fire,
Th' Apostle doth into the charret set,
Which when he framed had to his desire,
Astofo in the carre by him he set;
Then vp they went, and still ascending hyer,
About the fire region they did get,
Whose nature so th' Apostle then did turne,
That though they went through fire, they did not burne.

"I say although the fire were wondrous hot,
Yet in their passage they no heat did feele,
So that it burnd them, nor offends them not;
Théce to the moone he guides the runing wheele,
The moone was like a glasse all voyd of spot,
Or like a peece of purelie burnisht steale,
And lookt, although to vs it seemes so small,
Well nye as bigg as earth, and sea, and all,

"Here had Astolfo cause of double wonder,
One, that that region seemeth there so wyde,
That vnto vs that are so far a sunder,
Seems but a litle circle, and beside,
That to behold the ground that him lay vnder,
A man had need to haue been sharply eyd,
And bend his brows, and marke all that he might,
It seemd so small, now chiefly wanting light.

This action is agreeing with an English proverb we use: that m^rs wits are beyond the moone, and they haue layd vp things in the circle of the moone.

"Twere infinit to tell what wondrous things
He saw, that passed ours not few degrees,
What towns, what hills, what riuers, and what springs,
What dales, what pallaces, what goodly trees;
But to be short, at last his guide him brings,
Vnto a goodlie vallie, where he sees
A mightie masse of things straungely confused,
Things that on earth were lost, or were abused.

"A store house straunge, that what on earth is lost,
By fault, by time, by fortune, there is found,
And like a marchaundise is there engrost,
In stranger sort than I can well expound:
Nor speake I sole of wealth, or things of cost,
In which blind fortunes powre doth most abound,
But eu'n of things quite out of fortunes powre,
Which wilfullie we wast each day and houre.

"The precious time that fools mispend in play,
The vaine attempts that neuer take effect,
The vows that sinners make, and neuer pay,
The counsells wise that carelesse men neglect,
The fond desires that leads vs oft astray,
The prayes that with pride the heart infect,
And all we loose with follie and mispending,
May there be fomnd vnto this place ascending.

"Now, as Astolfo by those regions past,
He asked many questions of his guide,
And as he on one side his eye did cast,
A wondrous hill of bladders he espyde;
And he was told they had been in time past,
The pompous crowns and scepters, full of pride
Of Monarks of Assiria, and of Greece,
Of which now scantlie there is left a peece.

Pride of Princes, and vanitie of their titles.

Gifts giuen to Princes in hope of reward.

"He saw great store of baited hookes with gold,
And those were gifts that foolish men prepard,
To giue to Princes, couetous and old,
Wish fondest hope of future vaine reward:

Cunning flatterers.

Then were there ropes all in sweet garlands rold,
And those were all false flatteries he hard,
Then hard he crickets songs, like to the verses,
The seruant in his masters prayse rehereses.

Base flatterers.

Fond loues.

“ There did he see fond loues, that men pursew,
Looking like golden giues with stones all set,
Then things like Eagles talents he did vew,
Those offices that fauorites do get :
Then saw he bellows large that much winde blew,
Large promises that Lords make, and forget,
Vnto their fauorites in flowre of youth,
But after nought but beggerie insewth..

Fauorites rewards.

Great mens promises.

Treasons and conspiracies.

“ He saw great Cities seated in fayre places,
That ouerthrowne quite topsie turuie stood,
He askt and learnd, the cause of their defaces
Was treason, that doth neuer turne to good :
He saw fowle serpents, with fayre womens faces,
Of coyners and of thieues the cursed brood,
He saw fine glasses, all in peeces broken,
Of seruice lost in court, a wofull token.

Poore courtiers.

Almes and charitable deeds done to late.

“ Of mingled broth he saw a mightie masse,
That to no vse, all spilt on ground did lye,
He askt his teacher, and he heard it was,
The fruitlesse almes that men geue whē they dye :
Then by a fayre green mountain he did passe,
That once smelt sweet, but now it stinks perdye,
This was that gift (be't said without offence)
That *Constantin* gaue *Silvester* long since.

By that gift is understood the Cite of Rome, which Constantine gaue Pope Silvester, which he saith now stinketh because of their sinnes, The beauty of women.

“ Of birdlymd rodde, he saw no litle store,
And these (O Ladies fayre) your bewties be,
I do omit ten thousand things and more
Like vnto these, that there the Duke did see,
For all that here is lost, there euermore
Is kept, and thither in a trise doth flee,
Onlie nor more nor lesse there was no folly,
For still that here with vs remaineth wholly.

“ He saw some of his own lost time and deeds,
But yet he knew them not to be his own,
They seemd to him disguis'd in so straunge weeds,
Till his instructor made them better known :
Lastlie, the thing which no man thinks he needs,
Yet each man needeth most, to him was shown,
Namely, mans wit, which here we leese so fast,
As that one substance, all the other past.

Mans wit kept in Iarres, like oyle.

“ It seemd to be a body moyst and soft,
Apt to ascend by eu'ry exhalation,
And when it hither mounted was aloft,
There it was kept in potts of such a fashion
As we call Iarres, where oyle is kept in oft :
The Duke beheld with no small admiration,
The Iarres of wit, amongst which one had writ
Vpon the side thereof, *Orlando's wit*.

“ This vessell bigger was then all the rest,
And eu'ry vessell had engrau'n with art,
His name, that earst the wit there in possesst :
There of his own, the Duke did finde a part,
And much he musd, and much him selfe he blest,
To see some names of men of great desert,
That thinke they haue great store of wit, and bost it,
And here it playne appeard they quite had lost it.

"Some loose their wit with loue, some with ambition,
 Some running to the sea, great wealth to get,
 Some following Lords, and men of high condition,
 Some in rare iewells ritch and costlie set,
 One hath desire to proue a rare Magicion,
 Others with Poetrie their wit forget,
 An other thinks to be an Alcumist,
 Till all be spent, and he his number mist.

"*Astolfo* takes his own before he goes,
 For so th' Euangelist did him permit ;
 He set the vessels mouth but to his nose,
 And to his place he snuft vp all his wit :
 Long after wise he liu'd as *Turpin* shows,
 Vntill one fault he after did commit,
 Namelie the loue of one fayre Northern lasse,
 Sent vp his wit vnto the place it was.

*This is written
 in the fourth
 booke of the fust
 Cantos added
 to Astolfo which
 many thinke
 were none of
 his doing, and
 are verie im-
 perfect*

"The vessell where *Orlandos* wit was closed,
Astolfo tooke, and thence with him did beare,
 It was far heauier then he had supposed,
 So great a quantitie of wit was theare."

On the story of Orlando's further adventures after the restoration of his wits, and on the more important subject of the Charlemagne of romance

as contrasted with the Charlemagne of history, we hope soon to have an opportunity of conversing with our readers. A.

THE DUTIES OF IRISH PROTESTANTS—PEEL AND THE STANDARD.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

SIR—My recent communication, you inform me, seems not to have been understood by the editor of "The Standard;" for my part, I think it more likely that it has not been read by him. Had he read the article through, he could hardly have supposed that I wrote of undertakership as a system of which I approved. My object was simply to show, that as it was the system on which Sir Robert Peel's government of Ireland was to be conducted, it would be well that Protestants put themselves in a condition to have their principles respected in the ordering of public affairs.

Neither were my suggestions liable to the other misinterpretations which you tell me they have experienced. It was not in my intention to seek exclusive or disproportionate patronage for the Protestant body, nor was it my purpose to provoke a struggle between them and the professors of a rival religion. It was my intention to advise that they should prepare themselves

for a struggle, because it was and is my fixed persuasion, that if they do not, they will perish, or be chased away without one.

This is no time, sir, to speak smooth things, for which the speaker has no warrant—nor is it a time to conceal harsh things, of which he is, with too good reason, apprehensive; it is not a time to speak intemperately, because rashness may be productive of calamities for which there is no remedy, nor is it a time to speak dispiritingly—the aspect of public affairs is sufficiently threatening to relieve even such comforters as Job had from the task of aggravating the sense of despondency. The prime minister of England has uttered the stern warning, that the republic is in danger—he has proclaimed that there is a confederacy in Ireland, bent upon the attainment of an object which will ruin Great Britain, and will convert "Ireland into a savage wilderness;" and that this tremendous conspiracy "CANNOT BE BROKEN UP BY

FORCE." To make this announcement, is to proclaim that the power of Great Britain is withered—that her glory is only the useless foliage that decorates a blasted tree—a decoration with which the next blast of autumn may strew the ground. To make this announcement, is to proclaim to the Saxon in Ireland that he must not look beyond the sea for protection—that Great Britain will have to yield, when the Repeal Association becomes importunate in demanding, and must consent to an act which is ruin to this country, although her own degradation and decay are sure rapidly to follow. This is plainly implied in the avowal that the Repeal confederacy cannot be broken up by force. Sydney Smith, who had little love for Protestantism in Ireland, and who was a parson, would answer the summons to repeal the Union, from the mouths of cannon. Sir Robert Peel intimates that his answer must be submission. The Right Honourable Baronet in this intimation speaks for himself. He knows what he is capable of doing, and may speak truth when he intimates that Irish Protestants cannot safely trust him. He may speak untruth in his prediction respecting Ireland. His past predictions have been falsified. If we are true to ourselves, so, also, will this. Ireland will not become "a savage wilderness," if Protestants prepare, while there is time, to meet the perils of Repeal—if England be true to her fast friends in this country, the confederacy before which the Peel cabinet shrinks aghast, will melt away, without harm to our national institutions, without the enforcement of oppressive laws, and without a sanguinary convulsion.

But, it may be said, that I am reckoning too fast. Although the Repeal confederacy cannot be broken up by force, there are other agencies which may affect its dissolution—agencies on which Sir Robert Peel places a wise reliance. Did he not intimate as much? Even at the moment when he was confessing his inability to put down Repeal by a strong arm, did he not use the words, "I say, without hesitation, that you must in some way or other break up that formidable conspiracy?" And did he not thus intimate his persuasion that there are available means by which

the great deliverance can be effected? True—all true. Thus and thus spoke Sir Robert Peel—declaring his hope that the dread conspiracy can be broken up by acting towards the Roman Catholics who compose it "in a spirit of kindness, and forbearance, and generosity." But what are his expectations worth? What courage can we take from them? We can judge by comparing his expectations at a former period, with the judgment which events have passed upon them.

In the year 1829, Sir Robert Peel had to contend or deal with another powerful confederacy—a confederacy which, like that of the time present, "could not be broken up by force." He said then—

"There is a spirit of union and compact among the Catholics, which, in my view, we cannot dissolve, but by permitting political influence to operate upon them as it does upon others, thus destroying their own separated connection."

Accordingly, the effect of political influence was tried: for fifteen years it has been in operation, and it has "dissolved" the "union and compact" of the former period, into a confederacy which has for its ultimate object—"to make Great Britain a fourth-rate power, and Ireland a savage wilderness!" And of this fearful confederacy the Emancipator is humiliated to affirm—"I do not believe that you can break it up by force!"

It was not thus the Right Honourable Baronet spoke when the prospect of distant difficulties arose before him, in the day of the former delusive triumph. In that day he said—

"I trust, by the means now proposed, that the moral storm may be lulled into a calm, that the waters of strife may subside, and the elements of discord be stilled and composed."†

Such were the Right Honourable Baronet's expectations; but he did not fear then to look at the reverse of the medal, and to look at it with the semblance of a brave spirit.

"If the battle must be fought, if the worst come to the worst, the battle will

* *Mirror of Parliament*, part xxix. p. 60.

† *Mirror of Parliament*, March 5, 1829.

be fought for other objects—the contest will take place on other grounds. The contest then will be, not for an equality of civil rights, but for the predominance of an intolerant religion. I say, we can fight that battle to greater advantage, (if, indeed, those more gloomy predictions shall be realized, and if our more favourable hopes shall not be gratified by the result)—we can fight that battle against the predominance of an intolerant religion, more advantageously after this measure shall have passed, than we could at present.”

Cold hope, Sir Robert. Such antecedents bode ill for what is to come. You undertook to make a momentous change in the constitution of England—a change which you declared was not called for by principle or justice—which you had aforetime opposed as an innovation which threatened ruinous consequences. When it pleased you to make trial of it, you cast off old friends and true to accomplish it; and you promised then that you would be security that it should do no harm. Until it was made, you could not do battle for the constitution; but once liberate you, and exonerate the good cause from trainnels and burdens hard to be borne—give equality of civil rights—take away just, or apparently just, ground for discontent and murmuring—and then, if the expected good did not follow—if danger arose, and disaffection continued, and religious intolerance became openly daring—then said you in your bravery—“Let the worst come to the worst—we can fight that battle to greater advantage.” The hour has come to redeem your proud pledge; the worst has come to the worst—more than “the ascendancy of an intolerant religion,” is the prize of contention; the degradation of Great Britain—the destruction of Ireland—these are the evils from which you are pledged to guard the country which trusted in your promise. They call upon you; and what is your answer, “I don’t believe that you can break up the confederacy by force”—a confederacy for the annihilation of every thing dear to your country—the extinction of her glory—the prostration of her independence—a confederacy which, making her a “fourth-rate power,” will make her necessarily a servile power—will sub-

due her to a condition in which she must endure spoliation and shame; and you, who betrayed her into this peril, coolly announce that you cannot defend her in it.

But you can serve your country by the use of agencies different from force. Although you cannot conquer the confederacy, you may dissolve it—you may win its members to separate by gentler influences. So you promised in 1829. Your promises were then two—one, which Roman Catholics were to fulfil; one, for which you made yourself answerable; one, accordingly, conditional, the other, positive. The positive promise you have broken, for you refuse to do battle for your country’s honour; the conditional promise the Roman Catholics refuse to ratify, for the influence which, you assumed, was to dissolve their union, has but rendered it more compact, more enterprising, and more formidable: so enterprising, that its aims involve the empire’s ruin; so formidable, that the empire, according to you, has not force to contend with it.

How can Protestants rely upon the professions of such a man? I do not write of him, I can truly say, with any feeling of personal disesteem. There is no room in my mind for such an emotion. Where evils so manifold and grievous have been done, and where evils still more afflicting are threatened, all thought of the instrument is merged in the dread retrospect or anticipation of its effects. I can truly say that, in thinking of Sir Robert Peel, there is no more of personal bitterness in my mind than if I were meditating on some Apocalyptic woe past, existing, and approaching—than if I were thinking of the ravages wrought by cholera, pestilence, or famine. If we were under one of those physical visitations, and one were to utter warnings how the scourge might be turned aside, he would speak them in a spirit differing little from that in which my earnest admonitions are given. I speak of Sir Robert Peel’s past great failures without the remotest thought of how the exposure may affect him; but not without some faint hope that the wronged and sorely endangered Protestants of Ireland may profit by it.

I do not mean to say that a sense of anger has never stirred within me when contemplating Sir Robert Peel's illustrations of expediency. When he said that the disasters impending over the empire were to be averted by the exercise of forbearance, kindness, and generosity, and exemplified his precept by declaring what he expected from the Maynooth endowment bill, I did think there was a practical atheism in the argument which caused indignation to mingle with my alarm and amazement; but I can truly say that I do not suffer indignation to prescribe to me the suggestions which I venture to make public. It may sometimes warm or tinge my language; it assuredly does not supply my thoughts; nor does it influence me to exaggerate, while I urge, in sober, but in the deepest earnestness, the necessity of Protestant union—union not with the hope or purpose of attaining any sordid advantage—not under an idea that Protestants may thus win from such a government as the present, or, indeed, from any government, the share of official patronage to which they are entitled; but that they may be enabled to protect themselves and their country, through God's good favour, from the dread calamities with which Sir Robert Peel warns them they are threatened, and from which, he also avows, he has not force to defend or deliver them.

I could understand dependence on a political leader, whose past experiments had failed, if he were one who explained the unsuccessful issue of former endeavours, and showed that the scheme he was now bent upon, was exempt from all suspicious liability. Sir Robert Peel gives no such assurance or ground of hope. The regimen which has brought the country into distress and danger, is the only regimen he can think upon to extricate it. The forbearance, which is indifference—the kindness, which is connivance at sinful error—the generosity, which giving the rewards of merit to creed not worth, have been tried with evil results:—the operation of them is to be continued. Emancipation has had the effect of marshalling the hosts who lift the banner of repeal. The National education scheme, a concession to the Roman Catholic priesthood, has not had any effect in di-

minishing the number of the ecclesiastical patrons of repeal. Sir Robert Peel's advertisement for Roman Catholic candidates, although it may have been answered by one or two aspirants, or rather, perhaps, acceptants, shows much more the resolution of repealers to adhere to their party, than the power of ministerial blandishments to allure them; and the forbearance with which monster meetings and other repeal movements have been regarded, has had its acknowledgment in Mr. O'Connell's call upon his supporters, to furnish a corps of seventy members, who are to obey his orders, for the senate-house, or the Conciliation Hall, in the ensuing sessions of parliament.

Such are the achievements of Sir Robert Peel's policy, so far as it has yet had time to operate. His unjust and ungenerous offers and acts of preference to Roman Catholics, individual and collective, to their persons and their principles, have thus far proved abortive, or rather have taught repealers their own worth, and encouraged them to stand out for higher terms. Will Protestants learn the lesson it teaches them? Will they be taught by it, that the Peel policy for the dissolution of "a formidable confederacy" will be a failure, and will be attended by results, like or rather worse, than those which waited on former temerities? Will they be taught to doubt the wisdom or the sincerity of a politician who pretends to dissolve a confederacy by concession, and who tells the confederates that he has not strength to overcome them—who tells them that if they are obstinate, they must be successful, and who then thinks to win them by paltry bribes, or by a show of kindness which has no grace in it? What!—to make known to a confederacy which proposes to itself such prizes as stimulate the Repeal Association—(prizes which they look to, it may be, in the degradation of Great Britain, but certainly not in the devastation of Ireland)—that he cannot put it down by force, and then to intreat, that, in compliment to him, or in return for fair words or poor services, they will renounce the purpose of making Ireland a kingdom, and themselves a proud aristocracy or a happy people; (for such, whatever he, or other wise men may think, is the hope of repealers;) will any sane man think this a prudent scheme of negotiation?

Ireland, if you persevere—a salaried priesthood if you renounce your purpose—here is the Peel prescription in an appalling emergency. I must turn from such a topic: I should lose patience were I to dwell on it.

The Protestant gentry of Ireland will greatly err, if they think Mr. O'Connell's parliamentary menace an affair of trivial moment—let him have the retinue he calls for, in the next session—let him set in action the means at his disposal for enlarging his numbers, should there be, from any cause, an early dissolution, and it will be difficult to assign limits to his successes. They will be probably commensurate with his demands—and his demands, however, daring and exorbitant they may be, can hardly dare more than Sir Robert Peel has encouraged. Before twelve years, if the connexion with England endure so long under a system of government like the present, the Protestant gentry of Ireland may not have twenty members in the senate—and if that day arrive, and public affairs, from any cause, become perilous or embarrassing, the anti-Anglican party may be not only suffered, but entreated, to set up a Parliament of their own in College-green—nay, may be bribed to depart, and may go forth as the Jews went from the land of bondage, spoiling the Egyptians in their departure. All these and their attendant evils are in prospect, if the Protestants of Ireland will not address themselves to the solemn duty which the emergency imposes on them, and which God in his mercy and his bounty, yet leaves them power to discharge.

I know well that there are some who deny this latter truth, and who affirm that the Protestants of Ireland are too weak to maintain themselves, and that union will only have the effect of exposing them to assault and injury. There is no fear of such a consequence—union will not make the exposure of Protestants more perilous than it is. Poor and rich, they are known—union will not encrease the certainty that they are Protestants. Will it encrease their danger or their discomforts? The well-known history of Protestant Operative Societies has already answered the question. Were further answers necessary, the history of every province in Ireland could abundantly supply them. Union will

not encrease the danger of Protestant gentlemen; indiscretion may, but disunion will not serve as a preventive.

I turn to the other dissuasive—the paucity of their numbers renders it hopeless for Protestants to effect any good by union. They fall short, it is said, of two millions; and although numerous and strong in Ulster, they are so thinly scattered over the other provinces, that their strength in them is scarcely available. To all this I answer, in the first place, the strength of Protestants is not known, nor can it be known until the agencies which will show themselves when a union has been formed, ascertain it. Every body can understand that many causes may have combined to render the government census defective, and that these causes may have operated prejudicially against a faithful return of the Protestant population. There would be little difficulty in procuring a correct return, were the united Protestant gentry to desire it; and there is little doubt in the minds of those who are best informed, that such a return would prove much ampler, than that which is found in the Government census.

But whatever the numbers may be, union among Protestants would render their strength much more efficient than it is. There is, perhaps, no body on earth, considering all the circumstances in their condition, to whom union is more essential, and who are so little united as the Protestant gentlemen of Ireland. Members of both Houses of Parliament, and persons of fashion, do meet and merge in London societies in the season; visitors for pleasure or on business, too, may be found there, in the same circles; in Ireland, also, there are places for special recreation; but all this conduces, at the most, to society, not union—it implies no presiding purpose—no common object—no combined instrumentality. We want this—we want such an interchange of intelligence as shall make the gentleman of Cork, and the gentleman of Antrim—the inhabitants of Waterford and Londonderry, reciprocally acquainted with the statistics, moral, social, and material, of their respective localities. We want to have the north and the south brought to a harmonious understanding with each other, so that there shall be mutual encouragement, assistance, advice, and that the resources

of each and all shall be made available. No man can say how much power such a union may develop and put in peaceful action for good, how much talent and energy may be called forth, which is now dormant or misdirected—what masses even of physical force may be found in existence, and only requiring to be kept from crumbling away under the wasting influence of neglect.

Why will the Protestant gentry of Ireland remain a scattered, and, therefore, a helpless, race? Can they not see what union is capable of effecting? Who would measure the power of the Methodist connection, simply by the amount of their numbers? None, surely, who understand what union has done for them. The Presbyterians, and the various sections of dissenters, have their presiding union, and derive the benefits which naturally result from it. Even Quakers find

it profitable to assemble, and to compare their experiences and their "wrongs"—all creatures, one might almost say, who have life and property to lose, unite for the care of them. The Irish Protestant gentleman alone waits, in estrangement from his kind, the fate which combined adversaries are preparing for his overthrow. Talk of endangering, by exposure, the man whose broad acres stimulate the cupidity of adventurers—talk of the wisdom of placing supine trust in a government under whose care the country has struggled on to its present perilous condition. No; but let the Protestants of Ireland learn to know and respect each other—and when they have thus fairly done their part, and made themselves ready, they may, with an assured trust, commit themselves, and their cause, to the power which ordereth all things afloat.

P.S.—It appears that Protestants throughout the country are beginning to rouse themselves from their supineness; and although their first efforts are somewhat more uncertain and disorderly than could be wished, I am glad to see that, at all events, they are awakening. It is high time to awake. The danger is nearer and greater than, some years since, a sane man would have dared to prognosticate. Even now there are not a few who will affirm that none but an alarmist could give utterance to such apprehensions as mine. No matter—I shall not shrink from the avowal of what I so deeply feel.

My fear is, then, that the Repeal of the Union is in prospect; and that if Protestants in Ireland do not prepare for a new state of things, they will have to encounter it without preparation. As regards them it is quite possible that even while the Act of Union remains, in the letter, on the statute book, it may nevertheless have become a nullity. A minister like Sir Robert Peel may consent to a violation of the articles of union, for the sake, or in a hope of purchasing repose from the assaults of repealers. In other words, for the purpose of recommending the legislative union to Roman Catholics, he may give over to their mercy the interests of Protestants. Should a compromise of this kind take effect, it is clear, that one party in Ireland would experience many of the ill consequences to be anticipated from repeal, while the other became monopolists of all the benefits promised in union.

To look at this matter more in detail;—I would ask of any reflecting men to consider what is likely to be the result if Mr. O'Connell's project succeeds of putting out many of the existing members of the House of Commons, and supplying their place with repealers. What, except repeal, would a minister of Sir Robert Peel's heart and head, refuse to such a party as would then confront him? A threat like that of Mr. O'Connell would rouse a bolder minister into action, and laws would be passed, and regulations made, by which an agitation, worse than ordinary treason, would be checked and counteracted. The minister, who listens to such menaces, and does nothing, is not one upon whom it would be wise to place a reliance; that he will rise with the difficulties of the emergency, and in the proper moment display the courage and force which it demands. No; he who permits Mr. O'Connell to send sixty or seventy repealers into parliament, as one who may help him to add to their numbers; and who when they have been enlarged to eighty, will deny them nothing which a surprised, or persuaded, or worried senate will acquiesce in the expediency of granting. What will then be withheld from their demands, and what will they not demand?

To me it does appear that there is a school of politicians now acquiring

influence in England, from which we have reason to apprehend a very ready acquiescence in the measure of repeal. At some future day I may, perhaps, notice in detail the indications of this growing indifference to the union. For the present I forbear, observing merely, that such indications are neither ambiguous nor few. The minister, I believe, does not now contemplate more than the employment of a Roman Catholic party in the government of Ireland; but he will soon find that his instruments will demand ample remuneration for their services. They who in past days employed Protestant undertakers, were forced to pay them well. How exorbitant will be the commissions likely to be demanded by the new agents. The Protestant undertakers were rewarded for services which they loved to render, because they loved Great Britain. The party now to be propitiated neither feel, nor pretend to feel, any such attachment. The terms on which they will accept employment must be proportionably high. It is time for the Protestants of Ireland to bethink them what those terms may be. If they let the time pass, they invite destruction. At this moment they might gather together no inconsiderable strength among themselves, and they could form an alliance with a Protestant party in England, which, strengthened by and strengthening them, would protect them against gross wrong. A year hence, it may be "too late."

THE COCK AND ANCHOR.*

A THREE-VOLUME novel issuing from the Dublin press, is in itself an event that demands from us a notice. A novel of which the scene is laid in the old Dublin city—which describes with fidelity the manners and habits of a generation now for ever passed away—which depends for its interest on the painting of Irish scenes, and the recalling of Irish associations—and the author of which, scorning the vulgar prejudices of Irishmen against their country, has selected Dublin at once as the scene of his narrative, and the locality of its publication;—these are claims upon our notice, which we would be ashamed not promptly to acknowledge. Claims upon our favourable notice we would scarcely admit them to be. Utterly do we repudiate that false patriotism, which would call on us to praise, or even tolerate, dullness or mediocrity, because it added to its inherent vices the anomaly of being Irish. It were bad encouragement of national genius to bestow its rewards upon pretensions which could not es-

tablish its claims; and no folly could be more monstrous than to imagine that the best mode of bringing forward native talent was to teach it to be content with mediocrity. To crush Irish pretenders, without reference to their sect and party, we have ever regarded as just as much a part of our literary patriotism, as to extend a helping hand with equal impartiality to real merit. The Irish author who produces a bad book, has never with us successfully pleaded his nativity as an apology for his faults. Never, however, was there a work which stood less in need of any such false claims to indulgence, than the one the title of which we have prefixed to this notice. It requires neither favour for its merits, nor indulgence for its faults. It has that sterling merit which needs no flattery, and which can bear the measure of bold and free criticism, without detracting from its praise. The critic would far mistake the stuff of which this work is made, who would apply to it the language of common-place

* The Cock and Anchor, being a chronicle of Old Dublin City. In three volumes. Dublin: William Curry, Jun. and Co. Longman and Co. London. 1845.
VOL. XXVI.—No. 155. 2 s

eulogy, and he would be the most unkind to its author who would hesitate to point out its faults.

What we have said implies that this "Chronicle of Old Dublin City" is a work of higher, far higher character than the ordinary class of novels that issue from the press; and in truth it is so. It is not to be described in the language applicable to common-place tales, nor tried by the rules by which we judge of them. It is impossible to peruse even a chapter of it, without having the mind stamped with the conviction that the writer is a man of genius, and this is impressed even upon its faults. Scenes of singular power and interest, some of them wrought up with the highest art, are thrown thick upon its pages, with the prodigality of a writer who felt he had no need, certainly had no care, to husband his resources. It is a book to captivate the imagination, and to stir the heart; and yet, after all, its close impresses you with the belief, that as to its effect in the entire, much of the power that has been lavished on its details has been thrown away. We are sure that the effect of the entire is not corresponding to that which you would expect from the aggregate of so many scenes of surpassing power; and we confess that, while we read through each chapter of the book, with an attention unchained by descriptions, from the graphic interest of which it is impossible to escape—while we felt, in our progress through the story, that we were in the hands of a master—while our hearts would beat with anxiety at some perilous position of the innocent; or be kindled into indignation at the portraiture of some bold and successful villainy;—we yet closed the book with a feeling of disappointment. The scenes of the magic lantern had passed before us, each of them wonderful, and rivetting our thoughts; but when the last of them had passed, there was no master impression left to group them into one. Not that the story is unconnected—far from it; incident succeeds incident, with the natural and regular succession of an historical account; and in this respect, the "Cock and Anchor" is immeasurably superior to many tales that pass without a sufficient historical connection, if we may use the word, from one scene of powerful description to another. In very few novels

that we have ever read, is the clear, continuous narrative better sustained; in none, perhaps, except the unapproachable romances of Sir Walter Scott. The absence of continuous narrative—the characteristic of some productions of great power—is not the fault of the volumes before us. In its presence the author has displayed, perhaps, his rarest powers. Neither can it, with perfect propriety, be said, that it is deficient in plot. There is abundance of unexpected incidents—of slowly and cautiously developed revelations; and yet to attribute to it this deficiency of plot, would be—not exactly the truth, but yet something very like it. There is not in the book—there was not, we venture to say, in the imagination of the writer—one general presiding plan, to which every scene and every incident should be in the end found to be subservient. We do believe this to be a defect. It may be said, that from the very absence of this the narrative is more truthful; the realities of life do not supply instances of actual scenes, all tending to one grand *denouement*. This may be true; but still it is the business of the novelist, not to strain or colour events beyond nature, to attain this result, but to select scenes from the great possibilities or probabilities of life to produce it; and without reverting to the old rules about the unities—which, after all, have a deeper foundation in good sense and knowledge of human nature, than many persons believe—we are sure that the novelist who does not group his scenes and positions, so as to make all subservient to some one plan, and leave one general impression upon the mind, must be prepared to meet with, in the minds of his readers, the very feeling of disappointment with which we have acknowledged we closed this book—a feeling of disappointment, which will be heightened exactly according to the power with which the book has been written. The more we sympathise, and the more our imagination has been wound up, the more we miss the oneness of which we speak; and the more too the exciting and powerful descriptions of the writer have taken hold upon our hearts, the less will we be inclined to admit the cold suggestion, that the very truthfulness of the story causes the disappoint-

ment which we feel, and that the tale is the more like life, which, with all its scenes of deep interest and fierce excitement, when all are passed through, leaves on the mind but the sad lesson, "all is vanity and vexation of spirit."

To another cause that contributes, in no small degree, to heighten this feeling of disappointment, we will, before we conclude, have occasion to advert. We mean, the most unsatisfactory adjustment—unsatisfactory to our sense of moral retribution—of the final fortunes of the principal actors in its scenes. But upon the other point we believe our criticism to be perfectly just. To constitute a perfect novel, there must be that which we may venture to call the unity of impression—no matter how produced. Something more than a mere narrative, even of striking events, all persons will agree they expect in a novel; that something is exactly the subordination of all that is narrated to one great impression that the entire is to leave. In some works of fiction, the attempt has been made, and successfully made, to supply this by mysteriously attaching the fortunes of all the actors of a story to a place; but the highest, although not, perhaps, the most striking, art of the novelist—*ars est celare artem*—an art seldom indeed attained to—is to produce this by an arrangement of character and incident so dextrous, that while all seems like the calm narrative of actual life, the unity of the entire, the oneness of the impression, is produced naturally, and without any effort that is apparent to the eye. We cannot help thinking, that the author of the "Cock and Anchor" felt this deficiency in his own work, and that the name is an attempt to supply it. An old inn, in the good old city of Dublin, presented, after all, quite as good a centre of unity as the Church of Notre-Dame in Paris did to Victor Hugo; and it is more than probable, that our author contemplated the making of the good old "Cock and Anchor" the centre of all the incidents and fortunes of his tale. If this were his design, he has departed from it; and while he has thus left visibly impressed upon his pages the defect we have adverted to, he has at the same time produced a work of a higher order, than if he had escaped the fault by a machinery such as this.

We believe we have in these ob-

servations pointed out the great defect of this work. Some persons, we know, will be disposed to believe that we have been too severe, or too critical in pointing it out. But we repeat, this is a production of too high an order to be dealt with in the leniency of criticism. It would be unjust to the work itself not to comment on it as it is. It would be still more unjust to the author, not to point out to one capable of so much excellence, the fault into which he has fallen. The reader of the "Cock and Anchor" will feel the truth of our remarks. Not only is there in the general impression an absence of the one pervading and harmonizing influence; but there are characters introduced, on whose description great graphic power is lavished, in whose appearance great dramatic talent is expended, while yet, after all, they perform some very subordinate part in the story, and then disappear, and we meet with them no more. It is quite true, that this is but saying, that the author has thrown into these pages materials that might have supplied many volumes to an inferior artist; it is quite true, too, that in the drama of life we meet with characters that produce upon us an impression as striking, and who never afterwards influence our fortunes or cross our path. But still in a novel this marring the general effect by the introduction of superfluous portraits, is a fault—and a fault for which no power, in the details of their introduction, can altogether atone. Indeed, we have already hinted, that the very power that gives them impressiveness and distinctness, heightens the feeling of disappointment in the end.

The scene of this novel opens, as its name imports, in the Cock and Anchor, an old inn in the neighbourhood of the castle of Dublin; the period of its events is the first ten years of the last century. Between the city of Dublin and the mansion-house of Morley Court, within a few miles of it, the locality of most of the scenes of this novel is situated. The heroine of the tale is Mary Ashwoode, the daughter of a fashionable, and unprincipled baronet, who is the proprietor of Morley Court. Her father, for interested and selfish purposes, endeavours to marry her to Lord Aspenly, an old and heartless peer. She has herself bestowed her heart upon the hero of the tale,

Henry O'Connor, the descendant of an old but broken Roman Catholic family. On the loves of these two the unity of the story depends. The deep and malignant plots of her father to separate the two faithful hearts, and accomplish his own selfish purposes, by selling his reluctant child to the worn-out debauchee, who purposes literally to purchase her; the courtship of Lord Aspenly himself; the cold villainy of an Italian valet of Sir Richard Ashwoode's, who had, by a knowledge of his early life, acquired over his master a mysterious influence, about which evidently the less that was said the better for both parties; and the struggles of Mary against all these, supply abundant materials for scenes of great truthfulness and power. The death of her father releases poor Lucy from one persecution, to encounter one still more terrible. Her brother, Sir Henry Ashwoode, has been a gamester. To meet his gambling debts, he has placed himself in the power of a money-lender, a hideous wretch named Nicholas Barden, who, to revenge a thrashing given him in the theatre, determines to ruin the young baronet. He lays plots for him, by which he entangles him into the forgery of his name, and then threatens to prosecute him on the charge. On one condition he offers him his escape—that his sister Mary should be married to him. He takes possession of Morley Court; and when artifice has failed to reconcile the heroine to the loathsome wooing of this hideous monster, force is threatened—she is locked up in one of the rooms of the old mansion-house; a degraded clergyman is brought to perform the ceremony; and her miserable brother, with the halter dangling over his neck, is forced by the fear of it to lend himself to these infernal designs. The scene in which Mary and her female attendant escape from their prison, and narrowly evade the pursuit of Barden and his blood-hound accomplices, is one of the most thrilling that we have ever read.

It is not, however, our intention to digest the narrative of our author into a short compass, for the especial benefit of our readers. We have said enough to make intelligible the extracts which we may make in illustration of what we believe to be the peculiar characters of the author's style. Suffice it to say, by way of

general description, that the above plot is carried out with a surprising power of execution, great knowledge of human nature, and a vividness of dramatic incident and dialogue that reminds us frequently of the comedies of Sheridan. Sketches there are in abundance of the society in all ranks in the good city of Dublin in the olden time, from the Viceregal saloons of the profligate Wharton—of whose conversation at one of his drawing-rooms there is a description that would have satisfied the malice of Swift himself—down to the retreats of thieves and murderers, or perhaps we ought to say, as a lower depth, the splendid hells in which Nicholas Barden, and his jackal, Gordon Chancey, lay in wait for the souls and bodies of men. Even the cockpit, a fashionable amusement of the young bloods of the day, has its appropriate place in this description of the manners of the olden time. The streets and lanes of the old city are depicted with a vivid and graphic minuteness; and that nothing may be wanting to complete the picture of the times, we are introduced to a secret conclave of adherents of the fallen house of Stuart, by a rash intrusion into which O'Connor, although himself an adherent of the cause, had very nearly forfeited his life.

We have already spoken freely—perhaps too freely—of one defect of this work. We must add to our censure, a remark upon an occasional—it is but an occasional—carelessness of style. In general there is upon this point no reason to complain. In many of the scenes we have said that every pains has manifestly been taken. Occasionally, however, we meet with an unevenness of style—nay, even once or twice a slovenliness of diction—that a very little care in one so perfect a master of language, as other passages prove the author to be, would have certainly enabled him to avoid.

The powers which are displayed in this work are of the highest order. They are those which are adequate to the production of works of fiction, to be ranked with the highest. Of imagination he has no lack—of that faculty of the mind which phrenologists called constructiveness, and without which no imagination and no talents can make a man a first-rate

novelist—there is abundant evidence in the volumes before us. The power of quiet, continuous, sustained narrative, is one of the rarest, and by him who aspires to the highest rank as a writer of fiction, the most to be desired. Any man of strong feelings and good natural eloquence can assume the semblance of power in the use of strong and excited phrases. It is in no spirit of depreciation that we cannot help recalling to our minds the passages from the *Diary of a late Physician*, and, to come nearer home, the *Chapters of College Romance*, the writers of both of which appeared to fear to trust themselves to quiet narrative, and when they did so, failed. The power that is displayed in the calmer historical style of narrative, is far above any that can be exhibited in that high-toned mixture of sentiment and narrative, which has too much obtained the name of powerful writing. Writing such as this is popular, because it is exciting; but in reality is as far inferior to the calm dignity of unexcited narrative, as the glare of the meteor is to the steady light of the star. The power of telling things so as to impress others with the mere narrative, is a very rare one: it is much rarer than that by which its place is often attempted to be, and sometimes is in a manner actually supplied—the faculty of telling things with such an expression of strong feeling, that the reader sympathises with the feeling, and imagines himself moved by the narrative. We do not deny to this latter merit, but it is merit of a far inferior order—as inferior as the Wandering Jew is to Waverley; and no writer who is obliged or content to depend upon it for effect, can ever rank among the masters of fiction. The indication which has pleased us most in these volumes is the success of the writer in the narrative style. We have said that the faculty of narration—the power of telling things so as to interest and impress others by the narrative—is absolutely a rare one. It is of course rarer still in combination with imagination—the power of conceiving as well as telling—with power of observation—with insight into character—with power of description—with the other qualities essential to the novelist—qualities which have existed without it, and have without it

produced works of great interest and power.

When we say, then, that the "*Cock and Anchor*" does exhibit this power of quiet and impressive narrative, we accord to it very high praise; and when we add, that it is combined with the other qualities we have pointed out, we attribute to the writer what we believe to be the highest quality which a writer of fiction should desire to possess.

Let us take one scene, to which we have already referred in terms of praise, as a specimen of the narrative. It is the escape of Mary Ashwoode. It is the day upon the evening of which the schemes of the ruffian Blarden and the wretched coward, her brother, were to be completed by the forced marriage of Mary to Blarden. Confined for weeks a close prisoner in her brother's mansion, from which all the family servants had been dismissed, and replaced by creatures of Blarden's, the wretched girl made vain attempts to escape, or to communicate with some friend, the discovery of which only exasperated the fury and increased the vigilance of her gaolers. Her brother, an unwilling but cowardly participator in these outrages, yields to the terror of an ignominious death a base compliance with the diabolical schemes of Blarden, from which his nature, not utterly debased, recoiled in disgust. Terror had failed to extort the consent of the unfortunate girl; her entreaties to her brother, to Blarden himself, had been of no avail; a baffled and detected attempt to escape had precipitated their determination. Gordon Chancey, a barrister by profession—why made so by our author we cannot divine—in reality the wretched tool and accomplice of Blarden's most hideous plots, the inveigler of Sir Henry Ashwoode into the forgery which had placed him in the demon's power, and of course his betrayer, is with Blarden keeping guard. The last baffled attempt had made double vigilance necessary; not only the door of Mary's bed-room, but the great door of the hall, is kept locked; and Gordon Chancey is dispatched to the city to bring back with him the degraded clergyman, the Rev. Ebenezer Shycock, who is to perform the mockery of marriage. Mary, however, had one friend—Flora Guy, the attendant whom Blarden had placed in per-

sonal attendance upon herself. The dreary day was drawing to its close without hope of relief—the day which was to close in her fearful union to the detestable Blarden. Gordon Chancey has returned from his mission with the Rev. Ebenezer Shycock, and the two scions of law and divinity are ordered by Blarden to keep their watch in a boudoir, once the tasteful and happy retreat of the lady of Morley Court. Ashwoode and he were to be absent until evening; at eight they were to return, and the doom of poor Mary to be sealed. Off the room in which the barrister and parson were ordered to watch, opened the only door which led to the bed-room and prison of Mary. During the day, Flora Guy in vain made exploring rambles in the hope of discovering some avenue of escape.

"Thus pleasantly the day wore on, until at length the sun descended in glory behind the far-off blue hills, and the pale twilight began to herald the appearance of night.

"As the evening approached, the poor girl made another exploring ramble in the almost desperate speculation that she might possibly hit upon something which might suggest even a hint of some mode of escape. Having encountered Chancey and one of the serving men, as usual, and passed her examination, she crossed the large old hall, and without any definite pre-determination, entered Sir Henry's study, where he and Blarden had been sitting, and carelessly thrown upon the table lay a large key. For a moment she could scarcely believe her eyes, and her heart bounded high with hope as she grasped it quickly and rolled it in her apron—'could it be the key of one of the doors through which alone liberty was to be regained?' With a deliberate step which strangely belied her restless anxiety, she passed the door within which Chancey was sitting, and ascended to the young lady's chamber.

"'My lady, is this it?' exclaimed she, almost breathless with excitement, and holding the key before the lady's face.

"Mary Ashwoode with a momentary eagerness glanced at it,

"'No, no,' said she, faintly, 'I know all the keys of the outer doors; it was I who brought them to my father every night; but this is none of them—no, no, no, no.' There was a dulness and apathy upon the young lady, and a seeming insensibility to every thing—to hope, to danger—to all, in short, which

had intensely interested every faculty of mind and feeling but the day before—which frightened and dismayed her humble friend.

"'Don't, my lady—don't give up—oh, sure you won't lose heart entirely; see if I won't think of something—never mind, if I don't think of some way or another yet.'

"The red discoloured tints of evening were now fading from the landscape, and rapidly giving place to the dim twilight—the harbinger of a night of dangers, terrors, and adventures; and as the poor maiden sat by the young lady's side, with a heart full of dark and ominous forebodings, she heard the door of the outer chamber—the little boudoir which we have often had occasion to mention—opened, and two persons entered it.

"'They are here—they are come. Oh, God! they are here,' exclaimed Mary Ashwoode, clasping her small hand, in terror, round the girl's waist.

"'The door's locked, my lady,' said the girl, scarcely less terrified than her mistress; 'they can't come in without letting us know first.' So saying, she ran to the door and peeped through the keyhole, to reconnoitre the party, and then stepping on tip-toe to the young lady, who, more dead than alive, was sitting by the bed-side, she said in a whisper—

"'Who do you think it is, ma'am?—blessed hour! my lady, who should it be but that lawyer gentleman—that Mr. Chancey, and the old parson!—they are settling themselves at the table.'

For the head of the parson the positions in which he and Chancey had indulged proved too strong, and he falls into a stupified sleep.

"Flora Guy peeped eagerly through the keyhole of her lady's chamber into the little apartment in which the two boon companions were seated. After reconnoitering for a very long time, she moved lightly to her mistress's side, and said in low but distinct tones—

"'Now, my lady, you must get up and rouse yourself—for God's sake, mistress dear, shake off the heaviness that's over you, and we have a chance left still.'

"'Are they not in the next room to us?' inquired Mary.

"'Yes, my lady,' replied the maid, 'but the parson gentleman is drunk or asleep, and Mr. Chancey is there alone—and—has the four keys beside him on the table; don't be frightened, my lady, do you stay quiet, and I'll go into the room.'

"Mary Ashwoode made no answer, but pressed the poor girl's hand in her cold fingers, and without moving, almost without breathing, awaited the result. Flora Guy, meanwhile, opened the door and passed into the outer apartment assuming, as she did so, an air of easy and careless indifference. Chancey turned as she entered the room, fanning the smoke of his tobacco pipe aside with his hand, and eyeing her with a jealous glance. 'Well, my little girl,' said he, 'and what makes you leave your young lady, my dear?'"

"An' is a body never to get an instant minute to themselves?" rejoined she, with an indignant toss of her head; 'why then I tell you what it is, Mr. Chancey, I'm tired to death, so I am, sitting in that little room the whole blessed day, and not a word, good or bad, will the young lady say—she's gone stupid like.'

"Is the door locked?" said Chancey, suspiciously, and at the same time rising and approaching the young lady's chamber.

"As he did so, Flora Guy, availing herself instantly of this averted position, snatched up, without waiting to choose, one of the four great keys which lay upon the table, and replaced it dexterously with that which she had but a short time before shown to her mistress; in doing so, however, spite of all her caution, a slight clank was audible.

"Well, is it locked?" inquired the damsel, hoping by the loud tone in which she uttered the question, to drown the suspicious sounds which threatened her schemes with instant detection.

"Yes, it is locked," rejoined Chancey, glancing quickly at the keys, 'but what do you want there?—move off from my place, will you?' and shambling to the table, he hastily gathered the four keys in his grasp, and thrust them into his deep coat pocket.

"You're in a mighty queer humour, so you are, Mr. Chancey," said the girl, affecting a saucy tone, through which, had his ear been listening for the sound, he might have detected the quaver of extreme agitation; 'you usedn't to be so cross by no means at the Columbkil, but mighty pleasant, so you used.'

"Well, my little girl," said Chancey, whose suspicions were now effectually quieted, 'I declare to God you're the first that ever said I was bad-tempered, so you are—will you have something to drink?'"

"What have you there, Mr. Chancey?" inquired she.

"This is brandy, my little girl—and this is sack, dear," rejoined Chancey, 'both of them elegant—you must have

which ever you like—which will you choose, dear?'"

"Well, then, I'll have a little drop of the sack mull'd, I thank you, Mr. Chancey," replied she.

"There's nothing to mull it in here, my little girl," objected the barrister.

"Oh, but I'll get it in a minute though," replied she; 'I'll run down for a saucepan.'

"Well, dear, run away," replied he, 'but don't be long—for Miss Ashwoode might want you, my little girl—and it wouldn't do if you were out of the way, you know.'

"Without waiting to hear the end of this charge, Flora Guy ran down the staircase, and speedily returned with the utensil required.

"Maybe I'd better go in for a minute first, and see if she wants me," suggested the girl.

"Very well, my dear," replied Chancey.

"And accordingly she turned the key in the chamber-door, closed it again, and stood by the young lady's side—such was her agitation that for three or four minutes she could not speak.

"My lady," at length she said, 'I have one of the keys—when I go in next I'll leave your room-door unlocked, only closed just, and no more—the lobby-door is ajar—I left it that way this very minute; and when you hear me saying, "the sack's upset!" do you open your door, and cross the room as quick as light, and out on the lobby, and stop by the stairs, my lady, and I'll follow you as fast as I can. Here, my lady,' continued the poor girl, bringing a small box from her mistress's toilet—"your rings, my lady—they'll be wanted—mind your rings, my lady—there is the little case—keep it in your pocket; if we escape, my lady, they'll be wanted—mind, Mr. Chancey has ears like needle-points. Keep up your heart, my lady, and in the name of God we'll try this chance.'

"Into his hands I commit myself," said the young lady, with a tone and air of more firmness and energy than she had shown for days—"my heart is strengthened—my courage comes again—oh, thank God, I am equal to this dreadful hour.'

"Flora Guy made a gesture of silence, and then opening the door briskly, and shutting it again with an ostentatious noise, and drawing the key from the lock, she crossed the room to where Chancey, who had watched her entrance, was sitting.

"Well, my dear," said he, 'how is that delicate young lady there?'"

"Why, she's rayther bad, I'm afraid,"

rejoined the girl—'she's the whole day long in a sort of a heavy dullness like—she don't seem to mind any thing.'

"'So much the better, my dear,' said Chancey; 'she'll be the less inclined to gad, or to be troublesome. Come, mix the spices and the sugar, dear, and settle the liquor in the saucepan—you want some refreshment, so you do, for I declare to God, I never saw any one so pale in all my life as you are this minute.'

"'I will not be long so,' said the girl, affecting a tone of briskness, and proceeding to mingle the ingredients in the little saucepan—'for I think if I was dead itself, let alone a little bit tired, a cup of mulled sack would cheer me up again.'

"So saying, she placed the little saucepan on the bar.

"'Is the parson asleep?' inquired she.

"'Indeed, my dear, I'm very much afraid it's tipsy he is,' drawled Chancey, demurely. 'Take care of that clergyman, my dear, for indeed I'm afraid he has very loose conduct.'

"'Will I blacken his nose with a burned cork?' inquired she.

"'Oh, no, my little girl,' replied Chancey, with a tranquil chuckle, and turning his sleepy grey eyes upon the apoplectic visage of the stupified drunkard who sat bolt upright before him; 'no, no; we don't know the minute he may be wanted; he'll have to perform the ceremony very soon, my dear; and Mr. Blarden, if he took the fancy, would think nothing of braining half a dozen of us. I declare to God, he wouldn't.'

"'Well, Mr. Chancey, will you mind the little saucepan for one minute,' said she, 'while I'm putting a bit of turf or a few sticks under it?'

"'Indeed I will,' said he, 'turning his eyes fazedly upon the utensil, but doing nothing more to secure it. Flora Guy accordingly took some wood, and pretending to arrange the fire, overturned the wine; the loud hiss of the boiling liquid, and the sudden cloud of whirling steam and ashes, ascending toward the ceiling, and puffing into his face, half confounded the barrister, and at the same instant Flora Guy clapped her hands, and exclaimed with a shrill cry—

"'The sack's upset! the sack's upset! lend a hand, Mr. Chancey—Mr. Chancey, do you hear?' and, while thus conjured, the barrister, in obedience to her vociferous appeal, made some indistinct passes at the saucepan with the poker, which he had grasped at the first alarm; the damsel, without daring to look directly where every feeling

would have rivetted her eyes, beheld a dark form glide noiselessly behind Chancey, and pass from the room; for the moment so intense was her agony of anxiety, she felt upon the very point of fainting: in an instant more, however, she had recovered all her energies, and was bold and quick-witted as ever; one glance in the direction of the lady's chamber showed her the door slowly swinging open; fortunately the barrister was at the moment too much occupied with the extraction of the remainder of the saucepan from the fire, to have yet perceived the treacherous accident, one glance at which would have sealed their ruin; and Flora Guy, running noiselessly to the door remedied the perilous disclosure by shutting it softly and quickly; and then, with much clattering of the key and a good deal of pushing beside, forcing it open again, she passed into the room and spoke a little in a low tone, as if to her mistress; and then, returning, she locked the door of the then untenanted chamber in real earnest, and, crossing to Chancey, said—'I wonder at you, so I do, Mr. Chancey; you frightened the young mistress half out of her wits; and I'm all over dust and ashes; I must run down and wash every inch of my face and hands, so I must; and here, Mr. Chancey, will you keep the key of the bed-room till I come back, afraid I might drop it; and don't let it out of your hands?'

"'I will, indeed, dear; but don't be long away,' rejoined the barrister, extending his hand to receive the key of the now vacant chamber.

"So Flora Guy boldly walked forth upon the lobby, and closing the chamber-door behind her, found herself in the vast old gallery, hung round with grim and antique portraits, and lighted only by the fitful beams of a clouded moon shining doubtfully through the stained glass of a solitary window.

"Mary Ashwoode awaited her approach, concealed in a small recess or niche in the wall, shrouded like an image in the narrow enclosure of carved oak, not daring to stir, and with a heart throbbing as though it would burst.

"'My lady, are you here?' whispered the maid, scarcely audible. Great nervous excitement renders the sense morbidly acute, and Mary Ashwoode heard the sound distinctly, faint though it was, and at some distance from her; she stepped falteringly from her place of concealment, and took the hand of her conductress in a grasp cold as that of death itself, and, side by side, they proceeded down the broad staircase."

The address of Flora Guy brings them safely past a man whom they encounter in the hall; they escape from the house, and make their way to the high road.

"The moon was high in the heavens, but the dark, drifting scud was sailing across her misty disk, and giving to her light the character of ceaseless and ever-varying uncertainty. 'The road on which they walked was that which led to Dublin city, and from each side was embowered by tall old trees, and rudely fenced by unequal grassy banks. They had proceeded nearly half a mile without encountering any living being, when they heard, suddenly, a little way before them, the sharp clang of horses' hoofs, upon the road, and shortly after, the moon shining forth for a moment, revealed distinctly the forms of two horsemen, approaching at a slow trot.

"'As sure as light, my lady, it's they,' said Flora Guy; 'I know Sir Henry's grey horse—don't stop, my lady—don't try to hide—just draw the hood over your head, and walk on steady with me, and they'll never mind us, but pass on.'

"With a throbbing heart, Mary obeyed her companion, and they walked side by side by the edge of the grassy bank, and under the tall trees—the distance between them and the two mounted figures momentarily diminishing.

"'I say, he's as lame as a hop-jack,' cried the well-known voice of Nicholas Barden, as they approached—'haven't you an eye in your head, you mouth you—look there—another false step, by Jove.'

"Just at this moment, the girls, looking neither to the right nor left, and almost sinking with fear, were passing them by.

"'Stop you, one of you, will you?' said Barden, addressing them, and at the same time reining in his horse.

"Flora Guy stopped, and making a slight courtesy, awaited his further pleasure, while Mary Ashwoode, with faltering step, and almost dead with terror, walked slowly on.

"'Have you light enough to see a stone in a horse's hoof, my dimber hen?—have you, I say?'

"'Yes, sir,' faltered the girl, with another courtesy, and not venturing to raise her voice, for fear of detection.

"'Well, look into them all in turn, will you?' continued Barden, 'while I walk the beast a bit. Do you see anything?—is there a stone there?—is there?'

"'No, sir,' said she again, with a courtesy.

"'No, sir,' echoed he—'but I say yes, sir, and I'd take my oath of it. D—n it, it can't be a strain. Get down, Ashwoode, I say, and look to it yourself. Those blasted women are fit for nothing but darning old stockings—get down, I say, Ashwoode.'

Reluctantly we omit, in the fear of too much lengthening our extracts, the chapter in which is described the fury of Barden, on returning to the mansion and finding that his prisoner was gone. In the desperation of baffled rage, he forces the wretched brother to join him in the pursuit.

The girls, in the meantime, had overtaken on the high road a countryman driving his cart. Fatigued by the rapidity of their flight, and almost sinking to the ground, it required all their efforts to reach the humble vehicle that was destined to save them.

"After a few minutes' further exertion, they came up with the vehicle, and accosted the driver, a countryman, with a short pipe in his mouth, who, with folded arms, sat listlessly upon the shaft.

"'Honest man, God bless you, and give us a bit of a lift,' said Flora Guy; 'we've come a long way and very fast, and we are fairly tired to death.'

"The countryman drew the halter which he held, and uttering an unspellable sound, addressed to his horse, succeeded in bringing him and the vehicle to a stand still.

"'Never say it twiste,' said he; 'get up, and welcome. Wait a bit, till I give the straw a turn for yees; now for it; step on the wheel; don't be in dread; he wont move.'

"So saying, he assisted Mary Ashwoode into the rude vehicle, and not without wondering curiosity, for the hand which she extended to him was white and slender, and glittered in the moonlight with jewelled rings. Flora Guy followed; but before the cart was again in motion, they distinctly heard the far-off clatter of galloping hoofs upon the road. Their fears too truly accounted for these sounds.

"'Merciful God! we are pursued,' said Mary Ashwoode; and then turning to the driver, she continued, with an agony of imploring terror—'as you look for pity at the dreadful hour when all shall need it, do not betray us. If it be as I suspect, we are pursued—pursued with an evil—a dreadful purpose. I had rather die a thousand deaths than

fall into the hands of those who are approaching.

"'Never fear,' interrupted the man; 'lie down flat both of you in the cart and I'll hide you—never fear.'

"They obeyed his directions, and he spread over their prostrate bodies a covering of straw; not quite so thick, however, as their fears would have desired; and thus screened, they awaited the approach of those, whom they rightly conjectured to be in hot pursuit of them. The man resumed his seat upon the shaft, and once more the cart was in motion.

"Meanwhile, the sharp and rapid clang of the hoofs approached, and before the horsemen had reached them, the voice of Nicholas Barden was shouting—

"'Holloa—holloa, honest fellow—saw you two young women on the road?'

"There was scarcely time allowed for an answer, when the thundering clang of the iron hoofs resounded beside the conveyance in which the fugitives were lying, and the horsemen both, with a sudden and violent exertion, brought their beasts to a halt, and so abruptly, that although thrown back upon their haunches, the horses slid on for several yards upon the hard road, by the mere impetus of their former speed, knocking showers of fire flakes from the stones.

"'I say,' repeated Barden, 'did two girls pass you on the road—did you see them?'

"'Devil a sign of a girl I seen,' replied the man, carelessly; and to their infinite relief, the two fugitives heard their pursuer, with a muttered curse, plunge forward upon his way. This relief, however, was but momentary, for checking his horse again, Barden returned.

"'I say, my good chap, I passed you before to-night, not ten minutes since, on my way out of town, not half a mile from this spot—the girls were running this way, and if they're between this and the gate—they must have passed you.'

"'Devil a girl I seen this—Oh, begorra! you're right, sure enough,' said the driver—'what the devil was I thinkin' about—two girls—one of them tall and slim, with rings on her fingers—and the other a short, active bit of a colleen?'

"'Ay—ay—ay,' cried Barden.

"'Sure enough they did overtake me,' said the man, 'shortly after I passed two gentlemen—I suppose you are one of them—and the little one axed me the direction of Harold's cross—and when I showed it to them, bedad they both made no more bones

about it, but across the ditch with them, an' away over the fields—they're half-way there by this time—it was jist down there by the broken bridge—they were quare-looking girls.'

"'It would be d—d odd if they were not—they're both mad,' replied Barden; 'thank you for your hint.'

"And so saying, as he turned his horse's head in the direction indicated, he chucked a crown piece into the cart."

Imperfectly as these broken extracts convey an idea of the effect of the entire scene, they will amply justify the opinion we have expressed of the power of narrative displayed in these volumes: it is a power of which, perhaps, it is the most difficult to give a specimen by an extract; it is one, indeed, that rather pervades the entire work, than one that can be judged of by particular passages. We are by no means sure that we have selected the passages that would most fully illustrate the meaning of the praise we have bestowed; and yet, when we reflect on the rapidity and number of the incidents recorded in the passages we have cited—how naturally they follow, rapidly but not crowded, in the narration—how completely is avoided the temptation to indulge in powerful writing—with what severe simplicity every thing is avoided that would disturb the continuity of the narrative—and yet how thrilling is the interest which is kept up by the mere power of the telling of events—we believe there are few pieces of narrative-writing in the language entitled to higher praise.

Nearly allied to the power of narrative, and equally essential to the novelist, is the power of description—it is the painting of still life. It is very possible to be a master of narrative, without being a master of description; nay, such is the strange division of faculties in the human mind, there are writers who can describe—we use the word in distinction 'from narrate—some things well, and yet fail altogether in others. It is strange, but it is true, that the writer who could perfectly bring to the mind the picture of a family seated round the domestic hearth, before a word was spoken to blend description with the dramatic or the narrative, would yet fail in describing the exterior of the house, the interior of which he could so vividly paint. Description of natural scenery demands power of

its own ; in fact, there are as many different species of painting with the pen as with the pencil, and each and all of them distinct, both from each other and from narrative.

As a sample at once of what description is, and of the descriptive power displayed in these volumes, let us take the opening pages :—

“ Some time within the first ten years of the last century, there stood in the fair city of Dublin, and in one of those sinuous and narrow streets which lay in the vicinity of the castle, a goodly and capacious hostelry, snug and sound, and withal carrying in its aspect something staid and aristocratic, and perhaps in no wise the less comfortable that it was rated, in point of fashion, somewhat obsolete. Its structure was quaint and antique ; so much so, that had its counterpart presented itself within the precincts of ‘ the Borough,’ it might fairly have passed itself off for the genuine old Tabard of Geoffrey Chaucer.

“ The front of the building facing the street, rested upon a row of massive wooden blocks, set endwise, at intervals of some six or eight feet, and running parallel at about the same distance, to the wall of the lower story of the house, thus forming a kind of rude cloister or open corridor, running the whole length of the building.

“ The spaces between these rude pillars were, by a light frame-work of timber, converted into a number of arches ; and by an application of the same ornamental process, the ceiling of this extended porch was made to carry a clumsy but not unpicturesque imitation of groining. Upon this open-work of timber, as we have already said, rested the second story of the building ; protruding beyond which again, and supported upon beams whose projecting ends were carved into the semblance of heads hideous as the fantastic monsters of heraldry, arose the third story, presenting a series of tall and fancifully-shaped gables, decorated, like the rest of the building, with an abundance of grotesque timber-work. A wide passage, opening under the corridor which we have described, gave admission into the inn yard, surrounded partly by the building itself, and partly by the stables and other offices connected with it. Viewed from a little distance, the old fabric presented by no means an unsightly or ungraceful aspect : on the contrary, its very irregularities and antiquity, however in reality objectionable, gave to it an air of comfort and almost of dignity, to which many of its more pretending and modern competi-

tors might in vain have aspired. Whether it was, that from the first the substantial fabric had asserted a conscious superiority over all the minor tenements which surrounded it, or that they in modest deference had gradually conceded to it the prominence which it deserved—whether, in short, it had always stood foremost, or that the street had slightly altered its course and gradually receded, leaving it behind, an immemorial and immovable landmark by which to measure the encroachments of ages—certain it is, that at the time we speak of, the sturdy hostelry stood many feet in advance of the line of houses which flanked it on either side, narrowing the street with a most aristocratic indifference to the comforts of the pedestrian public, thus forced to shift for life and limb, as best they might, among the vehicles and horses which then thronged the city streets—no doubt too, often by the very difficulties which it presented, entrapping the over-cautious passenger, who preferred entering the harbour which its hospitable and capacious doorway offered, to encountering all the perils involved in doubling the point.

“ Such as we have attempted to describe it, the old building stood more than a century since ; and when the level sunbeams at eventide glinted brightly on its thousand miniature window panes, and upon the broad hanging panel, which bore, in the brightest hues and richest gilding, the portraiture of a Cock and Anchor ; and when the warm, discoloured glow of sunset touched the time-worn front of the old building with a rich and cheery blush, even the most fastidious would have allowed that the object was no unpleasing one.

“ A dark autumnal night had closed over the old city of Dublin, and the wind was blustering in hoarse gusts through the crowded chimney stacks—careering desolately through the dim streets, and occasionally whirling some loose tile or fragment of plaster from the house tops—the streets were silent and deserted, except when occasionally traversed by some great man’s carriage, thundering and clattering along the broken pavement, and by its passing glare and rattle making the succeeding darkness and silence but the more dreary. None stirred abroad that could avoid it ; and with the exception of such rare interruptions as we have mentioned, the storm and darkness held undisputed possession of the city. Upon this ungenial night, and somewhat past the hour of ten, a well-mounted traveller rode into the narrow and sheltered yard of the ‘ Cock and Anchor ;’ and having bestowed upon the groom who took the bridle of his steed

such minute and anxious directions as betokened a kind and knightly tenderness for the comforts of his good beast, he forthwith entered the public room of the inn—a large and comfortable chamber, having at the far end of a huge hearth overspanned by a broad and lofty mantel-piece of stone, and now sending forth a warm and ruddy glow, which penetrated in gentle streams to every recess and corner of the room, tinging the dark wainscoating of the walls, glinting red and brightly upon the burnished tankards and flagons with which the cupboard was laden, and playing cheerily over the massive beams which traversed the ceiling. Groups of men variously occupied and variously composed, embracing all the usual company of a well-frequented city tavern—from the staid and sober man of business, who smokes his pipe in peace, to the loud, disputatious, half-tipsy town idler, who calls for more flagons than he can well reckon, and then quarrels with mine host about the shot—were disposed, some singly, others in social clusters, in cosy and luxurious ease at the stout oak tables which occupied the expansive chamber. Among these the stranger passed leisurely to a vacant table in the neighbourhood of the good fire, and seating himself thereat, doffed his hat and cloak, thereby exhibiting a finely proportioned and graceful figure, and a face of singular nobleness and beauty. He might have seen some thirty summers—perhaps less—but his dark and expressive features bore a character of resolution and of melancholy which seemed to tell of more griefs and perils overpast than men so young in the world can generally count.

Not so good a specimen of the style of description we admire, but more, perhaps, to be admired by others, is the description—almost poetic in its beauty—of an evening ramble from the city to Morley Court.

“On reaching St. Patrick’s Cathedral, O’Connor paused, and for some minutes contemplated the old building. Larry, however, did not care to commence his intended negotiation in the street; he purposed giving him rope enough, having, in truth, no peculiar object in following him at that precise moment, beyond the gratification of an idle curiosity; he, therefore, hung back until O’Connor was again in motion, when he once more renewed his pursuit.

“O’Connor had soon passed the smoky precincts of the town, and was now walking at a slackened pace among

the green fields and the trees, all clothed in the rich melancholy hues of early autumn. The evening sun was already throwing its mellow tint on all the landscape, and the lengthening shadows told how far the day was spent. In the transition from the bustle of a town to the lonely quiet of the country at eventide, and especially at that season of the year when decay begins to sadden the beauties of nature, there is something at once soothing and unutterably melancholy. Leaving behind the glare, and dust, and hubbub of the town, who has not felt in his inmost heart the still appeal of nature? The saddened beauty of sear autumn, enhanced by the rich and subdued light of gorgeous sunset—the filmy mist—the stretching shadows—the serene quiet, broken only by rural sounds, more soothing even than silence—all these, contrasted with the sounds and sights of the close, restless city, speak tenderly and solemnly to the heart of man of the beauty of creation, of the goodness of God, and, along with these, of the mournful condition of all nature—change, decay, and death. Such thoughts and feelings, stealing in succession upon the heart, touch, one by one, the springs of all our sublimest sympathies, and fill the mind with the beautiful sense of brotherhood, under God, with all nature. Under the not unpleasing influence of such suggestions, O’Connor slackened his pace to a slow, irregular walk.”

Of the dramatic power displayed in these volumes—that is, the power of making men and women speak as becomes themselves, and so as to interest and engage the attention of the reader—we have already incidentally expressed our opinion. The dialogue is always lively—almost always appropriate—frequently enlivened with a wit and humour that seem to partake of the Sheridan vein. We must not, however, turn our review of the “Cock and Anchor” into a general lecture upon the qualifications of a novel-writer. We have said enough to give our readers our judgment upon those possessed by the individual writer upon whom we comment; and the little we have to add may best, perhaps, be supplied by the remarks that may be suggested as we turn over the pages of the book, and make, as they occur to us, extracts that will enable our readers to judge for themselves of the value of our opinion.

A scene at a drawing-room of Lord

Wharton is altogether too graphic to be omitted—

"Those who have seen the castle of Dublin only as it now stands, have beheld but the creation of the last sixty or seventy years, with the exception only of the wardrobe tower, an old gray cylinder of masonry, very dingy and dirty, which appears to have gone into half mourning for its departed companions, and presents something of the imposing character of an overgrown mouldy band-box. At the beginning of the last century, however, matters were very different. The trim brick buildings, with their spacious windows and symmetrical regularity of structure, which now complete the quadrangles of the castle, had not yet appeared; but in their stead masses of building, constructed with very little attention to architectural precision, either in their individual formation or in their relative position, stood ranged together, so as to form two irregular and gloomy squares. That portion of the building which was set apart for state occasions and the viceregal residence had undergone so many repairs and modifications, that very little if any of it could be recognised by its original builder. Not so, however, with other portions of the pile: the ponderous old towers which have since disappeared, with their narrow loop-holes and iron studded doors looming darkly over the less massive fabrics of the place with stern and gloomy aspect, reminded the passer every moment, that the building, whose courts he trod, was not merely the theatre of stately ceremonies, but a fortress and a prison.

"The vice-royalty of the Earl of Wharton was within a few weeks of its termination; the approaching discomfiture of the Whigs was not, however, sufficiently clearly revealed, to thin the levees and drawing-rooms of the Whig Lord Lieutenant. The castle-yards were, therefore, upon the occasion in question, crowded to excess with the gorgeous equipages in which the Irish aristocracy of the time delighted. The night had closed in unusual darkness, and the massive buildings whose summits were buried in dense and dark obscurity, were lighted only by the red reflective glow of crowded flambeaux and links—which, as the respective footmen who attended the crowding chairs and coaches, flourished them according to the approved fashion, scattered their wide showers of sparks into the eddying air, and illumined in a broad and ruddy glare, like that of a bonfire, the gorgeous equipages with which the square

was now thronged, and the splendid figures which they successively discharged. There were coaches and four—out-riders—running footmen and hanging footmen—crushing and rushing—jostling and swearing—and burley coachmen with inflamed visages, lashing one another's horses and their own. Lackeys collaring and throttling one another, all 'for their master's honour,' in the hot and disorderly dispute for precedence, and some even threatening an appeal to the swords—which, according to the barbarous fashion of the day, they carried, to the no small peril of the public and themselves. Others dragging the reins of strangers' horses, and backing them to make way for their own;—a proceeding which, of course, involved no small expenditure of blasphemy and vociferation. On the whole, it would not be easy to exaggerate the scene of riot and confusion which, under the very eye of the civil and military executive of the country was perpetually recurring, and that too ostensibly in honour of the supreme head of the Irish government.

"Through all this crash, and clatter, and brawling, and vociferation, the party whom we are bound to follow, made their way with some difficulty and considerable delay.

"The Earl of Wharton with his countess, surrounded by a brilliant staff, and amid all the pomp and state of viceregal dignity, received the distinguished courtiers that thronged the castle chambers. At the time of which we write, Lord Wharton was in his seventieth year. Few, however, would have guessed his age at more than sixty, though many might have supposed it under that. He was rather a spare figure, with an erect and dignified bearing, and a countenance which combined vivacity, good-humour,* and boldness in an eminent degree. His manners were, to those who did not know how unreal was every thing in them that bore the promise of good, singularly engaging, and that in spite of a very strong spice of coarseness, and a very determined addiction to profane swearing. He had, however, in his whole air and address a kind of rollicking, good-humoured familiarity, which was very generally mistaken for the quintessence of candour and good fellowship, and which consequently rendered him unboundedly popular among those who were not aware of the fact, that his complimentary speeches meant just nothing, and were often followed, the moment the object of them had withdrawn, by the coarsest ridicule; and even by the grossest abuse. For the rest, he was undoubtedly an able statesman,

and had clearly discerned and adroitly steered his way through the straits and perils of troublous and eventful times. He was, moreover, a steady and uncompromising Whig, upon whom, throughout a long and active life, the stain of inconsistency had never rested; a thorough partizan, & quick and ready debater, and an unscrupulous and daring political intriguer. In private, however, entirely profligate—a sensualist and an infidel, and in both characters equally without shame.

"Through the room there wandered a very wild madcap boy of some ten or eleven years, venting his turbulent spirits in all kinds of mischievous pranks—sometimes planting himself behind Lord Wharton, and mimicking, with ludicrous exaggeration, which the courtly spectators had enough to do to resist, the ceremonious gestures and gracious nods of the viceroy; at other times assuming a staid and manly carriage, and chatting with his elders with the air of perfect equality, and upon subjects which one would have thought immeasurably beyond his years, and this with a sound sense, suavity, and precision, which would have done honour to many grey heads in the room. This strange, bold, precocious boy of eleven was Philip, afterwards Duke of Wharton, the wonder and the disgrace of the British peerage.

"*'Ah! Mr. Morris,'* exclaimed his excellency, as a middle-aged gentleman, with a fluttered air, a round face, and a vacant smile, approached, *'I am delighted to see you—by ——— Almighty I am—give me your hand. I have written across about the matter we wot of; but for these cursed contrary winds I make no doubt I should have had a letter before now. Is the young gentleman himself here?'*

"*'A—s—not quite your excellency. That is not at all,'* stammered the gentleman in mingled delight and alarm. *'He is, my lord, a—a—laid up. He—a—it is a sore throat. Your excellency is most gracious.'*

"*'Tell him from me,'* rejoined Wharton, *'that he must get well as quickly as may be. We don't know the moment he may be wanted. You understand me?'*

"*'I—a—do indeed,'* replied Mr. Morris, retiring in graceful confusion.

"*'A d—d impudent booby,'* whispered Wharton to Addison, who stood beside him, uttering the remark without the change of a single muscle. *'He has made some cursed unconscionable request about his son. I gad I forget what; but we want his vote on Tuesday,'* and civility, you know, costs no coin.

"Addison smiled faintly, and shook his head.

"*'May the Lord pardon us all,'* exclaimed a country clergyman in a rusty gown and ill-dressed wig, with a pale attenuated eager face, which told mournful tales of short commons and hard work; he had been for some time an intense and grieved listener to the lord lieutenant's conversation, and was now slowly retiring with a companion as humble as himself from the circle which surrounded his excellency, with simple horror impressed upon his pale features—*'may the Lord preserve us all, how awful it is to hear one so highly trusted by Him, take his name thus momentarily in vain. Lord Wharton is, I fear me much, an habitual profane swearer.'*

"*'Believe me, sir, you are very simple,'* rejoined a young clergyman who stood close to the position which the speaker now occupied. *'His excellency's object in swearing by the different persons of the Trinity is to show that he believes in revealed religion—a fact which else were doubtful; and this being his main object, it is manifestly a secondary consideration to what particular asseveration or promises his excellency happens to tack his oaths.'*

"The lank, pale-faced prebendary looked suddenly and earnestly round upon the person who had accosted him, with an expression of curiosity and wonder, evidently in some doubt as to the spirit in which the observation had been made. He beheld a tall stalwart man, arrayed in a clerical costume as rich as that of a churchman who has not attained to the rank of a dignitary in his profession could well be, and in all points equipped with the greatest neatness. In the face he looked in vain for any indication of jocularity. It was a striking countenance—striking for the extreme severity of its expression, and for its stern and handsome outline. The eye which encountered the enquiring glance of the elder man was of the clearest blue, singularly penetrating and commanding—the eyebrow dark and shaggy—the lips full and finely formed, but in their habitual expression bearing a character of haughty and indomitable determination—the complexion of the face was dark; and as the country prebendary gazed upon the countenance, full, as it seemed, of a scornful, stern, merciless energy and decision, something told him that he looked upon one born to lead and to command the people. All this he took in at a glance; and while he looked, Addison, who had detached himself from the viceregal coterie, laid his

hand upon the shoulder of the stern-featured young clergyman.

"'Swift,' said he; drawing him aside, 'we see you too seldom here. His excellency begins to think and to hope you have re-considered what I spoke about when last we met. Believe me you wrong yourself in not rendering what service you can to men who are not ungrateful, and who have the power to reward. You were always a Whig, and a pamphlet were with you but the work of a few days.'

"'Were I to write a pamphlet,' rejoined Swift, 'it is odds his excellency would not like it.'

"'Have you not always been a Whig?' urged Addison.

"'Sir, I am not to be taken by nicknames,' rejoined Swift, 'I know Godolphin and I know Lord Wharton. I have long distrusted the government of each. I am no courtier, Mr. Secretary. What I suspect I will not seem to trust—what I hate I hate entirely, and renounce openly. I have heard of my Lord Wharton's doings, too. When I refused before to understand your overtures to me to write a pamphlet for his friends, he was pleased to say I refused because he would not make me his chaplain—in saying which he knowingly and malignantly lied; and to this lie he, after his accustomed fashion, tacked a blasphemous oath. He is therefore a perjured liar. I renounce him as heartily as I renounce the devil. I am come here, Mr. Secretary, not to do reverence to Lord Wharton—God forbid—but to offer my homage to the majesty of England, whose brightness is reflected even in that cracked and battered piece of pinchbeck yonder. Believe me, should his excellency be rash enough to engage me in talk to-night, I shall take care to let him know what opinion I have of him.'

"'Come, come, you must not be so dogged,' rejoined Addison. 'You know Lord Wharton's way. He says a good deal more than he cares to be believed—every body knows *that*—and all take his lordship's asseverations with a grain of allowance; besides, you ought to consider that when a man unused to contradiction is crossed by disappointment, he is apt to be choleric, and to forget his discretion. We all know his faults; but even you will not deny his merits.'

"Thus speaking, he led Swift toward the viceregal circle, which they had no sooner reached than Wharton, with his good-humoured smile, advanced to meet the young clergyman, exclaiming—

"'Swift! so it is by —. I am glad to see you—by — I am.'

"'I am glad, my lord,' replied Swift gravely, 'that you take such frequent occasion to remind this godless company of the presence of the Almighty.'

"'Well, you know,' rejoined Wharton good humouredly, 'the Scripture saith that the righteous man sweareth to his neighbour.'

"'And disappointeth him not,' rejoined Swift.

"'And disappointeth him not,' repeated Wharton; 'and by —' continued he with marked earnestness, and drawing the young politician aside as he spoke, 'in whatsoever I swear to thee there shall be no disappointment.'

He paused, but Swift remained silent. The lord lieutenant well knew that an English preferment was the nearest object of the young churchman's ambition. He therefore continued—

"'On my soul, we want you in England—this is no stage for you. By — you cannot hope to serve either yourself or your friends in this place.'

"'Very few thrive here, but scoundrels, my lord,' rejoined Swift.

"'Even so,' replied Wharton with perfect equanimity—'it is a nation of scoundrels—dissent on the one side and popery on the other. The upper order harpies, and the lower a mere prey—and all equally liars, rogues, and robbers. By — some fine day the devil will carry off the whole island bodily. For very safety you must get out of it. By — he'll have it.'

"'I am not enough in the devil's confidence to speak of his designs with so much authority as your lordship,' rejoined Swift; 'but I incline to think that under your excellency's administration it will answer his end as well to leave the island where it is.'

"'Ah! Swift, you are a wag,' rejoined the viceroy; 'but by — I honour and respect your spirit. I know we shall agree yet—by — I know it, I respect your independence and honesty all the more, that they are seldom met with in a presence-chamber. By — I respect and love you more and more every day.'

"'If your lordship will forego your professions of love, and graciously confine yourself to the backbiting which must follow, you will do for me to the full as much as I either expect or desire,' rejoined Swift with a grave reverence.

"'Well, well,' rejoined the viceroy, with the most unruffled good humour, 'I see, Swift, you are in no mood to play the courtier just now. Nevertheless, bear in mind what Addison advised you to attempt; and though we part thus for the present, believe me I love

you all the better for your honest humour.'

"'Farewell, my lord,' repeated Swift abruptly, and with a formal bow he retired among the common throng.

"'A hungry, ill-conditioned dog,' cried Wharton, turning to the person next him, 'who, having never a bone to gnaw, whets his teeth on the shins of the company.'

"Having vented this little criticism, the viceroy resumed once more the formal routine of state hospitality."

This scene possesses, we cannot say, historical truth—it is not a narrative of what actually occurred—but enough of historical probability and verisemblance to give a deep interest to its details. Before many months had passed after the date fixed for this scene, Swift wrote the celebrated character, which has immortalized the vices of Lord Wharton. Much skill is shown in the adaptation of historical incidents, in the short allusions in the graphic scene above described. Swift, however, ought scarcely to be called a young clergyman—he was then upwards of forty—he was then the author of the "Tale of a Tub;" and the Vicar of Laracor and Prebendary of Saint Patrick's was then a known and formidable character. The personal sketch of Swift is perfectly accurate, according to the best accounts and portraits, and the strange rudeness of his interview with the viceroy, in perfect keeping with his character.* The blasphemous character of Lord Wharton's conversations is in exact accordance, not only with Swift's character of the viceroy, but, in fact, with historical truth. Yet, we confess, that both here and in other parts of these volumes we could wish that, even at the loss of some verisimilitude, we met some fewer of these printed dashes which, like the asterisks in the margin of the *Delphin* classics, indicate, but do not conceal, the improprieties they affect to hide. The dullest imagination cannot fail to supply their place with the

oath, for which they stand. And true as is the report of Lord Wharton's conversations, a little circumlocution might have conveyed the idea of his blasphemous habits, not certainly so striking as these blanks, but with a less painfully striking distinctness.

Far different in character is the scene of the hell, in which the young baronet lost the sum that afterwards so fearfully involved him in the meshes of Blarden. But we must not let our extracts grow too fast upon us as we proceed.

In descriptions of character, when such description involves the deeper workings of the passions, the solemn and more powerful emotions of the human soul, this book is deficient, or rather, perhaps, we ought to say, this is not attempted. Its power, after all, lies in narrative and description, and not in either philosophy or passion; yet most of the characters that are drawn in it are admirably and powerfully sustained. We could, we confess, have wished Mary Ashwoode different from what she is. She is not worthy to be the heroine of such a tale. Our author has not succeeded in this portraiture: not that there is any thing to find fault with in her character; there is not a line relating to her that would require to be blotted out. But deeply interested as we are in her fate, it is not from love of herself, but from sympathy with her position, and hatred of the villany by which she is oppressed. We feel for her trials not for herself. There is nothing of individuality impressed upon her; we remember nothing to distinguish her from other women, at least from any other amiable and pretty woman who was exposed to her trials; even *Flora Guy* has more to impress her upon our memories than her mistress. Three characters, however, are drawn with consummate skill: those of *Nicholas Blarden*, and the two *Baronets* who were the successive occupants of *Morley Court*. The impersonation of

* The following is Sir Walter Scott's description of Swift;—"Swift was, in person, tall, strong, and well made, of a dark complexion, but with blue eyes, black and bushy eyebrows, nose somewhat aquiline, and features which remarkably expressed the stern, haughty, and dauntless turn of his mind * * *. In youth he was considered handsome. Pope observed, that 'though his face had an expression of dulness, his eyes were very peculiar; they were as azure in the heavens, and had an universal expression of acuteness.' In his personal habits he was cleanly, even to scrupulousness."

the vulgar, domineering upstart, half coward, half bully, Nicholas Blarden, presents us constantly with traits of truthful adherence to such a character—in the vulgar insolence with which he insults the fallen baronet in his distress—in the baseness to which he turns the power he has acquired over the unfortunate young man—in the fiendish malignity with which he gloats over the fall of aristocratic pride, and feasts the low-born malice of his soul, by heaping every degradation upon the man who had once chastised his insolence—this is a character drawn by the hand of a master, and the truth of the traits of which must be recognised.

Of the young Sir Henry Ashwoode, the character is equally striking and well sustained. Possessed of many qualities that might be deemed good, an utter selfishness, and an absence of principle, combined with habits of dissipation and extravagance, lead him on from step to step in acts of the deepest villany and disgrace. With a selfish good-nature, the impulses of which might be mistaken by ordinary observers of character for generosity of temper—to oblige a profligate father, he combines with him in a scheme of the most cold-blooded duplicity, to ruin the peace of his sister, and of the man who had saved his life at the peril of his own. To escape from the temporary embarrassment of some gambling debt, he is led into the forgery of the name of the man whom he had made his bitterest enemy; and then, from want of courage either boldly to meet or fly from the consequences of this act, he sells his sister to the insulting and loathsome addresses of a vile and low-born scoundrel. Startling as this character may be, it is fearfully true—it is the character of the selfish and unprincipled—the character that any man that is selfish and unprincipled would, under similar circumstances, become—such is the utter meanness of vice—a meanness which no pride of birth can redeem, and no affectation of aristocratic honour elevate or save.

The third character is perhaps still better drawn—that of the father, Sir Richard Ashwoode, the cold, calculating *gentleman* of polished manners, refined taste, and scoundrel heart—with the utter meanness and selfishness of his son—polished by an intercourse

with the world, which the son had not, and made acute by a shrewdness which the son did not possess. Sir Richard Ashwoode is, in fact, the portrait to which many men of rank, and fashion, and polished exterior, might, even in our days, sit—but let this character be told in the author's own words:—

“Sir Richard Ashwoode had never in the whole course of his life denied himself the indulgence of any passion or of any whim. From his childhood upward he had never considered the feelings or comforts of any living being but himself alone. As he advanced in life, this selfishness had improved to a degree of hardness and coldness so intense, that if ever he had felt a kindly impulse at any moment in his existence, the very remembrance of it had entirely faded from his mind: so that generosity, compassion, and natural affection were to him not only unknown, but incredible. To him mankind seemed all either fools, or such as he himself was. Without one particle of principle of any kind, he had uniformly maintained in the world the character of an honourable man. The ordinary rules of honesty and morality he regarded as so many conventional sentiments, to which every gentleman subscribed, as a matter of course, in public, but which in private he had an unquestionable right to dispense with at his own convenience. He was imperious, fiery, and unforgiving to the uttermost; but when he conceived it advantageous to do so, he could practice as well as any man the convenient art of masking malignity, hatred, and inveteracy, behind the pleasantest of all pleasant smiles. Capable of any secret meanness for the sake of the smallest advantage to be gained by it, he was yet full of fierce and overbearing pride; and although this world was all in all to him, yet there never breathed a man who could on the slightest provocation risk his life in mortal combat with more alacrity and absolute *sang froid* than Sir Richard Ashwoode. In his habits he was unboundedly luxurious—in his expenditure prodigal to recklessness. His own and his son's extravagance, which he had indulged from a kind of pride, was now, however, beginning to make itself sorely felt in formidable and rapidly accumulating pecuniary embarrassments. These had served to embitter and exasperate a temper which at best had never been a very sweet one.”

These three characters are all conceived with great skill, and sustained

with great art. The cold selfishness with which Sir Richard dismisses the momentary hesitation of his conscience, and makes his confiding daughter sign away the entire provision for her life, is admirably drawn.

With great regret, we omit a very powerful scene describing the death of Sir Richard Ashwoode—the more reluctantly, because it is the only passage in the book in which we have even a hint of the supernatural. The scene is well contrived, without shocking even the most sceptic in credulity, to leave on the mind the vague and undefined impression of terror in which the excellence of such scenes consists.

It is time, perhaps, that our extracts and our comments should both draw to a close. We have devoted to these volumes more space than is our wont, because we believe them in every way entitled to a notice as ample as we can bestow. The product of no ordinary mind—they are, we trust, the forerunner of other creations of the genius that has given us these. It is in this hope that we have spoken so freely of their faults. Excellent—positively excellent as are these volumes—still perhaps the highest praise and the strongest censure they merit is, that they contain proofs of capabilities of a far higher excellence—proofs which we trust the success of these volumes will induce their gifted author to realize in more than promise. A little discipline of the imagination a little correction of the faults of this work by the highest and the best models—a little more cheerful view of human affairs—a little restraint upon the morbid gloominess with which the waywardness of genius is too apt to colour a world in which, after all, there is sunshine enough to give many bright pictures; and we feel assured that there is no rank as a writer of fiction above the powers of the writer of these volumes to attain.

Published without a name, we have neither the right nor the desire to penetrate the incognito of the author. We may, however, from the scenes and locality of the publication, presume that he is an Irishman. No country in the world presents such a field to the writers of historical romance as our own. In capabilities of natural scenery—in spots deserving to be peopled with the creations of high and holy imagination—in subjects of legen-

dary lore—in scenes of wild and thrilling interest to be found in the disputes, the sufferings, and even the crimes of our people, a rich mine of unknown and immeasurable interest is, alas, like our physical treasures, unwrought. It may be hard in a people divided as we are with prejudices of our two races angrily opposed—it may be hard to expect a national novelist; and yet we believe that such a path is open, if there be the man who has the genius, the courage, and the national spirit to tread it. If doing full justice to all—and shame upon the bigotry that would say that, in all the past struggles on our soil, there is not much on both sides that deserves honour and praise—undeterred by the fear of offending the prejudices of party, uninfluenced by the base desire of pandering to its passions, the genius were indeed to arise among us that could recall the images of what is holy, and generous, and commendable in the past—could people our glens and our valleys with creations that would imperishably associate their names with our now unknown localities—we do believe that such labour would not be without its abundant reward. Above the distractions of party, free from its prejudices, and scorning the restraints by which, on all sides, party in Ireland would fetter the free impulses of the heart, such a genius should recognise virtue, and loyalty, and devotion, wherever it was to be found, and claiming no monopoly for any section of our countrymen, either present or past, of all that is good and generous in our nature, do homage to principle and virtue, and self-sacrificing devotion, in whatever cause it were enlisted. This would be a task very different from that of flattering the prejudices of either party, by magnifying all the faults of the other; this would be to teach us the great lesson of mutual respect, and in esteeming all our countrymen more, to make us love our country better.

But we must return to the volumes before us:—we have asked from the author a more cheerful view of human affairs. We have not classed it among the faults we have remarked on, that the tale ends gloomily and dishearteningly; and yet in our judgment this is a serious fault, and it certainly is, we fear, calculated to damage its popularity. There may be in fiction less

sons taught of high endurance—of faith in the triumph of virtue—of reliance on the success of goodness and truth. And to teach such lessons gives to the tale of fiction at once a dignity and a power over the heart, that without them cannot be attained. It may be that such pictures give too bright an account of life ;— it may be that in the actual dispensations of life the triumph of villany is here—thereward of virtue, suffering and cast down, is reserved for another and a better world. If the writer of fiction does represent this solemn and affecting truth, let him relieve the gloom of a picture, otherwise too dark for truth, by the light that is borrowed from higher hopes than those of this life. No nobler picture could, perhaps, be drawn than that of the good man calmly meeting misfortune, from which this life presents no escape. All we ask is, that, draw his scenes as he will, the novelist, in his high and holy office of man's instructor—and if he be not this he is nothing—teach him that it is best to be upon the side of right and truth. Let this great lesson be the impression that all his narra-

tives leave upon the imagination and the heart ; and these be thus made the allies of conscience and reason in the struggle against the evil that is in our nature. Let no man arise from this book with a spirit disheartened for the struggle with the evil that is within* and around him, but rather with his courage invigorated, and his faith in the triumph of what is right, strengthened.

We have gloomy pictures of human life enough around us. It is some consolation, even while we give ourselves up to the enchantment of a novel, to dream that the selfish are not always the successful, and the generous are not always dupes. Sure we are that the novel which, if you will, cheats men into such belief, will be more sure of acceptance from the majority of men, than the truest picture of gloom that can be drawn.

With these few hints—we mean them not as words of censure—we take our leave of the author of the "Cock and Anchor," rejoiced that to the literature of Ireland there has been made an addition, in every way so well calculated to do it honour.

AN APPLE AND A SPINNING-WHEEL: A BALLAD IN A DREAM.

BY SIR EMBER.

'Tis long since I stood near her,
Beside a cottage door ;
And there she sate, and turned her wheel
Upon the earthen floor :
This was the face that ever
Came in my dreams to me—
Ah! like the Fates, she blindly spun
The threads of destiny.

It was the last of winter,
Her hands were cold and bare,
And her head was only covered
With its own wavy hair ;
Her foot, aye, made it flutter,
As round the wheel it hurled ;
And, oh! to beg and follow
That footstep round the world!

She gave me a ruddy apple,
As she rose up on the floor ;

Save the holy heart within her breast,
 'Twas all the wealth she bore:
 But up from that rich mine within
 There glimmered in her eyes
 The light that gilt the apple old,
 Whose price was paradise.

So, as she left me standing,
 She smiled, and looked behind;
 With one long sigh I sighed my heart
 To her's upon the wind:
 I tried to eat, but still my lips
 Upon the fruit would linger—
 Perhaps it touched her lips—I know
 It touched her naked finger.

Something that touched her lips since then—
 Her lips so dear and true,
 Has day and night been close to mine,
 And in my bosom too:
 True words and truer tokens
 No other eyes have seen,
 Brightened for me the blue of heaven,
 And made the fields more green.

Oh, spin no more, old woman,
 Within that cottage door;
 The thread of bitter fate is spun,
 The true heart is no more!
 Spin backwards with that weary wheel—
 Unwind the coil of pain—
 Spin backwards to that hour of truth,
 And find those threads again!

A phantom of her yet remains,
 How life-like death can seem!
 And it can eat, and drink, and sleep,
 And never dream a dream;
 Yet she is dead; for truth is life,
 And lies a poison cup;
 And when the cunning hands prepared,
 For fear, she drank it up.

So she drank poison—ever, alas!
 That heart of truth is dead;
 She put aside the heaving draught,
 For, ah! her senses fled.
 O bitter tears, drop fast for her—
 O pity for such wrong!
 Ah, why should truth grow faint and die,
 And falsehood be so strong!

'Tis long, long since I saw her
 Sit by her wheel and spin;
 Will time not rot the threads away
 She spun my heart within?

The cottage and the wheel were far
When last I saw her near ;
And one she trusted sate beside,
Whom most she ought to fear.

The hand that spun, so cold and bare,
Like naked truth alone,
Was gilded with the price of faith,
And well the bauble shone.
Upon her bosom, day and night,
That glittering sin may rest ;
Rich may the lustre be that bought
The jewel from her breast.

I was close by—she passed away,
Her eyes kept to the ground ;
Well might they sink, for truth alone
Above is to be found.
She smiled no more departing—
No more her wavy hair
Shook back its parting messages
Of love upon the air.

She left no apple, leaf, nor flower,
For Nature's charm was by ;
She left one message still behind—
Ah, no !—it was a lie !
She stepped up to the carriage seat,
And drove away so grand,
You would have thought she had been born
The lady of the land.

Fair Falsehood sate beside her—
Alas ! so false and fair ;
Presumption sate behind her,
To make the rabble stare ;
And one was looking after,
In silence, on the whole,
Who hid the scorn upon his lip
For pity in his soul.

Spin on, spin on, old woman,
Within that cottage door,
For fate has other threads to spin,
Till falsehood be no more.
Spin onward with thy weary wheel—
Spin out the coil of pain—
Spin on with Time, till heaven renews
The hours of truth again.

Enslaved American 1845

CLAIMS OF ARCHBISHOP DE LONDRES TO A NICHE IN THE NEW HOUSE OF LORDS,
IN A LETTER TO HENRY HALLAM, ESQ.

SIR—I have read in the Fourth Report of the Commissioners on the Fine Arts, a letter addressed by you to the secretary of the Commission, explanatory of the grounds on which the Committee for selecting the names of persons whose effigies might be placed in the niches of the new House of Lords, have recommended, as peculiarly deserving of that honour, the names of certain nobles and prelates chosen by them from amongst those of the many eminent persons who were prominently concerned in obtaining the Great Charter of King John, to whom, as being our "first founders of constitutional freedom," the committee have appropriately dedicated the eighteen niches in question.

By referring this explanation to a member of their body so highly distinguished for attainments in constitutional learning, the Committee appear practically to recognise you as their historical adviser in the selection they have made; and I therefore trust that you will not deem it intrusive on you individually, that, on this topic, I should address myself to you rather than to the members of the Committee at large.

The subject which induces me thus to trespass on your attention, is the exclusion of the name of Henry, Archbishop of Dublin, from the list selected; and I will beg your permission, in the first instance, to observe on the grounds which you suggest, as having induced the Committee to suppress the name of that prelate, and to select instead the name of William, Bishop of London.

Having stated that the Committee had first determined that men prominent in obtaining the great charter of King John, should be chosen, and that the number of nobles and prelates concerned in that great achievement, considerably exceeded the number of disposable niches, you observe,

"It became, consequently, the duty of the Committee to look over the history of the time, in order to fix upon eighteen persons; who, out of a more

considerable number, appeared most worthy of being commemorated on this occasion. The Archbishop of Canterbury, Stephen Langton, independently of his high rank, was, as is well known, one of the most distinguished statesmen of that age, and a strenuous supporter of the charter, though without quitting the royal banner. The next in station among the prelates is the Archbishop of Dublin; but as he did not hold an English see, it seemed more desirable to select William, Bishop of London, whose see is next in dignity among those who were present, and whose names may be found in history."

Allow me to express my regret that, in this exclusion of the only eligible ecclesiastical personage holding an Irish dignity, from a society and commemoration so honourable, another seeming slight to the people of this part of the United Kingdom should be added to those pernicious distinctions, (as unfounded generally as they are invidious,) which have so long excited dissention and bitterness between the two most numerous and powerful sections of her majesty's subjects. The evil of such a contempt, real or seeming, is greatly enhanced by the eminence in rank and reputation of those at whose hands it is experienced; and although, in the absence of the special minute on which the Committee acted, I would willingly question whether the distinction may not have originated elsewhere, yet seeing that the primary instructions of the Committee, as stated in Appendix, No. 1, are to "prepare a general list of distinguished persons of the United Kingdom, to whose memory statues might with propriety be erected, in or adjoining the new houses of parliament, such list being unrestricted as to the number of such distinguished persons, and as to the time in which they lived;" I find it hard to believe that, in this particular, their general constitution should have been departed from; and am in a manner coerced to conclude that the distinction, if not the result of some merely technical misconception, has been adopted by your committee on independent grounds.

And, possibly, it may be that persons not immediately interested in this part of the United Kingdom, or versed in its history, however well accomplished in other respects, may conceive that the Great Charter of King John was an enactment in which the people of England only were concerned, and that therefore none but English prelates and nobles could properly, in such a case, be commemorated in connection with it.

But Mr. Hallam does not need to be reminded that, prior to this event, (Matt. Par. ad ann. 1210) the king's Irish subjects had received the common law, of which the Great Charter was merely declaratory; and that in point of fact a duplicate of the charter, as re-granted by Henry III., was shortly afterwards, and while Henry Archbishop of Dublin still continued to fill the office of Lord Justice of Ireland, transmitted hither and enrolled here in Dublin, in like manner as the original at Westminster, in the Red Book of the King's Exchequer, where it still remains.—(*Leland*, Vol. I. p. 200.)

To suppose, therefore, that the king's subjects of this realm had not an equal interest with those of England in the procurement of this declaration of their liberties, would be an error in law and in fact, which I cannot entertain the thought of imputing to your committee.

It only remains, then, on this part of the subject, that I should express my hope that some technical mistake may appear to have intervened, which shall explain the anomaly, without permitting us to believe—a belief which I assure you I would admit with extreme and painful reluctance—that, in this postponement of an Irish to an English prelate, by reason only of the locality of the see of the former, a portion of the United Kingdom has been vilipended by a committee, whose duty it was to consult the proper pride and just national recollections of all those whose representatives are to assemble in the new Houses of Parliament.

Apart, however, from considerations of this kind, there are some historical circumstances which I will now crave leave to recall to your recollection; from which I humbly conceive it will appear, that in any selection of eminent men, engaged in the procurement

of Magna Charta, as bearing the character of our "first founders of constitutional freedom," Henry Archbishop of Dublin ought not only not to have been omitted, but ought to have received the first place.

When the see of Dublin became vacant by the death of Archbishop Comyn in A.D. 1212, Henry de Londres gave the first evidence of that independence and loyalty which so highly distinguished him throughout his subsequent career, by accepting from his sovereign, as the constitutional head of the English church, the archiepiscopal office and dignity (Prynne Hist. King John, p. 13), and this at a time when the realm of England lay under the papal interdict, and the majority of the prelates who advocated the supremacy of the bishop of Rome, including Stephen of Canterbury and William of London, were absent from their sees, preparing that next instrument of spiritual coercion, the excommunication, which this same William, bishop of London, shortly afterwards had the boldness to pronounce against the king, as he had had already the boldness to pronounce the sentence of interdict against the kingdom. Suffer me from the pages of a somewhat old-fashioned, but still respectable historian, to lay before you a picture, which you will acknowledge to be in no way overwrought, of the condition of your country at the time when Henry de Londres gave this first testimony of his attachment to the ancient principles of English freedom.

"The sentence of interdict was at this time the great instrument of vengeance and policy employed by the court of Rome; was denounced against sovereigns for the lightest offences; and made the guilt of one person involve the ruin of millions, even in their spiritual and eternal welfare. The execution of it was calculated to strike the senses in the highest degree, and to operate with irresistible force on the superstitious minds of the people. The nation was of a sudden deprived of all exterior exercise of its religion: the altars were despoiled of their ornaments; the crosses, the reliques, the images, the statues of the saints, were laid on the ground; and, as if the air itself were profaned, and might pollute them by its contact, the priests carefully covered them up, even from their own approach and veneration.

The use of bells entirely ceased in all the churches: the bells themselves were removed from the steeples, and laid on the ground with the other sacred utensils. Mass was celebrated with shut doors, and none but the priests were admitted to that holy institution. The laity partook of no religious rite, except baptism to new-born infants, and the communion to the dying: the dead were not interred in consecrated ground, they were thrown into ditches, or buried in common fields; and their obsequies were not attended with prayers or any hallowed ceremony. Marriage was celebrated in the church-yards: and that every action in life might bear the marks of this dreadful situation, the people were prohibited the use of meat as in Lent, or times of the highest penance; were debarred from all pleasures and entertainments, and even to salute each other, or so much as to shave their beards, and give any decent attention to their person and apparel. Every circumstance carried symptoms of the deepest distress, and of the most immediate apprehension of divine vengeance and indignation."—*Hume, Hist. Eng. c. xi.*

I may, perhaps, be allowed to add, that the circumstance of its being an Irish see to which Archdeacon de Londres permitted himself to be promoted, under the above circumstances, affords an additional argument for his attachment to right constitutional principles; for Ireland had then but recently and partially come under foreign spiritual jurisdiction, and while the synod of Lismore was an event almost of the current generation in Ireland, an illustrious example of the independence of an Irish prelate was fresh in the memory, and I am persuaded I may well add in the gratitude, of the English people. Permit me to record the circumstance to which I allude, in the words of a great, a learned Englishman, whom it is no disparagement to the memory of Swift to designate, "*strenuum pro virili Libertatis Vindicatorem.*"

"The Church of Exeter, wanting a bishop during the interdict, the king, out of his piety and ecclesiastical sovereignty, sent the Archbishop of Armagh, primate of Ireland, thither to execute his episcopal office in that bishoprick, giving orders to defray his expenses out of the manners of the bishoprick, as this writ records (and cites the writ to that effect, bearing teste at Devizes the 19th June, 1207, and enrolled in the Close Roll of

9 Johan. m. 3, in Turr. Lond.) Thus did the king provide for the people's souls, which the pope and bishops who interdicted the realm, endeavoured to starve and destroy by interdicting all public worship, service, and sacraments."—(Prynne's *Exact History*, ad an. 1207-8, p. 13.)

We read of this charitable journey of the Archbishop of Armagh in the anonymous annals cited by Harris, (*Ware*, Vol. I. p. 64,) where it is stated that "the comorh of Patrick went to the king of England's house for the good of the churches of Ireland;" and we learn from the Tower record, (8 Johann m. 3, dors.) cited by the same learned writer (*ibid.*) that the Irish primate had already, through the mediation of two friars of Mellifont, made satisfaction to the king for his acceptance of the archiepiscopal office at the hands of a foreign potentate; for Eugene MacGillivider (however much his subsequent conduct may redound to his honour) was the first Archbishop of Armagh who accepted his appointment at the hands of the Bishop of Rome.—(*Ware*, Vol. I. p. 64.)

But to return to our Archbishop of Dublin. The next occasion on which we find his name commemorated in popular history, is in connection with that sad and detestable business of King John doing homage to the pope's legate for his kingdoms; and here the conduct of Archbishop de Londres was in all points as independent and worthy of honour, as that of those prelates whom your committee have preferred to him, was slavish and shameful. For while Henry, Archbishop of Dublin, lamented and protested against the king's transfer of his dominions to a foreign potentate, ("*Achiepiscopo dolente et reclamante,*" *Matt. Par.* p. 237,) the other two were in point of fact the first to put their hands and seals as witnesses to the deed of homage solemnly executed by the king and them at St. Paul's to the pope's legate on the 3rd October, 1213. To the tale of Archbishop Langton's verbal reclamations and subsequent remorse, as preserved by Mathew Paris, on the authority of the archbishop's brother, Simon, the historical student will give such credence as, with the deed of homage, which he reads at large in Rymer before him,

his charity or his credulity can afford : but that William of London, for whom in particular the Irish prelate has been postponed, put his hand to the document in any other character than that of a witness against the civil liberties of Englishmen, has never been suggested or surmised.

You will pardon me for continuing to cite matter so familiar ; but, inasmuch as it may become a question how far it is consistent with just notions of constitutional freedom to accord the most honourable commemoration in the power of a nation to bestow, to any of the parties, whether principals or witnesses, engaged in a transaction so entirely at variance with every principle of national independence, it seems proper here to introduce the text of the deed itself :—

THE CHARTER OF GRANT.

“ John, by the grace of God, king of England, Lord of Ireland, Duke of Normandy, and Aquitaine, Count of Anjou, to all the faithful in Christ who shall inspect these presents, health in the Lord.

“ We will that it be known to your universality by this our charter, authenticated with our golden bulla, that whereas we have offended God and our holy mother church in many things, and are thereby conscious that we stand in great need of the divine mercy, neither that we can offer any thing worthy for making due satisfaction to God and the church, save it be ourselves and our kingdoms.

“ Desiring to humble ourselves for his sake who humbled himself for us even to death, we, by the inspiring grace of the Holy Spirit, neither induced nor coerced by any fear, but of our own good and spontaneous will, and by the common consent of our barons, offer and freely grant to God and his holy apostles Peter and Paul, and to our holy mother church of Rome, and to our Lord, Pope Innocent the Third, and his Catholic successors, **ALL OUR KINGDOM OF ENGLAND AND ALL IRELAND, AND ALL THEIR RIGHT AND APPURTENANCES**, for the remission of our own sins and those of our entire race, as well for the living as for the dead.

“ And thereupon receiving and taking back the same from God and from the Roman church, as feudatory, in the presence of the venerable father our Lord Nicholas bishop of Tusculum, legate of the apostolic seat, and of Pandulf, subdeacon and familiar of our Lord the Pope, we make and swear according to the sub-

scribed form, fealty therefor to our said Lord Pope Innocent and to his Catholic successors, and to the church of Rome.

“ And further (whereas) by the hands of the aforesaid legate, and in the place and stead of our said Lord the Pope receiving the same we have publicly done liege homage for the said kingdoms to God and the holy apostles, Peter and Paul, and to the church of Rome, and to our said Lord Pope Innocent, obliging ourselves and our successors and heirs by our wife for ever, that they without contradiction shall be bound to profess their fealty, and acknowledge their homage in like manner to the chief pontiff for the time being, and to the church of Rome.

“ For an evidence of this, our perpetual obligation and grant, we will and establish that out of the proper and special rents of our said kingdoms, as and for all the service and custom which we ought to render for the same, (saving always the blessed Peter's penny) the Roman church shall receive one thousand marks sterling by the year : to wit, on the feast of St. Michael five hundred marks, and at Easter five hundred marks ; seven hundred, to wit, for the kingdom of England, and three hundred for the kingdom of Ireland ; saving to ourselves and our heirs our justices, liberties, and royalties.

“ All which, as aforesaid, willing the same to be ratified and confirmed for ever, we bind ourselves and our successors not to contravene.

“ And if we, or any of our successors, shall presume to attempt this, whosoever he be, may he, unless, being duly admonished, he repent, fall from his right to the kingdom ; and may this, our charter of obligation and grant, remain firm for ever.”

THE FORM OF HOMAGE.

“ I, John, by God's grace, king of the English and Lord of Ireland, from this hour henceforth will be faithful to God and the blessed Peter and church of Rome, and to my Lord, the Lord Pope Innocent the Third, and his rightful Catholic successors.

“ I will not in deed, word, consent, or council, that they lose life or limb, or be taken in wrongful caption.

“ I will if I know of ought to their damage, and can, hinder the same, and cause it to be removed ; or otherwise, I will as speedily as I can inform them thereof or communicate the same to some one such as I believe for certain will inform them. Such council as they shall communicate to me by themselves or by letter, I will keep secret, and know-

ingly will disclose to no one to their detriment.

"I will be their aider in defending against all men the patrimony of the blessed Peter, and especially the kingdom of England and the kingdom of Ireland, according to my ability, so help me God and the holy evangel of God.

"Whereof, lest hereafter there should be any doubt, for the greater security of our aforesaid obligation and grant, we have caused the present charter to be made and authenticated with our golden bulls, and for the rent of this first year we have paid to the church of Rome a thousand marks sterling by the hands of the aforesaid legate.

WITNESSES :

The Lord Stephen of Canterbury, Archbp.	W Marshall, Earl Pem- broke,
W. London,	Robert de Ros,
F. Winton,	W. Earl of Ferrers,
E. Ely,	S. Earl Winton,
H. Lincoln,	William Briwere,
W. De Grey, our Chan- cellor,	Peter Fitzherbert,
W. Earl of Salisbury, our brother,	Mathew Fitzherbert, and
R. Earl of Clare,	Brian de Insula, our butler.

"Given by the hands of master Richard de Marisco, Archdeacon of Richmond and Northumberland, at Saint Paul's, London, the 3rd day of October, in the year from the incarnation of our Lord, 1213, and of our reign the fifteenth."

(Ex. Bib. Cotton. Nero, c. 11, n. 47; Rymer, vol. 1, p. 115.)

Such was the instrument attested and authenticated by these prelates, who as witnesses virtually became guarantees for its observance. But, lest I should be deemed to have indicated too strongly the views which strike my own mind in relation to this transaction, I will ask your permission to add what has been said in its extenuation by (I believe) the only English writer who has deemed the proceeding capable of excuse:—

"This transaction has heaped eternal infamy on the memory of John. Every epithet of reproach has been expended by writers and readers against the pusillanimity of a prince, who could lay the crown of England at the foot of a foreign priest, and receive it from him again as his vassal and tributary. It was certainly a disgraceful act; but there are some considerations, which, if they do not remove, will at least extenuate his offence. Though the principles of morality are unchangeable, our ideas of honour and infamy perpetually

vary with the ever-varying state of society. To judge impartially of our ancestors, we are not to measure their actions by the standard of our present manners and notions: we should transport ourselves back to the age in which they lived, and take into account their political institutions, their principles of legislation and government. Now in the thirteenth century there was nothing so very degrading in the state of vassalage. It was then the condition of most of the princes of Christendom. Even the king of Scotland was the vassal of the king of England, and the king of England was vassal of the king of France; the one for the lands whatever they were, which he held of the English crown, the other for his transmarine territories; and both were frequently seen in public on their knees, swearing fealty, and doing homage to their feudals superior. John himself had been present when William the Lion subjected the Scottish crown to the English; and it was but nine years since Peter the king of Arragon, had voluntarily become the vassal of Innocent, and bound himself and his successors to the yearly payment of two hundred and fifty ounces of gold to the holy see. Nor were similar precedents wanting in his own family. He knew that his father Henry, powerful as he was, had become the feudatory of Pope Alexander III.; and that his brother, the lion-hearted Richard, had resigned his crown to the emperor of Germany, and consented to hold of him by the payment of a yearly rent. John in his distress followed these examples; and the result seems to have recommended his conduct to the imitation of the Scottish patriots, who, to defeat the claim of his grandson, Edward I. acknowledged the pope for their superior lord, and maintained that Scotland had always been a fief of the Church of Rome. Neither is the blame of this transaction to be confined to the king. It must be shared with him by the great council of the barons, his constitutional advisers, the very men who two years later extorted from him the grant of their liberties on the plain of Runnymede. The cession was made by their advice, and with their consent: whence it may be fairly presumed, that there was something in the existing circumstances which would justify the king, as far as he was concerned. Some writers have imagined that their motive was the hope of averting the threatened invasion, or if it could not be averted, of at least preserving John on the throne by the intervention of the same power, which had so nearly precipitated him from it. There is, however, some

reason to believe that it originated with the barons themselves, who eagerly grasped at the opportunity of humbling the pride, and checking the violence of the despot, whom they abhorred. From that moment they began to demand the grant of their liberties. On his refusal, they appealed by their agents to the gratitude of the pope, now become his and their sovereign, reminding him that "it was not to the good will of the king, but to them, and the compulsion which they had employed, that he was indebted for his superiority over the English crown." Innocent, however, supported the cause of his vassal; and the barons transferred their allegiance to Louis, the son of Philip. The men, who could thus place on the throne the heir of the French monarchy, were certainly capable of subjecting it to the feudal control of the head of their church."—*Lingard. Hist. Eng. v. iii. c. 1.*

Leaving these more prominent transactions in which the Irish prelate, and those for whom he has been excluded from the place of honour, played parts so opposite—and in my humble judgment so conclusive of his right to be preferred to both—I will now beg leave to refer you to the collections of the learned Prynne, in whose History of the reigns of King John and his successors, and Exact History of the Pope's intolerable Usurpations, we find numerous testimonies to the services to the state performed by our archbishop in England, especially in mediating between the king and the prelates who had abandoned the realm, and for whose safe conduct on their return, he was one of the guarantecs both by his letters patent, and by his personal attendance on them on their journey home. (Prynne, Hist. King John, p. 278, citing the Close Roll of 15 Johan. p. 2, dors. m. 8.)

But, next to the example of independence set by him to the clergy and laity of England, you will probably esteem these services of chief value which the archbishop, as Justiciary, rendered to the state in Ireland. I make no pretension to judge of (neither am I in a position to submit to your better judgment) those synodical constitutions, which have obtained him the approval of the Ecclesiastical Appellate of Mary's Abbey (Harris's Ware, vol. I. p. 318); but for his activity and usefulness in the secular government, we have abundant and distinct vouchers

in the remaining state records of that period.

In the Patent Roll of the 16th John (m. 13, n. 2) in the Tower of London, (our own cotemporaneous records were unfortunately consumed in St. Mary's Abbey, in A.D. 1360), we find a writ directed to him as Justiciary, whereby he is commanded to purchase scarlet robes for the native Irish princes, who appear, through his instrumentality, to have submitted themselves at this time to the king's government along with Cathal O'Conor. (Rymer, vol. I. p. 123.)

A service of a similar nature appears due to his good conduct in concluding the terms specified in the Patent Roll of the 6th of Henry 3rd, on which Donald, King of Thomond, consented to hold his territory of the crown. (Rymer, Vol. I. p. 167.)

Immediately before the granting of the great charter, on the 3rd July, 1215, at Marlbridge, he appears as first witness to the charters of Dublin and Waterford respectively, bearing date the same day. The charter of Dublin (in Lib. Nig. Eco. S. Trin., Dub., given in Rymer, Vol. I. p. 135), besides numerous civil and political privileges, and a grant of the entire soil of the city, contains a provision for building the first bridge over the Liffey, a work which we may not unreasonably ascribe to the Justiciary, seeing that he is recognised as the founder of the Castle of Dublin (Hammer, p. 188; Cox, p. 57); and is supposed, on good grounds, to have defrayed the cost of its erection out of his private revenue.

Of this, as well as of his numerous other services to the state, we have good evidence by a writ in the Patent Roll of the 12th of Henry the Third (m. 4, int.), cited by Harris (Ware Vol. I. p. 318), and by which, after reciting the king's obligations to the Archbishop for these services, the profits of certain vacant sees are appropriated to refund him his outlay.

And finally, as a concluding evidence of the estimation in which this prelate was held by his sovereign, let me cite the language of that writ which king Henry the Third addressed to the barons of Ireland on the occasion of sending over de Londres to assist his deputy, Geoffrey de Marisco, in the government. "Albeit we are

aware that the presence in these parts of England of our venerable father the Lord Henry, Archbishop of Dublin, is very needful for us and for our kingdom; and that we can hardly do without his council; nevertheless, we destine him for the parts of Ireland that he may visit and console his church, &c." (Pat. 1, Hen. 111; n. 8 in Turr., Lond.; Rymer, vol. 1, p. 146.)

With regard to the story told by Hammer, who does not name his authority, of the Archbishop having received the name of *Burn bill*, from burning his tenant's leases, with which he had been intrusted for inspection, I apprehend most candid minds will agree with Cox (p. 57) "That it is a silly story, and not to be believed of so learned a man, and so good a governor, as every body allows this archbishop to have been;" and I may add what seems to shew the improbability more conclusively, that two deeds of agreement and concord between the archbishop and the citizens who were tenants of his see, remain in the register of Archbishop Alan (fo. 117 d. and fo. 118) from which their differences appear to have been referred to arbitration and amicably composed (*unpublished fusciculus of Irish Record Commission, in Lib. Queen's Inns, Dub.*).

It only remains to inquire whether any thing be known of William, Bishop of London, which makes him, in any comparative estimate of claims to commemoration, more worthy or even equally worthy of our honour. To discharge this part of the inquiry, with least risk of partiality, it seems the better course to transcribe what is said of

him in the standard history of the English Bishops, and therefore I extract the passage from Godwin entire. "William de St. Maur, canon of St. Paul's, formerly secretary to king Richard the First, succeeded, and was consecrated on the 22nd June, 1199. He was one of those who in the name of the Pope interdicted the whole of the realm from sacred services, and pronounced king John excommunicate; and being punished therefor with five years' banishment, demolished the castle of Stortford, which William the First had bestowed on the see of London, and utterly razed it in A.D. 1211. He voluntarily resigned his bishoprick the 26th of January, 1221"—(*de Prasulibus*, p. 237)—a brief and not honorable notice, to which the diligence of Richardson has added nothing beyond the fact, that William was a native of Normandy.

Having brought these facts under your attention, I would beg you to consider whether they do not render some new arrangement of the list desirable. It would be importunate to trouble you with the complaints of some other omissions which self-respecting persons connected with this country might make regarding the lists in general; but my reverence for the memory of my great countryman, John Scot, will not suffer me to close this communication without a sigh over the inadvertence to which I must ascribe the omission of his illustrious name from ever so select a roll of the British and Irish fathers of European learning.

I have the honour to remain, with great respect, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

SAMUEL FERGUSON.

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CONTENTS.

	Page
PORTUGAL AS IT IS. NARRATIVE OF A PEDERSTRIAN JOURNEY FROM LISBON TO OPORTO AND BRAGA, IN THE SPRING OF 1845	635
MADAME DE SAVERNE	656
RAPHAEL'S TAPESTRIES. BY CARL LUDWIG FERNOW	668
POETICAL REMAINS OF THE LATE MRS. JAMES GRAY. NO. V.—ICILIA—THE GIFTED—A SONG—THE SPIRIT TRYST—THE MOTHER'S FAITH—THE ECLIPSED MOON—THE REMEMBRANCE OF A DREAM—THE BRACELET—ALETHE'S DOOM—THE RAINBOW SEEN IN TOWNS—LINES ADDRESSED TO A CHILD—THE ABSENT ONES	
THE WHYCHCOTS, A LEAF FROM THE CENSUS OF 1841. CHAPS. IX, X, XI, XII—CONCLUDED	
IRELAND AND HER CHURCH. THIRD ARTICLE	713
LETTER FROM HENRY HALLAM, ESQ.	728
A SONG OF A PLEASANT OLD WOODMAN AND HIS WIFE JOAN, AT A CHRISTMAS FIRE. BY F. P. PALMER	729
PROTESTANT UNION	751
THE DIDACTIC IRISH NOVELISTS—CARLETON, MRS.	757
INDEX	753



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Vol. XXVI.

PORTUGAL AS IT IS.

NARRATIVE OF A PEDESTRIAN JOURNEY FROM LISBON TO OPORTO AND BRAGA
IN THE SPRING OF 1845.

Journey from Lisbon to Santarém, and Os Carvalhos—Comfortable Condition of Country People—Visit to Alcobaca—Monastery deserted—Monuments of Don Pedro, and Ignes de Castro—Field of Aljubarrota—Batalha—Its monuments, and tomb of Prince Henry—Journey through Leiria, Fátima, and Condeixa to Coimbra—Present condition of the University—Number of Students, and mode of Study—Beauty of the environs of Coimbra, and the Mondego—Journey by Mialhada and Ovar to Oporto—The Serra Convent—Effects of the Siege by Dom Miguel visible on the houses—Effects of the Revolution upon the Social State of Portugal—Visit to the Hot Baths of Vizella, Guemaraens, and Braga—Church of Bom Jesus do Monte, and its Pilgrims—Return to Oporto.

[So much has been said of the dangers of travelling in the interior of Portugal and Spain, that few are willing to undertake such hazardous journeys; but a more correct knowledge of the social condition of the Peninsula, especially of Portugal, will soon dissipate such apprehensions, or, at least, show that they are greatly exaggerated.]

Whatever may have been the dangers of travelling in Portugal in former times, at the present day they are by no means formidable, and need not alarm the most timid.

During the ascendancy of Dom Miguel, and for some years after his overthrow, there was unquestionably much danger, not merely in travelling into remote districts, but even in the large towns. Under the usurpation, even in Lisbon and Oporto, foreigners, especially Englishmen, were frequently insulted, and their predilection for the cause of the queen as constitutional government, rendered them obnoxious to the rabble and absolutists. The civil war, and subsequent disbanding of Dom Miguel's army, turned loose upon society a great number of idle and lawless characters, who committed many murders and outrages; but this evil has ceased for several years, and at present robberies are seldom heard of, and the stranger may travel in safety. It is a fact, and a melancholy one, that more murders take place annually in the county of Tipperary, than in the kingdom of Portugal and Algarve. And during an extensive journey in the latter country, where we mixed freely with the people, we never heard of any deed of violence, or even experienced any thing approaching to rudeness.

It must, however, be acknowledged that, even in the present improved state of Portugal, the possibility of meeting with robbers is not to be altogether overlooked; and a scientific individual informed us that he had been robbed more than once, while making excursions, although even in this worst case there is usually but little personal danger to be apprehended, provided the traveller conduct himself with prudence and self-command.

The solitary traveller, who wishes to traverse the unfrequented parts of Portugal, we are convinced may do it with perfect safety, provided he possesses that amount of courage and common sense, without which trouble and danger will be met with every where. All useless and unnecessary display should be avoided. The traveller, who wears a profusion of rings, carries a golden watch-

guard, and is encumbered with a load of seals and chains, merely exhibits an advertisement that he is worth robbing, and certainly deserves little sympathy, if he meet with trouble. Another absurdity, on the part of the traveller, is to carry arms. Such a proceeding is merely an intimation that he carries along with him something worth fighting for, and that he is a lure for those who desire his property. But the absurdity of carrying arms is still more apparent when we reflect that, in an encounter with Portuguese highwaymen, he will have no opportunity of using them. Four or five muskets will be presented to him when he least expects it, and resistance will be vain. His wisdom, then, is to surrender at discretion, which, in this case, is safety, and in ordinary cases, no unnecessary violence will be offered, if the property be surrendered with a good grace. The traveller also ought always to carry along with him enough of money to propitiate the highwaymen. The neglect of this may lead to danger, especially in the case of an Englishman, who is always supposed to abound in wealth.

The best guarantee, however, is to study the manners of the people, to respect their prejudices, and as rapidly as possible to acquire a knowledge of the language. In this point of view, we think every one ought to prefer a native to an English servant. There can be no difficulty in obtaining a trustworthy attendant; and his knowledge of the country, both as regards safety and economy, will render such a choice by far the most prudent.

Of course, the traveller, before setting out, ought to be aware of the very indifferent accommodation to be found in the country towns, where the *estalagem* seldom possesses the comforts of an English public-house; and all murmuring, in such a case, is foolish; it is his duty to make the best of the accommodation which he can obtain; and we venture to assert that the traveller who does so, will find that every exertion will be made to render him comfortable, and he will encounter few difficulties which prudence and good temper cannot overcome.]

On the evening of the 5th of March, we left Lisbon in a boat for Santarem, where we arrived on the afternoon of the following day. The chief beauty of the Tagus is on its northern bank, up to Villa Nova and Alhandra, rendered doubly so to an Englishman, as forming the termination, and also the least defensible part of the lines of Torres Vedras. As we ascend, the country becomes still bolder, until we descry, from afar, the lofty hill on which Santarem is built. On the south side of the river the country is a great level expanse, or slightly raised above the river, and constituting what is called the *lizerias*. The vicinity of Santarem is eminently beautiful, and is in some degree the type of many Portuguese towns, such as Palmella, Leiria, and Pombal. In these, and many other places, the town has been built near some elevated rock, which constituted the garrison or acropolis, where the inhabitants could find refuge, and deposit their valuable property. In Portugal, while we find remains of ancient fortifications in most of the towns, the remains of feudal castles, belonging to the nobility, are far fewer than in

England or Scotland, or on the banks of the Rhine. It would appear that the feudal system, where each chief was a petty sovereign, never prevailed to the same extent in the Spanish peninsula as in the rest of Europe. This resulted from many circumstances. The Gothic conquerors, who succeeded the Romans, were the most civilized of the Teutonic tribes who partitioned the empires of the Cæsars, and being few in number, they soon adopted the language and manners of the conquered provincials. The Goths, far removed from their original seats, could not readily recruit their numbers by emigrations from the north; and thus a few generations obliterated in Spain distinctions which it took all the long period between the Norman conquest and the accession of the Tudor dynasty to extinguish in England. Another powerful counteraction of feudal influence existed in the power of the church, and also in the municipal system, which took deep root during the five centuries of the Roman government of Spain. The invasion of the Saracens also must have tended to bring all classes into more intimate contact, by uniting

them in a common effort to defend both national honour and religion. From these circumstances we may deduce the source of some of the peculiarities of the Spanish and Portuguese character, they felt the feudal yoke lightly; but, in return, the spirit of bigotry resulting from the crusades was experienced in a greater degree than in any other part of Europe.

To return to Santarem; its situation is remarkable, the older part of the town built upon the summit of a lofty hill, while a new town, probably two hundred feet lower, is upon the margin of the Tagus. On ascending to the old town, our landlord of the *estalagem* received us with the usual Portuguese politeness; and after dinner, he accompanied us to show all that was interesting about the town, and to enable us to arrange, with a muleteer to accompany us to Coimbra. One of the first places we visited was the old castle, or, as it is called, the *Mouraria*, once a Moorish citadel, and now in ruins. From this situation the view is really magnificent; we see the Tagus through a considerable part of its course, and the vast plains of *lizerias* extending to the south, and the whole illuminated by a sun which might afford charms to a far inferior landscape.

Another circumstance, which must strike every intelligent person, is the former extent of monastic influence, as displayed by the number of the conventual buildings. Santarem appears to have been a most monastic town, and the convents must have contained inmates enough to have controlled every intellectual movement in the district—the convent of the Jesuits alone might afford accommodation for a regiment; and one cannot but regard their dilapidated state with feelings of satisfaction, as evidences of the downfall of a system which proved so ruinous to the prosperity of the country. These monastic buildings seldom possess anything of architectural merit, and their decay can excite but little sentimentalism; the beautiful Gothic edifices of England, interesting in their ruins and historical associations, are very different from the factory-looking convents of Portugal, and above all, the present generation is contemporary with their latest inmates, and remembers their lives and morals.

From Santarem our first journey was to Rio Maior. The district around Santarem was extremely beautiful; but we soon descended to a tame and level country, making our way through one of those *Erietea* or heatheries, which are so common in Portugal. These expanses, which form the most monotonous portions of the landscapes of Portugal, are not uninteresting to the naturalist, who can speculate on their origin, and the physical conditions to which they owe their peculiar characters. Considerable districts are characterised by the prevalence of sandstone strata, perhaps of the age of the old red sandstone of English geologists, and apparently in extensive horizontal beds. In these sandy districts the nature of the surface varies considerably; in some, the vegetation has given fixity to the soil; while in others the sand is so loose, that one feels as if walking among snow. The botanical traveller can recognise such tracts by the nature of their plants, as well as by the characters of the soil. The wooded parts are occupied by forests of the stone pine and pinaster, and the more open spots by a profusion of odoriferous and beautiful shrubs. We find a vegetation of *Cisti* and *Helianthemums* of endless variety, furzes and brooms of all kinds, with junipers and crowberries, and many fine species of heath, which beguile the long and tedious journey through an otherwise monotonous country.

After spending the evening in the poor *estalagem* and dull neighbourhood of Rio Maior, we set out in the morning for Os Carvalhos, and in the afternoon arrived at its *auberge*, which was honoured with the title of *estalagem* real, to which its exterior gave it but little claim. This public house, as it would be called in England, has been erected for the convenience of the students travelling between Lisbon and Coimbra, and resembles a little convent, from the number of its sleeping apartments. The approach to the house is detestable; being in the worst style of Scotch farm-houses of former days—that is, the front of the house is a mere mass of filth and manure, through which the traveller has to proceed with well-chosen steps, and he at length arrives at a series of cold, unfurnished, and com-

fortless rooms. The bed-rooms, however, are on the ground-floor, and so the traveller escapes a nuisance but too common in Portuguese *estalagens*, that of having to sleep immediately above the stable, imbued in an atmosphere whose qualities do not require a more minute description. However, the innkeeper was, as we always found to be the case in Portugal, not only polite, but really desirous to oblige; and after exchanging our dripping clothes for a dry suit, we dined on baccalhao (codfish), eggs, and a preparation of pork resembling a sausage, and called *fombo de porco*, which we found excellent; notwithstanding that it was seasoned plentifully with garlic. After dinner, we found the most comfortable place in an *estalagem*, after a rainy day in the month of March, was the kitchen, the only place where the comfort of a fire could be found. The hearths are of enormous size, with benches on each side which may accommodate about a dozen people. We were welcomed to a share of the warmth, and a present of a cigar to the host soon established a cordial understanding. In this way one could obtain a more intimate acquaintance with the people and their modes of living, and their habitual gravity and politeness soon places all parties on good terms. On this, as on numberless occasions, we had to contrast the comfort of the Portuguese with the wretchedness of the Irish peasant. The servants of the *estalagem* were partaking of baccalhao, with wheaten bread and a reasonable allowance of the *vinho verde*, or country wine, and eating large quantities of pickled olives; in fact, as to physical comforts—that is, food and clothes—there is little cause for complaint. The people were abundantly communicative, and we talked of Alcobaca and Batalha, which we intended to visit on the following day, and obtained all requisite information. Among other topics, our host entered upon that of religion; but his theological lore was of the slenderest kind. One was perplexed at first to know what he meant when he declared the French to be good Christians, and the Spaniards to be good Catholics; but after he mentioned that the Portuguese were very faithful, it was apparent that all he knew of the matter was the

titles of the sovereigns of the three kingdoms, and from other similar conversations, we are afraid that such ignorance is not rare.

As Alcobaca is not more than five or six miles from Os Carvalhos, we went thither next morning. This town, of about 1,400 inhabitants, is interesting from its ancient convent, of whose wealth and splendour Beckford has given so entertaining an account. It is now desolate, the monks have been scattered, and their property sold. We walked through the kitchen, so graphically described by Beckford, and even in its decay we find evidence that its magnificence has not been exaggerated. The little town, which probably was formed in consequence of the wealth of the convent, is situated near the confluence of two small streams, the Alcoa and the Baca, and hence its name. The country around, and especially along the streams, is remarkably beautiful, and much indebted to a brilliant sun; and the views from the convent windows are, although comprehending but small landscapes, very delightful. Formerly the convent of Alcobaca was one of the richest in Portugal; but now every part of the building except the chapel is going to ruin. The library, which was very extensive, and rich in manuscripts illustrating Portuguese history, has very judiciously been removed to Lisbon, where it will be more useful than it ever was in this remote spot. The library hall must have been a splendid apartment, and from its windows the view is charm-

ing. The church, which is still in repair, also deserves to be visited. We find, in the style of its decoration, the same bad taste as is universal in Portugal. The altar has been the part on which the greatest labour is bestowed, in a profuse display of carving and gilding, with little elegance. The statues and paintings are often disgusting, and more calculated to corrupt than improve taste. We find often the *mater dolorosa* depicted in a manner that called to mind nothing but the dissecting-room, or the wax models of the anatomist, and we should think such loathsome figures with ghastly wounds would not merely deprave the taste, but, by their familiarity, cherish a feeling of disregard to actual suffering,

by weakening our sympathies. In the church of Alcobaca there is a painting which sins no less against propriety, although in another direction, where all that is solemn is displayed in union with what is little better than low buffoonery. We allude to a picture of the death of St. Bernard, where the body of the saint is surrounded by his weeping followers, and a party of angels, with fiddles and guitars, are ready to serenade his soul to heaven. In the same bad taste votive offerings of arms or legs of wax, of crutches, &c., are suspended near some favourite image of Nossa Senhora, to commemorate cures effected or miracles performed.

The convent of Alcobaca is, however, interesting on very different grounds; for it must be looked upon as a classical spot in Portuguese history. Its foundation is nearly coeval with that of the monarchy. It was founded by the first king, Dom Affonso Henriques, after he had conquered Santarem from the Moors. Within two miles is the field of Aljubarotta, so glorious to Portugal. The story of this important battle may be briefly told. The Burgundian, or first dynasty of kings of Portugal, had become extinct. The right to the crown was claimed by the King of Castille. The Portuguese, however, were determined to maintain their independence, and chose for king, the Master of Avis, an illegitimate descendant of the old dynasty. After an obstinate struggle, the question was decided on the field of Aljubarotta, and the Spanish army defeated by a far inferior force of the Portuguese. The King of Castille fled to Santarem, and his travelling altar, and all the contents of his camp became the spoil of the victors. The most interesting monuments in the church are the tombs of Don Pedro and Ignez de Castro—the hero and heroine of so much song, and whose loves and misfortunes have given materials for so many tragedies. It is most vexatious to see how these beautiful and richly ornamented tombs have been injured by the French, who rifled and broke them open, and drew out the bodies in quest of gold, which might have been interred along with them. In the same style of wanton mischief, the altars have been mutilated, to obtain hones for sharpening knives. M.

Balbi, with that bad faith which characterizes Frenchmen when writing about England, omits all allusion to this barbarism, and mentions that the English burned a cotton factory in the vicinity, leaving us to draw the inference, which only minds like his own could insinuate, that what was done from an absolute military necessity, caused by the unprincipled invasion, was a malicious attempt to destroy Portuguese manufactures.

We left the very good estalagem of Alcobaca, and again crossing the field of Aljubarotta, a walk of two hours brought us to Batalha. This beautiful monastery was founded by John the First, to commemorate the victory of Aljubarotta, which seated his family on the throne, and extinguished the hopes of the King of Castille. The building, in the florid Gothic style, rich in its profusion of ornaments, is worthy of the dynasty of Avis, under which Portugal rose to such greatness as a commercial kingdom. Those who wish for information respecting the architectural beauties of Batalha, will find it in the work of Murphy. The church contains the monuments of Dom Joam and his illustrious sons, and his queen Philippa, the daughter of John of Gaunt. The traveller will view with deep interest, the mausoleum of Dom Henry, the father of maritime enterprise, the precursor of Columbus. Here, as at Alcobaca, the broken monuments and pillaged tombs remind us of the devastations of those profligate adventurers so long the pest of Europe. We saw with pleasure the monument of the Duke de Lafões, the founder of the Academy of Sciences of Lisbon, and long the friend of science, and the protector of scientific men, at a time when the power of the Inquisition rendered intellectual pursuits sufficiently hazardous. The duke, for some reason or other, incurred the dislike of his brother, King Joseph. During the greater part of that monarch's reign, he spent his time in travelling, and visited almost every country in Europe, and on the death of the king he returned to Lisbon, where he spent his time in intellectual pursuits. The following anecdote will illustrate the liberality of the duke, and at the same time the intolerance of his countrymen. The Abbe Correa de Serra, a distinguished botanist, who, in spite

of the patronage of the duke, was obliged to quit his native country, composed the following inscription for the tomb of the novelist, Fielding, in the English burying ground in Lisbon:—

"Humanitati Sacrum.
Cinetibus Henrici Fielding, Angli
quæ hic absque honore iacebant,
Johannes de Braganza
Monumentum hoc ponendi curavit,
Ne musis inhospita
hæc tellus videretur."

This intended tribute proved abortive. The virtues, the tastes, the liberality, and even the illustrious rank of the Duke of La Foens (John de Braganza) uncle to the Queen of Portugal, had no weight against monkish fanaticism, which would by no means connive at such a compliment to a heretic, and the monument was never executed.*

We could not but admire this beautiful monastery of Batalha, situated in a secluded valley, of which the architectural beauties were its smallest charm; for we viewed it also as the monument of the most glorious period of Portuguese history—a period which neither Portugal nor Europe will readily forget. Built by King Joam the First, the founder of a new dynasty, and, like Robert Bruce to the Scots, the restorer of national independence, the chapel of his descendant, King Manuel, calls to mind the discovery of the passage to India, and the commercial revolution which has changed the politics of Europe. To an Englishman, also, it possesses a sort of domestic interest, as Philippa, daughter of John of Gaunt, was the queen of King Joam, and is interred by his side, and near them the remains of their gallant sons, of whom Don Henry has left an imperishable name. Amidst so much to interest, there is also much to regret caused by the devastations of the French. We are mortified to find that a nation calling itself civilized, has, after all, made so little progress, and still carries on warfare after the manner of Turks and savages. The atrocities of Massena, Lison, and Kellerman, were but in harmony with the usual proceedings of French officers, and were combined with a man-

dacity and theft of private property, which united in them the character of highwayman and pickpocket. Every public building in Portugal has marks of this devastation; and it was a lucky family which could conceal their plate, medals, or pictures.

On leaving Batalha, we arrived in the evening at the ancient town of Leiria, where we spent the evening. This town is finely situated, and watered by two small streams; but the most picturesque object is the castle, situated on an elevated rock, and commanding the town. This castle was formerly the abode of the patriot King Dinis, the founder of the University of Coimbra, and whose surname of the "farmer" indicates that he was more occupied with internal improvements than foreign wars. The town also claims the honour of being one of the earliest in Europe which possessed a printing-press. It is said, that an edition of the poems of Don Pedro was printed here, in 1466, and if so, as early as about ten years after the art had been practised at Mayence, in Germany. The intellectual state of Portugal at this period must have been in advance of most countries in Europe; we find, for example, that printing was not introduced into Scotland until 1507, and even then only for a few years.

Leiria is a pleasant little town, and contains many respectable shops, we should rather say stores, which supply the surrounding country. Like the stores in the United States and Canada, every kind of commodity is sold in the same establishment, and one sees a motley assortment of cutlery, *bacalhao*, or cod-fish, rice, hats, and cotton goods. Of the cutlery and cotton goods, the greater part are, of course, of English manufacture, and we were pleased to recognise, by the style of patterns, and other circumstances, the localities, and even factories from which they came. It is curious to reflect, that in the large towns of Upper Canada, or in the state of Ohio—countries not a century old—we find more activity and more conveniences, than in this ancient and once distinguished country.

From Leiria to Pombal is but a

short journey; and from thence our next resting-place was Condeixa, about two leagues from Coimbra. The town of Pombal, the native place of the great marquis, as he is called, is inferior in beauty to Leiria, although, like the latter town, formerly protected by an acropolis. At Condeixa, the physical features of the country become completely changed from what we experienced between Santarem and the former place. Hitherto the country had been comparatively level and sandy, sometimes consisting of extensive regions of heath and Cistus; at others, of immense olive groves, miles in length, with their dingy monotonous leaves, destitute of verdure, and calling to mind the sombre forests of New Holland; or the dark pines in extensive groves, calling to mind the pine forests of America. In this region, where streams are rare, windmills abound; but beyond Condeixa the scene changes. The country becomes broken, springs and streams are numerous, and orange trees become common, and the windmills are no longer to be seen, and watermills take their place. We confess we were glad to escape from the monotony of the sandy and heathy region to the more cheerful and broken country.

Next day, after a walk of two leagues over an execrable road, we were cheered with the sight of the tower and observatory of Coimbra, and were pleased with the beauties of the Mondego, and the prospect of spending a few days in this ancient seat of the Portuguese muses. Until we are absolutely within sight of Coimbra, there are no appearances which can induce the traveller to suspect that he is in the vicinity of a populous town, and a university which boasts of twelve hundred students. To use the words of the author of the *Beauties of Coimbra* (*Bellezas de Coimbra*), we perceive nothing but hills crowned with pines and cypress, or plains covered with olives. We traverse them without finding any indication of our approach to the ancient capital of Portugal. We meet no carriages, horsemen, or postillions; while, in the distance, we may observe, perhaps, a cross, indicating where a murder has been committed, or we may hear the creaking of the ungreased wheels of the slow bullock-wagon. Nor is the

impression less sombre on entering the town; and the traveller might be tempted to believe that he was not merely thrown upon a strange town, but upon a former age—that he had not only passed from London to Coimbra, but from the nineteenth to the fifteenth century. The buildings which attract notice are all ecclesiastical, churches and cathedrals, and enormous convents; so that Coimbra appears as one enormous monastic institution. The effect, however, is very fine. So many edifices built upon a lofty hill, on the margin of a beautiful river. On entering the town, the recollections of the middle ages are still forced upon us by the strange costume of the students, who resemble a set of monks, with the black gowns and caps, and ecclesiastical dress, unlike any garb we ever witnessed in any other university.

The city and university of Coimbra present much that is interesting, both from the beauty of the situation and its associations with so much of the history and literature of Portugal. The scenery of the Mondego, perhaps the most beautiful of all the Portuguese rivers, has been the fertile theme of the Portuguese poets. This river, descending from the mountains of Estrella, varies of course greatly with the season. In summer it is contracted to a mere streamlet, and in winter it often inundates the country, and even renders the streets of the lower town impassable. It was not our fortune to see it in its tranquil mood, pure and transparent, flowing over the yellow micaceous sand, when, to use the expression of Camoens, we might count the pebbles in its channel—

"Tão claras vão as águas caminhando,
Que no fundo as pedrinhas delicadas
Se pode uma e uma estar contando."

On the contrary, during our visit in March, the long bridge of twenty-seven arches appeared scarcely broad enough to permit the waters to flow, and all exit from the lower part of the town was precluded. These floods have considerably altered the appearance of the vicinity of Coimbra, even in comparatively modern times. The river descends from lofty granite mountains, and bears along in its course a great abundance of sandy matter, the de-

tritus of the rocks over which it flows. As the channel becomes broader near the city, much of this transported matter is deposited, and the houses built on its banks are gradually buried. In this manner the ancient nunnery of Santa Clara, founded in 1286, has been overwhelmed, and little remains but an arch and portion of the walls, and a new nunnery was built in 1649, on a rising ground in the neighbourhood. The most interesting place on the banks of the Mondego, and in the immediate vicinity of the convent of Santa Clara, is the Fonte dos Amores, or fountain of love, and the adjacent house, called the Quenta dos Lochrymas, or House of Tears, so celebrated from the catastrophe of the unfortunate Ignez de Castro. The Fonte dos Amores, with its pellucid water, issuing from the rock, shaded with weeping willows and the Goacypress, and commanding a view of the Mondego, and nearly shut out from the neighbouring city, is well fitted for the consummation of a love tragedy. The soft and melancholy beauty of the spot would command interest, even although detached from the historical associations which have rendered it so celebrated. It is discreditable to the good people of Coimbra that nothing is done to keep this beautiful spot in order, or render it accessible to visitors. The approach is through mud and filth; and during several days while we were at Coimbra, it was absolutely inaccessible. The only evidence of respect paid to the spot was afforded, not by a Portuguese, but an Englishman, General Trant, who erected a stone, with the following appropriate quotation from Camoens:—

"As filhas de Mundego a morte escuta
Longo tempo chorando memoração;
E por memória eterna, em fonte pura
As lagrimas choradas transformão

* "No less the wood-nymphs of Mundego's groves
Bewailed the memory of her hapless loves;
Her griefs they wept, and to a plaintive rill
Transformed their tears, which weeps and murmurs still.
To give immortal pity to her woe,
She taught the rivulet through her bowers to flow,
And still through violet beds the fountain pours
Its plaintive wailing, and is named Amoures."

In a note, Mickle speaks of an old royal castle, with a rivulet called the Fountain of Loves. There was no castle here, and there is no rivulet, but a fountain in the proper sense of the word.

O nome lhe puserão, que ainda dura,
Dos Amores de Ignez, que ali se passára
Vede que fresca fonte rega as flores,
Que lagrimas são a água, e o nome Amores."

We have also quoted the version by Mickle, perhaps the most unfaithful of translators, and whose version of Camoens gives no adequate idea of the original.* The story of Dom Pedro and Dona Ignez is as well known as that of Abelard and Heloise, and need not be detailed. As Dom Pedro was heir to the Crown of Portugal, his marriage to Ignez was objectionable, on grounds of state policy, and the unhappy lady was murdered by order of the prince's father. The conduct of the prince was romantic to the last. On his accession to the crown, his marriage was authenticated and proclaimed, and the skeleton of his deceased wife disinterred for his coronation, and arrayed in royal robes, received the homage of the nobility who kissed her hand. The vengeance he took on the murderers was of the same exaggerated kind. They expired in his presence, under the most dreadful tortures, and also suffered from his blows and insults. The following anecdote, related by Faria e Sousa, shows the unrelenting spirit of Dom Pedro. One of the murderers was by name Coelho, which signifies a rabbit in Portuguese; while he was expiring, the king is said to have called for onions and vinegar to dress the rabbit.

Although we have no evidence that Coimbra was a place of any note under the Romans, it possesses many matters of historical interest. It became a town of some consequence under the Alani; and subsequently, on the expulsion of the Moors, became the residence of the Portuguese court, until the seat of government was transferred to Lisbon, by Dom João the First.

During the long period in which Coimbra was the capital of Portugal, the chief ecclesiastical edifices were constructed, and the monasteries founded. Of all these buildings, the most interesting is the *Se Velha*, or old cathedral, which must be one of the oldest Christian edifices in Portugal. This venerable edifice was built by the Goths while Ariens, and probably by the compulsory labour of the orthodox, who were severely persecuted by Ataces, King of the Alani. The church afterwards passed to the orthodox, and on the Moslem invasion it was changed into a mosque, and on the expulsion of the Moors became the episcopal church of Coimbra. Although, in a historic sense, this ancient building may be called a Gothic cathedral, still it is as remote as possible from what is usually called the Gothic style of architecture. Its solid walls of hewn and nearly square stones call to mind a castle rather than a church. The principal entrance is through an arch of great stones, and instead of windows there are long narrow apertures. It has no tower or steeple by which it might be recognised as a cathedral; and, in short, it resembles rather a castle than a church. This and the other churches appear to be plentifully supplied with relics, which will be interesting to those who are curious in such matters.

The chief object of interest in Coimbra is the university, the only one in Portugal, and consequently exercising a powerful influence on the intellectual character of the country. The buildings of the university are situated on the highest part of the town; and from the observatory, one obtains a splendid prospect of the extensive plain called the *Campo de Mondego*. The university was originally founded by the patriot King Dinis, in 1288, so that it is one of the oldest literary establishments in Europe. It was at first established at Lisbon, but after several changes was at last definitely fixed at Coimbra. For a long time, however, the institution made but little progress, until, in 1495, it was reformed by King Manuel, and subsequently brought to a high degree of efficiency under Joam the Third. The reign of King Manuel, and his immediate successors, was, in every respect, the most brilliant period of the Portu-

guese monarchy. It was not merely the period of splendid discoveries and bold military enterprise, but also of literature and art. It was in this prosperous age, that Coimbra reared some of the most eminent of the Portuguese poets, as *Sa de Miranda*, *Andrade* and, a few years later, *Camoens*, whose writings bear ample evidence of the value of the training which it enforced, and of the value he attached to it. But the exertions of the *Gouveas* of *Teive* and *Buchanan* were destined to be evanescent. The Reformation, which gave an impulse to the minds of men in the north of Europe, unfortunately possessed no influence in the south. Science and literature were now regarded as the parents of error, and were speedily shorn of their wings. The teachers who had come from France, were viewed with jealousy; and every one who visits Coimbra, must remember the fate of *Buchanan*. It is, however, to his imprisonment in a monastery of Coimbra, that we are indebted for his immortal version of the *Psalms*, which remains the monument of his perfect scholarship, and of the bigotry which drove him from Portugal. Thus the wretched cardinal-king, *Dom Henry*, is known only as connected with the downfall of his native country—he persecuted *Buchanan*, and permitted *Camoens* to die in an hospital. In the fortunate reign of *Joam the Third*, when his brother *Henry* was cardinal, and head of the Portuguese church, the literary progress of the country received a deadly blow. Under this miserable fanatic, education was given up to the *Jesuits*, and independence of thought carefully watched and crushed; and to complete the degradation of the university, the inquisition was established at Coimbra. Thus, while the royal cardinal sent the *Jesuits* and the inquisition to Coimbra, his own intellectual pursuits were sufficiently low, and consisted in collecting relics or saintly legends. To use the words of an enlightened Portuguese ecclesiastic, the nation was gradually conducted to a degree of ignorance and servility, of which history scarcely offers a parallel; princes and subjects were equally humbled, and never did a power, without an armed force, govern a country more absolutely. The writer who would employ his pen on this part of history, will feel no

want of materials—unhappily they are too abundant, although little known beyond the Pyrenees. Such an exhibition would be to the nations what a chart, laying down the position of hidden rocks, is to the mariner—the most enlightened nations should take warning by it.

For upwards of two centuries, Portugal remained in this degraded state; and a nation whose intellectual qualities are equal to those of any kingdom in Europe, scarcely produced a name of any note in science or literature. There were no societies or academies, no botanic gardens or museums, and the Portuguese youth who wished to acquire a knowledge of medicine, had to resort to Edinburgh or Paris. The university, says the Abbé Correa de Serra, which should have been the source of light, became the fountain of darkness. When we remember that the University of Coimbra was the only one in the kingdom, and that every magistrate and lawyer, every dignitary of the church, and every physician, had to study there, and that even the officers of the army had to follow the lectures on mathematics, we may form some idea of the pernicious influence which the Jesuits must have exercised when they possessed the entire controul of the institution.

Whatever diversity of opinion may exist elsewhere as to the result of Jesuitical education, there appears to be none in Portugal. As this pernicious body was expelled by Pombal, so for the very same reason they were reinstated by the Absolutists, under Dom Miguel, and were again innuating their way into the professors' chairs, as they had done three centuries before, in the reign of Joam the Third, when, happily for the country, they were again expelled by the revolution which placed the present sovereign on the throne.

We are not indiscriminate admirers of Pombal; but his reform of the university, and the expulsion of the Jesuits, were benefits which the country cannot readily forget. In the year 1772, Pombal set about the reform of the university, with that intense energy which marked his character. He closed the university, and proceeded to Coimbra, in royal state, as the representative of the sovereign. All the old statutes and regulations

were abolished, and the schools suppressed; he made new regulations, instituted new chairs, and filled them with new professors; he prescribed new subjects of instruction, and new modes of teaching. The change of men and doctrines was sweeping and complete. Physical and mathematical science took their proper place. Foreign professors were brought, at a great expense, to set the new system in motion. An observatory, chemical laboratory, botanic garden, anatomical theatre, and museum of natural history, arose as if by magic; and all this in a town where science and its apparatus had been unknown a few months before. Theology, law, medicine, and belles lettres were also taught in the same manner as in foreign universities—(Correa de Serra).

Such was the state of intellectual degradation to which the country had been reduced, that Pombal, powerful and energetic as he was, was compelled to obtain foreign professors to commence the new system. The new professors were, for obvious reasons, Italians; and it is to them that Portugal is indebted for the introduction of modern science into the University of Coimbra. Professors Fransini, Dalla Bella, and Brunelli formed native teachers of physics and mathematics; and Vandelli organised the botanic gardens of Coimbra and Lisbon. On the death of King Joseph, and consequent retirement of Pombal, the fanatical party again returned to power, and many men of science were obliged to quit the country to escape from the inquisition. This period of darkness lasted about twelve years, when more moderate counsels were adopted; and such had been the fruit of Pombal's measures, that a new race of able men had arisen, who were able to sustain the reputation of the university. Monteiro in mineralogy, and Barjona and Sobral in chemistry, and Brotero in botany, and Anastasio da Cunha in mathematics, afforded evidence that nothing but tranquillity was required to enable the university to attain a European reputation. The French invasions, however, were equally hostile to the intellectual progress of the country, as to the happiness of its people; and the subsequent civil wars have retarded the renovation of the university.

The present condition of the university is not such as could be wished; the necessities of the state have caused the funds to be greatly curtailed, and consequently the museum has made little progress, and the botanic garden is completely dilapidated. The museum of natural history contains a pretty extensive series of specimens, and is in a better condition than that of Lisbon. It is poor in minerals, but contains a good many fossils; the specimens were named and arranged by Professor Barjona, but certainly it is not up to the present state of the science. It is remarkable that a country possessing so many settlements in India and Africa, and having such intimate relations with Brazil, should have so few specimens from those countries. We did not see any osteological collection, or indeed any attempt to form a cabinet of comparative anatomy.

The botanic garden has nothing interesting except its most truly beautiful situation, commanding a splendid view of the Mondego and surrounding country. It has greatly declined from what it was in the time of Vandelli and Brotero, and in short may be said to be in a state of complete neglect. The observatory and collection of instruments appear to be in a more efficient state, and observations are carried on by the professors.

The examination hall is a venerable room, with seats for the dignitaries of the university, and hung round with portraits of the Portuguese sovereigns, and of course no place is found for the three Spanish kings who ruled the country during the period of the usurpation, as the Portuguese properly enough term it. The library is also in a fine apartment, but the volumes it contains are of former days, and the student will not find what he most needs, modern works. Connected with this topic, one is struck forcibly with the circumstance, that in a literary point of view, it is a great misfortune to belong to a little kingdom speaking a language different from the rest of Europe. In this respect, Portugal labours under the same inconveniences as Denmark, Holland, or Sweden. The professor must seek for information in foreign languages; the text books are translations from French, German, or English; and what is still worse, the

author of an original work will never find a sufficient number of readers in the narrow circle of his native language, and such will long be the case in Portugal. Connected with this subject, one is surprised at the paucity of booksellers in Coimbra, in which we found only one of any note, a Frenchman, who dealt chiefly in elementary books.

The mode of teaching in Coimbra is by lecturing, and not by tutors, as in England, and the professors, in as far as we could ascertain, speak extempore. In teaching anatomy or mathematics, we were pleased with the plan followed, which must be well adapted to impress the mind of the pupil with the subject under discussion. In the anatomical lectures, for example, after the teacher has demonstrated the muscles, &c., the students in rotation demonstrate the same parts to the audience. The advantages of this method are very obvious; for in acquiring a knowledge of anatomy it is not merely an effort of the memory that is required, but a practical knowledge from seeing and handling the parts which can only be acquired by actual dissection and demonstration. By this means the teacher can easily know whether the pupil is merely speaking from memory, or has an experimental acquaintance with the subject.

It is pleasing to speak of the good order and attention which prevails during the lectures, and in as far as a stranger could judge, the conduct of the pupil while in the lecture-room, is superior to what we have been accustomed to while a student. When a stranger enters the lecture-room, he is received with the usual Portuguese politeness; the professor pauses and bows, and the students rise up. There is also another trait in the Portuguese character no less amiable: there are many young men from Goa, Brazil, and other Portuguese colonies, whose complexion would exclude them from the lecture-room, among the equality loving democrats of the United States, but at Coimbra more Christian feeling prevails, and no man is dejected on account of the hue of his skin or the crispness of his hair.

The courses of instruction delivered in Coimbra are ranged under different faculties. Of these, the first is, of course, that of theology. The number

of students of theology in Coimbra, in 1844, was only ninety-three. This small number may excite surprise, but by far the greater number of students are trained in the bishop's seminaries in their respective dioceses, and it is only the elite of the priesthood who look forward to the higher honours of the church, who study at Coimbra. The course of theological lectures extends through six years, and certainly to a Protestant the matters taught appear very curious, consisting of symbolical, liturgical, and mystic theology. Only one year is devoted to what would appear more important than all the rest—the interpretation of the Scriptures. This all important topic could only boast of a single student. In accordance with the same indifference to literature, there are only eight students of the Greek and nine of the Hebrew language. The education under this faculty is merely a system of unreasoning belief, affording exercise for the memory alone. It is almost unnecessary to state that moral science is in a languishing state, and we never heard of any Portuguese author of the smallest reputation, who has written on metaphysical subjects.

The faculty of law is the most efficient in the university, and the number of students of jurisprudence, in 1844, amounted to six hundred and eighty-seven, which is fully half the number attending lectures in Coimbra. As a degree in law is necessary to qualify for holding almost every civil office which the government can bestow, as well as to enable any one to practise as a lawyer, the faculty of law is justly regarded as the most important in the university. The full course of instruction extends over a period of six years. The number of professors is very considerable, and the field of instruction proportionably extensive. The wide range of subjects taught includes Roman, canon, and Portuguese law, political economy, medical jurisprudence, besides a variety of collateral topics; so that if the various branches of jurisprudence be officiously taught, the Portuguese lawyers should be the most accomplished juriconsults in Europe. The text books, at least in civil and canon law, appear to be translations from German writers; the only English author whose works appear to be known, is the celebrated

Jeremy Bentham; his works, however, we should imagine are more for speculation than practice.

The medical faculty is very respectably organised, and well calculated to form at least good literary physicians. The students must have studied philosophy previous to entering the medical classes—that is, the languages, mathematics, natural history, and other preliminary studies. In this respect the Portuguese appear to entertain more correct notions than prevail at present among ourselves. We are convinced that nothing of late has had so great a tendency to lower the character of the profession as the custom, especially in the Scottish universities, of dispensing with all literary or accessory acquirements in the candidate for a medical degree. The Latin examination is now abolished, the inaugural dissertation is written in English, and the graduates are but few who could translate the parchment which confers upon them this medical rank. Such a system must lower the character of the profession, by removing one of the guarantees for the possession of a liberal education, while at the same time the individual is cut off from a historical knowledge of his science. His medical literature cannot reach farther back than a century, and the works of Harvey and Haller must be to him inaccessible. The medical studies occupy six years, and the subjects taught do not differ in any important respect from those of other universities. As we have stated, however, Coimbra cannot be viewed in any other respect than a school of medical literature. A medical education must be an eminently practical one, and such can only be obtained in large cities, where extensive hospitals afford facilities for observing diseases and studying anatomy. In Coimbra, a small town, of about seven thousand inhabitants, a numerous body of students cannot make progress in anatomy, or have the advantage of efficient clinical instruction. It would be a great improvement to transfer the medical school from Coimbra to Lisbon, where a population of two hundred and sixty thousand inhabitants, and two immense hospitals, would form an admirable nucleus for an efficient medical school. In respect to means of practical instruction, Coimbra

is as inferior to Lisbon as Edinburgh to London, or Montpellier to Paris.

On reviewing the university of Coimbra, our opinion of its efficiency is more favourable than that of some travellers who had proceeded us. In such matters it is often extremely difficult to give a correct opinion, even when the mind is free from any, certainly any unfriendly bias. There are so many details which can only be acquired by a residence of some time on the spot, and a lengthened study of minute particulars, that the risk of error is always considerable. Thus Mr. Kinsey, who visited the museum of Coimbra in 1826, complains of the imperfection of the geological collections, especially of fossil bones; but at that period the study was just beginning to become popular, and perhaps with the exception of London and Paris, there were no extensive geological collections to be found any where. During the dreary period from 1822 to 1843, it was vain to expect any progress in science in a country distracted by civil wars and rival factions. Since that period a needy government has greatly curtailed the resources of the university, so that new acquisitions cannot be made. It is also our opinion, that upon the whole the university stood higher about 1790 than at present. It has not recovered the injury inflicted by the French invasion; at the same time it is far superior to any Spanish university, and is not in a torpid but a progressive state, affording the prospect, we trust, of one day being equal to the most eminent of European institutions. We may be assured that nothing will be wanting on the part of the learned and zealous professors who at present fill the chairs of the university.

Before quitting this topic, we may mention that the university is not at present in the good graces of the government. It is said that ultra-liberal politics pervade both professors and students. The cruelties and oppressions of Don Miguel's reign, of which Coimbra had its full share, were well calculated to drive men into extreme opinions, and to produce that intense dislike of absolutism which pervades the students. Nor is this feeling lessened by the conduct of the Cabral ministry or the character of

its head, or by their neglect of those whose exertions placed the present dynasty on the throne, and their perverse encouragement of the opposite faction. This hostility between the university and the government is said to be a reason why the former receives so little support from the present ministry.

Of the town of Coimbra little need be said; its beauty is when seen from a distance, when the public edifices have a fine effect. Like Santarem, it consists of two towns, the one consisting of the university and other buildings situated on a hill far above the river, and the lower town with narrow and dirty streets, some of which are inundated during every flood of the Mondego. The shops are by no means handsome, and most of them usually filled with lounging students, who are the most important inhabitants of the town. Coimbra would be altogether insignificant but for the students, who are its chief support, and even moderate as the expenses of a Portuguese student are, their numbers will make the gross amount spent a considerable sum. The annual expense of a student is from thirty to thirty-six pounds sterling, and the number of students twelve hundred, thus spending about £40,000 among a population of seven thousand inhabitants.

The road from Coimbra to Oporto is upon the whole uninteresting. Such was the route which we pursued, by Mialhada, to the right of Busaco, so memorable for the victory gained by the Duke of Wellington over Massena, and also for the gallantry of the Portuguese troops, who on that occasion behaved in a manner worthy of the most brilliant period of their nation's history. From Mialhada it is but a short stage to Agueda, whence we descended the Vouga to Ovar, and after a long walk of twenty miles, arrived in the afternoon at Oporto.

On the third day from leaving Coimbra, it was pleasant to see the Clerigos Tower of Oporto, after wandering for three weeks between that town and Lisbon, and to anticipate the pleasure of hearing the English tongue again. It was an agreeable reflection that after such a lengthened experiment on the social condition of

Portugal, and the experience of so many individuals and places, there was nowhere any ground for complaint, but on the contrary, much to praise in the character of the Portuguese. On no occasion did we ever meet with the smallest approximation to incivility or annoyance, but found the people every where most desirous to oblige; and we are convinced that those who are loudest in their abuse of the country, have in most cases created their own troubles. The accommodations are assuredly of a very inferior character to what are met with in England, but to this the traveller should make up his mind, and with tact and good nature he may obtain whatever the people can procure or the country afford. A Portuguese estalagem is by no means an inviting abode; there is usually a dunghill or an accumulation of mud before the door, and the bed-rooms being above the stables, one is annoyed by the effluvia of the mules, and, it may be, the noise of the muleteers. On the other hand, the bed-linen is always new and clean, and whether it was from peculiar good fortune, or from the cold weather, we certainly escaped all those insect plagues concerning which so much has been said. As to food and cooking, no reasonable traveller need complain; eggs, fowls, and bread are always to be had, and even the bacalhao and rice need not be spurned. The traveller should carry a small quantity of tea with him, and if he cannot drink the country wines, he should obtain a small supply of French brandy, as a resource against cold and wet weather. In such a journey the chief use of a servant is to arrange with the muleteers and to cater for provisions, affairs which a stranger imperfectly versant in the language and manners of the people is very incompetent to perform.

The chief inconvenience in a pedestrian journey results from the miserable state of the roads—the opprobrium of Portugal—although, we are happy to say, it is now in process of being remedied; and, with a few years of internal tranquillity, we have no doubt that the excellent roads (already commenced) will connect the different towns of the kingdom. As the matter stands at present, nothing can be worse than the state of the roads—if roads

they can be called; and indeed the people show their opinion of them by using bye-paths in the fields, and getting off the caminho real on every possible opportunity. Indeed they partake entirely of the geological character of the country; over sandstone or granite districts, they are dry and sandy; they are painful and hard over limestone and quartz, and over schistose strata they consist of a tenuous and almost impassable clay, in which, in wet weather, neither man nor mule can make progress. In other places, the traveller walks over miles of moving sand, which makes him long for the snow-shoes of the Canadian Indian.

As it was the afternoon of Saturday, the market day, when we approached Oporto, the road for several miles was crowded with country people returning from town. Their appearance was extremely pleasing; they were cheerful and active, none intoxicated, and all of them respectably clothed; and, in this respect, far superior to the Irish peasantry. They travelled in small groups, with two or three of their party performing on the guitar—every peasant armed with his long stick, which is to him what the shillelagh is to the Irishman, and when used by a countryman, is no despicable weapon. The dress of the women was picturesque, carrying their burdens Portuguese fashion, not on their shoulders, but on their heads. They wear broad-brimmed hats and blue jackets, with a red handkerchief. The people of the north of Portugal are a taller and much more handsome race than the peasantry around Lisbon or the province of Alemtejo; and they are said to be no less superior in moral qualities; and they appeared to us to have an air of superior intelligence and activity. On arriving thus near to the end of our journey, an observation, on the uninterrupted success of our undertaking, elicited from our servant the remark, that he had taken good care to ensure our safety; for, before leaving Lisbon, he had gone to the Sè or cathedral, and vowed a pair of waxen legs to Nossa Senhora, for a prosperous voyage. Diego's acknowledgment rather excited surprise, for, although of unquestionable honesty, he appeared to be but a sorry Catholic, and certainly observed no fasts, al-

though we travelled together on Good Friday; all days were alike to him, and animal food never came unwelcome. This indifference, however, is, we found, far from being uncommon; and it required but little observation to learn that, especially during the last ten years, the church is very perceptibly losing its hold over the minds of men, especially in the cities, and where they are brought into frequent contact with foreigners.

The city of Oporto is sufficiently known, from being the most frequented by the English of any town in Portugal, and also from the brilliant passage of the Douro by Wellington; and, at a later period, for the gallant and successful defence which it made against the whole force of Dom Miguel and the absolute party. Passengers from the south formerly crossed the Douro on a bridge of boats; but of late an excellent suspension-bridge has been erected. The general appearance of the town is that so common in Portugal, consisting of a lower portion, built along the margin of the river, and an upper town, with its churches and public edifices, on the rising ground behind. The houses being all built of granite, the only rock in the vicinity, have a solid and massive appearance, bringing to mind the town of Aberdeen; and the chief streets are wider and more airy than those of Lisbon. The most conspicuous object, and one which serves as a landmark to ships entering the river, is the Clerigos Tower, a lofty but heavy building, and the only steeple we saw in Portugal. The strength of the houses, and the ordeal they have been exposed to, is apparent from the marks of cannon balls, which are every where visible. The great beauty of Oporto is the Douro, and the lovely scenery on its banks. The city is built on the north side; and on the opposite side is the town or suburb of Villa Nova, celebrated for its extensive wine-vaults, whence the Port wine is shipped for England.

Above Oporto, and near the Serra convent, the river runs through a deep fissure in the granite, of which a good idea may be formed, if we imagine a large river to flow through the ravine of the Scalp; and such a representation will give a tolerable notion of the banks of the river,

a small distance above Oporto. Crowning this ravine, and on the south side of the river, is the now deserted Serra convent. As this spot commands the city, it has always been of importance during the wars in this part of the country. It was from this station that Wellington directed the movements which ended in the passage of the river, the capture of the city, and the expulsion of Soult from the north of Portugal. It is here that one can appreciate the military genius of the English general, as well as Napier's vivid description of the exploit.

The good people of Oporto, with something of Spanish inflation, designate their town as the ever-unconquered city, forgetting the somewhat prolonged residence of Soult and his army within it not fifty years since; but passing over that, the Serra Convent and its battered walls call to mind the gallant defence which repelled all the assaults of Dom Miguel, and gained freedom for their country. The defence of Oporto, and the exploits, whether of the Portuguese or their foreign auxiliaries, have been related by many who bore a part in it; but when viewing the city from the Serra Convent, and afterwards walking over the lines, we were certainly filled with admiration at the successful result. When we consider the great extent of the lines, extending from the banks of the Douro to St. Joam de Foz, at the mouth of the river—a distance of more than three miles—defended by a garrison of 8,000 men, while the army of Dom Miguel was eight times that number, it is surprising how the latter contrived not to take the town. The gallant and successful defence, conducted amidst disease and famine, and when the very women and children became familiar with balls and shells, and, above all, the strifes and jealousies among the constitutional leaders, which paralyzed well-concerted plans, is truly surprising.

There are circumstances which explain this successful defence, which lasted for nearly a year, and of which almost every day was one of assault. These were the courage and perseverance of Dom Pedro, the constitutional chief, and the cruelty of Dom Miguel, which left no hope of mercy for the rebellious city. With some grave faults, Dom Pedro possessed perseverance

and energy; and of all modern princes, notwithstanding his miserable education, he best understood the spirit of the age, and fairly identified himself with the constitutional party. That he was in earnest for the welfare of his country, and grateful for the gallant conduct of the people of Oporto, is shown by the fact of his revisiting the city with his daughter, the young queen, to pay their respects to the citizens, and still more by the circumstance that, on his death-bed, he bequeathed his heart to the city, as a memorial of his gratitude. The other circumstance which rendered the defenders desperate, was the known cruelty of Dom Miguel and the absolute party. Of this the people of Oporto had already bitter experience; eight of their most respectable citizens had been executed on the same morning, and with every circumstance of brutal and wanton insult. It is highly probable that had an amnesty been offered in good faith, the efforts of the constitutionalists would have been paralyzed, and the town would have fallen. So far from this humane and politic course being adopted, the pillage of the city was held out as the reward of the troops, and thousands of peasantry from the surrounding country hovered about the camp, waiting for their share of the spoil. The citizens and soldiers of the garrison, to use a familiar expression, fought with halters around their necks. To these causes we also add, with much truth, the long course of unspeakable blunders committed by the Miguelist commanders. So that, but for the fidelity with which they adhered to the cause, one would be tempted to suppose that they were in correspondence with their opponents.

It may be asked, what benefits the country has obtained from this prolonged struggle in which all the harmonies of society were broken up, and an unparalleled amount of misery inflicted, and upwards of thirty thousand men perished?

The benefits obtained are perhaps more of a negative than a positive kind, and consist more in the abolition of abuses than in the acquisition of good; or, at least, the working of the constitutional system has not been such as its best friends could have wished. Not to speak of the abolition of the inquisition, the suppression of the monastic

orders was a wise and invaluable measure. The ecclesiastical establishment of Portugal, although not so monstrous as that of Naples, was a heavy burden on the resources of the country. Twenty-nine thousand secular priests, seven thousand monks, besides nuns, and five hundred convents, to a population of three and a half millions, was an insupportable burden on the resources of a poor and small kingdom. If we add to this army of priests, the military establishment of upwards of thirty thousand men, one wonders how the country could subsist when so many unproductive individuals were living on its industry. Had the monastic orders been merely useless, it would have been their most valuable property; but such was far from being the case—the immorality of convents of either sex was sufficiently known, and, at the same time, they were so many centres of superstition and prejudice, exercising an influence over all classes of society. They did nothing for literature and science, or for agriculture, or other improvements—their function was, not to take the lead, but to pull in the opposite direction, and to resist every thing like progress. Had they merely remained passive during the constitutional struggle, they might still have an existence, and retain their wide domains; but unfortunately for themselves they became thoroughly identified with the absolute cause, and its most fierce partizans. It was evident to all that the constitution and monasticism could not co-exist—one or other must fall. During the siege of Oporto the monks were the most unscrupulous partizans, and stickled at no crime however detestable. The setting fire to the quarters of the English auxiliaries, by four Franciscan monks, with the intention of overwhelming the troops with the edifice, is a shocking instance of fierce partizanship. The result might have been expected on the termination of the contest—the monastic orders were finally extinguished in Portugal, and the sale of their property has formed a new and independent race of landowners, taken from the industrious mercantile class, bound both by interest and conviction to forward the cause of rational and practical improvement. It is, however, to be acknowledged, that

the suppression of monasticism was carried into effect with a harshness which nothing but the inveterate hostility of the monks, and a regard to self-preservation on the part of the constitutionalists, could justify. Under less urgent circumstances, it would have been desirable and humane to have permitted the friars to enjoy a life-interest in their establishments; but then, there were twenty-four convents in Oporto alone, which would have been so many little garrisons in a hostile country.

The establishment of the new system must produce some reform in the Portuguese aristocracy, which certainly needed it more than any in Europe. In this country, above any other, the good qualities of the nation become lost in proportion as we ascend in the social scale. We have already mentioned the excellent qualities of the peasantry and farmers in the country, and of the middle class and merchants in the towns, and this is the more remarkable as they retain their characters in spite of the evil example of those above them. As we ascend to the clergy, lawyers, and nobles, the good vanishes, and vice and profligacy take its place. The old nobility were, in general, bigoted, ignorant, and exclusive; they were independant of public opinion, and formed a melancholy contrast with their gallant ancestors under the reigns of Manoel, and of Joao the Second. The greater part of the old families took part with Dom Miguel, and, of course, suffered greatly during the contest, and were excluded from political power on its termination. The new aristocracy, as it may be called, consists of the Palmellas, Terceiras, Saldauhas, the better portion of the old, and of new men who distinguished themselves in the service of the queen; and it is to be hoped, they will form the germ of a better order, more educated, enlightened, and careful of the interests of the country. Of the legal profession, it is painful to write; for in Portugal it is not the imperfection of their codes, or tedious and expensive processes, that are the chief matter of grievance, the evil is much worse—it is the want of professional honour, and the corruption of the administrators of the law, and this, above all things, is what demands the most efficacious

reform; it is, in fact, the most disgraceful feature in the social system.

We ought not to expect too rapid a progress in a nation so lately, and even yet so imperfectly emancipated from political and ecclesiastical despotism, especially as ground has been gained, wide enough to afford foundations for a system of free institutions. The press enjoys considerable freedom; books of all kinds may be imported, and the middle classes are acquiring importance which may ultimately produce an efficient public opinion. The numerous family of the queen, and degraded state into which Dom Miguel has fallen, render a change of dynasty extremely improbable. In addition to these advantages, the agricultural resources of the country have scarcely been opened up; while the immense region of Brazil will always afford an outlet for the poor or the enterprising, and this rich country may be far more advantageous to Portugal now that is independent, than ever it was while a dependent and mismanaged colony.

The north is interesting, both from the beauty of the region and the industry and good conduct of its inhabitants, as well as in a historical point of view, being the cradle of the monarchy and the residence of the early kings. We left Oporto on a tour to Guemaraens, Braga, and Carvalho, D'Este, which also has the additional temptation of being in the track of Soult's able but disastrous retreat. In this little expedition, we were equipped as in the journey from Lisbon to Oporto, that is with a mule to carry the baggage, and an arriero or driver, and the indispensable comfort of a native servant. Nothing could be more agreeable than such an expedition in Portugal in the month of April—the weather delightful and the temperature moderate—the country verdant and well watered, presented a far more cheerful aspect than the monotonous olive groves and dark pine forests of the sandy districts, and far more animated from its greater population. Leaving Oporto, on the second day we arrived at the beautiful little town of Vizella, so much frequented on account of its tepid sulphureous waters. Nothing could exceed the beauty of this fine valley. Its expanse, and the soft outline of the surrounding granite hills, strewed over

with immense blocks of the same material, and these as numerous as if they had fallen in a shower from the clouds. Numerous springs and streams burst forth every where; the elms were covered with pendent vines, and numerous cottages appeared spread over the valley. Much of the beauty of these scenes, however, is due to a southern sun, which enhances every thing relating to colour, and gives to the landscape of Portugal what we want in Wales or Perthshire.

The beauty of Vizella, as well as its valuable mineral waters, rendered it a favourite resort of the Romans, whose chief seat in this neighbourhood was at Braga. The ancients, whose woolen clothing rendered the bath not merely a luxury but a necessity, never failed to detect and avail themselves of such mineral tepid springs as they discovered around their settlements, and constructed numerous baths in the valley of Vizella. After the invasions of the Alani and Suevi, these baths were neglected, and the Saracens had too brief a hold on this part of the country to develop its resources, and the baths were neglected and forgotten, until re-discovered and cleaned out in recent times. Some of them, with their tessellated pavements, are now nearly as perfect as when the Roman colonists left them; and, after eighteen centuries, are again reopened. There are many springs, all issuing from granite rocks, and of various temperatures; the hottest said to be of 120 degrees Fahrenheit, and all of them contain abundance of sulphurated hydrogen. The geologist, on contemplating the springs issuing from a granite rock, may inquire whence the origin of the sulphur, which does not exist in the rock itself. At all events, the phenomenon is a very general one, for such tepid springs abound in the province of Minho e Douro.

The journey from Vizella to Guemaraens is a short one, and through a beautiful district. One of the most interesting subjects of study it affords, is the vast quantity of granite blocks spread over the country. These blocks are of uncommon size, forming usually cubes—often in groups, and sometimes one perched upon another, as if the work of giants. In many cases they become weathered, lose their angles,

and are thus changed into vast spheroids, which gradually wear away, and become disintegrated. They cannot have been transported from any distance, for they are all of the same nature as the rock on which they rest. Their origin may be explained as follows:—The granite on which they rest is soft, and easily decays; and in many places where roads are cut, it is seen to be quite loose for the depth of many feet. It would appear, therefore, that these blocks are merely harder parts of the rock, which remain witnesses of its former extent; while great quantities have been washed away as the country was emerging from under the ocean.

The town of Guemaraens was the first capital of Portugal, and recalls the early history of the monarchy before it extended beyond the north bank of the Douro, and comprehended only the provinces of Tras os Montes and Entre Minho e Douro.

This ancient city is placed in the midst of a beautiful region of sloping hills, which shelter it from the cold winds; but at the same time, from confining the air, add greatly to the heat of summer. Like other towns in this country, it contains abundance of ecclesiastical buildings, many of them now converted to other uses.

Guemaraens is a town of considerable activity, far superior in this respect to Braga, and the shops are numerous and respectable; and in the neighbourhood there are many and often finely-situated houses of the *fidalgos*. There are several ancient buildings, which are interesting to the Portuguese historian or antiquary—such as the cathedral, and the castle of Affonso Henriquez, the first king. The origin of the Portuguese monarchy, and even its present existence, is more connected with political and arbitrary circumstances, than founded either on any great physical demarcation of the country, or any peculiarity of language or national institutions. The barriers which separate Portugal from Spain are not stronger than those which separate Arragon from Castillo. The language does not differ from Spanish so much as the Basque; and Catalonia has almost as little predilection for Spain as the Portuguese have. The origin of the kingdom of Portugal may almost be ascribed to chance.

During the contest with the Moors, a strong body of French crusaders, under the command of Henry, a prince of the House of Burgundy, rendered such efficient service, that the Spanish King created Henry Count of Portugal, bestowed on him his illegitimate daughter, with permission to acquire as much additional territory as he could conquer from the Saracens. The ancient castle of Guemaraens was built by Count Henry, who selected this town as the seat of his little dominion; and here his son Affonso, the first king, was born, and in the adjacent church the font is still preserved where the future king was baptised. The castle is of great extent and strength, and built in what some call the Moorish style, or which, more probably, if we may judge from old churches, in a style bequeathed from the Gothic conquerors. However this may be, it was certainly fitted for containing an extensive establishment, which constituted the garrison and retainers of a powerful count, whose enemies, the Moors, were within two days' march of his fortress. In the castle there is a dark tower, which formed the prison of Dona Teresa, the wife of Count Henry. This lady, like the queen of our Edward the First, the she-wolf of France, was as profligate in her private character as she was bold and energetic in pursuit of power. Her son was a very different character from Edward the Second; and after a civil war of some duration, he finally shut up his turbulent parent in the tower of Guemaraens. It is stated in some chronicles, that he actually put his mother in fetters.

Affonso Henriquez possessed his father's courage and his mother's energy; and during his long and prosperous reign, which was one continual contest with the Moors, he thoroughly broke their power in Portugal, and extended his dominions from the Douro to the Tagus; and at the battle of Ourique, he gained his crown and established the national independence. When one reflects on the romantic incidents of this period of Portugal's history, and the rich materials it afforded for the fancy to work upon, it is surprising that the country possesses no historical ballads like those of Spain. The wars of Dom

Affonso and his mother, his triumph over the Moors on the field of Ourique, the prodigies that attended it, the self-devotion of the Portuguese Regulus Egaz Moniz, and, above all, the loves of Dom Pedro and Ignez, supply materials far superior to any thing found in the Cid or any Spanish ballads. In Portugal there was no want of poetic genius, and the national feeling is even stronger than among the Spaniards. If such poems exist, they are but little known, and perhaps may be found one day amidst some heap of ancient parchments. Of the deep nationality of the Portuguese, and also of the nature of the poetic materials furnished by their history, we may form an excellent idea. The character of Camoens' poem seems to have been misunderstood, although its very title should have guided critics. It is called "*Os Lusíadas*, or the Portuguese;" and is, in fact, a series of historical portraits of the history of the country. It cannot be called an epic, in the same sense as the *Iliad* or the poem of Tasso. The history, such as it is, is merely the string on which the pearls are hung; and the exploit of Gama, in doubling the redoubted Cape, is but one of the great events which have honoured the country. Critics, especially Mickle, have been at much pains to defend what is indefensible—the mixture of Scripture history and Greek mythology. The true merit of the poem is its intense nationality, and the excellence of the separate portraits which occupy the walls of the extensive picture-gallery. Indeed, if the language of Camoens was a little more antiquated, and the history of the past altogether lost, some Heyne, or critical Niebuhr, might treat the *Lusiads* as the latter has done *Livy*, and find in it nothing but a collection of ancient national songs, composed at different periods and in various places.

We have mentioned that the chief objects of interest are its castle and church. Of the relics contained in the latter, the most interesting are the silver shrine captured from the Spanish king after his defeat at *Aljubarrota*; and the coat which King Joam wore on that memorable day. Among more modern matters, Guemaraens is celebrated for its cutlery, and also for

its excellent plums, which are preserved, and often exported to England.

The province of the Minho in as far as we saw it, appears to consist of a collection of expanded valleys, or rather of a level country, watered by copious streams, and in the midst of a series of mountains. This circumstance renders travelling in the country a constant alternation of climbing and descending hills; and it also tends to modify the climate to a great degree. These land-locked valleys, sheltered from the north, and with few currents of air, become, during the summer months, hotter than even the south of Portugal; and thus the wine district of the Alto Douro, although among the more northerly, is one of the hottest in the country. On leaving Guemaraens for Braga, we passed the hot sulphureous springs of Taipas, and then commenced the ascent of Valperra, which separates the valley of Guemaraens from that of Braga. The baths of Taipas, like those of Vizella, were discovered and appreciated by the Romans. An engraved block of granite in the neighbourhood bears the name and titles of the Emperor Trajan; and a more modern inscription, near the springs, informs that King Joam the First was restored to health by the use of these mineral waters. After resting at the pretty little hamlet of Taipas, we ascended the Serra of Valperra, a sufficiently easy task to one not unaccustomed to mountain journeys. On the summit of the hill there is a guard-house and a few soldiers, as it is said robberies are more frequent in this solitary spot. Be that as it may, a short and pleasant journey brought us to the ancient and aristocratic town of Braga.

This ancient ecclesiastical and, at least not many years since, absolutist city presents a very different appearance from Oporto. Every thing here appears more stationary, and society in a state not of activity, but of repose. The priests are more numerous, and shrines of the Virgin, with lamps before them, which have disappeared from Lisbon, and are becoming rare at Oporto, are still very common here. This city was an ancient Roman colony, and called by them *Brachara Augusta*, and at a very early period became the residence of a bishop, who

still claims for himself the title of primate of all the Spains—although probably this would be disputed by the Archbishop of Toledo. The most remarkable place about Braga is the *Praça de Santa Anna*, which exceeds Stephen's-green in size, and when properly taken care of, will excel it in beauty. The ancient Gothic cathedral is a beautiful building, and contains many interesting monuments. Among them are those of Count Henry, and his wife, Donna Theresa, and the preserved body of one of the archbishops, who did good service at the battle of Aljubarrota, and whose body still retains marks of the scars it received that day. The quantity of episcopal robes and church ornaments, and relics, is very great, and indeed it excites surprise that so many of them escaped the keen search of Buonaparte's freebooters, when turned loose upon this unhappy country. On leaving the cathedral, we were surprised by a kind of alms which we had never before seen or heard of. Near the church there was a large jar, for the reception of such oil as might be put into it, and bearing the inscription of alms for our lady's lamps. But the number of shrines, lamps, crucifixions, &c., far exceeds any thing we had previously seen in Portugal. It seemed to be a sort of Benares, from the splendour of its sea, and also the pilgrimages to the neighbouring mountain of Bom Jesus. Not only does ecclesiastical influence appear to flourish here more than in Lisbon or Oporto, but many of the *fidalgos* who retired from Oporto on the fall of Dom Miguel, reside here, and retain their exclusiveness and absolute politics; so that, in the language of the Miguelists, Braga is the faithful, and Oporto the rebellious city.

The most remarkable object in the vicinity of Braga is the chapel of Bom Jesus do Monte, which is about a mile and a half from the town, and situated, as its name implies, on one of the adjacent hills. This place is in great repute on account of the numerous *romarias*, or pilgrimages, which are made to it. At one period of the year it is the resort of people from all the surrounding country, and like the pilgrimage to Mecca, it serves the double purpose of money-making

and devotion. An immense fair is held, while crowds of devotees visit the church to pay their vows and obtain pardon.

The church is a fine building, situated on the northern side of a steep hill, amidst a wood of oak trees. The approach to the church is by a series of stairs and terraces, with chapels on the right and left, representing various parts of Scripture history, or emblematic figures of Christian virtues or doctrines. We first visit several chapels containing figures representing the different events of the passion, and each with an appropriate quotation from Scripture. Upon the next terrace there are many fountains and allegorical representations of the five senses. On one of those fountains of the senses is inscribed the well-known verses—

"*Nos aper auditu præcellit, aranca tactu,
Vultur aloratu, lynx visu, stula gustu.*"

These allegories and quotations respecting the senses are miserable conceits. On the next stage the three virtues are represented. As the lower part represented the events of the passion, so the upper part as we approach the church, we observe the burial, resurrection, and ascension also portrayed in the same manner. The interior of the church pleased us better than any thing in Bom Jesus, and the general effect, as well as the details, was superior to what we had seen in

most Portuguese churches. The chief altar, with a representation of Calvary and the crucifixion, had a very fine effect. Among other curiosities there is a beautiful crucifix of ivory and ebony, the votive offering of Diogo de Souza, a viceroy of India. Relics are also in abundance, and were once the property of some twenty or thirty different saints, among them the veil of our Lady, coat of St. Joseph, bones of nearly all the twelve apostles, and the "*camisa de nossa senhora.*" In another apartment there are the portraits of the different benefactors of the establishment, including the late king, Joam VI., popes, archbishops, fidalgos, and merchants from Oporto. The pilgrimages to this place have been sanctioned by several popes, who have conceded spiritual graces to those who visit it. Among others, we read of a power to bless five hundred handkerchiefs (veronicas) or crosses, and to use them as a plenary indulgence in the article of death.

After exploring the curiosities of Bom Jesus, we returned to Braga, and from thence to Oporto, by way of Famelicao, and so finished a pleasant tour in Portugal, and with opinions of its people which improved in proportion as we become acquainted, and with regret that they have been so misrepresented by those visitors who despised their civilities, or perhaps did not deserve their hospitality.

MADAME DE SAVERNE.

THE short-lived popularity of the ill-fated Louis the Sixteenth was in its culminating point at the close of the American war. The "great nation" had been gratified in its two liveliest feelings, love of military glory and hatred of England, and its devotion to the monarch whose wise policy had brought about the happy result, amounted for the time to a species of idolatry. The fairer portion of the subjects of Louis shared in the general enthusiasm, and the king's bust, chapletted each morning with fresh flowers, like the image of a patron saint, was the most indispensable ornament of the bed-chamber of every Frenchwoman who made any pretensions to be considered *comme il faut*. This fit of summer loyalty was hottest and briefest at Paris: the first symptom of a "cool" was the disappearance of the flowers, then the august head found itself pressed into the service of the *toilette*, and did duty as a cap-block, or even (where ladies wore such a thing) as the supporter of a wig; from this stage the decline of the royal popularity went on with gathering speed, portraits gave place to caricatures, panegyrics to pasquinades; the king was blamed for every evil under which France had to groan, from a deficient revenue to a rainy Sunday, and the unmeasured admiration of which he had for a while been the object, seemed but to have prepared the way for an odium equally unmeasured and far more undeserved.

In the provinces, however, the change was more gradual, and that in the proportion of their distance from Paris. The disaffection of the capital was slow in making its way to the shores of the Mediterranean and of the Bay of Biscay, and the person of majesty was still warmly venerated on the remote banks of the Rhone and the Garonne, when it had long ceased to be referred to on those of the Seine, except in the tone of indifference or of abuse.

Among the fair loyalists whose devotion did so much honour to themselves to its object, there were few to compare, either in the ardour or the

durability of their patriotic enthusiasm, with Madame de Saverne, the rich widow of a papal functionary in Avignon. A Frenchwoman by birth (she was the daughter of a wealthy silk manufacturer of Lyons), she could not cease to consider herself a subject of Louis, and indeed continued such in all her thoughts, though from her marriage and present circumstances her outward allegiance was due to the triple crown. We need not say whether the king's bust occupied its customary place of honour in her house; it was, in truth, the first object on which her eyes opened each morning, and to crown it with the brightest flowers the south's sunny gardens could furnish, was her daily care.

This was a sore scandal to her confessor, who in vain exhorted her to discard this worldly idol, and to supply its place with something edifying—say the image of St. Peter. Madame de Saverne professed the most entire veneration for St. Peter, but urged the claims which, even on religious grounds, the earthly sovereign also has to the homage of the subject, whereupon the confessor reminded her, with some sharpness, that *her* sovereign was not Louis but the pope, and that busts of the holy father, as well as of the most Christian king, were to be had in Avignon. But what was the consternation of the good Dominican when his spiritual daughter announced to him her determination of making a journey to Paris, for the purpose of sunning herself in the direct beams of the royal countenance. It was to no purpose that he represented to her the sinfulness of this excessive reverence of a mortal and a layman, that he painted the corruption of the capital in the darkest colours, that he exhibited in fearful array the perils that threatened the souls, bodies, and purses of such thoughtless beings as suffered a fatal curiosity to draw them within its precincts, that he confided to her the passion with which she had inspired his brother, a most promising young man, and a captain in the pope's army, then on duty somewhere in Romagna, but shortly expected home; Madame

de Saverne had made up her mind; she would see the king, were it but once, were it but for a moment; she would taste this beatitude, and then be content to die, still more so to live; she thought, she said, it was a most innocent wish, a most natural one, and if Madame Grosgrisard had travelled to Paris last year for no other purpose than to see herself surrounded by suitors, that she might have a greater number out of which to choose the greatest *vaurien* to bestow her deceased husband's wealth upon, surely she, whose enthusiasm was so pure, might blamelessly give way to it—surely she might indulge a wish engendered only by devotion to the father of her country. But the confessor maintained that the purity of her feelings was the very reason that she should not go to Paris; it was no place, he insisted, for good intentions and laudable motives, but only for mischief, roguery, and ungodliness of every kind; a very fit place, in short, for Madame Grosgrisard to look for a *vaurien*, but the last place in the world for Madame de Saverne to seek the kind of earthly god she pictured to herself in the French monarch.

The resolution, however, of the lady was not to be changed; she attributed her spiritual director's horror of Paris to prejudice, and a monk's ignorance of the world, and anticipated the pleasure she should have, on her return to Avignon, in enlarging his contracted views. Nevertheless, his last words, pronounced with a kind of prophetic solemnity, as she tenderly imbedded the royal bust in cotton, and with reverential hands deposited it in the well-wadded box provided for its reception, left an unpleasant impression on her ear, which did not speedily wear off. He said—

“You now lavish on that image a care, a respect almost idolatrous—you will cumber your carriage with it—you will anxiously guard it from every jolt—you will dandle it on your knees, I doubt not, as if it were a child; but when you come back you will not take in your hand a piece of coin that bears the same image without shuddering: such is the price at which you will purchase this hour's pleasure.”

But whatever momentary uneasiness a warning so darkly ominous might have given her, Madame de Saverne

was not frightened from her purpose: the good father, she believed, felt angry at her having turned her property at Avignon into cash, and lodged it in the hands of a banker, who gave her bills for it on Paris, when he had reckoned confidently on her making it a present to his monastery; she suspected, too, that he was annoyed at the loss of her very well-appointed table, at which a “cover” had as regularly been placed for him as for herself, and this impression went far to counteract the force of any thing he could advance against her intended journey. His labours, however, had been crowned with more fruit in another quarter: Jeannette, Madame de Saverne's maid, was fairly terrified from accompanying her mistress to a place which her pastor depicted to her as little better than the fore-porch of hell, and the lady, to her no small vexation, was obliged to take a stranger to wait upon her, a native of Paris, who had travelled as a nursery governess, or *bonne d'enfant*, and was now anxious for an opportunity to return to the place of her birth. This person, who was called *Manon*, had long left the giddy years of youth behind her; she described herself as having “*beaucoup souffert*,” and on the whole inspired her new mistress with more distrust than confidence. On the other hand, she was active and clever, knew what travelling was, and was, therefore, probably more helpful to Madame de Saverne on the journey than her simple Jeannette would have been. Arrived at Paris, she proved a “treasure;” the bewildering maze of the streets was no maze for her; she knew whither to go and where to stop, and soon piloted Madame de Saverne to a lodging-house, the mistress of which received the party with many smiles, and declared her apartments ready to receive them the same moment. Madame de Saverne asked but one question—how far was the house from the Tuileries?—and on learning that the palace was not more than five minutes' walk distant, she at once took the lodgings for a month.

Without stopping to take either refreshment or rest, or, indeed, to do any thing but unpack the revered bust of majesty, and instal it in her future sleeping-room, Madame de Saverne now requested her landlady to shew

her the way to the palace, that she might lose no time in satisfying her longing eyes with a sight of the king, whom she pictured to herself as stepping out, every half hour or so, on a balcony at the first floor windows, to beam a beatific regard on his passing subjects. It was some time before the landlady could believe that she rightly understood her lodger, and that the only motive of the latter for a journey from Avignon to Paris had been the desire of seeing the king. Was it that *madame* had any business with the king? she asked. Had she, perhaps, a petition—a memorial—to present to his majesty? No.—Madame de Saverne had but yielded to a wish common, she presumed, to every French bosom, to contemplate him who was at once the happiness and the glory of France.

"You, madame," said she, "who have the good fortune to reside in the capital, must often have reflected with compassion on the lot of those, whom their more distant abode forbids for years together, perhaps for their whole lives, the sight of those august and benign features. How natural, then, must you find it, that I, to whom destiny has assigned such a lot, should have resolved at least once to enjoy a felicity without which you, doubtless, could not exist a single day."

"*Mon dieu, madame!*" exclaimed the landlady, "for my own part, I assure you, I would not go two steps out of my way for the sake of seeing the king, nor is there, I will venture to say, in all Paris, a human being that would ever ask to see him again. A king who suffers the bakers to put plaster of Paris in their bread instead of flour!—nay, some are of opinion that it is not even plaster of Paris, but pounded glass! Can *madame* conceive such a horror?"

Madame de Saverne could scarcely believe her ears: she held, however, what the landlady said for a *mauvaise plaisanterie*, but, as she understood no jesting on such a subject, she contented herself with coldly remarking that it was, apparently, inconvenient to *madame* to accompany her to the palace; she would, therefore, take her maid as a guide, and had only to express her regret at having troubled *madame* with an indiscreet request. The landlady begged an infinity of pardons, and declared that nothing would yield

her so much happiness as to have the honour of showing *madame* the way, but expressed her surprise at finding *madame*, as she apprehended, unacquainted with the circumstance that the king did not live at the Tuileries, but at Versailles.

This was an unexpected blow for Madame de Saverne: however, she did not take long to deliberate: the carriage was still before the door, and scarcely more than half unpacked; she immediately directed that every thing should be replaced in *statum quo*, ordered fresh horses, and, to the inexpressible chagrin of Mademoiselle Manon, set off for Versailles the same hour, after making the landlady a present of a month's rent.

It struck her as singular that a horseman rode the whole way at the side of her carriage, until they were within a short distance of Versailles, when he galloped on, and was lost sight of for a short time. She addressed a remark to her maid on the oddity of the circumstance, but Manon replied, somewhat sulkily, that she found nothing odd in there being other people going to Versailles as well as themselves. Madame de Saverne then asked the coachman if he knew any thing of the man, but his only reply was an elevation of the shoulders, which might either mean that he knew nothing, or that he knew more than he chose to tell. A few minutes after the carriage drove into Versailles, and stopped at an hotel, where the lady, as she alighted, perceived the person who had awakened her curiosity standing in the midst of a group in the doorway. As she appeared, he withdrew into the house, and the people of the hotel came forward to meet her with looks of curiosity, which she could not help being struck by. They seemed to know that she was come to Versailles for the purpose of seeing the king, and told her that he seldom visited the gardens now, on account of indisposition.

"Heavens!" cried the loyal lady, "and is France exposed to the unspeakable—the irreparable!"

"I have the honour to supplicate *madame*," said the landlord with a smile, as her emotion interrupted her speech, "to re-assure herself: the indisposition of his majesty is not such as to give room for any grave uneasiness as

to the destinies of France. Will madame give herself the trouble to walk in?"

Madame de Saverne found Versailles charming, and was at once decided to settle there. She looked at some houses in the vicinity of the palace, but was no less surprised than mortified to find that the proprietors had no mind to deal with her, though she offered terms considerably above those of a fair bargain. Another thing that puzzled her was to find, wherever she went, that she seemed to be known. In many of the houses for which she made proposals, the people looked at each other, and remarked, "*C'est cette dame*," or asked, "*C'est madame qui est d'Avignon?*"—and, on being answered in the affirmative, politely informed her that the house was not to be let for the present. She had, therefore, to return to her hotel, and to take an apartment by the day—a mode of lodging herself, more expensive than her judgment approved; but what could she do? There was, in fact, no choice.

— In her new lodging, Madame de Saverne observed the strictest retirement: a number of works relating to the history of France, and in particular to that of the late war, ordered from a neighbouring bookseller's, formed her amusement for in-doors, and her maid was her only society. She had contracted habits of seclusion during the life of her husband, who saw no company, and the representations of her confessor, as to the dangerous character of Parisian society (under which term she conceived that of Versailles to be included), were not without their influence upon her. Books in the morning, and the palace-gardens in the afternoon, gave her full occupation.

The construction of a new terrace at this time employed a great number of workmen in the gardens, and some of these were one day engaged in recounting to each other their respective histories, as Madame de Saverne sat on a bench within hearing. One of them described his captivity among the savages during the American war, the tortures he had seen inflicted on his comrades, and prepared for himself, his escape, and the perils and privations he had encountered in his

return to the French camp, concluding with a bitter complaint that for all this he had now no pension, but must work for his bread like any *pekin* who had never handled iron, save in the shape of a spade or a pick-axe, nor set foot over the borders of France all his days. Madame de Saverne heard this complaint with pain, less on account of him who uttered it, than of him on whom it seemed to reflect: she approached the man, slipped a piece of gold into his hand, and said,—

"Attribute it to the ill health of your king, my friend, that your claims have hitherto been overlooked, and pray for his restoration, not only for your own, but for France's sake: in the meantime accept this trifle from one who honours brave men."

The man seemed confounded; he looked from face to face of his comrades, as she hasted away without waiting for his thanks, then at the gold piece in his hand, then at the retiring figure of his benefactress, then at his companions again.

"*Diable!*" said he, when he at last found speech.

"'Tis the mad lady from Avignon," said one of the workmen: "she is come all the way hither to see the king, who has had the happiness to inspire her with a *grande passion*."

"*Parbleu!*" said another, "'tis a happiness thrown away upon him: one of us had known better how to profit by such a *bonne fortune*."

"'Tis a brave lady," cried the receiver of the gold piece: "we will drink this evening to the recovery of her understanding."

"*Ma foi!*" said he that had spoken before, "I would rather drink to the spread of her madness among the rich ladies of the court: they will do us little good as long as they have their senses."

• The next day Madame de Saverne was accosted by a whole troop of workmen, each of whom related to her his deeds in the war, and the ingratitude of his country: she gave something to each of them, notwithstanding the strenuous remonstrances of her maid, who assured her that she was played upon, and that the most of the fellows had certainly never been out of France.

"Suppose it so," said Madame de Saverne; "to what purpose did Hea-

ven give me so much fortune, and so few wants, if I may not give of my superfluity to those who have not enough?"

Manon represented that, in this manner, she would soon leave herself without any fortune, and pursued the subject so far, and so much in the tone of a governess with her pupil, that Madame de Saverne at length became impatient of being schooled by her maid, and the next morning said to her—

"Manon, I have no further need of your services. There is what I owe you. Farewell."

"Madame cannot dismiss me before the end of my term," answered the maid, saucily. "I will certainly not leave *madame* till the period of my engagement is expired."

"I am quite ready to pay you up to the end of the term," said Madame de Saverne; "but I repeat that I have no occasion for your services, and, in short, you cannot stay with me any longer."

"We shall see," said Manon, and left the room.

In a short time she returned, accompanied by an officer of police, who, without much ceremony, acquainted the lady that she could not part with her maid before the expiration of a certain term, without having what should seem to the police a sufficient cause for the proceeding. Madame de Saverne, of course, could not tell whether this was really the law of France, or whether she was imposed on: the official was a pattern of the plebeian insolence and brutality which were at that time characteristic of the service he belonged to; she was intimidated by his ill-manners, and saw no resource but to await, with what patience she could, the lapse of the time specified.

Some days after it was announced that the king would that evening celebrate the re-establishment of his health by a visit to the gardens. That was a joyful day: Madame de Saverne decorated her bust in the morning with a double quantity of flowers, and was the first in the evening to take her place near the door at which the king was to come out. People soon began to assemble, and she remarked, standing not far from her, the very man who had accompanied her on the road

from Paris to Versailles, and whose features were sufficiently marked to have fixed themselves indelibly in her remembrance—his immense nose and chin, with the enormous mouth that gaped between them, giving him the appearance of a magnified nutcracker. The crowd gradually increased, and at length the Swiss guards gave the signal that the king was coming. Madame de Saverne bends forward to catch the first glimpse; others, crowding from behind, push her out of the line, and she finds herself standing alone in the very midst of the passage which the Swiss are exerting themselves to keep clear for the king; in the same moment she is seized by the "nutcracker," with the remark, that it is not becoming in a female to throw herself so in the king's way. She represents, as well as fright and eagerness will permit her, that it is not her fault, that she has been pressed forwards by the throng; that she is satisfied to stand anywhere, so she may have but a moment's view of the king;—in vain: the man draws her inexorably away, while the crowd shouts its "*Vive le Roi!*"—and the longed-for sight of majesty is snatched from her in the moment when she thought herself sure of it. The crowd now closes up after the king; the throng is not to be penetrated; the moment is lost; Madame de Saverne can scarcely keep back her tears,—she feels hurt, offended, mortified,—and is laughed at to boot, by several persons who have joined the nutcracker.

Arriving, in a disconsolate mood, at her lodging, and involuntarily thinking of the warnings of her confessor, she found a person awaiting her arrival, who announced himself as a discharged soldier. He had lost a leg in the war, and was disabled for service; he had been, however, before he enlisted, an artisan, and, had he but a small capital, could now return to his former business, marry the girl to whom he had long been engaged, and live a life of industrious independence: the reputation of Madame de Saverne's beneficence had encouraged him to make his circumstances known to her,—he was provided with the best testimonials—would she cast an eye over them, she would see that he enjoyed the character of a good workman, and, would she assist him with

the loan of a small sum, he trusted, in the course of a few years, to be able repay it, with such interest as she might deem reasonable.

Madame de Saverne forgot her vexation; she felt that she had been drawn away from the spectacle by Providence itself, for the purpose of doing a beneficent action, and gave the man a thousand *livres*, which she told him he should repay, without interest, as soon as his industry should have made a rich man of him: she stipulated only that he should this day drink a glass to the king's health, whose recovery he had to thank for what she had done for him. The man would have thrown himself at her feet, but she retired into her sleeping-room to avoid his thanks.

Immediately after, voices were heard in violent altercation in the antechamber: Manon, who had been playing the eaves-dropper while her mistress spoke with the invalid, was opposing the departure of the latter, exclaiming that Madame de Saverne had nothing to give away, that her property was not under her own control, that she was an object of *surveillance*, and that any one who received money from her might count upon being sent to the galleys. To her voice was soon added that of the police-officer, who demanded that the money should immediately be delivered to him. On this the lady came out of her chamber, and insisted, with much indignation, that the man should be suffered to depart unmolested, and that neither her maid, nor any one else, should presume to interfere with the exercise of her bounty. In effect, the invalid was no longer hindered to depart, but both Manon and the policeman regarded the lady with looks of such strange meaning, that she withdrew again, disconcerted and perplexed, into her chamber, and the thought of her confessor recurred with greater force than ever. The rest of the day she occupied herself with books of devotion, and was much provoked by her maid, who told her it would show more sense to amuse herself with a comedy of Moliere, and that, for her own part, she would sooner, were she so happy as to be rich, give two thousand *livres* for a handsome gown than one to a wooden-legged soldier.

The next day Madame de Saverne

was waited on by the nutcracker: he wore an official uniform, and declared himself sent by the police authorities to make inquiries concerning her fortune, in consequence of the singular reports of which she was the subject. He was accompanied by another man, who approached the lady with an air half familiar, half shy, and made as if he would kiss her hand, but used the opportunity to feel her pulse. Madame de Saverne, surprised and flurried, placed no doubt in the correctness of the business, and, as her affairs were in excellent order, a very brief inspection of her papers was sufficient to put the official perfectly in possession of the state of them. A conversation on different topics ensued: the nutcracker's friend, however, soon turned the discourse on the king, and the lady, in her southern openness and vivacity, made no secret of the great expectations she entertained for the country from the royal goodness and wisdom. The two men exchanged significant glances, and took their leave, saying they would do themselves the honour of calling on her again in the afternoon.

After dinner, Madame de Saverne was going out for her usual promenade in the gardens, when the nutcracker came up to her as she stepped from the door, and said she must immediately enter a carriage which he had in waiting, and appear herself before the police authorities, to give an account of her circumstances, and her business at Versailles, the account which he, the nutcracker, had had the honour to receive from her in the morning not having proved satisfactory.

In vain she objected that he had no warrant, and that without such, and without consulting an advocate, she did not feel herself obliged to attend him: his answer to her hesitating representations was, that in case she did not go quietly, he must take her by force; and that if *madame* did not know when she was treated well, she would have but herself to blame for treatment of a different kind. At the same time he seized her hand; she cried for help; people came running up, among the rest the officer of police who had twice before interfered with her. One or two appeared disposed to befriend her, so far at least as to

remonstrate against the employment of violence to a lady of her appearance; but no sooner had the nutcracker whispered a word in their ears, than, with shrugs and grimaces of pity, they drew back: the word, whatever it was, flew through the crowd, and the unfortunate lady heard on all sides expressions of "*Ah! c'est différent!*" "*C'est bien dommage!*" "*Tant pis pour elle!*"

"I beseech you," cried she, appealing to those who uttered these remarks, "what is it they charge me with?—what are they going to do with me?"

Her distress was so great, her looks and her accents so piteous, that the eyes of many of the by-standers filled with tears. The officials, however, were proof against all appeals to the feelings; and the nutcracker, weary of delay, seized her about the waist, and, with the help of the policeman, was lifting her into the carriage, when, indignation and despair giving her strength, she resisted with such good effect, that not only did she extricate herself from their grasp, but left them, amid the "*bravos!*" of the crowd, with bloody marks of her prowess on both ill-favoured faces, while staggering, breathless, exhausted, she fled back into her chamber. Her foes did not pursue her, but two other men entered the chamber: she asked their business, but a shrug was the only answer: they seated themselves in silence, and, even when night came on, did not quit the chamber. Madame de Saverne now saw the error she had committed in avoiding to make any acquaintance in the place; she called the landlord,—no one came; she attempted to quit the room,—the men silently placed themselves between her and the door, and, with expressive shrugs, forbid her the passage.

Seeing now that she had no choice but to pass the night in the presence of these extraordinary intruders, she resolved to sit up, and employ herself in writing letters to her confessor, and to some of her relations at Lyons. Her mind, however, was too much disturbed to allow her to write any coherent account of her situation: she could give only vague hints of mysterious danger, which she hoped might induce her friends to come to her relief. In fact, she did not know

what to make of the way in which she was treated; and the bewilderment in which she wrote gave to her letters the character of a fantastic romance, which might awaken grave doubts as to the sanity of the writer. Before she had finished, a carriage drove up to the hotel, and, presently after, several men entered the room, and, coming up to her, bound her with strange bandages, which deprived her of all power of motion: in the mean time, one of the men took her desk, while another locked her presses, and read through the letters she had been writing. She attempted to cry out, but a bandage was immediately fixed over her mouth: she now gave up all resistance, a handkerchief was bound across her eyes, she was wrapped in a cloak, carried out of the hotel, and placed in a carriage, which immediately drove off at full speed. Overpowered by fatigue and drowsiness, she sank more than once into a troubled sleep, but the jolting of the carriage as often awakened her. She could not, however, calculate how far she had journeyed when the carriage stopped, and she was lifted out, and carried up several flights of stairs into a chamber, where the bandages were removed from her eyes, mouth, and limbs.

"Where am I?" were the first words she uttered on regaining the powers of speech.

The men who had carried her away made no answer, but pointed to a bed which, with two others, formed the entire furniture of the room, and then withdrew. The bed to which the men had pointed was unoccupied, but out of each of the others an odd-looking face peered at her, with an absurd sort of over-wise expression, and with a multitude of winks, and other signs of intelligence, that made the poor lady's heart die within her.

"*Madame la Baronne* wishes to know where she is," said one of her strange room-fellows, as soon as the men had disappeared: "I have the honour to inform *madame* that she is at the court of the king of Ivetot: *madame* is appointed third lady of the bed-chamber to the Princess Hoquerlin: I have the honour to felicitate *Madame la Baronne*!"

"We have rather to felicitate ourselves, *Madame la Comtesse*," broke in the other tenant of the room, "on the

accession of *Madame la Baronne* to our society, which she was formed to adorn. Yes, madame," proceeded she, addressing herself to Madame de Saverne, "I, the Duchesse de St. Charivari, welcome you to the sphere for which the great qualities of your head and heart so eminently qualify you, and of which I hope long to see you the ornament."

The two women now gabbled incoherently and together, vying with each other in noise, till steps were heard approaching the door, at the sound of which they became still: the door was opened, a man of a surly expression of countenance appeared, fixed a significant regard for a few seconds on the two women, and disappeared again without speaking a word. From that moment all was silent in the chamber.

In the morning, Madame de Saverne endeavoured to collect herself, to restrain her natural impetuosity, to call her prudence into exercise, and to show, if the place she was in was, as she suspected, a mad-house, that she had been brought into it by mistake. She had succeeded in bringing herself to a very composed frame of mind, when the same person entered the room who had visited her at Versailles with the nutcracker. He was accompanied by several young men, who called him "*Monsieur le docteur*," and who themselves had the appearance of students, their study, as it seemed, at this moment, being to give themselves an air of great wisdom and experience before the patients. One of these luminaries approached Madame de Saverne, and asked her if she did not consider the king the handsomest man in France.

"His majesty," she replied, "is not merely the handsomest, but the wisest and the best man in France, but he has some very bad servants."

The moment she said this, the doctor made a sign to a couple of men who stood at the door; they advanced, laid hold on the lady, and placed her in a kind of wheel, in which she was whirled about so frightfully, that she thought her last moment was come. When taken out, she was asked what she thought of the king now. In utter exhaustion, she faltered out—

"He cannot protect all his children, God help us!"

"You see," observed the doctor, "she is already more rational. Continue the treatment every day. Her madness is the result of a sedentary life, acting upon a mind disturbed by political enthusiasm and unsatisfied love."

While the doctor proceeded learnedly to descant upon her case, Madame de Saverne's eyes opened to the whole extent of her misery: she was looked on as a maniac, and saw herself, as the consequence of this fatal mistake, deprived both of fortune and liberty. Who, thought she, could have set on foot such a report? Was it a piece of malice devised by Manon, in revenge for her mistress's intention of parting with her? Or was it a plot of somebody's to get possession of her fortune? Could any of her relations be so wicked? The conversation of the doctor's booby pupils soon furnished a solution of the riddle which so perplexed her: it was, she learned, her veneration for the king that had given the first ground of suspicion that she was insane, her extraordinary munificence had strengthened it, and the solitude in which she lived had been held conclusive. Had she every where railed at Louis as the author of all the woes of France, the oppressor and afflicter of his subjects in every possible and impossible way,—had she spent her fortune on dress, and her time in the theatre and the assembly,—had she lived without doing good to any mortal in this world, and without thinking of the next, a doubt would never have been entertained of the soundness of her mind; but to reverse the king, to give her money to people who had nothing to give her for it but their prayers, and, above all, to pass the greater part of her time at home!—what Parisian could require more unequivocal proofs of madness?

But might not she make the whole matter clear to the doctor? Alas! the doctor was not a man to whom it was easy to make anything clear. Again, and again, she made the attempt, but hardly had she spoken three words on the subject when the doctor smiled with an air of great sagacity, and ordered her into the dreaded wheel. Her courage grew with despair; no whirling could silence her complaints; she was plunged in water till half-drowned, but she first used

she made of her breath was to renew her indignant remonstrance. At last, the doctor with expressions of heart-felt compassion, declared her incurable. She could not feel angry with him; it was evident that he wished to do her good. He would, no doubt, have made an excellent horse doctor; his own evil genius, and that of mankind, had willed that his patients should be human. With horror she looked forward to the consequences of his verdict: confinement for life seemed to be her inevitable destiny. The thought of putting an end to so wretched an existence presented itself, and she sat with her face buried in her hands, when a voice, which she had heard before, startled her. It was the nutcracker, who, as he said, could no longer withstand the interest which prompted him to see her. The sympathy he expressed in her woeful destiny inspired her with a sudden confidence, and she entreated him to say if there were no means—if there was no hope of deliverance for her.

One way, he replied, there might be—and but one; but he doubted if she would embrace it.

What a doubt! there was no way from which she would shrink: worse than death it could scarcely be; and she was already resolved that death should release her from her misery, if no means less fearful offered.

The nutcracker flattered himself she would find the means he had to propose infinitely less fearful than death: he confessed that her beauty had touched his heart from the moment he had first seen her; he believed she was no more mad than himself; but the doctor was a fool, and the intendant of police, who had given the warrant for her being taken thither, was another; for the rest, they were both *de bons diables*, particular friends of his (the nutcracker's); and, in fact, he could do anything with them he pleased;—a word from him would bring the sanest man in Paris into that house, or get the maddest inmate it contained out of it. Now, that word should be spoken before another hour was past, if Madame de Saverne would, in short, marry him.

The lady suppressed a shudder: it was at once plain to her by whose machinations she had been brought into this abode of despair, and for

what purpose: she saw, however, the advantages which the scoundrel's proposal offered, and resolved to avail herself of them.

"But my papers," said she; "I know not into what hands they are fallen: if they be lost, you will have in me a portionless wife."

"*A dieu ne plaise!*" said he; "the papers are safe in my hands: I intended to deliver them up to your friends, in case you had really turned out to be mad; but as that, happily, is not the case, we will keep them for ourselves, and your fortune, *mon ange*, will enable me to retire from the fatigues of office, and to cultivate the milder virtues in that domestic life, which I have ever believed to be their most congenial soil."

"I can never live at Paris," said Madame de Saverne, "it has been the scene of too many horrors to me. Will you go with me to Avignon? You have heard, no doubt, of Petrarch's grotto."

The nutcracker exclaimed, in ecstasy that his *fiancée* was the most adorable of her *sesque*—that the south had ever been the object of his longings—that Petrarch was his idol. The lady expressed her joy to find that their tastes were so completely in unison: she proposed that their union should be solemnized at Avignon, and added, that he must see if the doctor could not be induced to bear them company; it would grieve her, she said, to have no opportunity of marking her sentiments towards one who, though without thinking it, had been the occasion of their forming this alliance. The nutcracker declared it his greatest happiness to conform to her wishes in every respect, and undertook to answer for the doctor's readiness to accompany them. He then talked of the house they could keep—the establishment they could maintain—the style in which they could live, for he had made himself accurately acquainted with her circumstances, and was, for the rest, too fatuously vain to harbour a moment's suspicion that she could mean to play him a trick.

The next day he came to take Madame de Saverne away as incurable. He told the keepers that he had to conduct her to the hospital for idiots; but, instead of this, he brought her to Versailles, that she might look over

her effects, and pack up for the journey as expeditiously as possible.

She found everything except her desk—packed up everything except the king's bust, which she could not look at without an inward horror. Her fortune, consisting chiefly in papers, but papers as good as cash, the nutcracker had taken into his own custody, otherwise she might have been tempted to set off without him, though in so doing she would have had to forego the best part of her revenge. However, in less than a week he came, accompanied by the doctor, and announced himself ready for the journey. The doctor was astonished to find his former patient so completely recovered, and congratulated both her and himself very heartily thereupon: he took all the credit of her cure, as was reasonable, to himself, and gave her to understand that that admirable wheel, of the virtues of which her restored understanding would, he trusted, prove a lasting monument, was an invention of his own. Madame de Saverne made her acknowledgments, and assured him that, once at Avignon, she would give him proofs that she had not forgot his wheel, and that he himself should have cause to remember, as long as he lived, his having put her into it.

In setting off she observed where the nutcracker put her desk, and on the journey took care not to lose sight of it. The chief topic of conversation on the way was the police, of the omnipotence, omniscience, omnipresence, and other divine attributes of which, the nutcracker took great pains to give her an adequate idea. He explained to her that, in the present disjointed condition of the times, the police was, in reality, the only power in the state, all others, even royalty itself, subsisting only so long as the police thought it expedient to sustain them; all hotel and lodging-house keepers, all servants, all ladies, and other maids, were, he said, in its pay. Thus, nothing was hid from it: in your own house, or in public places, you were equally under its eye; it was in the secret of all your plans, which, unknown to you, it either impeded or furthered according as they contravened or fell in with its own. These revelations filled the poor lady

with new uneasiness; the very air of France seemed to her to breathe *espionage* and treachery, and she did not feel at her ease till she once more saw the papal arms, and found herself within the gates of Avignon.

Her betrothed and their mutual friend, the doctor, she obliged to make her house their quarters; and, with downcast eyes, if not exactly with blushes, she told the former that she would speak with her confessor the same day, on the subject nearest her heart. The nutcracker warbled airs out of *Armida*; his soul was lapped in Elysian hopes—he seemed to himself another Petrarch, and talked the doctor half mad about his Laura. He had no longer any anxiety about the desk with the papers, which he now considered as safe in its mistress's hands as in his own, and Madame de Saverne took care to have it conveyed out of his reach.

When the confessor came she wept, not less for joy at seeing him again, than for the recollection of the sufferings to which her disregard of his warnings had exposed her. On her calling him a prophet, he showed her a *louis d'or*, and said—

“Look, my daughter, how clear is the impress of wisdom and goodness on these royal features!—how——”

“For God's sake, reverend father,” cried the poor lady, “do not put me in mind that every piece of coin bears that fatal head, or the very touch of money will fill me with horror as long as I live!”

“Ay,” said the monk, “’tis better living under the triple crown than under the single. I know all that has happened: a brother of mine, who sought you in Paris, but came too late, told me the whole story. Never mind; bring your friends this evening to the monastery—tell them I will perform the ceremony in my own church at once, according to the custom here. Don't say a word against my plans: you may be very sure I would rather marry you to the devil than to one of these miscreants—but I have a surprise in store not only for *ces messieurs*, but for yourself also.”

How enraptured was the betrothed man when he heard that he was to be married in a few hours, and thought that the well-known desk, with its precious contents, would so shortly be

his own. He told the lady he hoped to place the police of Avignon on a similar footing to that of Paris, and promised the doctor the superintendence of all the mad-houses in the pope's dominions.

"Your wheel shall be heard of, *mon vieux*," cried he, clapping his friend on the back: "these Avignon folks will long remember our visit to them."

"I dare prophecy they will," said Madame de Saverne.

How stately was the strut of our nutcracker as he walked at the side of his fair *fiancée* to the monastery church. With how ineffable an air of importance did he enter the confessional, which he seemed to look upon as a sort of subsidiary police-office. The confession on his part was a mere form; he had really no sins to confess, for, as to the trick he had played on Madame de Saverne, he termed it an ingenious gallantry. The only penance the confessor gave him was to say six paternosters in a dark place.

"He takes me for a baby," chuckled the nutcracker, inwardly, "that a dark place should frighten me to mend my life."

To add to his amusement, he was speedily joined by the doctor, to whom a similar penance had been prescribed, and the two *esprits forts*, hugely tickled at the folly of these priest-ridden Avignoneze, entered together into a partitioned place adjoining the church, and perfectly dark: the door was forthwith locked upon them.

"*Ca sent diablement !*" muttered the nutcracker—"what sort of a place have they brought us to?"

"*Parbleu*," said the doctor, "I will tell you what it smells of; *oui c'est ça*, it smells of asses—'tis a stable."

"A very good place to pray in," laughed the nutcracker; "what if we were to pray—*hee haw! hee haw!* Methinks that is the natural language of the devout."

"He is an ass that prays at all," replied the doctor. "I will take the liberty of changing my paternosters into something I am more at home in," and he began to chaunt in an under tone—

"*Malbrouk s'en va-t-en guerre,
Ta ron ton, ta ron ton, ta ron talne.*"

"*Ma foi !*" said the nutcracker, "six Malbrouks will make me quite as

good a Catholic as six paternosters," and he chimed in with a second to the doctor.

"But what the devil is this?" cried the doctor—"I feel the ground move. *Mon Dieu!* 'tis certainly an earthquake!"

"An earthquake!" exclaimed the nutcracker, in terror. "Help!—the door! Pitiful heavens! and we are locked up here, and no one within hearing. Help!—the door! *Pour l'amour de dieu!*—the door!"

Cursing Petrarch, and vowing in his inmost soul that nothing should induce him, once Madame de Saverne's fortune was legally his, to tarry another day in the sunny south, the nutcracker as well as his co-penitent, bawled energetically for deliverance: the horrid thought occurred to them, that the monks had fled from the cloister, and that they were doomed to be buried in its ruins. They now began to gabble paternosters in earnest, as the motion of the floor beneath them became every moment more violent, and the awful termination seemed nearer. Their situation, however, was not quite so desperate as their fears represented; the floor moved, not from the effect of an earthquake, but from that of their own frantic jumps; for, in short, they were in the great tread-wheel that worked the oil-mill of the monastery, and in which many and many a couple of asses had done duty before them. They soon perceived this, and if the discovery in some measure quieted their terrors, it did not prove particularly flattering to their vanity. Having once begun to move, they could not check themselves; the confessor, immediately on their entering the wheel, had had the bolts withdrawn which kept it still, their weight was then sufficient to set it in motion, and their tread increased its speed every moment. Swifter and swifter it rolled; the two penitents were obliged to run, to avoid being thrown on their faces; the mill went merrily, and, when all was in full action, a shutter was removed, light streamed in upon our labourers, and the confessor, with Madame de Saverne, appeared looking in upon them at a grating.

"My children," said the monk, "you are giving yourselves a deal of trouble. You will never get through your paternosters at this rate!"

"I never thought a Frenchman would let his bride wait so long," said the lady; "I begin to find this wearisome, and, if *monsieur* is much longer at his devotions, I shall hardly think myself good enough to be the wife of so pious a man."

The nutcracker attempted to reply, but could only gasp out broken syllables in tones scarcely human. The monks came running to see what was going on, and exulted like schoolboys: they only saw the joke and did not know that this was the punishment of the crimes which these wretches had committed against the lady.

"If that does not cure you," said the confessor to the doctor, "you are incurably a fool—if that does not reform you," to the nutcracker, "you are incurably a villain."

A young officer now appeared, who was presented by the confessor to Madame de Saverne as his brother. She was surprised, blushed, and said—

"I have already had the pleasure of the acquaintance of *monsieur*, but why have I never seen or heard from you since the death of my husband? As long as he lived, indeed, I could not permit your importunities, but"—

"I believed myself hated," said the officer, "and ventured not to approach you again."

"A foolish modesty," said the confessor; "you would neither of you listen to me, and, therefore, have both had to suffer. You shall now marry at once for penance, if *ce monsieur*, there in the wheel, has nothing against it."

"No—no," cried the nutcracker.

"He says no, no," cried the confessor; "he will not consent; 'tis a pity; he must wheel it a little longer."

"Yes—yes—I con—sent," gasped the jilted man.

"*A la bonne heure!*" said the confessor. You see he is already more rational! I begin to think our doctor's mode of treatment here, no such bad thing, after all. Well, this hon-

ourable lady yields to her destiny, and you two sinners shall be witnesses of her happiness, and afterwards be escorted by our police over the frontier, unless *monsieur le docteur* would prefer an engagement in the monastery, and take his turn at our mill?"

The doctor cried "No—no!" and the confessor added—

"For the trouble you have taken, gentlemen both, in escorting *madame* home, she requests that you will accept of a very handsome bust of his majesty, King Louis the Sixteenth, which she has left behind her at Versailles, as a monument of her visit to that place: in lieu thereof, we will place an image of St. Peter in the chamber of *madame*."

The witnesses came in a piteous condition out of the wheel; the nutcracker's wedding-coat was burst at every seam, and the doctor declared, with many sighs, that he had never had an idea before of the effects of his own invention; he now saw how infallible means it must be for making mad people sane; for it had been within a little of making him, a sane mad-doctor, mad.

The marriage followed, after which the two witnesses *malgré eux*, were conducted over the papal frontier. The next day at dinner, the confessor said to his sister-in-law—

"Now, is not the *surveillance* of a confessor, after all, more endurable than the *surveillance* of an unprincipled policeman? And are not our fasts more bearable than the curatives invented by such a doctor for other people, but which he never tries on himself? Would that all charlatan legislators were obliged to try the effects of their blockhead fancies on themselves first, like those gentlemen, before they bring mankind into temptation and desperation with them!"

To which, when we think of poor laws and their makers and administrators, how can we but yield our cordiallest Amen?

RAPHAEL'S TAPESTRIES.

BY CARL LUDWIG FERNOW.

AMONG the innumerable religious festivals of modern Rome, which, in the course of the year, employ almost incessantly the pious idleness of her priests, as well as people, and help to throw the charm of variety over the dull sameness of their daily exercises of devotion, the feast of Corpus Christi claims, in more than one respect, to be particularly distinguished. The dazzling pomp of the solemnly splendid procession, by which the head of the church, with an immense train of cardinals, bishops, prelates, and monks of the different orders, does honour to this day—the orientally Gothic character of the sacred pageant—the interminable train of followers, slowly moving under the festally decorated colonnade of St. Peter's, and the adjoining streets—the majestic group of the pope, as he sweeps past, arrayed in gorgeous robes of satin, kneeling under a canopy before the consecrated host, and borne, like a visible Deity, above the heads of the countless multitudes—the solemn sound of the bells—the throng of human beings swaying to and fro—all unite to form a spectacle, unique of its kind, for the observer of human nature, who has never before had an opportunity of seeing the power of religious delusion acting on a grand scale, for it is in Rome only that superstition can celebrate a triumph over reason so brilliant as this. And although this reflection may keep the spectator cool in the midst of the universal extacy which seizes on the multitude around him, still can he not altogether steel his feelings against the overwhelming influence which rules, with magic power, the hearts of all about him. As the imposing group sweeps by, and on a sudden all around sink upon their knees, and beat their breasts—even he cannot resist the mysterious awe which steals over him. But as little can reason respect or approve of this mummary, however holy and venerable it may appear,

when clothed in the garb of religion, as she can admire the tricks of the juggler, who exhibits the mysterious powers of nature to the ignorant eyes of the wondering multitude. For this reason, this dazzling magnificence, like every other pleasure which affords no aliment to the spirit, leaves a void in the mind, and the disagreeable feeling of an imagination exhausted and overstrained by the rapid-succession of so many different objects. We feel in this, as in all the other religious solemnities of Rome, that to have seen them once is enough.

But, at the same time, this festival offers one source of enjoyment, of which none could easily weary—an enjoyment which exalts the soul to nobler feelings, which refreshes the mind, and for the sake of which every friend of the beautiful will look forward to its return in each succeeding year with ever new delight. This enjoyment is derived from the tapestries of Raphael, which, during the solemnity, are hung up in the hall which leads from St. Peter's into the vatican. They are only visible during these few days, and the rarity of the spectacle, quickens the attention of the spectator, and gives a higher value to the quickly-fleeting hours.*

We have here an opportunity of observing the universal and powerful effect of these works on the feelings even of the lowest classes, and to convince ourselves that Raphael, no less than Homer, was, in his art, a poet of the people. The space before the preaching of Paul at Athens, before the adoration of the Wise men, the Ananias, and still more, that before the Massacre of the Infants, is rarely unoccupied by spectators from among the common people, who clearly show, by the vivacity with which they communicate their feelings to each other, the lively interest they take in these subjects, familiar as they are to them from childhood, and sanctified to their feelings through religion. And yet,

* The tapestries are now to be seen daily, at stated hours, in one of the galleries of the vatican reserved for the pope's private use.

the best of these tapestries, as they now appear, are but faint shadows of their originals, seven of which, known as Raphael's Cartoons, are still preserved in England. Of these, Richardson, the only person of his day who spoke of these great works in detail, and in a manner worthy of them, with great probability maintains that they are calculated to convey a higher idea of Raphael's mind, than even the frescos in the Stanze of the vatican. But, despite all they have suffered in the tasteless hands of the tapestry-workers—despite the many and great faults of drawing, the faded colouring, which has destroyed all harmony and keeping, and the hardness of outline by which the expression is frequently disfigured even to caricature—despite the absence of all that can merely please the senses, they yet afford an artistic enjoyment so full, so profound, that, enchanted by the still living excellence, which all these disfigurements cannot efface, we only wonder the more at the fertility and grandeur of Raphael's genius, as seen beneath this lowly garb.

The absolute want of all the attractions of a careful and finished execution, and of other mechanical merit—nay, the evident prejudice the very spirit of these works has sustained in form, expression, and the sensuous harmony of the whole—yet powerless as they have been to destroy their intrinsic excellence, must lead every observer to the conviction that the true merit of a dramatic painting, how much soever its mechanical finish may delight, must be independent of those external advantages and defects which have regard merely to the sensuous effect of a work of art. This remark, which must often have been forced upon the student by most of Raphael's works in the Stanze and Loggie of the vatican, and in the Farnesina, finds its fullest confirmation here. If we compare the æsthetic merit of these tapestries with their

mechanical execution, we must admit that, on the one hand, they are amongst the most admirable—on the other, among the most miserable productions of modern art. And if the high æsthetic enjoyment which every renewed study of Raphael's works only makes more complete, the more intimate we grow with their spirit, be compared with the satisfaction afforded by the greatest masterpieces of a bold or pleasing pencil, united with all the charm of harmonious light and colour; if we weigh the best of these tapestries in the balance of genuine criticism against the most praised of Correggio's paintings (connoisseurs will shudder at the comparison!), to each in its kind we must concede a high degree of excellence; to Correggio the palm for charming the senses through the magic harmony of his colour; but our souls, our human feeling will do homage to the higher merit of Raphael, even in these faded tapestries, and award to him the prize for beauty.*

So true is it that every work of art which springs fresh from living feeling, even that of the loftiest and most cultivated minds, provided only that it bear the genuine impress of nature, not that of mere learning or mystical obscurity, will speak intelligibly to the heart and feelings of every human being, we may confidently assert that a work of art, and of dramatic painting especially, which wants this universal intelligibility, this power to touch the universal human heart, whether by the pure interest of its subject, or by its sublimity or its beauty, has signally failed in reaching the true aim of all art.

The language of the formative arts must be universally intelligible, inasmuch as it rests upon nothing artificial or conventional; it employs signs which are natural and easily comprehended by all, and the most interesting subjects which lie within their sphere, and those which they, from their very

* Although this conviction is unchanged after a residence in Dresden, where the genius of Correggio shines forth in its greatest splendour, it is far from the author's desire to undervalue his great merit, unique in its kind, and which deserves sincere respect and admiration. True criticism in art, however, is nothing but the judgment passed on every work according to the degree of relation in which it stands to the true aim of art. A work of art may be very defective, and yet satisfy the higher demands of art, and, on the contrary, it may be very perfect of its kind, yet leave these higher demands of art unsatisfied.

nature, can most perfectly express—namely, particular characters and states of the mind, as they betray themselves by visible changes in the human form, are intelligible to every man by means of his physiognomical and sympathetic instinct. If the artist keeps this aim steadily in view, and by the aid of well cultivated talents, exemplifies it happily in beautiful creations, his works, even though their precise subjects may not be understood, will be intelligible in every age, to every class, because they are the expression of our common human nature, which remains one and the same, under all the various modifications of artificial manners. The universal coincides here with the individual so wonderfully, that the language of the formative arts may thus almost vie with the language of poetry, in other respects so superior.

Poetry in her creations is compelled to employ artificial and abstract signs which are peculiar to some one people only, and that which she can most perfectly express by their aid, are thoughts and ideas—in other words, conceptions; these the poet clothes in the graceful drapery of sentiment and figurative language, in order to present them in a clear and visible form to the inner perceptions of others. Works of poetry therefore may justly demand a higher degree of cultivation and elevation of mind in him who assumes to enjoy them. This is particularly true in periods of high cultivation, and they can only be intelligible and attractive to the lower classes when their subjects are taken out of their own sphere and out of the circle of their daily life. The most sublime ideas in Klopstock's odes, the most admirable scenes of Schiller's *Don Carlos*, the most beautiful passages of Goethe's *Iphigenia*, or Tasso, would leave unmoved the hearts of the uneducated multitude, because they are to them unintelligible. Not so Raphael's *Masters of the Innocents*, his Paul preaching at Athens, the Sorcerer Elymas struck blind, the Adoration of the Shepherds, &c. &c.; to every one who beholds them, to the untutored peasant as to the cultivated citizen, they are alike intelligible, through the extraordinary clearness of the action, the wonderful truth of expression. They at once come home to every human heart,

and tell their story in characters which could need no interpreter, even though the precise event were not known to us, and this too without sacrificing to this popular interest any of the higher demands of art.

The popular character of Raphael's works (a quality very different from the common-place which belongs to the Dutch school) is justified by the fact, that while they satisfy the refined taste of the connoisseur by the higher beauties of style in composition, drawing, and the judicious combination of the separate parts into an artistic and beautiful whole, they touch and delight the untaught mind by the unadorned simplicity and clearness of the composition, and the wondrous truth which pervades every action and expression.

To suppose that an artist can compensate by other kinds of excellence, by ingenuity and learning, by brilliant tints, by unmeaning ornament, and a masterly pencil, or even by a passionate exuberant fancy, rioting in overcharged composition, for the absence of that true and living expression which alone makes a dramatic work its own interpreter, seems to argue an ignorance of art scarcely needing a refutation. Indeed, it could hardly be credited that such a supposition could be made seriously, did not experience prove, not merely that the so-called connoisseurs, but even that artists themselves must be of this opinion, since the latter produce works in which these false but dazzling qualities prevail, at the cost of all that is essential in which no soul is to be found; whilst all that is technical, all the meretricious charm of colour is carried to the height of perfection, and the former are ever ready to praise them. But never can the charms of mere external sensuous beauty and finish compensate for the spiritual life of natural expression, which is the essential element of every dramatic representation. The works of Raphael afford, as we have already said, the plainest proof that all the mere external merits of a picture, however great the technical skill they presuppose in the painter, however desirable they may justly be for a perfect picture, still are in themselves neither the essence of painting, nor are they of such importance as to pretend to supply

the want of those qualities which are essential and intrinsic.

In a work of art, the aim of which is to delineate man, and in which therefore, MAN in the whole compass of the idea, and always, as an active and a sentient being, is necessarily the principal subject, no other object, however excellent, no other interest should make itself predominant. Every thing, all skill in execution, all science and learning, should modestly and unassumingly give place to the expressive and beautiful delineation of the subject; no theatrical grouping, no unmeaning effect of beautifully blended tints, no juggling play of dazzling lights and shadows should be allowed to bribe the senses at the cost of truth, no specious technical skill blind the judgment, at the cost of feeling. Pure and artless as caught from living nature, yet clothed in artistic beauty, to satisfy the taste refined through the ideal, the picture must penetrate to the soul of the spectator, it must satisfy the senses, but it must do more—it must also satisfy the spirit; it must harmoniously quicken and delight the mind in all its varied powers. If the subject of a picture has no true interest, it is powerless to move the heart, or elevate the mind and feelings above the low sphere of daily life; such a picture is an aimless work of art, unworthy of its name, even were it irradiated by the magic light of a Correggio, conceived with all the learning of a Mengs, and touched by the minute pencil of a Denner. It is only when a painting appears no longer as a work of art, but as nature herself arrayed in ideal beauty, that it fulfils its true aim, and reaches the true summit of art.

The number of tapestries bearing Raphael's name, which yearly adorn the hall of the vatican, during the solemnization of the festival, amounts to one and twenty. It may be doubted whether the cartoons for all of them, were actually painted by Raphael himself, since no cotemporary writer has mentioned their number. We shall, however, consider them all his works; for though unequal in merit, none altogether belie such an origin, and even the worst bear traces, in the composition, of his presiding spirit. For these Raphael may have given merely the first slight sketch, which was afterwards

executed in the full size by his scholars, more or less injured through the unequal skill of the tapestry-workers. If, however, we cannot point out with certainty the precise share which Raphael's own hand has had in these works, at least we may endeavour to judge them correctly, on their own merits, independent of the master's name. We subjoin a brief enumeration of their subjects, arranged according to our estimate; but in the further progress of this essay, we shall confine our remarks exclusively to the more excellent of the series.

1. Paul Preaching at Athens.
2. The Death of Ananias.
3. Paul Striking the Sorcerer Elymas, blind.
- 4, 5, 6. The Massacre of the Innocents, in three tapestries, of which two only are of distinguished excellence.
7. The people of Lystra offer sacrifice to Paul and Barnabas.
8. The Resurrection of Christ.
9. Christ Delivering the keys to the Apostle Peter, with the words, "Feed my Sheep."
10. The Adoration of the Three Kings.
11. Peter and John Healing the Lame Man at the Gate of the Temple.
12. The Miraculous Draught of Fishes.
13. The Conversion of Paul.
14. The Adoration of the Shepherds.
15. The Presentation of the Infant Christ in the Temple.
16. The Stoning of St. Stephen.
17. Christ at table with the Disciples at Emmaus.
18. The Pouring Out of the Holy Spirit.
19. The Ascension of Christ.
20. Christ appearing to Mary Magdalene, as the Gardener.
21. Christ Delivering the Souls of the Fathers out of Purgatory.

Without going into a circumstantial description of these works, which without an opportunity for personal examination would rather fatigue than benefit the reader, we shall only enlarge generally on the pervading style of the best of the tapestries, and seek to reduce the thoughts developed in them to fixed principles of criticism. This is the only way in which criticism can

works of art can be rendered instructive, and assist in the diffusion of a better taste, even in the absence of the works themselves. Raphael executed the cartoons for the tapestries, within the three last years of his life, consequently at a period when he stood at the summit of his artistic greatness, when he had cultivated his taste to the purity of style—his power of representation to the freedom and certainty which distinguish the works of this time, and especially in the Loggie of the Vatican. But it requires a long and intimate acquaintance with his works, and a thorough insight into the nature and style of dramatic painting (which is scarcely to be obtained except from the study of them) to recognise the higher reach of genius, more perfect concentration, purer excellence, precision, clearness in the composition, the maturer beauty and more classic style, of these later works, whose inner æsthetic power is too often concealed under the inefficient and slovenly execution of his scholars. The paintings in the Stanze undoubtedly possess essential and exclusive advantages, not only in their greater size (which in itself neither makes a work of art good or bad) but also in their richer composition which places the inexhaustible fertility of Raphael's genius and true poetic spirit in the clearest light; and in the multitude of admirable heads full of life and character, no less than in the higher and more careful finish, the technical skill and studied execution of all the parts. But neither fertility of invention, characteristic truth of expression, nor technical skill in execution, are here the point in question, but simply *purity of style*, in which we confidently maintain that the Stanze, on the whole, are surpassed by the Loggie and the Tapestries.

The style of a work of art is as independent of the science of the artist as of the mechanism of his art. It is based on the idea of the beautiful, which dwells in the imagination of the artist, which he seeks to realize in all his creations, and which like an organising spirit pervades every part of his work, and combines them all into one artistically beautiful whole. But it is in the three great elements of painting—composition, drawing, and expression—that style is more particu-

larly apparent; not genius, nor science, nor imitation form style, but the æsthetic cultivation of the mind, more especially of the feelings and imagination; for it is only when the artist has a keen perception of the beautiful, and is capable of conceiving every object in a beautiful form, that it is possible for him to exhibit a really beautiful style. It is true that natural disposition must determine, in the first instance, the artist's mode of feeling, that the due 'cultivation of his talents requires a correct knowledge of the ultimate aims of his art, a choice of suitable means, as well as a suitable method of applying them, therefore a scientific culture of the understanding. But it is neither the natural disposition of the individual, nor the scientific culture of his mind alone, but the idea of beauty practically developed in the imagination, nurtured by the beautiful in nature and in art, the æsthetic judgment—in one word, the *TASTE* which ultimately determines his style. From the style of an artist's works, we form our judgment of his taste. A thorough knowledge of art, that is, technical skill, guided by science, is necessary to every artist as a foundation of a solid style, the necessary means to successful execution; for in the formative arts, correctness is the first condition of truth and beauty, still it is the groundwork only, not the *essence* of a beautiful style. Examples are not wanting in the history of art, of men who have possessed great knowledge and technical dexterity, but very little taste; and of others who with very little real knowledge possessed a high feeling for beauty. Examples in which both, happily united with a fertile creative power, blend together in a pure and beautiful style, are far more rare. If an artist of decided talent possess the necessary knowledge of the technical difficulties of his art, and sufficient mechanical dexterity to express his ideas without effort or constraint, he must yet acquire the capability of *conceiving objects in artistic beauty*, before he can hope to be distinguished by a beautiful style. This is the most difficult step, therefore the last in his artistic education. Here, however, we must draw a distinction between style of *composition* and style of *drawing*; they are essentially differ-

rent and independent of each other. The first consists in the artistically beautiful representation or form of the whole, the last in the artistically beautiful representation or form of each SINGLE OBJECT, even in its minutest parts. If, therefore, the style of an artist or work of art be in question, we must take into account neither invention, knowledge of art, technical dexterity, correctness, nor truth, but confine ourselves strictly to the *feeling for beauty*, which unites all these elements into one harmonious whole; or, in other words, to the æsthetic character of the work, else we shall be in danger of confounding genius with taste, style with manner, technical correctness with beauty, delineation with execution.

The practised eye of an artist immediately recognizes the higher excellence of style in Raphael's later works, the tapestries particularly, of which we may give a few examples. First, in the mirror-like clearness and intelligibility of the composition, which at once tells its story by the happiest and most significant expression, each part reciprocally explaining the other, and the whole thus making itself perfectly clear—as in the Sorcerer Elymas struck blind, the Death of Ananias, &c. Secondly, in the simplicity and wise economy of means, by which a few impressive figures convey a vast number of ideas, and the *principal thought* is made distinct and prominent, in proof of which we may instance the Preaching of Paul at Athens. Thirdly, in the admirable, and to all appearance, artless arrangement of the figures, as in the Dedication of Peter. Fourthly, in the great truth of the expression, which always observes the exact medium of propriety, and guided by an unerring hand, carries grace even along the confines of the highest passion, while at the same time it displays in the groups of figures most artfully interwoven, yet preserving all the beauty of nature, the freedom and spirit of true genius,—as, for example, the Massacre of the Innocents, and in the terror of the guards at the appearance of the risen Christ. Finally, in the style of the draperies, which is simple, grand, and pure, rejecting all superfluity, but disposed with graceful freedom, and displaying the greatest variety in the choice of the cast. In

the Ananias, the Elymas, the Preaching of Paul, and in the pre-eminently beautiful drapery of Stephen and many others, Raphael has not seldom approached the simple grandeur of Michael Angelo's draperies, in the roof of the Sistine Chapel. The works of the Loggie likewise offer in each of these particulars, innumerable examples of a perfect style in the composition and cast of drapery, and will, therefore, ever remain models of excellence, which can never be too strongly recommended to the student. It is this perfection of excellence, this classical purity of style, which raise the works of the Loggie and the Tapestries above the paintings in the Stanze as a whole; for in single parts we find in these latter such excellence, of various kinds, as leaves scarce any thing to be desired. The so-called School of Athens, for instance, will always be admired as one of the greatest and most perfect models of pictorial composition. In truth, in all these works the divine genius of Raphael beams forth; but in the later ones, it appears still more formed, more matured, more glorified.

A characteristic difference may be observed between the earlier and later works of Raphael, in the way in which he has employed nature for his purposes, a difference which throws a clear light on these remarks, as well as on the course of his progress in general. In the earlier frescoes of the Stanze, in which with little action there is a great number of figures in which the artist had to show the physiognomical expression, rather than the pathognomic or minutæ, though life, feeling, action, and sympathy are seen in every part, as, for instance, in the Dispute of the Sacrament, the School of Athens, the Parnassus, and the Miracle of Bolsena, we find a multitude of heads which at a glance we perceive to be portraits. They are likenesses of living persons, taken with all their individuality of form and character, from actual nature, with the most scrupulous fidelity. As yet Raphael drew from his own feelings, only the expression of that momentary state of the mind which his subject happened to require. He borrowed his characters from nature, and placed them in appropriate action; hence the speaking truth of expression in these

heads. It was thus that Raphael drew from nature herself that rich variety of individual character, which fills us with astonishment in his works, and thus he prepared himself for the highest step of invention, the creation of original forms.⁴ This frequent introduction of heads, taken from the life, which marks his early career, and which makes the earliest painting in the Stanze, the Dispute, so important a study for artists, is not to be found in his later works; yet they are no less distinguished by variety in character and by distinctive expression. In the Farnesina, in the two and fifty compartments of the Loggie of the Vatican, in the Spasimo di Sicilia, in the Transfiguration, &c., there is no one head which resembles a portrait, and yet the faces are not less significant, nor less individual. In the tapestries, certainly we do find some heads stamped with so much individuality, they might readily be taken for portraits; but it requires only a closer inspection, and a comparison with those in the Dispute, to be convinced that they are the creations of an imagination richly stored with the living impress of nature herself. They want, if we may so say, the individuality of the individual, the accidental of real existences which belongs to the former, and which no doubt gives a more exact truth, but with it a poverty, a pettiness to the forms, which is altogether opposed to the ideal style of dramatic painting, of which Raphael as yet had not acquired the mastery. By the creative power of his genius, by his familiar intercourse with nature, by that wonderful truth and clearness of observation, which enabled him to seize her finest and most évanescent features, he soon acquired the power, in those great works which seem to wing his onward flight, to create for himself the physiognomical character of his figures with all the variety of nature, and in the happiest accordance with every requirement of his art. This may be observed even in his later frescoes in the Stanze, in the Heliodorus, the Attila, the Mass of Bolsena, in all of which there are heads, both original and taken from the life, equally remarkable for variety and perfect truth. In such of the tapestries as contain individuals of the lower classes, and therefore require

heads of a marked and common character, as in the Preaching of Paul to the people of Lystra, and the Healing of the Lame Man, these are invested with such an air of reality, that we might readily suppose them taken from the life, were it not that with all their individuality, the ideal principle of invention every where shines through them. Where the subject does not require this conformity to nature, we see great variety, but not the same sharp impress of individuality; and when our feelings are principally to be interested in the pathognomic expression, as in the Heliodorus, the Burning of the Borgo, the Massacre of the Innocents, the Conversion of Saul, the physiognomies are merely appropriate to the occasion, without claiming our particular attention by their distinctive expression of character. In these subjects, Raphael seeks to interest merely through the expression of feeling, and the passing state of the mind is thus the more clearly and forcibly conveyed. He could in this way reject the accidental accompaniments of ordinary life, without prejudice to the truth; and while he preserved all the reality of actual nature, give to his heads a nobler and finer character. In cases of strong feeling this is the more necessary, since the vehemence of its expression in a strongly marked countenance, readily degenerates into caricature.

In thus following the traces of his progress, we observe how readily Raphael's mind adapted itself, with the greatest ease and accuracy, to every object in his path, yet knew how to mould it most completely to the purposes of his art; and how, without subjecting every thing to the same formal mode of composition, he drew from the object itself the rules to guide him in its treatment, and carried them out with all the freedom of genius. This power belongs only to great and versatile genius, which holds all forms at command, which in each individual case can promptly seize the most appropriate, and can conjure before the bright mirror of the soul the exact ideal picture of every character, of every situation, of every individual, which the action may happen to require. If genius and cultivation have placed the artist on this lofty eminence, he rules nature by his

art, but not the less does he pay homage to her universal and eternal laws, which, even the free spirit elevated above the trammels of necessity, can never violate with impunity. To this lofty eminence Raphael attained in his latest period, and on it he stands alone. All his predecessors, the great Leonardo da Vinci, not excepted, set out with the imitation of the real; the principal of their art was the imitation of individual truth and beauty in the best living models; their forms, therefore, never rise above ordinary life, and their characteristic heads are portraits of real persons. Leonardo searched into the laws of nature, which lie at the foundation of beauty; he had a clear and observant mind, and was a great and admirable artist; but he never rose to that universality in form, which is the basis of the art-ideal, though his works show that he had a presentiment of the higher principle of ideality. Da Vinci, therefore, in the science of art, as well as in style, marks the transition from the ancient to the modern period. It was the mighty genius of Michael Angelo which first burst the bonds in which the imitative principle still held his art imprisoned, and raised it up to the ideal. But he created his ideal, in accordance less with universal laws than with his individual feelings, an ideal of wild gigantic grandeur, grounded on a profound knowledge of anatomy. But the type of his ideal is by no means pure, his so-called grandeur is too often little more than magnified vulgarity, his proportions overstep the true measure of beauty, his figures all present the same wild grandeur, his expression, like his feeling, is frequently exaggerated in its impetuosity and violence; nor had he at command either the characteristic variety, or correct measure for the pathognomic or the minetic expression. It would be dangerous, therefore, to recommend him as a model of dramatic painting, or generally as a model of style, although there may be found among his works examples of the loftiest and best efforts of modern art; but these form the exception. On the other hand, he is pre-eminently successful in delineating the sublime, and those characters also in which moral grandeur and physical power are combined with the expression of profound thought.

The grandeur, the power, the fire of his style cannot fail to inspire minds which are similarly constituted, and Raphael himself is indebted to him for a grander and more elevated ideal of form, than he might possibly have reached without such an example. In the frescoes of the Stanze, Raphael developed the higher ideal principle of his art in all its essential elements, in composition, drawing, expression, colour, drapery; and it is instructive as well as interesting to trace from painting to painting the rapid yet progressive transition, from the circumscribed limits of imitation, to the full freedom of the ideal; to mark, too, the ease with which he rose to the highest perfection in parts which were especially congenial to the bent of his genius, in composition, expression, and drapery, while, on the contrary, he stopped short of this excellence in ideality of form and harmony of colour. A difference for which it is easy to account, when we consider the multitude of works of greater or less importance executed by our artist during his brief career.

As the expression of the single figures in a picture should mark distinctly and precisely the passing state of the mind in each, so the composition of the whole should make us perfectly cognizant of the subject of the representation, and the moment of action. Its aim, consequently, is to explain itself by the most intelligible representation of the subject in a pleasing form. Distinctness and beauty are the essential elements of every pictorial composition—distinctness for the development of the meaning—beauty to satisfy the judgment and the taste. How these two essential requirements may be satisfied in every given case, no precise rule, no prescribed formula, can be laid down. The rule for each individual composition must be drawn from the nature of the subject, with strict regard to these general laws of clearness and beauty, by the well cultivated judgment of the artist. All other prescriptions or maxims would but injure the truth and naturalness of the work; would bow the free genius of the artist under the yoke of method, and lead him to solve a problem by mechanical skill, which should be solved only by the unfettered power of genius. By

the aid of rules, he duce a correct composition, strictly in accordance with academic method, but never could he by these means represent an action artistically—that is, as an organic whole, developed from its earliest germ. There are, indeed, certain rules of arrangement, but they point to what the artist must avoid rather than to what he has to do. An entire composition, a single group may be very ingeniously constructed, and combined according to technical rules, but it can then only be appropriate and beautiful, when its form is that which most naturally corresponds to the represented action, when it gives a true, artless, yet artistic expression of it. For here, as in all the fine arts, truth and nature are the basis of beauty—not the common, actual, therefore accidental nature—but that which springs from the essence of the subject, and therefore is the *necessary*; without these, all art is but an idle, empty delusion.

Whether a composition should be pyramidal or circular, conical or clustered, convex or concave in its grouping, symmetrically disposed or equally balanced, combined according to the rules of counterpoint or chiar'oscuro, arranged theatrically or naturally, whether it should borrow its effects from accidental light or repoussoir foregrounds, must be left to the decision of the academical professors and pedantic connoisseurs. All these modes of treatment may, under certain circumstances, be appropriate and beautiful; they may, however, under others, be unsuitable and defective. No one can deny that the form of a pyramidal group is pleasing to the eye, that a symmetrical arrangement promotes unity, that contrast gives variety, &c.; we only insist that these things are not to be regarded as the essence of pictorial composition, but as the technical means, by which the æsthetic aim of the representation may be most completely attained. As such let them be used, as each case may require or allow; but never let them be elevated into the very object of the picture. Pure taste demands nature, truth, beauty, and is indifferent to the form under which they appear. We find, it is true, examples of all these modes of treatment in the works of Raphael, but they are not systemati-

cally nor designedly introduced. Where they do appear, they either arise out of the nature of the subject itself, or have been only employed by the artist where they lend a new grace to the representation, without prejudice to its true expression. The composition of the Miracle of Bolsena, the group of Archimedes in the school of Athens, of the Heliodorus, of the Joshua in the Loggie, all are models of beautiful pyramidal grouping. In the Battle of Constantine, in the Heliodorus, in the Massacre of the Innocents, in the Resurrection of Christ, we find admirable examples of intertwined grouping. The Dispute of the Sacrament, the School of Athens, the Heliodorus, the Death of Ananias, the Adoration of the Magi, the pouring out of the Holy Spirit, &c., all of them exhibit an arrangement and distribution of the whole, which are designedly symmetrical, for the nature of the subjects in these cases required or permitted this pyramidal grouping so favourable to beauty—this entwined or symmetrical arrangement. *

But a far greater number of Raphael's compositions exhibit none of these canons of art—none of the favourite group form, and they are not, on this account, less expressive or less beautiful. We shall name but a few of the most excellent and striking among the Tapestries: the Preaching of Paul at Athens—the Dedication of Peter—the Sacrifice at Lystra—the Conversion of Saul—the Stoning of St. Stephen; and in the Loggie, Abraham Journeying with his Family—the Finding of Moses—the Worship of the Calf, &c. &c. In these, and many others of Raphael's paintings, no trace is to be found of the prescribed art of grouping and composition, but merely a clear, unartificial, yet always pictorially beautiful representation of the subject.

In all the works of Raphael, we cannot fail to recognize *true* art and aptitude of arrangement; still less the free and versatile power of a genius, which, unfettered by the constraint of rule and method, knows how to adapt itself to the universal laws of the true and the beautiful; the pure, true feeling of the artist, which never does violence to nature, but arranges his compositions with a simplicity akin to her own, and, at the same time,

with the beauty, which should ever be the attribute of art.

Every thing which is complicated, when reduced to unity, must be submitted to arrangement, and adopt some definite form. The more precisely an idea is seized, the more clearly the image corresponding to it floats before the mind—the better arranged, the more life-like and happy will the representation of it be; and to an imagination inspired by the feeling for the beautiful, it is as impossible to conceive an image without beauty, as it is to a philosophic head to pursue a train of thoughts without order and connection.

The genius of Raphael united both in an eminent degree; hence, nothing is more easy than to find in his compositions beautiful artistic grouping; nothing more easy than to discover in every part wisdom, deep thought, arrangement, symmetry, contrast, equilibrium, and every other evidence of understanding, guided by taste. But this is also the reason, that those who can form no conception of the creative power of true genius, whose prosaic temperament stifles every impulse of the imagination, see and admire in Raphael's works, not the sublime power of his genius, but only his technical dexterity. The judgment of the artist must certainly weigh, design, and arrange, the plan of the whole, and his technical skill must be exercised to carry it out; but all this is insufficient without the creative genius which embodies the thought in a suitable form, and breathes into it life, soul, and character. If the idea of the whole has not dwelt in the imagination of the artist before the arrangement of the parts, his work can never produce a lively impression on the imagination of others. And hence it arises, as has before been remarked, that the art of composition, that is, the artistic form of a pictorial work, can as little be learnt or taught by precise rules, as any other branch of art which mainly depends upon genius. The invention of a picture in correspondence with the original idea, as well as the character, expression, and life, is the work, not of understanding, but of genius. No beaten academic path, no school-taught correctness in composing, no nice adjustment of waxen puppets, under

the magic influence of artificial illumination, can supply the want of real talent for composition, which imperatively demands both originality of invention, and power of plastic representation.

Of all the modern artists, Raphael has most perfectly fulfilled the first great law of all dramatic painting, namely, to combine the greatest distinctness with pictorial beauty of representation. He attains this distinctness, by presenting, with classic severity, the essentials, only of his subject, in simple arrangement, and in the most favorable point of view—the expression of each individual figure, even to the most trivial accessory, is as precise and clear, as the representation of the whole; so that it may with truth be affirmed, that in Raphael's maturer productions, there is not a movement in his draperies—not a fold, which has not its natural *motive*. This luminous distinctness is united to agreeable forms with the greatest apparent artlessness; and the serene grace, the life-breathing beauty, which, like a reflection of his own rich and lovely spirit, are poured out over the world, give to his works that irresistible charm which captivates the more powerfully the oftener they are studied, the more intimately we are familiarized with them. The inexhaustible fulness of their meaning, unfolds itself only by degrees to the soul; and with ever-rising admiration, we discover the unfathomable depth beneath the transparent surface—the sublimity of genius clothed in child-like simplicity.

The taste which prevails in Raphael's draperies, was originally grounded on the style of his predecessors, which though, in essentials, good, natural, and well adapted to painting, was yet stiff and nearly destitute of beauty. The great merit of their drapery, was its artless simplicity, a judicious, if not always beautiful *choice*, motivated by the attitude and movement, and a decided, although still too straight, sharp, and angular cast of the folds. The pure feeling for nature, which guided these old painters so surely by the way of truth, to the higher, but yet undiscovered aim of their art, had already laid the foundation for a good style in this branch of painting. Already in the pictures of Giotto, the true re-

storer of modern painting, we find draperies so excellent in their disposition, as to shame the heavy and obtrusive failures of Correggio, Baroccio, and the Bolognese school, as well as the vicious taste of Pietro da Cortona, Bernini, and their numerous and still more faulty imitators.

This elder style had, by degrees, improved in the draperies of Massaccio, Mantegna, Perugino, Luca Signorelli, Leonardo da Vinci, till Fra Bartolomeo, but more especially Michael Angelo, began, at length, to treat this department of the art with a true perception of its power. Their style however, with all its wonderful grandeur, had too little variety and freedom, fully to satisfy the demands of taste for every kind of composition. Michael Angelo banished the accidental almost wholly from his draperies, and retained in each particular cast, merely those folds and breaks which were absolutely necessary. His draperies therefore, though certainly grand, were never in the same degree beautiful, for the beauty of drapery consists precisely in the union of the necessary with the accidental. It was Raphael who carried the style of drapery to the highest purity it has reached in modern times—a purity, however, which was unattained by his immediate scholars only; after them the beautiful style of drapery disappeared from modern art.

It is by no means easy to form a clear conception of what constitutes a beautiful drapery, since the idea itself is so indefinite,—the choice, the form, the cast so arbitrary, the texture of the materials so varied. Still more difficult, nay nearly impossible, is it to express the idea in words, since it is only by the study of the actual models that it can be acquired and developed. This vagueness in an idea which is to serve as a foundation for beauty, this variety of material, the difficulty in the choice of all the possible folds, in which chance always plays its part, and easily masters the undecided taste of the artist, in some measure accounts for the various, often tasteless manners, which have prevailed in this branch of painting since the time of Raphael. Owing to the constant aiming at some new and agreeable manner, the true notion of good drapery, both in painting and

sculpture, with the feeling for naturalness of representation generally, was entirely lost, though examples are so abundant in the antique sculpture and in the works of the older painters, that it requires nothing but an unprejudiced mind to recognize it in them at a glance.

A close imitation of every material and every fold, from nature or the mode, may certainly be called natural, but is not for this reason necessarily beautiful, or adapted to fulfil the demands of art. These last are not to be satisfied by the mere necessity for clothing, because it is the province of art to express the semblance only, and because BEAUTY, not UTILITY, prescribes her highest law. In works, whose very groundwork is the principle of individual imitation, the utmost truthfulness in the expression of material and costume must be observed, nay even a tasteless costume may, in such a case, please, by the perfect truth of imitation. In delineations of actual common nature, we neither look for nor miss the beauty of ideal drapery. High dramatic painting, on the contrary, which in its representations follows the ideal principle, should reject all the mere individualities, which remind us of common life, and should, by higher ideal truth, supply the truth of mere imitation. We can as little tolerate a mere imitation of particular fabrics and materials in works of this class as an actual portrait, and as we demand in them ideal individuality of form and character, so also we demand ideal drapery; in other words, drapery which does not express any particular fabric, but only the idea of drapery in general; whether it be cotton or wool, silk or satin, velvet or plush, &c. &c., is immaterial to us. He will still have sufficient scope for variety, since, in accordance with his subject, it may be coarse or fine, heavy or light, simple or rich, and of all possible colours. Further, as the manner in which the folds break depends so much on the particular quality of the material, the high style of dramatic painting is exempt from the necessity of observing these distinctions. It merely seeks, with the general notion of drapery as its groundwork, the ideal of the most beautiful folds; the cast must, in each case, be determined by the choice of the artist, and the me-

chanical laws of weight and motion. The costume prescribes the form and arrangement of the drapery, as well as its kind. The more variety it allows, the less it conceals the form; and the more play it allows the fancy, the more favourable it will be to the great end of art, which is to present to the eye as much of the beauty of the form and movement as the indispensable use of drapery will permit. The artist, therefore, must seek so to combine the two, that neither the contours of the figure may be too much concealed by the drapery, nor the drapery appear to cling to and confine the figure, from too strong a marking. It is the union of these two essentials which constitutes the ideal of a drapery perfect in its adaptation to the great aims of art. But the requirements of painting differ somewhat from those of sculpture. In the drapery of the former, masses must prevail; in the latter, the form be more carefully attended to.

Raphael's works contain, almost without exception, a much greater number of draped than undraped figures. Not that he shunned the latter—though the severely correct drawing which they demand was not his strongest point; but because the former were more in unison with the religious nature of the subjects he usually had to treat. Hence there is no large work of his in existence, excepting the Fable of Pysche, in the Farnesina, which entirely consists of naked figures; and these, as well as the unclothed or half naked figures in the Incendio, in the Victory of Leo over the Turks at Ostia, and in the Loggie, confirm our assertion that Raphael's greatest strength did not lie in the complete understanding and drawing of the ideally beautiful form, and that his style in drapery is proportionably more pure than in the nude. To prevent this misconception we will explain our meaning further. A wonderful variety in individual forms and and characteristic expression, may readily be conceded to Raphael, but not great force in the drawing of the naked; at least his excellence in *this* department is not so great as in the former. The foundation of this variety, combined with individuality in character and expression, is to be found in the natural bent of his genius, which was admirably adapted for

this kind of excellence. Strength in drawing, on the contrary, depends on a thoroughly well-grounded knowledge of the human frame, and on the ideal purity of the type or model which the artist has created in his imagination. In this part of his art, Raphael stands as much below Michael Angelo, as he is above him in the other. On Raphael, the appearance of *soul* in character, temperament, and action, appears to have operated most strongly; on Michael Angelo, on the contrary, the grandeur of form in contour and expression. It was only after much study that Raphael succeeded in producing forms of grand ideal beauty with certainty and freedom; nay, they are rarely to be met with in his works, so strictly correct and pure, as perfectly to satisfy the demands of art. His power lies pre-eminently in expression. Michael Angelo, though the boldest and most learned master of drawing, and, at the same time, the greatest sculptor which modern art has produced, could never, perhaps, by any length of study, have attained to that power which Raphael, by this happy organization of his mind, so easily made his own—the power of giving with perfect truth and beauty, the precise and appropriate expression to every shade of character, to every state of mind, to every stage of action, from the lightest impulse of feeling, to the most vehement storm of passion. Michael Angelo's talent was pre-eminently adapted to form and attitude—none was too difficult for him; of this his Last Judgment affords numberless examples. He had more fire and boldness, a more soaring imagination than Raphael, who, on the other hand, possessed greater depth of feeling, more fulness and more universality. As the creator of symbolic forms, M. Angelo was unrivalled—as the dramatic painter, Raphael. Thus each of these art heroes had his stronger and his weaker side, according to the bent of his genius, and it is only by duly honouring both, we can justly estimate the true greatness of either. To return from this digression. In the Stanze we find a multitude of excellent draperies. The exquisite feeling which breathes in every work of our artist, and lends life and grace even to the lifeless, is here visible in such a won-

drous fertility of invention, such ever-varied, and yet always pleasing cast of drapery, that had he possessed no other merit, this alone would have stamped him as one of the greatest and most admirable of artists. But taken as a whole, his style of drapery has not there reached the pure simplicity and grandeur of fold which it attained in the Loggie and tapestries. There is still to be found much that is redundant, unintelligible, and confused—much that the understanding finds it difficult to account for. In its rich abundance, it still contains much of the accidental which detracts from simplicity, and still bears traces of the poverty and meagreness of the older schools. These remarks, however, apply only to the earlier works in the Stanze; the later—the Heliodorus, Incendio, &c.—are already distinguished by a simpler and grander style. We may form some judgment of the degree of grandeur and ideality attained in Raphael's draperies, by comparing them with those of Michael Angelo, in the arches and triangular compartments on the roof of the Sistine Chapel. We do not mean, however, by any means to assert that Raphael's draperies should have been similar to these; on the contrary, their severe simplicity, their abstract grandeur, so appropriate to the greatness and earnestness of these ideal and symbolic creations, would be highly inappropriate to the beautiful style of Raphael's dramatic and historic representations. Beautiful, indeed, his draperies always are—nay, more beautiful than those of any artist before or since; but in the Stanze they are not always as PURE AND SIMPLE as the ideal style demands.

It is in the Loggie that the drapery of our artist first displays the simple, pure, and grand cast, which prevails also in the tapestries, particularly in the Charge to St. Peter, the Elymas, Ananias, in the Preaching of Paul, and Stoning of Stephen, &c. These works, therefore, are particularly adapted to give a true idea of pictorially beautiful drapery, and serve as correct guides in this uncertain and difficult department of art. This is to be attributed to the greater clearness and simplicity in the *motive*, to the purer taste of the cast as well as folds; and we observe in them the still higher precision to which Raphael

had attained in his ideal of beautiful drapery. (Without this precision, in our notion, neither a pure model of style, nor a correct judgment can be formed. By its aid the artist, with a sure hand, keeps the accidental in constant subjection to the principal aim, and the connoisseur learns to judge as correctly of the changeful beauty of a fold, as the more settled beauty of a figure, framed for a specific purpose. But this ideal is by no means limited to any particular form; it must adapt itself, in every case, to the movements of the figure, and to the cast of the drapery which covers it. To form a really beautiful drapery, the necessary must appear unconstrained—the artificial, natural—the accidental, appropriate.) It is wonderful, indeed, how completely Raphael has mastered this ideal—with what variety and purity he has rendered it. Among the countless figures in his works, no two, perhaps, are draped in precisely a similar manner, just as among his heads no two are exactly the same. If we go through every painting in the Stanze, more especially the School of Athens, the Parnassus, the Heliodorus, Incendio, &c. &c.—if we study with this especial purpose, the best works of the Loggie and Tapestries, and the paintings in the Farnesina, we are amazed at the endless fertility, the exhaustless variety, which Raphael has displayed even in this lifeless department of his art. But his genius shows itself in a still more striking light, when we observe that with all this variety, his figures and drapery are always in perfect harmony with each other, always designed and formed as a perfect and natural whole, that all their beauties appear so undesignated and familiar that the eye wanders long over them, and dwells upon them, rejoicing in their number, almost without consciously realizing their presence. So unassuming, so true, so in harmony with itself is every work of this great artist.

The spirit of Raphael, ever striving after perfection, marked with heedful care every object which could bear him onward to this aim. His whole life was an ever progressive study; nay, he sought to learn from all who possessed great artistic merit, without servilely adhering to the manner of any, though many of his earlier works,

his Madonnas especially, betray the type of Perugino's school. - It is only thus we can explain the harsh judgment of Michael Angelo, that Raphael was an artist, not by nature, but by study. His impetuous and ardent spirit misunderstood the tranquil power which moved the serener mind of Raphael, for in truth this flexibility of spirit which assimilated every excellence to itself, this pure feeling for nature which so faithfully mirrored every object, glorified as it were, by the beauty of his own mind, were the rarest gifts he had received from nature. From her he drew the variety, the truth, the life of his works; from the antique, the pure feeling for beauty which distinguished the Greeks. From Leonardo da Vinci, Fra Bartolomeo, and Michael Angelo, he acquired science, harmony, grandeur of style. The most accomplished scholars of the day, a Bembo, a Castiglione, a Bibbiena, with whom he lived in closest friendship, assisted him with their knowledge of classic history and fable, as many clever artists lent their aid with their pencil to embody his many beautiful ideas. But the genius which adapted this wealth of material to its own masterly creations, which selected, arranged, inspired them with the bright fulness of life, was all his own. The influence of other minds may indeed be traced in many of his works, but he was too independent, too fervent a worshipper of nature to stoop to a borrowed manner. It seems as if he would only try how his spirit would appear clothed in a foreign garb, but in every change he still is Raphael, still shines forth, himself enriched with new perfections. In the tapestry, for instance, which represents the Adoration of the Magi, we find clear traces of Albert Durer's manner, whose works had about this time become known to him, and whose genius and artistic merit he appreciated so highly; that he hung up in his studio a portrait of the German artist, painted and presented by himself, and sent Durer his portrait in return. In taste, Raphael had nothing to learn from Durer; his own was grater, purer, and more beautiful, but the true and profound feeling for nature which distinguished the German artist, must have struck him forcibly, and might easily awaken a desire to attempt some-

thing in the same style and manner to testify his personal respect for the artist. In order to give a rich appearance to his draperies, notwithstanding their simplicity, Raphael, where it was suitable, liked to introduce embroidery, worked borders, as well as shot, and pretty coloured draperies. This kind of embellishment is frequently employed in the tapestries; for instance, in the Adoration of the Kings, the Presentation, the Resurrection. In subjects of this class they form a happy means of combining eastern splendour with good taste, and of making the picture gorgeous and stately without sacrificing the beauty of form. The eye prefers these old world adornments when introduced with taste, to the gaudy and glistening silks just taken, it would seem, from the mercer's stores, with which modern artists are wont to load and bedizen their figures. Raphael had the good fortune to number amongst his scholars some who possessed a peculiar talent for this part of their art, and treated it with spirit and taste. Perin del Vaga, Polidore, and Giovanni da Udine particularly distinguished themselves in this department, and also in the arabesques and monochromatic scenes from the life of Leo X., which serve as frameworks to some of the tapestries—a species of ornament much in vogue, and well suited to the state of art at that day. These arabesques deserve attention on account of some very graceful ideas conceived with true classical feeling. The Four Seasons represented by Genii, who exemplify the joys of Love, of the Harvest, of Summer, and the sternness of Winter, in happy moments, and also the Three Fates, give to these apparently aimless sports of fancy a meaning full of sense and feeling.

As this sketch makes no pretension to embrace all the characteristics of Raphael's genius, but merely attempts an estimate of his artistic power, as revealed in the tapestries, it can touch only on those points of excellence in which these works are models for the cultivation of taste—namely, Expression, Style of Composition, and Drapery. The other conditions necessary to a perfect and pictorially beautiful work of art, they fulfil too little to detain us. The drawing of the contours, the rounding of the forms, have suffered so materially through the

ignorance of the tapestry workers and the fading of the colours, that it would be as unjust to blame the artist for these defects, as for the general want of harmony and keeping. In a picture they would be repulsive; here we tolerate them, because they appear to be unavoidable, and the excellence of the works delights us even in this lowly garb. Despite the exceedingly hard and often faulty outline in the heads and figures, we can see a pervading grandeur of style in the forms, and can recognize, even under the servile execution, the touch of that master hand, which obeyed with such happy facility the dictates of an imagination filled with the ideal of beauty.

The cartoons now in England are numbered in the list of the tapestries already given—1, 2, 3, 7, 9, 11, 12; they are painted on paper, in distemper, in the manner customary with Raphael in his fresco paintings, the colours laid on with a full broad pencil, and the lights as well as shadows finished by hatching. He left the ground, animals, architecture, and other accessories to be painted by his scholars. The control over the execution of the tapestries was entrusted to two Flemish artists, Michael Coxis and Bernard Von Orley, who had studied in Rome under Raphael, and were returning at this time to their native land. But the cartoons were never returned to Rome with the tapestries, and it is uncertain whether they remained in the hands of the workers or of the artists. More than a hundred years after, seven of them came to light in England, where they were found in a very neglected condition, in company with several pictures by Titian, Giulio Romano, and others, which formed the great collection of

King Charles I. at Whitehall. Each cartoon, for the convenience of the tapestry workers, had been cut lengthways into four or five strips, and in this state they remained, until they were sought for after the Revolution, when they were found rolled up in an old chest. Richardson the elder saw them in this condition. After his time, they were preserved with more care; they were strained on linen, and the injured parts carefully restored. William and Mary had a gallery built for them at Hampton Court, their original destination. The remaining cartoons are probably lost for ever, as several fragments of the Massacre of the Innocents, smeared and injured by oil colour, were carried to England from the Netherlands in the beginning of the eighteenth century. The elder Richardson had, by degrees, collected about fifty of such shreds of heads, arms, legs, feet, hands, drapery, &c.; these were principally pieces of the Massacre of the Innocents, the Adoration of the Wise Men, the Resurrection, &c. &c. The person of whom Richardson purchased them, told him that the cartoons had been thus cut up by a family in which they were an heir-loom, in order better to divide them amongst several children. Repetitions of many of the tapestries were formerly to be found in France, England, Spain, Mantua, and Milan, and it is very probable that many copies of the whole collection were in existence. It is easy to believe that Raphael's tapestries would be celebrated every where, and that as the taste for this kind of decoration for palaces and churches was universal, they would be often copied. The cartoons have been frequently engraved, with more or less success.

We may perhaps take a future opportunity of adding some remarks on the subjects chosen by Raphael, and of examining how far they fulfil, in this respect also, the necessary conditions of pictorial art.—*Translator.*

POETICAL REMAINS OF THE LATE MRS. JAMES GRAY.—NO. V.

“Thou hast left sorrow in thy song,
A voice not loud but deep;
The glorious bowers of earth among,
How often didst thou weep!

“Where couldst thou fix on mortal ground
Thy tender thoughts and high?
Now peace the woman’s heart hath found
And joy the poet’s eye.”—

MRS. HEMANS.

[A TOUCHING little poem in our fifth number of these Remains has so pre-occupied our mind, at our present writing, that we cannot choose but recur in some degree to the thoughts it has brought with it. We yield the more readily to the impulse, since we cannot say that the theme itself is at all alien to these introductory observations. The poem we allude to is the second, and its subject the fate of Genius in the world. While the Gifted, infinitely above all others, would appear the most formed for, as they are the most susceptible of happiness, a mournful doom seems mostly allotted them; and their joys are rare in occurrence, and even then transient as sun-glimpses breaking through rain-clouds. There can be little question but that the elements of this infelicity may be found *within*, in the refined organization which at once brings with the higher habits of Thought, while at the same time by so doing it proportionably unfits its possessor for much of the ordinary routine of common life. The lofty enthusiasm, the unworldly speculations in which Genius loves to indulge, are but poor weapons for the daily battle; and here in consequence it finds itself continually worsted by cold sagacity, or prudent selfishness, or even by the patient plodding of talentless industry. Its own strivings, again, after Ideal Beauty, create an unrest fatal to bosom-peace; for the equability of feeling necessary for this best of gifts is lost, and with it perishes that possession for ever. Praise is less coveted than appreciation, yet we find the life of Genius to be often a hidden one, full of anxious labour, and this unreturned, if not unobserved by others. Applause draws nigh with laggard steps, and sometimes comes not at all until it is too late either to gratify or excite. A mightier hand puts down the Dreamer’s master-passion, and the cold ear of Death is closed against the tributes which flow spontaneously from even national regard.

How much sadder this life of disappointment, when we view it falling to the lot of woman! At no time in the history of our country was the female Mind so continuously exercised as in our own day; and have we no tokens that this very exercise has incurred, with too many, a fearful sacrifice? The Italian poet lamented for his country, that she possessed

“Dono infelice di bellezza,”

which attracted the invader, and enslaved her children. The loveliest women of our acquaintance we have known to be the most miserable in after-life; and so universal has been the rule, that we could widen the range of the poet’s adage, and almost pronounce beauty of form and figure an unhappy possession. So too Talent, which is no other than Intellectual Beauty, seems too often a heavy dower. The temptation to write is so strong and constant, and so easy of execution, as to be almost irresistible. The writings appear, they may be read and praised; but anxiety and weariness are insufficient requital. This public applause, even when it is found, seems out of place with the feminine character; and more blessed far is She, whose thoughts have never wandered outside the hallowed ground of home—who has never asked one approving eye beyond those beneath her own paternal roof-tree.

But our most valued countrywomen inquire, should they study nought beyond the Cookery-book and Gardener's Calendar?—the housewife and its mysteries? By no means. Cultivate your talents, you cannot do so overmuch. Learn to think. Study nature; and in His works forget not the Author. Read, if you will, poetry and romance—not waywardly, but such as your fathers, brothers, or husbands will give you. Do all these things, but—do not choose, do not follow the pen. Prefer the domestic to the literary career; in the former you will find happiness, in the latter, not at all. The path of literature we do not think was intended for female footsteps. It places a woman in a false, we had almost said, an unnatural position. It shows her striving to be known to the world—to be brought to the lip, and made the theme of discussion or detraction, or envy, or praise, to be admired, in short, albeit it is from her writings. This is not the portion we would give you; nor the portion you ought to desire on your own account. "*Les femmes doivent penser,*" wrote one of yourselves, "*qu'il est dans cette carrière bien pieu de sorte qui puissent valoir la plus obscure vie d'une femme aimée et d'une mère heureuse.*"

We have heard the lamented friend, whose writings follow, utter the very same sentiments; and have the less scruples, for this reason, in giving our judgment here.]

I.—ICILIA.

"Man's love is of man's life a thing apart;
'Tis woman's whole existence."

BYRON.

Her brow all bare; her raven tresses twined
From that fine forehead, and wreathed up behind
With strings of Orient pearl; her graceful wrist
Circled with diamonds, pure as dew-drops kissed
By summer moonlight—every limb attired
So richly that the coldest heart had fired

In gazing on her perfect loveliness—
Fair Leonora sate. Her mirror stood
Before her, and with half-shut sleepy eyes
She viewed her beauty and her costly dress,
Her heart lost in fair dreams of witcheries
This night to be achieved. The crimson blood
Rose brightly in her cheek—'twas near the hour
When all this beauty should appear with power
To charm all gazers in the festival—
The lovely night-star of her noble hall.

Oh, very beautiful the lady was,
So pure the blood that flowed through every limb,
Thro' whose clear veins no vulgar stream might pass,
The pride of its nobility to dim!
The only child—the last of Leon's line,
Count Leon of Krona—long ago
Her mother and her only brother died,
And it was left for her alone to twine
Her grace's mingled honours on her brow—
That mother's beauty and that brother's pride.

She starts—the hour is come!—one passing glance
From her pearl chaplet on her silken locks
Unto the satin slippers foot that mocks
A fairy's lightness in the giddy dance,
And she is gliding to the chamber door,
And o'er the long dim galleries' velvet floor,

And down the marble stair-case, where the Moon
 Sent pale cold beams thro' the small window, which
 Shone like an eye in the broad sculptured niche ;
 And now she stands within the wide saloon.
 Already there a crowd have gathered, and
 Around the lady come a courtly band
 Of noble cavaliers—each with some speech
 Of hurried flattery or gay wit, and each
 Receiving some light word or playful jest ;
 Yet, Leonora ! midst the crowd was One
 Who spite of thy gay laugh and careless tone
 Had fixed his image firmly on thy breast.
 Leontius of Krona !—Each one prayeth

That she with him will tread the first gay measure ;
 She from her breast a rose-bud takes, and says

That he who reacheth first that fragrant treasure
 Shall be her partner. Down she threw the pledge ;
 It fell and lighted by the marble ledge
 Whereon Leontius leaned. He snatched the flower,

A blush stole over Leonora's brow—
 She is, by chance, his promised partner now,
 And she may linger near him one short hour :
 He kissed the rose—he took her little hand
 And off they glided in the saraband.

" Ah ! me !"—from whence came that low breathing sigh,
 So gentle, yet so full of agony ?
 Beside the pillar hidden by its shade,
 There sitteth unobserved a pale meek maid
 Most simply robed, not beautiful—but yet
 Bringing upon the heart a soft regret,
 A melting tenderness ye scarce knew why,
 Was it her pensive brow or her low-breathed sigh ?

Poor, poor Icilia ! in thy fragile frame
 There burnt a far more pure and holy flame
 Than even Leonora's ; wo for thee,
 Leontius has thy heart's idolatry !
 But he, the proudest, noblest in the throng,
 How could he give thy timid heart its due—
 Love, tender, deep, devoted, pure, and true,
 Such as to thine own nature doth belong ;
 It may not be, and slowly, day by day,
 This love is wearing thy weak form away.

She was the daughter of an ancient race,
 And she had sisters full of life and grace,
 And brothers brave, and beautiful, and tall—
 She was the palest, weakest, least of all.
 She had a frame so slight, that even a breath
 Seemed to have power to chill its veins to death,
 A pallid cheek that seldom wore a blush
 Save when Leontius spoke—then it would flush
 Crimson as Leonora's. Her light hair
 Was never curled and decked with artful care,
 But its pale waves smoothed in a simple braid
 Across the pure white brow were softly laid.
 She had a meek and timid eye—its hue
 A tremulous colour that was scarcely blue ;
 And yet 'twas very sweet, and it could beam
 When her one star was near, shedding a gleam

O'er her fond heart. Sweet maiden! Yet all said
 Icilia was not one formed to be wed,
 And named her as a being even from birth
 Set all apart from the deep love of earth.

Leontius was beside her, and her eye
 Was lighted up even unto brilliancy,
 And her small hand, that he had kindly prest,
 Was lingering, suffered in his own to rest,
 Until he dropped it of himself; her cheek
 Was glowing like a rosy sunset streak,
 And she was speaking with an air more gay
 Than she, poor girl, had worn for many a day.
 And Leonora—she was standing near,
 With head averted, yet could plainly hear
 Leontius speaking to that gentle thing,
 And in her heart the angry passions sting—
 Jealousy, hate, revenge! There had been words
 Between the twain during the dance, that thrilled
 Too rudely on the bosom's finer chords,
 Whose angry echo was not yet half stilled.
 Yet upon Leonora's lip a smile
 Hung like the sunshine, and she laughed and talked,
 And arm in arm with other gallants walked,
 And yet her heart was bursting all the while.

A little path beside a rivulet,
 Whose bank with the low willow trees was set,
 And two who slowly wandered in her light,
 Had the pale moon to gaze upon that night,
 Leontius and Icilia; on his arm
 Leaneth the maiden—there was such a charm
 In being thus supported! Ah, too soon
 They reach her home, and rill, and love, and moon
 The cruel door hath severed from her eyes,
 Yet hath her memory seized upon a prize
 That it will keep for ever. As they parted,
 A tear unto her gentle eye had started,
 And he had drawn her closer to his side,
 And taken her small hand, and on its snow
 Pressed a long kiss—ay, even now its glow
 Went to her heart; and as he turned he said,
 "God bless thee, dear Icilia!" He was gone—
 Perhaps he soon forgot that fervent tone;
 But she—ah, she remembered it, poor maid;
 She laid her down that night to rest in peace,
 And yet she could not sleep for very bliss,
 So happy the young spirit ever is,
 When for a while its wearing sorrows cease,
 And hope peeps for a moment trembling forth.
 She should have died *just then*, counting the worth
 Of all the joy that love returned confers,
 Ere the conviction came it never can be hers.

But Leonora in her gorgeous home
 Was lonely, and her brow bore cloud of gloom;
 She sought her chamber, but no couch that night
 Received the pressure of her limbs so light,
 But with the crimson curtains half undrawn,
 She paced her chamber, wearying for the dawn,
 And ever and anon with restless eye
 Out-glancing on the calm and quiet sky,

Whereon the sinking moon flung upward rays
Of pallid glory; then her lamp's red blaze
Grew fainter—it was morning; on a chair
The lovely lady sank, and slumbered there.

* * * * *

They said her cheek was brighter, that more clear
And frequent rang her soft laugh on the ear,
And would outgrow her fearful state at length—
That she was gaining gladness, health, and strength.
She read when young Leontius sate beside her,
She often walked if he was there to guide her;
Nay, *once* they said she trod a saraband,
Supported by his arm, led by his hand!

He did not speak of love, yet she began
To deem the love that in her spirit burned,
Would surely at the last be well returned;
For if he chanced to see her faint or wan,
His brow grew grave, and he would ask if aught
Of sadness in Icilia did intrude
With such a marked and deep solicitude,
That she may be forgiven the hopeful thought;
And Leonora now was far away,
Winning all hearts upon a foreign shore,
Perhaps she might return to them no more—
What to her heart did not her wishes say?

“Step firmly on the shore.” The mazy boat
Still hath left all its motion in her limbs,
Still on her head the dizzy heeling swims,
And all the town before her seems afloat;
A train of damsels follow from the shore,
Who doth not know the Lady Leonore?

Icilia sate all calmly by the sea,
That the fresh breeze might fan her placid face,
Which now hath won so much of living grace,
And lo, Leontius shares with her the free
And pleasant wind. A glad and thankful train,
Brought to their native land in joy again—
There is the fairest, with but little bloom
Left in her cheek, o'er which the snowy plume
Droops floating in the wind. Ah, his fond eye
Hath seen her, and she feeleth Who is nigh,
And the red blush is up again, as deep
As ever. Will her passion *never* sleep?
She never hath forgotten him, and he—
Is she not his own bright deity?
And for Icilia—that pale silent star,
She shone but when that Sun was hidden far.

Oh, pale Icilia, waken! Wherefore thus
Are thy meek eyelids closed, and thy pure cheek
Pillowed against the last enduring house,
The chilly tombstone? Art thou grown too weak
To hasten home, without an hour of rest
In the old church? The bridal train are gone,
Leontius and his beauteous Leonore.
How very quiet, Maiden, is thy breast—

Thou seemest lifeless as the marble stone
 Thou leanest on; wake, lady—can it be
 Isillia! There the chain was rent from thee!
 Thy heart was broken—thou wilt mourn no more.

II.—THE GIFTED.

Oh, wo for those whose dearest themes
 Must rest within the bosom's fold;
 Oh, wo for those who live on dreams,
 Unheeded by the coarse and cold.
 They have a hidden life akin
 To nothing in this earthly sphere;
 They have a glorious world within,
 Where nothing mortal may appear—
 A world of song, and flower, and gem,
 Yet wo for them—oh, wo for them.

Such his perplexing wo, who seeks
 A refuge upon stranger shores;
 In vain to foreign ears he speaks,
 In vain their sympathy implores;
 The same sad fate a bark might prove,
 Laden with gold, or princely store,
 Without a guiding star above
 And an unmeasured deep before.
 The world doth scorn them, jibe, condemn;
 Wo for the gifted, wo for them!

III.—A SONG.

I have parted from thee,
 I have looked my last,
 I have striven to be
 Absolved of the Past.
 I have struggled, and own
 I have said "farewell:"
 Why have I not flown
 From the power of thy spell?

I never again
 May behold thy face,
 But I carry thy chain
 From place to place;
 And never thy thought
 May return to me,
 Yet I would not do aught
 Unpleasing to thee.

I would I could 'scape
 From the circling cloud
 That still in each shape
 Thine image doth shroud;
 I would I could fix
 My thoughts far away,
 That my spirit might mix
 With the world's common clay.

I would I could flee
 The haunting tone,
 Whose magic can be
 Of thy lips alone ;
 I would I could put
 Thy memory aside,
 And my lone bosom shut
 With the ice-bars of pride.

I would I could learn
 Insensate to be,
 Unheeding and stern
 As thou wert to me ;
 But as soon might I sweep
 The stars out of heaven,
 As from my heart's deep
 Bid thine image be driven.

IV.—THE SPIRIT-TRYST.

Meet me, Mine Own ! Although the sea
 Rolls its untimely waves between us,
 Still spreads the sky's immensity
 With the same star that oft hath seen us ;
 This very night, in visions sweet
 That meeting shall our hearts repeat.

Talk to me, love, and I shall hear
 Within my heart that voice of gladness ;
 Its ringing tones in echoes clear
 Shall thrill away its gathering sadness.
 Talk, dearest, and in fate's despite
 I'll listen to thy voice to-night.

Kiss me, Mine Own, and I will lift
 My lips to answer thy caresses ;
 Ay, freely shower the precious gift
 Upon my brow, my cheek, my tresses.
 Sealed on my very heart shall be
 Those spirit-kisses given to me.

V.—THE MOTHER'S FAITH.

" Hark how the wind is whistling, Mother,
 List to the driving rain ;
 And, alas, to think that my gentle brother
 Is tossed on the stormy main."
 The mother raised her meek blue eye
 From the holy book to the stormy sky,
 And a moment's flush went o'er her brow
 As she thought of the boiling flood below.
 But she checked her human weakness well,
 And sighed for the heart that would rebel ;
 And then she meekly spoke—" my love,
 I will not fear, there's a God above."

" But I have been to the garden, mother,
 And the vine is trailed and torn.

One rose-tree crushed, and pale the other
 Droops like a thing forlorn ;
 And oh ! all night how the tall trees creaked,
 As if some fearful woe they shrieked."
 Again the mother's pale cheek burned,
 As she thought of him for whom she yearned ;
 But she spoke again in holy trust,
 " The God I worship is good and just."

" But look at the tossing waves, mother,
 How they dash, and foam, and roar,
 And the wild winds howling almost smother
 Their echoings ashore."
 The mother looked to the ocean wild,
 And her heart grew sick for her absent child,
 And the strong prayer rose from that swelling heart—
 " My God, thy help and aid impart."

" Look, look to the path from the beach, mother,
 Some neighbour that must be—
 Oh, should he say mine only brother
 Is wrecked in that stormy sea."
 But the mother's brow grew deeper flushed,
 And her very breath at her heart was hushed,
 And the light in her meek and trustful eye
 Grew bright as a star in a frosty sky ;
 Then over the cottage floor she sprung,
 And back the door on its hinges flung,
 And round her wet and weary boy
 She flung her arms in feverish joy.
 The gallant ship is all a wreck,
 But she hath fallen upon his neck ;
 His hard-earned wealth is lost and gone,
 But the God of mercy hath spared her son.

VI.—THE ECLIPSED MOON.

(May 31, 1844.)

Brightly she rose, that full round Moon,
 Into a cloudless sky—
 Slow-creeping shadow dims full soon
 Her silvery majesty.

On, on that darkening shadow glides,
 And o'er her beauty spreads ;
 Showing that not with her resides
 The borrowed light she sheds.

Soul ! learn a lesson from the scene,
 So shall thy story run,
 Whene'er Earth's shadow comes between
 Thee and thy heavenly Sun.

VII.—THE REMEMBRANCE OF A DREAM

I dreamed I met thee, where leaves were greenest,
 And the flowers around us were sweet and fair,
 The cloudless Heaven shone out serenest,
 And thy brow was free from a shade of care ;

And I dreamed I wandered o'er hill and heather
That livelong day of light and love,
Untired, unflagging—still together,
Glad as the Earth and the Heavens above.

We were on mountains, we were by rivers,
And by the source of the moorland springs ;
We were where the aspen faintly quivers,
And the careless willow its garland flings :
And again we rambled through vale and meadow,
And came to gardens bedecked with care,
Where the graceful linden flung its shadow,
And the orange flower perfumed the air.

And wordless music around us quivered,
With peace and love in its dreamy tone ;
Yet we seemed from other mortals severed
—We might have been in the world alone.
There were none to watch us, and none to chide us,
No jealous fears, no curious eyes ;
Our love flowed on, the power to guide us,
And 'neath its spell we were good and wise.

I dreamed—I waked ! thou art not near me,
I cannot look in thine eyes to-day ;
I cannot have thy voice to cheer me,
Oh ! life is sad when thou art away.
But my spirit, her eager wing extending,
Hath flown in the light of hope to thine ;
And I know thy heart of hearts is blending
Its vital stream of love with mine.

VIII.—THE BRACELET.

Lady, 'twas with a throbbing heart,
Glad to obey thy least command,
Though saddened from thy smile to part,
I took the bracelet from thy hand.
There was a magic in its gold,
A magic in its jewels borne ;
No fairy talisman of old
With half such reverence was worn,
As I have kept and treasured it
And gazed on it in reverie,
Till visions o'er my soul would flit—
Visions all bright with thoughts of thee.

I saw thy deep and melting eyes,
I saw thy bright and open brow,
Thy raven hair, that richly lies
Above that forehead's living snow ;
I saw that roseate lip, the throne
Of all sweet smiles and sunny dreams ;
I heard that gentle voice's tone,
Soft as the flow of silver streams.
That simple bracelet in mine hand
Those fantasies to life would call ;
It was the enchanter's golden wand
That had the mastery of them all.

Hie to your gentle lady's bower :
 Ah ! bootless will your errand be,
 You cannot have for *her* the power—
 The magic power you have for *me* ?
 Go sparkle on her graceful arm ;
 And, if she chideth your delay,
 Tell her she wore the wondrous charm
 That kept you lingering on your way—
 Tell her your broken wreath secure
 Restored, and firm her hand receives,
 But not so firm, and not so sure
 As are the viewless chains *she* weaves !

IX.—ALETHE'S DOOM.

Yes, yes !—her beauty will decay,
 Her dark rich hair be turned to grey,
 The roundness of her cheek be gone,
 The smoothness from her brow be flown.

The lustre of her gentle eye
 Be dimmed, or sparkle fitfully ;
 Her ruby lips be blanched and pale,
 Her full form Phantom-like and frail.

Her hand be weak, and worn, and thin,
 Showing the feverish pulse within,
 Her parchèd lips be breathed apart
 By the thick beatings of her heart.

And she will fade, and she will be
 Victim of fond fidelity,
 Till her sweet spirit shall awake,
 And from its weary prison break.

And o'er the Lady's mortal thrall
 That glorious spirit triumph shall ;
 Through faith to man her life is done,
 Through faith to God her life immortal won !

X.—THE RAINBOW SEEN IN TOWN.

Welcome ! thou beauteous messenger
 Of peace, and promise too ;
 Amidst the city's busy stir,
 What wonders thou canst do !
 A rush of heaven where sordid earth
 Seemed only to have away—
 Of purer light a holy birth
 Upon a common day.

Welcome! my heart was sore with care,
 My soul with earth was soiled;
 In crowded mart and thoroughfare
 Long have I sorely toiled.
 Thou comest!—blessings on thy smile,
 All fleeting though it be;
 Thou brightly comest to reconcile
 My weary life and me.

What blessed memories dost thou bring
 Of hopes and days gone by,
 When all my life was flowery spring,
 And rainbow-like its sky—
 When in thy blended hues I saw
 A vision of delight,
 And nought but happy dreams could flow
 From thee, the pure and bright!

How glad thou mad'st my childish heart,
 Placed in the rainy sky;
 How watched I then the clouds depart,
 And knew the sunshine nigh;
 How over hill and heathery plain,
 I chased thy colours fair,
 And felt a vague delicious pain
 To see them melt in air.

What images thou wakenest now,
 Of early scenes and days;
 How gleamest thou o'er the mountain's brow,
 Tinging its crowning haze;
 How dost thou bathe the wild greenwood
 In liquid gem-like light;
 How doth the river's stately flood
 Give back thy radiance bright!

The spirits of a thousand flowers,
 The soul of every gem,
 Essence of buds from Eastern bowers—
 Say, art thou formed from them?
 Oh, blessed art thou, graceful Bow,
 Who canst such pictures bring—
 Oh, blessed thou, who makest flow
 Each wild imagining—
 But blessed most that thou art yet
 To shine on us allowed,
 To teach us God's own hand hath set
 "His bow within the cloud!"

XL.—LINES ADDRESSED TO A CHILD.

Seest thou the rose?
 It springeth from the lowly earth,
 It hath a bright and lovely birth,
 Where the warm East Wind blows—
 So when God's Spirit breathes may sweet flowers start,
 Gladdening the low and earthly place, thy heart.

Seest thou the stars ?
 They shine with pure and heavenly light,
 Shedding their radiance on the Night,
 No mist their glory mars—
 So bursting through the clouds that darkly roll,
 May the pure day-star rise within thy soul !

May thy young years
 Be given to Him who gives thee all ;
 No doubt disturb, no fear appal ;
 But all thy spring time tears
 Flow out in gratitude to Him above,
 Who draws thy youthful heart with cords of love.

Still be a child,
 Even when age its snows shall shed,
 And years go dimly o'er thy head—
 A daughter reconciled,
 As humbly to thy Father's footstool drawn,
 As when thou satest there in life's clear dawn.

XII.—THE ABSENT ONES.

Time hath passed with a light footfall,
 Friend, through thy bright ancestral hall :
 The fret-work still looks fresh and fair,
 The windows their gorgeous colouring wear,
 The dome is high, the pillars strong—
 How can I think the time so long ?
 Years since I stooped my head before
 'Neath the wreath o'ershadowing the low side-door—
 Years, and no trace of dull decay
 Is here, yet a something hath passed away.
 The fire burns bright on the ample hearth,
 But I miss the sound of the children's mirth,
 I miss bright smiles and their laughter's tone—
 Where, oh, where are thy children gone ?

There was one whose eye had an eagle's glance,
 And courage sate in his brow's expanse ;
 Tell me, sweet friend, and where is he ?
 " A wanderer from home on the treacherous sea,
 Long hath he roamed with a venturesome band,
 Seeking for wealth in a distant land ;
 But when summer is fair, over valley and glen,
 With the rose and the swallow he comes again."

And there was another, a thoughtful boy ;
 Careless of childish sport or toy,
 Yet poring o'er books like a miser o'er gold,
 Loving wild tales and legends of old.
 Thought drew swift lines o'er that pure young brow.
 " Thro' the wood walks he strays, but when night stars burn,
 I trust to his home will the wanderer return."

And the merry, bright child, with the golden hair,
Dancing like light o'er his forehead so fair?
"He tarrieth with teachers loving and kind,
Winning rich gifts for his opening mind;
But when the frost on the leafless trees
Is rustling crisp in the wintry breeze,
And the Christmas bough in the hall doth sway,
I trust in his home shall the fair child play."

And the sweetest of all, the lovely one,
Whose low, soft voice had so dear a tone,
Whose eye was so darkly, so tenderly bright,
Whose hand so small, whose step was so light—
Thou tremblest, thou weepest! And is it so—
Is that beauteous head in the churchyard low?
Alas! and time shall the rest restore,
But the fairest and dearest shall come no more.

"Well hast thou guessed. From our household band
The bright one is passed to a holier land;
She drinks from the fountains of wisdom there,
With a brow unclouded by earthly care;
And she dwells with a teacher far away,
Nor looks nor longs for a holiday;
She hath passed the Dark Valley's narrow track,
And we know on its pathway she comes not back.

"But by the light of her cloudless eye,
So full of Faith's heartfelt prophecy;
By the holy words of prayer and praise
That hallowed her lips in her few short days;
By her glad 'farewell,' when we needs must part,
I have gathered strength to my weary heart,
For I know in the Saviour's ransomed train
With the Angels and Saints we shall meet again!"

THE WHYCOTS; A LEAF FROM THE CENSUS OF 1841.

CHAPTER IX.

"Commodity—the bins of the world."

KING JOHN.

"From home and friends tho' wandering far
A dreary fate be mine, love,
I'd rather live in endless war
Than buy my peace with thine, love."

"DALY wrote to Bessy, and though her reply was of course full of natural grief and dejection, yet when he had more fully enlarged to her on his certainty of success, on the absolute necessity there was for his exerting himself in some profession, in order to obtain her, and hinted at his disappointment in her want of courage and confidence as reproachful to his affection, the tone of her letters altered. She not only consented to his departure, but urged it; there was a character of firmness and resignation in her language, strange in a creature so young; but she was then no longer a child, she was a strong hearted and energetic woman. There had been an exercise given to her powers, which was very soon apparent. Daly's surmise had proved but too true. She had been urged, by force of threats and persuasion, which was more difficult still for her to withstand, to become the wife of young Meredyth.

"She told him, that after a fortnight of vain persecutions, of which she evidently gave a softened description, Colonel Power had left Barrons-court, and had removed with them into lodgings in Chester, which was only fifteen miles distant. Her father was a changed man, not only towards her, but altogether; and he continually charged her with causing the ruin of him and her mother, as well as of her ownself by her obstinacy. She also said she feared that he suspected her of entertaining some superior attachment than to himself, for he had accused her of it, and even named the Dalys, both Edward and Richard; that it was possible this might have been but a random suspicion, however, he had forbidden all further communications with the family, unless such as should be subject to his inspection, but she

added, 'still do not fear me, Richard, unless that you have some other fear besides my forgetting you, it is true I may be dead long before you come back, I sometimes think it, for I have little life in me now, except to love you, and perhaps, even that is a sin, for papa is angry with me and almost hates me, not that I believe he would like Mr. Meredyth for a husband for me, but he says it is necessary that I should marry him, and that he will be obeyed, and that if I do marry him, in two or three months, I will like him better than any one else. Mamma tells me I ought to obey my father, but yet she cries while she speaks to me, still I cannot, and I will not. Never, Richard, never, will I be another's than yours, and if it be that I must die for this, God will have mercy on my soul. You must not write to me now. We are at No. 15 Eastgate street; papa has written to desire the cottage to be sold, we are never to return to Clonsallagh, this thought breaks my heart, for I do not know what is to become of me, I do not like to say to you, "do not go, Richard," but oh, come and see me if you can, before you go, for I am weak and alone, pity me and think for me."

"As his letters from her were addressed to my rooms, I was present when he received this. It was impossible not to commiserate him. "I am a lost man, Irwin, I cannot leave her, but what to do if I remain, tell me, counsel me, I cannot think, I cannot consider." We agreed that our best course was to embark immediately for Chester, and after having seen her, to be guided by circumstances as to how to act. He made some pretext to his family, and we sailed the following day. I waited for a long time near their lodgings, before I could

contrive to apprise Bessy of our arrival, I did not tell her that Daly was with me, until I had heard the particulars of her situation. She was so haggard and wan, that it was mournful to look upon her, her hair was drawn back from her temples, her eyes swelled with weeping, but what struck me most painfully, was the rigid expression of her countenance, the manifestation of a resolute spirit that would struggle to the death. I saw that their mutual affection was, indeed, their all, and that any plan by whomsoever formed, which involved its abandonment, would be vainly proposed to either, so I told her that Daly was with me, and had only remained at the hotel, until I should have made sure of an interview with her, secure from discovery, that there was nothing for her rescue, but to elope with him, in which case, he would abandon his Indian scheme, and trust to his exertions and to fortune to provide for them."

"Did Richard propose that?" said she, "I cannot believe it. No, Mr. Irwin, that could never be, I could not desert my father and mother now, or forget sixteen years of love, and the ties of nature and duty, for one fortnight's unkindness. I will not dispose of myself, but I *will* have an option to refuse misery, tell Richard if I may not be his, I will never be another's; I wish him to follow his former plan, I have reconciled myself to it now, but let me see him once, once more before he goes."

"The next day, after several vain efforts, (for Meredyth was with her father in their lodgings, the whole morning, and she could not escape from them), Daly saw her, and before they parted, it was arranged that he should leave her, but as his wife, legally and surely *his*, and therefore secured by an insuperable barrier, from further persecution, 'she is safe from personal restraint and indignity,' said he, 'while her mother lives, and I am sure that even her father (who is capable of any safe villainy) knows her spirit too well, ever to offer it to her, still it is hard for her to endure the mental discipline she is subjected to, in his threats and entreaties; she will not fly with me, for her piety is even stronger than her affections, but I have

brought her to consent to this plan, and I must needs be contented with it.'

"For three weeks, during which he and I lived together in an obscure street opposite the race course at Chester, called the Rhoo Dee, between them the banns were duly published in the small parish church near. Circumstanced as they were in a strange town, the names attracted no notice, nor was the clergyman aware of more than of these, and of the residences of the parties.

"It was on a gloomy morning early in February, that they were married. Daly was cheerful and collected, and I gave away the pale and tearful, but happy bride; she had on the large black bonnet, and duffle grey cloak of the servant of the house, which she had borrowed for the occasion; I saw the eyes of the clergyman rest dubiously on the slight, delicate hand, which was offered for the ring from beneath this coarse covering, but it was too late for inquiry, the rest of the service was soon over, and we left the church.

"Have you ever seen Chester?" said Irwin to me.

"Never!" replied I.

"Perhaps," said he, "any spot in which these scenes took place would be equally hallowed in my eyes; but still there is a character peculiar to that town which associates well with what I witnessed there. I went to visit it once since, to recall that scene, and soothe my urgent memory, and exhaust my vain sorrow thereby. It is the oldest town in England; it is cut out of a rock. I cannot describe it to you now—its foreign, antique air, and its impressive quaintness—but it is a place by itself. There is a legend for every street, almost for every house. To me the very moon seems to shine with reverence on the gloomy gates and ancient walls, and to lighten, with plaintive softness, the sylvan Dee, which winds beneath them, recalling the requiem of the beleagured monks, as they chanted the 'Miserere Domine,' long, long ago."

"The church in which they were married was a small part apportioned off within the walls of the ancient Saxon Cathedral of St. John. This is not the church now called the 'Cathedral,' which is much more modern,

being of Norman date. St. John's is situated on the highest part of the rock of which the city consists, and it is on a level with the wall which surrounds to a great height, the other parts of the town. On one side, the churchyard is bounded by a perpendicular precipice of eighty feet, washed by the waters of the Dee; in the midst of it rises the high rugged church tower of red sandstone, which overlooks a Roman military structure on the wall, three or four broken remnants of the former pile, which have been transformed into modern cottage dwellings, and these, covered partly with ivy, and with various flowering plants, seem to smile upon the old churchyard, thickly planted with grey tombs, into which they open.

"One of them, externally resembling a small hut, was then to be let. We entered it when we left the church. A trifle to the woman who kept it, purchased our permission to sit down. It had but four rooms and a small kitchen excavated in the sandstone of the precipice, into which its little Gothic windows were practised towards the river. The rent was but ten pounds a year; there was a winding staircase in it, cut in the rock, which extended under the bed of the Dee, and which had formerly, it was said, communicated with the castle.

"*'Now we are one!'* said Daly. *'No power but death can force you from me now, my love! my wife! Will you not, indeed, be mine own? I am poor, surely—almost a beggar—but existence is not impossible, for you are mine. We can compass life—say in this place—you will be the lady of the tower!'* he drew his arm round her, and pressed her to his breast, heedless of my presence. She, also, seemed unconscious of it—it was too solemn a time even for sudden blushes. She remained in his embrace; but turned her eyes up to his face reproachfully—

"*'Remember your promise, Richard. Did I not tell me if I was once your wife you would be contented? I have sacrificed my conscience to you already; would you have me bring a curse upon us both? Do not urge me. Let us have one blessed hour together, to talk of our future—our happy future—when all will be reconciled.'*

"*'No! I could not grieve you, my own!'* said he, *'I will leave you, and*

with a comparatively tranquil heart; now you cannot, as ever you would not, be another's.'

She smiled upon him, almost gaily.

"*'Now, then, I, too, am content, Richard, if I erred at first, but I did not err—seeing his eyes fall—'I have long had no choice but to put my fate out of my own power. I will not say, "love me," dearest, nor "trust me," for that, I know, you will do; but be happy for me. I am your own—I can be strong—what can harm me? I will live to see you again, Richard, I know I will; it may be years hence—not now—but what are years to us?'*

"We spent an hour or more in that cottage; and there they settled their plan of correspondence, of which I was to be the agent; and then there was a long and fond farewell—a happy farewell, however untoward the circumstances—for they had youth, and love, and faith that knew not death or betraying.

"She returned home; and when Daly had caught the last glimpse of her form, as it disappeared behind the church wall, he walked back with me. We sailed for Dublin that evening. He was silent, but cheerful; and it was with a smiling, though moistened eye, and a hopeful heart, that he embarked for India a few days afterwards.

"Thus was that pair joined together, and put asunder, not by duty, necessity, or even prudence, but by cursed mammon.

"What an intolerant, absorbing passion is that for worldly wealth and station! How it swallows up every other, and how implicit is the faith of its votaries in their idol; for, not content with worshipping it themselves alone, they believe in its power of ultimately commanding the worship of all, as the only true God—they would convert by the rack and screw, trusting to the subsequent faith of the victim.

"Though I now know Colonel Power's villainy, yet I believe at that time he thought that he would have better consulted his daughter's happiness by forcing her to marry Meredith than by sanctioning Daly's addresses. He believed that if as yet she was not, she would hereafter become like himself, and would find in gold and tinsel pleasures the "summum bonum."

"Daly arrived safely at Surat after a prosperous voyage, and his letter to

me bespoke a continuance of his fair prospects. I sent a letter to Bessy from him, which was enclosed in mine, to Chester, where they had spent the winter. I had heard several times from her since his departure. She was still subjected to the same persecution concerning Meredyth, but she had endured it without disclosing her marriage.

" 'I did not tell it to Richard,' said she, 'for I feared to vex him; but my father has got involved in play, and he is, I believe, largely indebted to Mr. Meredyth. I learned this from my mother, for it was concealed from me. She is in deep grief on his account, and urges my father no longer to speculate on retrieving his losses, but to solicit Mr. Meredyth's indulgence, and endeavour, by frugality, to repay by degrees his present debt. This she has in vain sought to persuade him to do; and she is about to write to Mr. Daly, to try his influence upon him. In this my only hope lies for us all; and I am confident the knowledge of my marriage would annihilate it both with Richard's father and my own; besides, I am now happy—I have a rock to stand on, and I can therefore bear the brunt of a storm.'

"Mrs. Power wrote, and Daly did urge his influence, not only in vain, but the effect of his interference was to enrage Power, and to cause him to forbid all communication with that family. In a few weeks they left Chester for London, whither Bessy told me that Meredyth followed them. Richard and I had seen him once during our stay in Chester. He was a short, thickset young man, with a stout bull-neck and florid complexion. His features were coarse and common, but not remarkable for ugliness, his countenance would have been stupid but for an expression of brutal ferocity, which, though not habitual, it seemed capable of exhibiting. He had a satisfied, triumphant air at the time we saw him, which was more than usually advantageous to him.

"I gave him credit at that time for being inspired by, at least, a motive no worse than an ungenerous passion for Bessy; but had I known the many reasons he had for attaining his end, I would have contemplated her situation with much greater fear than then possessed me. I thought her continued rejection and contempt would repel,

and her impaired beauty disappoint him; and thus, I doubt not, it would have been had her personal charms been his sole attraction; but it was not so.

From the time of his retirement to Clonsallagh, Power had given up all hope of re-entering the world; and when old Meredyth, for his private purposes, invited him and his family to Barron's-court, a vista of aggrandisement had been opened to Power by uniting Bessy to the heir. This marriage had been his object during their stay, and Mr. Meredyth had been short-sighted enough to give him every assistance in his power to effect it. Foiled in this purpose, Power came to Chester, and in the news-room fell in with a former acquaintance of his in London, who had adopted, on his retirement, the polite profession of a gambling swindler. The harvest of these sharpers is generally reaped at horse-races; and as, after Ascot and Derby, the races at Chester were then reckoned the best in England, it was constantly frequented by such characters from London and elsewhere. The man's name was Anderson.

"Power had been a famous billiard player, and gambling was his darling vice. When his wound disabled him for billiard-playing, and his narrow means forbid more hazardous kinds of gaming, he had perforce abandoned the habit; perhaps, because in his mode of life and situation he had no opportunity of indulging in it.

"Power soon got involved in play with this fellow, and found himself considerably a loser; this was, it seems, a concerted scheme between Anderson and his gang, whose object was rather to get him into their clutches, and secure him as an accomplice, than to rob him. From his distinguished appearance, and insinuating and polite address, he would have been an invaluable addition to their clique; and Anderson, believing his circumstances desperate, knew also that there was little to fear from his conscience or honour. When Power procured means from Meredyth to discharge his debt to them, it was an unexpected and hardly welcome surprise; but they concerted measures for securing him notwithstanding. At this crisis, Power was made acquainted that there had been doubts thrown upon the reality of old Meredyth's marriage with his servant, the mother

of his son. These doubts had too much foundation to be unimportant to old Meredith; and although denying their validity, he had incautiously suffered Power to become possessed, through Anderson's intervention, of documents and testimony which, if not absolutely demonstrative of his son's illegitimacy, would be very likely to be the means of procuring a decision against him in a court of law, the eagerness with which he had endeavoured to forward his son's marriage with Bessy, and the readiness with which he lent him money to gamble, were now explained to Power;

and Meredith, knowing himself destitute of evidence to countervail that in Power's hands, saw that his only safety lay in Power's ignorance of his resources and his inability from poverty to institute or carry on a law suit. When, therefore, Power went to London, he was bound head and hand to Anderson and his associates. He hoped, by a course of successful gambling, to regain his independance of Meredith, and dictate terms of compromise should he be in circumstances to threaten a law-suit; while, as a 'dernier resort,' he did not despair of Bessy's subjugation in case of failure.

CHAPTER X.

"Pain and grief, are transitory things, no less than joy;
And though they leave us not the men we were,
Still they do leave us."

PHILIP VAN ARTEVELDE.

"What see I here?
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers."

SHAKESPEARE.

"AFTER their removal to London, I forwarded several letters to her from Daly, who spoke of his peace and prosperity with courage and confidence. To me, she seldom wrote, but always cheerfully. I was to her as a part of Daly; and she, perhaps, desired to spare my anxieties for her for that reason.

"As for him, his letters were almost gay. There was a vital power in his imagination, which triumphed over grief and despair. The distance which separated them appeared only to increase his certainty of his happiness. He never seemed to anticipate the possibility of disappointment. Perhaps the habit he had cultivated of dismissing the thoughts of probable interventions, in order to strengthen his courage in departing, had inured him to forgetfulness of them.

"While we two have life,' he wrote, 'I have not only hope, but assurance.'

"I had just received a letter of this kind from him, in which he gave me some detailed account of his success. He was already in the receipt of a considerable income, and had made but little disbursement, as he resided with his uncle. He said that, in two years more at farthest, he would have realized enough to content his utmost

ambition, and he was not without hopes of doing so in a fourth part of that time. He was then about to go down from Surat to Madras, whence he said he would again write to me before he sailed for Borneo, in a vessel of which he was the supercargo, having engaged in a mercantile speculation, which, if successful, promised to gratify his hopes at once. His uncle was gone into Persia, for his health was failing, and the elder son had offered to retain Daly's post for him until his return from Borneo.

"I am living, therefore, at my own expense now,' said he; 'and it would amuse you to know how much the necessary cost of existence in this luxurious country annoys me. I grudge the expenditure of every rupee, lest it should prolong, by one moment, my banishment from home.'

"I am obliged to touch but slightly on the particulars contained in these letters,' said Irwin; 'but you shall see them all. To read them will hereafter be an indulgence to me; but as I know you are impatient to hear the conclusion of the story, I only glance at those circumstances which are absolutely necessary to make you acquainted with it. This letter, as you see, is dated about three years after his departure. I heard from him

again from Madras, and his anticipations were, if possible, still more sanguine. He had that day had a letter from Bessy, and this enclosed one for her. *The last she ever received from him.*

"Five months elapsed, without bringing any further tidings, and though not alarmed, I began to feel anxious on his account, and doubly so, as death had dealt two heavy blows upon his family; the two elder children, his favourite brother and sister, had been carried off by typhus fever. Mr. Daly had had a paralytic stroke; and although then convalescent, he was much shaken in health and spirits, and his wife was utterly heart-stricken by these accumulated afflictions.

"At the end of the sixth month, as I was about writing again to Surat a letter of inquiry, I resolved first to go down to Clonsallagh, and if his parents were in a declining state, to urge Daly's immediate recall to proceed to Ireland. When I arrived, the first spectacle that met my eyes was Ellen Daly, their only remaining daughter, standing before the door. She was half wild with terror, and had run out, expecting to find not me, but the village surgeon, for whom she had dispatched a messenger an hour before.

"'Oh, John,' cried she, 'papa is dying, I believe. He has been speechless these two hours, and cannot move, and does not know any of us; and mamma too is dying—for Richard—oh, Richard!'

"She burst into a passionate fit of weeping.

"'What of Richard?' said I.

"'He is lost,' sobbed she—'gone—drowned—his ship was found a wreck.'

"I flew up the stairs. There lay Harry Daly, as I at first thought, dead, his wife knelt beside him on the floor, her head resting on the pillow, nearly as helpless as himself. The youngest son sat behind his father in the bed, supporting the stiff inanimate body in his arms. It was almost motionless; life was only evidenced by an occasional convulsive twitching of the lips.

"I know not how I met the scene; nor why my own grief for Richard, which was at least as bitter as theirs, did not overpower me. But the actual sight of the misery before me, kept

up my thoughts, and for the moment banished even the painful thought of him.

"I raised Mrs. Daly, and succeeded in removing her from the room. In a short time the surgeon arrived, and endeavoured to bleed her husband; but no blood would flow; nor were any means efficacious to arouse him from his stupor. At the close of the next day, Harry Daly breathed his last.

"I remained until the funeral was over, and used my utmost efforts to induce Mrs. Daly to accompany me to town, and abandon Clonsallagh, but in vain. She pined on there for about a year or fourteen months afterwards, and then followed her husband to the church yard. But she lived to see Ellen happily married, and her son Hugh entered at College.

"I saw her a few days before her death.

"'I die easily, John,' said she; my children are independent of a mother now, so I have no business or pleasure in this world. Daly and Richard are gone. I have one son,' she added; 'but he would not know me; he never knew a mother in me. I have often thought lately that I have been the cause of all our troubles; for, when I gave my own child for money, I deserved to be bereaved of the rest. I wrote to my aunt to send him over to me to see, for the first and last time, and to forgive his dying mother; and I have just heard from her, that she would think it her duty to comply with my request, had he been with her, but that he is now travelling on the Continent. I believe he does not bear his father's name. I doubt that he will ever even hear of me.'

"I had known of this circumstance, and I sought, through humanity, to mitigate the poor woman's self-reproaches. But her's was a bad deed for all that, and it was avenged accordingly.

"When I returned to Dublin after Daly's funeral, and had leisure to mourn, the appalling task I had to fulfil came before me in all its bitterness. How was I to write to Bessy? how tell her that she was a widow? For days and weeks I shrunk from it, and I quieted my heart with the resolution that I would defer it at least until her next letter of inquiry—until fear should have in some degree prepared her for a catastrophe.

"I was not long to wait for an opportunity ; and then I told her—alas ! that I told her—the woeful truth.

"Yes," said Irwin, after a pause, "I believe I was her murderer by that letter, and his also ; I cannot but think that Daly must have felt it was so. But he never hinted it to me. He was, even in his agony, too unselfish—too noble.

"I never heard from her in reply to this, nor to many subsequent letters ; and feeling her to be a kind of legacy from Daly, I went to London to endeavour to ascertain the cause of her silence. I went to their lodgings, and heard that they had left them, but with much difficulty I traced them to a miserable street off Holborn. and found there, that two months before Colonel Power had been removed from thence to prison, but to what prison, or for what offence, I could not learn. Mrs. Power and the young lady, they said, went away in a hackney coach, but no one could tell me the place of their destination.

"Having failed in all my endeavours to discover them privately, I put an advertisement in the morning papers, offering a reward for any intelligence of them ; I repeated this several times, but in vain, and after a year or more I came to the conclusion, that Bessy certainly, if not her unhappy mother also, were no longer subject to earthly sorrow.

"Being without any near relations or connections, and thus deprived of all the objects of my early interest and affection, to me the bitterness of death was past. I had no duties or cares but for myself and humanity at large : I was not thirty years of age, but I felt I was already old ; still I was restless and miserable, and desired to be able to settle on the lees of life, and to find consolation in study and minor occupation ; but my mind was in a morbid state, and it soon affected my health. I was advised to travel.

"It was without much inclination to the undertaking, that I embarked for the Continent early in May, and I passed through France and Switzerland into Italy. The change of scene and excitement of motion, was powerful in a short time to rouse me from the kind of moral lethargy into which I had sunk ; the mingling among

people, whose habits, language, and costume, were entirely new to me, unconsciously dissipated many of my painful thoughts, or fixed them upon external objects ; I lost my past life for the time in the exuberance of life around me, and in contemplation of the strange and manifold existences which I had never pictured to myself, or dreamed of in this various world.

"I had almost regained my health, when I arrived at Bolsano ; and even at this moment ; I can recall the rapturous sensation with which I greeted the first sight and the balmy air of Italy. In Ireland, summer would have been the most melancholy season to me : it would have recalled more vividly the green woods and sweet waters of Clonsallagh, and my early days with him whom I might never more see ; but here nature wore another aspect—this was another world.

"I remained for a month at Venice ; and then suffering chance to be my guide, I went on with no fixed project in view to Padua, thence to Lucca, Verona, and Mantua, and remaining for some time at each, I halted at Bologna, where I had intended to remain until the time had elapsed, at the end of which I meant to bend my steps homeward ; but autumn was then approaching, and I fancied the air from the Appenines was more chilly than I could have wished, and so yielded to the advice of a fellow-traveller to accompany him as far as Florence, on his way to Rome.

"You may wonder that, as I sought distraction and occupation, I had no desire to visit the Eternal City, which of all other scenes on earth offers to the scholar the highest charm, but I avoided even the thought of it ; its name was associated with the memory of the brother of my heart, and our early anticipations of the time never to come, when we might together explore its classic walls. I had declined all sight-seeing—it was merely as an almost animal recreation—a gratification of my senses, that I sought variety ; even the higher pleasures of taste were unsuited to my condition : the contemplation of a church, a painting, a statue, which excited my imagination, sufficed to unnerve me ; one evening I went to the theatre at Venice ; the opera was "*Terza Vedova*:" the plot of

the opera might, in part, account for it, but the effect it produced on me was fearful; I never entered a theatre again.

"I determined to vegetate quietly at Florence, and to profit by the gentle unconscious potent tonic of daily existence in calm seclusion, under the smiles of nature, until my spirits were sufficiently re-established to enable me to return home, and to engage in active pursuits and duties.

"A few days after my arrival I sauntered into the gallery of the Medici, to make an effort to inure myself to excitement, and to moderate my morbid and seemingly excessive sensibility. In a short time I found myself standing in the tribune, entranced in a pleasing reverie before a statue of Morpheus, which lay at the feet of the celebrated Venus; for even she had not been able to compete in attraction with the little god of slumber, so exquisitely delineated before her.

"The statue is well known, I need not describe it; the dormant lion on which the head of the lovely winged child reclines, the bunch of poppies which seem dropping from the relaxed grasp of his infant hand, produced a perfect illusion, a dreamy atmosphere of languor and repose pervaded around it, which was almost irresistible. Presently I raised my eyes to a person standing near me, who had seemed as much absorbed in contemplation as I had been, and felt startled, so strongly did the expression of his countenance resemble Daly's.

"He was evidently an Englishman from his dress and manners, though he was conversing fluently in Italian with the cicerone who stood by him.

"He was not so tall or so finely formed as Daly, and his hair and complexion were dark as Daly's were fair, but the eyes were of the same deep lucid blue; though the features were smaller and less strongly marked, and could not be said to resemble absolutely in outline, there was a resemblance in their movement and expression still more striking. Recognizing me immediately for a fellow countryman, he addressed me politely. The sound of his voice partly dissolved the spell; it was soft and musical, but rather effeminate in its tone.

"This seems to realise your idea

of perfection, sir,' said he, 'as it has mine; I think the art of the sculptor is never so appropriately exercised as on a sleeping figure. Correct taste would direct our worship elsewhere I know; but I am pleased to find sympathy in faith in the same divinity.'

"I answered him frankly, and we entered into conversation as we visited the rest of the gallery together. He told me he that had been two months in Florence, and was uncertain as to the time of his stay; and on leaving me he presented me with his card, on which was written 'Mr. Whyhcot.' I had previously given him my name and address, and the following day he visited me.

"Further conversation with him confirmed the pleasing impression of my first acquaintance, and whenever we met in the street or elsewhere he generally joined me. One day I found him at the door of a celebrated artist, and he said—'Oh, Mr. Irwin, I was just about to seek you, to ask you to take a drive with me along the bank of the Arno. Mrs. Whyhcot is an invalid, and was not inclined to accompany me to-day, she has driven me away, though I am not "*en train*" for a solitary ramble. The carriage will be here immediately, and I am just going in here to give directions about a picture of mine, which is to be shipped for London to-morrow; will you come in?'

"I entered, and the portrait which you have seen, was standing before me. Its resemblance to Bessy Power struck me as almost miraculous, but yet it was also so unlike, as never to awaken my suspicion for a moment that it could be her's. 'That is my wife's,' said he, gazing on it with smiling pride. 'It is an admirable likeness;' he hesitated, and seemed awkward at having sought my admiration thus. The ingenuous simplicity of his embarrassment again recalled Richard to my memory.

"I expressed warmly my admiration of the picture. 'I am sorry,' said he, 'to say that my wife's health is so delicate, that she is unequal to the society of strangers, or I should have been glad to have introduced you to her, Mr. Irwin; I have spoken of you to her often; however, I will yet hope for that pleasure on our return to London. But you are an

Irishman, I forget ; nevertheless, London is the metropolis of both our countries ; we shall yet meet, I have no doubt."

"We drove out together, and conversed on various subjects, not personal to either ; and a few days afterwards he told me that business obliged him to

leave Florence the following week for England.

"I, too, had determined to leave it ; for owing to his association, and the reminiscences evoked by that picture, the past was again regaining its ascendancy over me, and I wished for change.

CHAPTER XI.

"His ship was a wrack, why didna Jamie dee ?
And why was I spared to cry 'Wae is me !'"

ÁULD ROBIN GRAY.

"When seven long years were gone and fled,
When grief grew calm and hope was dead,
When mass for Kilmeny's soul had been sung,
When the beads-man had prayed, and the dead-bell rung,
When scarce was remembered Kilmeny's name,
Late—late in the gloamin, Kilmeny came hame."

THE QUEEN'S WAKE.

"We'll meet again, but not at dances, love."

ANSTER'S FAUNT.

I ARRANGED to depart for Lucca the next day, and I devoted the evening to paying a last visit to my favourite haunt at Florence ; so, strolling down the side of the river I crossed the bridge to take a farewell saunter through the woods of Boboli. I was half unwilling to depart, yet still was unable to remain. I thought to muse away my melancholy with the setting sun.

I ascended the side of the mountain, along the side of which the garden stretches, terrace upon terrace ; now paused by the white statue of a faun or nymph, which glimmered amongst the trees, then seating myself on the frieze or capital of some broken column near my path, looked down on the thick wood of bay, myrtle, orange, and cypress beneath me, glowing in the saffron light. But I was impatient of continued rest—I could not remain stationary while there was a height to climb, a terrace to surmount, or a dusky alley to explore, so I rambled on till I reached the summit, and then physically, as well as mentally weary, I flung myself down at the foot of the colossal statue of Ceres, which crowns the brow of the hill, and lay to rest, determined to await the rising of the early moon before I would descend. Soon the curtained clouds opened, and she appeared majestic, reluctantly, slowly, as it were.

"Pale for weariness
Of climbing heaven, and gazing on the earth,
Wandering companionless amongst the stars."

Her mild light clothed with a more tender beauty the tufted foliage of the landscape—in a stilled mood I rose to go home. At the foot of the gentle eminence on which I stood, there is a small garden of roses, in the midst of which a spring, rising gently, falls into an oval basin of pure white marble, where an antique statue of a Naiad stands as guardian of its sanctity ; beside it there is a rustic grotto with several entrances, so built that each person may be secluded from his neighbour while enjoying the same scene. I entered one of those nooks and stood to watch the glittering gold fish in the basin leaping at the insects in the clear moon-light. Listening to the tinkling of the water, as it fell from the alcove, breathing the rich perfume of the roses, while the moon shined placidly on the grey olive groves behind, and the dark, ærial cypresses, lighted with a dreamlike uncertainty the marble balustrades, crowned with vases of aloes, I gazed on this scene of unearthly beauty—it was too delicious to be enjoyed. Presently I heard voices, and recognized Whyhcot's and another's ; I listened—it was—it was Bessy Power's ; I could not at first distinguish the words, but soon the speakers rose, and pausing near the entrance to the arbour where I was, they stood silent for a moment as musing on the prospect before them. You are very unkind, resumed Whyhcot, to encourage these gloomy forebodings ; nothing but crime should be suffered so to embitter existence, and poison all the

blessings of youth, and wealth) and affection. Why should you contemplate death as a blessing? Your melancholy is a reproach to me, Elizabeth; you make me see I was ungenerous in urging you to marry me. If I grieve you in any way, only tell me how, and I will amend; but if I do not, for my sake, if not for your own, banish these painful contemplations.'

"I was chained trembling to the spot, awaiting her reply, fearing—hoping—I know not what. She spoke.

"Do not reproach me, Arthur, dear Arthur, if I have undertaken a task beyond my strength. I have striven against despondency for your sake in vain; now to me, despondency is hope. I would not have spoken to wound you; but I would fain have tried to wean you from vain expectations. I told you long since that mine was a doomed fortune, and desired you not to involve your hopes in it; but I will seek to obey you now. Let us go home.'

"They walked slowly down the terrace, and disappeared in the dim path at the end. I remained motionless in the grotto. I know not whether I was most relieved, disappointed, or grieved by the sight of her. It was evident that although Daly's place had been supplied, he was not forgotten; perhaps he was however, and her grief had other sources. Thus I pondered, lingering still in the garden for an hour or more. The moon was declining when I reached my lodgings.

"During the night it occurred to me that, perhaps, some of her regrets might be due to my seeming negligence of her after Daly's death. I was dubious whether or not I should seek an interview with her, and if so, by what means—through Whychcot's intervention or otherwise. In the morning my doubts were dispersed; a note was put into my hands in her handwriting, requesting to see me for a few moments, in an hour thence.

"I went. Whychcot had gone, at her request, to take an excursion to Val-lombrosa with a party. They resided in one of the most luxurious and expensive palaces in Florence which are appropriated to the accommodation of strangers. The day was soft and warm; but a light autumnal breeze cooled the air. She was alone when I entered,

reclining on an ottoman near the open window; the Venetian blinds were down, which cast a green hue upon the light that fell upon her pale face and glossy hair. She was dressed in deep mourning, and was so much taller and more fully formed than when I had last seen her, that had I met her in the street I should not have recognised her.

"She half rose to meet me; I prevented her movement, and taking her offered hand, felt almost deprived of utterance.

"'You are surprised, Mr. Irwin,' said she, 'in this I have an advantage over you; it is some weeks since I have known you were here, and I shunned meeting you; but now'— She stopped.

"'Now,' said I, 'I hope my presence has not been the means of reviving the memory of past sorrows, Mrs. Whychcot. I would rather urge it upon you, as a duty, to repress such reminiscences as I do. You have a fair life to come to, I trust.'

"She smiled painfully.

"'Enough, enough, Mr. Irwin,' said she. 'You are kind, perhaps right, in not reproaching me for my infidelity; but it is not of myself I would speak to you. Tell me what has occurred since I last heard from you—since, since the letter.'

"She clasped her hands, which trembled violently, and compressing her lips with a strong effort, awaited my answer. I hesitated.

"'Tell me, Mr. Irwin, have you seen Richard?'

"I started.

"'I thought you had heard from me,' said I.

"'Yes, yes; but since.'

"'I then told her all that had occurred, of Mr. and Mrs. Daly's death, of my fruitless search for her, &c. She heard me to the end.

"'Now,' said she, 'I must give you the message I would convey. When you see Richard, tell him what you know; that I was a wretch unworthy of him; for that I married—married by my own free will; but tell him not my name, and promise me that you will use your utmost efforts to prevent his ever re-visiting Clonsallagh.'

"'My dear Mrs. Whychcot,' said I, 'you are labouring under a sad delusion; the tidings of Richard's loss

were, alas, too certain to admit of hope, and'—

"‘Ay, say *hope*,’ said she, ‘you do well not to say *fear*. To me alone can this world seem too narrow for him; but you cannot persuade me; he is alive. I have seen him—not bodily—but yet, I have seen him—twice; he told me he was returning home—perhaps he is even now in England. But give me your promise, Mr. Irwin, and then question me not, and never after seek to see me; let me have no place in your memory, I am unworthy to fill it. After my death you shall hear of me, in order that he may know the full extent of my treachery, and waste no love upon me. Give me your promise, your word of honour, and then farewell.’

"I gave her the promise she required, and I was less pained than pleased, under the circumstances, to believe that her anticipations of death were, perhaps, not ill-founded. She was evidently in the early stage of decline, though I had been too much bewildered on my first entrance to observe the symptoms. I thought her mind also was in a diseased state of exaltation, and feared that my longer presence would be as injurious to her as it was painful to myself, so I took my leave of her not without tears. She wept, too, for the first time.

"‘Farewell, Mrs. Whychcot.’

"‘Say “Bessy,”’ said she; ‘the name by which he called me.’

"‘Farewell, Bessy. God bless and comfort you.’

"I never saw her more.

"I returned to Ireland. The January following I was sitting by the fire one dark evening at about seven o’clock, in my old lodgings in Dublin, when my door was opened, and some one entering, called out—

"‘Irwin, are you here?’

"There was no light, but that from the fire. I was panic-struck—it was Daly’s voice. In a moment he had clasped me in his arms. I could not believe it was he. ‘Daly, my dear, dear fellow,’ and again to embrace him all I could utter. ‘Is it you—indeed you?’ When the light came, I was satisfied; all thought of past, present, and future was swallowed up in the single joy of seeing him alive. His hair was darker, his figure and voice more manly, his

features more marked; but his cheeks were sunken and hollow, and his complexion not only embrowned, but almost blackened and weather-beaten.

"‘Daly, you are alive from the dead. I have mourned for you for years and years.’

"‘Never mind me,’ said he; ‘I was cast on shore among the savages, and I am here now—but of her.’

"‘I would not tell you of sorrow, Daly; but you must have heard, probably ere this, that you have come back to a changed home.’

"‘I know that,’ said he—‘I know that they are all gone—all; but Bessy, what of her?—does she still live?—do you know?’

"He looked at me eagerly.

"‘I do not know,’ said I; ‘but I believe she lives.’

"‘Where is she?’ cried he—‘tell me—tell me now,’ as he started up. ‘I have spent the last fortnight in England searching for her, before I came to my home, to find there was not one of my family left, or to seek for you; but I could get no tidings of her. Meredyth is married, and knows nothing of her. If she lives, where is she?’—he shook me by the shoulder—‘where is my wife?’

"‘Be a man, Daly,’ said I; ‘I have a painful truth to tell you; she is no longer yours—she is married.’

"‘That is false,’ almost screamed he. ‘She would not—she cannot—she dare not—where is she? for I say, married or single, she is mine, and no other’s, and I will see her.’

"I endeavoured to pacify him, and strictly guarding my promise to her, I told him she was married, and that by her own free will, that she had herself told me so. I told him also that he need never urge me to tell the name of her husband, for I had sworn never to mention it to him.

"‘Then she did not believe me to be dead?’ said he.

"I hesitated. I feared to make her marriage less criminal in his eyes, by declaring what I believed to be the truth.

"‘She told me,’ said I, ‘she was persuaded that you still lived.’

"He was paralyzed. For some time he did not speak, but covered his face with his hands.

"‘Bear up, Daly,’ said I; ‘you have still a friend—which is more

than I thought I had when you were gone. Speak to me—tell me of yourself.’

“ ‘Then she was faithless—perjured—she betrayed me—oh, woman, woman! But I will see her, the base one. Where are my father and mother?—where are my brothers and sisters?—where is my wasted youth, and hope, and love, sacrificed all for her, and in vain—all in vain!’

“I tried to soothe him; but he was outrageous. By turns, he conjured me to tell him of her, and upbraided and reviled her name; again he would declare his firm belief in her fidelity, and accuse me of belying her innocence. Then he said she was dead—he knew she was dead. His words were like the ravings of a madman—I could not calm him. Before twenty-four hours, he was in his bed in the access of a brain fever. His powers were exhausted, but no sleep came to him; his eyes sparkled, and seemed starting out of their sockets; his countenance grew almost ferocious; the veins of his temples were swelled to bursting—I could hear their pulsation. He was bled immediately. In a few days, the fever subsided; but the physician had little hope for him, as his delirium, though less violent, was continued. For nine days, he hovered between life and death. Could I have foreseen the future, how differently I had anticipated the result. The danger passed, in six weeks he was able to leave his chamber, and walk feebly. He was a melancholy object, sitting in his old corner by my fireside—with his head close shaven, and his worn, pallid face—for, during his illness, his skin had recovered its former delicacy)—his long thin fingers clasped in one another. My heart ached for him—I had no comfort for him—his talk was all of her; but now no more of anger—she was all loveliness—sweetness—excellence. He had never been worthy of her; but he longed, he said, once more to go to Clonsallagh, that he might visit his parents’ grave, and then live, only to pray for her happiness. I endeavoured to dissuade him from this project; but he was resolute; so we discoursed of other things. I asked him concerning his property. He said he had called in London on his uncle’s agent, and had heard that the legal time

having elapsed five months before, his brother had taken possession of Clonsallagh—that Hugh had gone out to India having obtained the post he himself had formerly held.

“ ‘I never saw my brother,’ said he. ‘I only heard of him casually when I was a child. He was happy in escaping the doom of our unlucky family. I do not want to know him; he never bore our name. He is rolling in wealth, I believe, as his aunt left him all her property. I have enough to support me; I will never claim Clonsallagh. Whyhcot may keep it for me; I will have nothing there but a grave.’

“ ‘Whyhcot! ‘Is it possible,’ thought I, ‘that this man is Bessy’s husband?’ I hurried out, and upon inquiry from old Daly’s lawyer, I soon ascertained his identity beyond a doubt, and that he was then with his wife residing at Clonsallagh, having been at Upper ——— street till within the last month. I heard, too, that she was dying; in that my only hope lay of there being spared a fearful tragedy. I persuaded Daly of his continued weakness, and I dreaded thenceforth every tinge of returning health, and every reinforcement of his powers as a step towards doom. Notwithstanding, youth, and a good constitution, and no less, I believe, a strong will to live, prevailed; he was shortly able to leave the house, and declared his determination to go down to Clonsallagh, whither I dared not accompany him.”

Here Irwin paused.

“In revolving this awful period,” said he, “it is some comfort to remember that all means of averting what ensued were denied to me. To have apprised either Daly or Whyhcot of the truth, would not only have hastened the catastrophe, but have made me feel the responsible agent in bringing it about. It could only be left to the hand of Providence.

“As for Whyhcot, I am convinced his reason was destroyed. He was of a susceptible and fragile constitution, unfitted to contend with deep emotions—the sudden shock overpowered his intellect. The whole course of his life was good and just; his faith was, to my knowledge, sincere and humble, and I cannot believe that one daring act, committed

in an hour of mortal agony, could belie the hopes of a life which prosperity had not corrupted. How congenial to our weak nature is that fond faith which encourages us to peti-

tion for the dead. I cannot tell you how affecting to me ever since have seemed those words appended to almost all the epitaphs on foreign tombs — ‘*Priez pour lui.*’

CHAPTER XII.

“All urns contained not single ashes; without confused burnings, they affectionately compounded their bones, passionately endeavouring to continue their living unions. And when distance or death denied such conjunctions, unsatisfied affections conceived some satisfaction to be neighbours in the grave—to lie urn by urn, and touch but in their names.”—HYDRIOTAPRIA.

“*Ou va toute chose ? ou va la feuille de rose,
Et la feuille de laurier !*”

BERANGER.

Irwin went on, after a few moments of musing silence.—“The gain of even a day was momentous. By one pretext or another, I contrived to delay his journey, but one morning he received a letter from his brother, inviting him to go to Clonsallagh. He excused himself on account of his wife’s condition from meeting him in Dublin, lamented his ignorance of his illness, and of the time of his return. The letter was like himself—generous and affectionate. ‘Even in anticipation of the heavy calamity which impends over myself, I can find pleasure in the thought of seeing you, my long-lost brother, and I am anxious to resign my stewardship of your patrimony as soon as possible. But though I must be your guest still for a while, I cannot further allude to the subject now.’

“I trusted that, as Bessy must ere this have been aware of Richard’s arrival, she would have endeavoured to provide against any contingency ; still it was with terror I saw him depart for Clonsallagh, under promise of writing to me the next day.”

“Three days passed and no letter arrived. I was about proceeding there, when I met, at the door of the coach-office, Whyhcot’s servant, the same man I had seen with him in Italy.

“‘How is Mr. Daly, and your master?’ said I.

“‘Have you not heard, sir,’ said the man. ‘He left my mistress yesterday quite well, along with Mr. Daly, as she said she was better. He intended only to stay a few hours in town, to settle some business with his brother, and then return home ; and this morning he was found in the Phoe-

nix Park, shot through the head, as it seems by his own hand! Oh! sir, he was the best gentleman, the tenderest husband, the kindest master. I don’t know how I am to break the news to my poor lady.’

“‘Where is Mr. Daly?’

“‘In — street, sir. I was the first to bring him the news about my master, who left him in the house at eight o’clock this morning. As he went out early, I expected he was gone to Mr. Barrett’s, and would be in to breakfast. After waiting for him till twelve, I went to Mr. Barrett. He hadn’t seen him, and as my master had no friends in Dublin, I was at a loss. Some soldiers on the quay told me there was a gentleman found, shot in the park. I just stood till the crowd came up, but never suspected anything till the corpse was carried by on a shutter, and then I saw part of my poor master’s coat falling over the edge, and knew him by that. They brought it to — street, where it lies waiting the inquest.’

“I hastened to the house, and found Daly in the drawing-room.

“‘I know all now, Irwin,’ said he. ‘Whyhcot is gone. She is mine—but how? I have murdered her love ; I am but her husband.’

“He was ominously calm. I could not speak. I knew not what to hope or to fear.

“‘Whyhcot was a good man,’ said he, ‘and a noble ; I can say that now, for he died for me, and for her, too—too late for both. I have not yet seen her, Irwin, except there—and he pointed to the picture—‘my blood-bought wife. I will go to her to-night.’

“I prayed him to spare her.

“‘Wait till to-morrow, Daly, for

a few days ; pay some respect to him who is gone. §

" 'You are right,' said he ; there is nothing now but *death* between her and me.

" I remained with him until Whyhcot was interred, and the third morning he set out alone for Clonsallagh. I never saw him afterwards until this morning ; you know under what circumstances. What followed afterwards I have found here"—and he pointed to the desk lying before us on the table—" I have lived these miserable days over again, since you went out, and now, if you will, you shall hear the conclusion."

He opened the codicil to Daly's will, which I before mentioned, and read—

" I desire that my body may be brought, as soon as possible after my decease, to Clonsallagh, and that my executor may have it conveyed to the island on the lake, near the house ; that the coffin contained in the building on that island may be opened in his presence, and my remains be deposited therein ; and that it may be interred there without name or inscription of any kind ; I wish that the burial service may be read over it by the Rev. William Murray, who married me the second time to my wife, who will then also be interred with me. But if he be not living at the time of my decease, it is my desire that the clergyman of the parish may perform this office."

" This care is before us to-morrow," said he. " It is now very late ; perhaps you would wish to retire ; for me, too, I am weary of thought and memory. When sorrow was new to me, it stimulated my faculties—now it overpowers them. I would fain sleep and dream ; but I have chosen out four or five letters—some of hers, and one or two of his, which will tell you of her end. You can read them, if you will, now or hereafter."

So saying, Irwin left me, and as I was far from being disposed to rest, I read them.

The first I opened was dated from London. It was from Mrs. Whyhcot to Irwin. It was not a letter, but a small packet, and was labelled, " To be sent, after my decease, to J. Irwin, Esq."

It had evidently contained other

documents, and was too long to transcribe entirely ; but parts of it I must give in her own words.

" I had thought to be content to die, under obloquy from you, as I had desired to earn it from him ; but I cannot maintain that resolution now ; my spirit is weak, it aches for pity, and desires that one other heart, the one nearest his own, may, when I am gone, seek and find in my circumstances some palliation for my infidelity."

After some few more lines of melancholy self-reproach, she began the history of her life, from the time that she received Irwin's letter, giving her the account of her husband's death.

" It found us," said she, " with my father in prison for a debt of £4,000 to Mr. Meredyth—my mother worn out with sorrow and anxiety ; and myself—but that is little—I was hard to kill. I survived all that, and more."

She then went on to detail to him their sufferings in poverty, almost in beggary, for two years, during which she and her mother lived in a room, close to Colonel Power's place of imprisonment ; that besides her father's efforts to induce her, by marrying young Meredyth, to liberate him, and rescue herself and her mother from starvation, she had the incessant and brutal insults and persecution of the man himself to withstand, as also of his agent, Anderson, who, after entrapping her father, had sold his services to Meredyth ; that they had at length, in order to escape from him, been obliged, under an assumed name, to seek distant lodgings in London, where she supported herself and her mother with the scanty pittance earned by teaching a few children to read, and write, and sew.

" You know how little I was capable of—that my education was more that of a man than a woman ; and that, therefore, my ignorance of most feminine accomplishments disabled me from usefulness."

At length she obtained, through an advertisement, a situation as companion to an old maiden lady, Miss Whyhcot, and the salary she received kept her father and mother above absolute want. She remained there five months, until the lady's nephew returned from the

Continent, and not long after that she was dismissed from Miss Whychoot's employment.

"She was harsh, but a just and upright woman," said she; "she accused me of nothing, but did not approve of the attention her nephew showed to me, which was greater than I desired, though she might not have believed it to be so."

On returning to her mother, she found her in a comfortable lodging, in the receipt of a stipend of £50 monthly, transmitted from some unknown hand; her father, in despair of his liberation, had taken to drinking, and was in the habit of terribly maltreating his unfortunate wife. Shortly afterwards, she herself was seized with a long and dangerous illness, during part of which she was unconscious and partly frenzied, and on her recovery found herself in lodgings at Blackheath with her mother, who for some time concealed from her what had been discovered during her illness—namely, that it was Mr. Whychoot who had been their secret benefactor.

Miss Whychoot died, about a month afterwards, and then he solicited her hand; but she refused, telling him circumstantially of her past life. She now began to entertain the thought of marrying Mr. Meredyth, hoping, by giving him a legal title to her pretensions to her father's succession, to secure herself from further molestation, to get a provision for her mother, to emancipate Colonel Power, and to be suffered to pass the remainder of her life with them in peace, leaving Meredyth master of all except her person.

Before she could consider of the feasibility of this step, her father returned to them, liberated by Mr. Whychoot, who continued his remittances to her mother; but had himself left the kingdom for France, declining to owe his acceptance by her to her parent's urgency. Her father returned to his former habits of drinking and gaming, and shortly his death left them again unprotected and exposed to insolence and importunities; Meredyth had scouted at her offer to forego every claim except for a mere support, saying she had none to relinquish; in fact, he had determined by marrying her, to secure himself from all danger of a law-suit by any one who might become her husband. Of th

Mr. Whychoot received intelligence, and (again preferring his addresses, her mother urged her acceptance of them.

"My mother's health, which had been long failing, now began rapidly to decline; how could I refuse her dying request, by the poor sacrifice of my worthless self, to make her death-bed easy as to my futurity, and to gratify the wishes of him to whom we owed all. Let it be enough. Mr. Whychoot accepted the gift, and has never to this hour reproached me with its little value. You know him partly, Mr. Irwin; but you never could know, as I do, the full extent of his noble, delicate generosity. One of my most bitter reproaches is, that I abused it by accepting an affection I could never return, and suffered him to wed not me, but the memory of the dead. We had been married two months when you saw me in Florence; the morning I sent for you had brought Arthur a letter from his agent, informing him of his father's name and death, and as the time had elapsed which made it necessary for him to lay claim to his brother's succession, he was called upon to return to England. I had never heard of his having a brother, and this was the first time he had been made acquainted with his parentage, for Miss Whychoot had studiously concealed it from him, lest he might desire to know and visit his family, the coincidence of the name with that of my husband fortunately did not strike him, and as I knew my days were numbered, I did not enlighten him. I told you that I believed Richard lives, and I do believe it, and I trust that Arthur and he will yet be brothers indeed; but for this it is necessary that my name should not be known. I will secure Arthur from ever mentioning it. I know not that I shall live to fulfil my dearest earthly wish—to go to Clonsallagh. Arthur has proposed that we should go there; he knows not how the spot is endeared to me; but he shall know it, that it may lessen his sorrow for one who never had a heart for him. Remember that this letter is for you alone. Woe be upon you, if you suffer Richard's eye to light upon the words which tell I loved him to the last."

"Enclosed in this there was a letter

for Daly, and under the circumstances, it was more pathetic than can well be described. She told him that, believing him to be dead, she had married—happily, wealthily; but, she added, faithlessly. She said she was surely aware that he was alive then; but that she would not for him forsake her present husband, who was the best of men. She dealt hardly by herself, and urged upon him, with earnest eloquence, to forget and despise her memory, and, above all other things, to avoid returning to Clonsallagh. 'Seek some other place,' said she, 'unconnected with associations of one so worthless and contemptible; remember my wrongs to you, and you will need no comfort for my loss.'

The next letter was from Daly to Irwin, and was dated in the year 1839.

"When you read this, Irwin, I will be at rest. There is but one thing which disturbs my peace in thinking of you, and that is, that you should attribute the concealment in which I have lived and hope to die to any other than its real cause. That I have never forgotten your true friendship, I have endeavoured to testify; all my thoughts, worth recording during the years which have elapsed since I have seen you, will be yours; and her letters, her precious letters, even the last cruel one, and yours that never reached you—bury them with us, Irwin—let our memorial perish with us.

"And now I will tell you why I hid myself from you—it was for your sake as well as for my own. I could not suffer you to waste your life in comforting a man who could not be comforted. My misfortunes embittered your early days—I was willing to spare your later. Her example taught me that much generosity. Give one sigh to my memory, Irwin, but do not mourn for me. I have lived long enough—too long. My death murdered my parents and my wife—and my life murdered my brother. I had heavy charges to balance, and solitude and thought were requisite for that end. You will know my last and only wish, and you will fulfil it.' There is nothing now for me but to die, and death, though he has tarried long, will come at last. I go where I hope to meet my best beloved, where *"they neither marry nor are given in marriage."*

The remainder of the letter was in a strain unfitted for these light pages, so I will not quote it; but it fully justified his expression to me, that his end was "peace." It breathed a tone of gentle and hopeful resignation, which must have soothed Irwin.

It was nearly day when I had read these letters. I went up and flung myself on the bed prepared for me, and slept for about two hours. When I rose, I found Irwin in the parlour before me.

"You know all now."

"No," said I, "not all. Did he ever see her alive?"

"Did I not tell you?" said he. 'After Whychcot's burial he came down here and entered her room. How they met I know not; but shortly he sent for Mr. Murray the clergyman of the parish, and she had an interview with him alone. She was evidently within a few hours of her death, and what passed I did not hear; but she consented to be re-married to Daly, on the condition that, as long as he lived, he would never revisit Clonsallagh—this promise he faithfully adhered to. She gave the clergyman that packet for me, which you read last night; but Daly managed to get it back from him, saying that, as her husband, he had a right to see it. She died a few hours afterwards, and her remains were put into a leaden coffin, and brought to the island. She had requested to be buried beside Richard's father and mother; but he said it should be there. 'Do not, Richard,' said she, 'do not make our happy trysting-place into a grave;' but he persuaded her, and there both shall lie—in their death they will not be divided."

Irwin had sent into the town near for workmen to construct a raft to transport the coffin, and for instruments to open them; and then, having despatched the worthy Biddy for Mr. Murray the clergyman, who lived about two miles distant, we spent the intervening time in walking over the grounds.

"She was wrong," said he, "to forbid him Clonsallagh; its memories would have either killed or cured him at once. She ought not to have believed that a love so deeply rooted as his would have perished for want of the sustenance of visible mementoes."

"Nor did even the promise she extorted deprive him of these. Alas! poor fellow, you could not guess what I felt on entering the room in which he had chosen to live and die—his own formerly, and the one which had been hers during her stay in Dublin, before she went to Barronscourt; from that pallet he would be carried to his grave. And her desk, too—his own gift to her before he came up to enter college; how well I remember the day we chose it. What pangs he lived through; and all unsoothed—all unpitied—all unknown."

He suppressed them strongly, but the tears forced themselves into Irwin's eyes.

"I believe it was not hers, but Whychcot's death that preyed upon him," he rejoined. "He had already encountered *her* loss; but Whychcot fell a *suicide*. They had neither of them any suspicion of the truth, until they came up to — street, and there that picture catching Daly's eye, he inquired what had been Mrs. Whychcot's name, then telling his brother he had robbed him of his wife, the knowledge of the event proved too terrible, we must hope, for his reason to resist. He shut himself up that night, and you know the catastrophe of the morning."

We paced along the walks and the green sward, where they had played as happy children, and visited all the haunts of their early loves, whose grave was now opening. Glittering in the summer sun, and overgrown with budding roses, was the window of the room where the bride was wedded and died in a day. It was a melancholy progress even to me.

Soon all was ready, and the clergyman had arrived, the coffin was placed on the raft, and a few minutes brought us to the island. The building was a hexagon, half of it was built of rough stone, lined with rustic woodwork of unbarked pine; the three remaining sides which faced the west were open, and the roof was supported by six pine trunks as pillars, which were covered by ivy and hop plants, and flowering clematis. In the midst of the floor, on strong stakes driven into it, lay a huge leaden coffin; this was to be opened, and the late and earlier dead placed together for sepulture.

I feared Irwin's firmness would desert him when the coffins were unclosed; but his was a courage which rises on occasion. With a calmness far greater than mine, he watched the process with unshrinking eye.

I could not assist, as Irwin himself with another raised Daly's body, and placed it in the appointed receptacle. I dared hardly raise my eyes. It seemed almost like sacrilege to gaze—to pry into the dim secrets of the tomb, and look upon the withered relics of youth and loveliness; but I saw Irwin's hand raise a long tress of fair brown hair, which the breeze of the water had wafted over the coffin's side, and lay it across Daly's breast, and then it was closed for ever.

In about an hour it had been lowered into the earth, and the workmen went away. The clergyman, Irwin, and I remained a few moments behind, but we did not exchange a word; the last spoken over them was the deep "Amen" of the burial service.

IRELAND AND HER CHURCH.

THIRD ARTICLE.

WHAT services to the cause of sound theology have been rendered by the clergy of the Church of Ireland? Where are her learned and able divines who may be described as lights of the world? Such was, in substance, the insolent question of one of those upstarts in the House of Commons, whose pertness and self-conceit are at least as remarkable as any ability by which they are distinguished. We forget whether he received the reply by which his ignorance might be rebuked. He undoubtedly did not receive the chastisement which his empty and callous presumption deserved; although he has, we believe, since, been awakened to the rashness of a demand which admitted of so triumphant a reply, and suggested an array of illustrious names, under the sacred hallow of whose imperishable fame our menaced establishment, which they adorned by their lives, and defended by their writings, might well find shelter from pillage and profanation.

It is curious and interesting to observe that the periods during which the Irish Church was free from the thralldom of the Church of Rome, are those in which it was illustrated by the great men whose writings exercised a powerful influence over the religious mind of Christendom; and that, during its period of subjection to the papacy, there is a comparative dearth of the sound learning and the intellectual vigour which secured for its divines and scholars so high a reputation amongst the learned in Europe. The difference between day and night is scarcely more remarkable than the bright dawn which followed the mission of Patrick, and the gloom of that darkness and ignorance under which the papal superstitions were nurtured. In the former period we have Joannes Scotus Erigena, the able antagonist of Paschasius Radbertus, who first gave form and sub-

stance to the monstrous doctrine of transubstantiation. We also have Sedulius, (Shiel,) a remote ancestor, we presume, of the present brilliant member for Dungarvan, and distinguished in this day not less for his poetical powers than for his theological attainments. There are some of our readers who will start at being told that Pelagius and Celestius were both Irishmen; and it should be added, that they did not fall into the heresies by which their names have become notorious, until their early faith had been corrupted by a long residence in the city of Rome. The name of the former was Morgan, which was latinized as above, the word *mor* in the Gaelic signifying the sea, or Pelagus; that of the latter was Kelly, or, as it was spelled in early times, Cealagh, which easily passed into Celestius. But time and space would both fail us, were we to enumerate the worthies by whose renown our country was distinguished, while our church yet rejoiced in its national independence. Our schools of learning were held in such reputation, that not only were our scholars in high estimation abroad, but multitudes who desired to be such flocked to Ireland for instruction. The country obtained emphatically the name of the "Island of Saints;" and even Romanizing ecclesiastics, who condemned what they called the obstinacy of our clergy in their stern rejection of all such doctrines, usages, and customs, as could not lay claim to a scriptural origin, hesitated not to acknowledge their learning and their worth, and to declare that, in life and conversation, there were to be found amongst them patterns of all the evangelical virtues. Upon this subject we earnestly recommend to our readers a very unpretending little work, entitled "The Early Irish Church, by the Rev. M. W. Foye,"* from which we make the following extract, every assertion in

* The Early Irish Church: or, a Sketch of its History and Doctrine. By the Rev. M. W. Foye, A.M. London: Seeley. Dublin: Curry and Co. 1845.

which the learned writer had proved in the preceding pages :—

"I must now leave the reader to his reflections, and hasten to a conclusion; I must remember I am drawing a sketch, not writing a history. It would be delightful, indeed, to dwell on the period of Irish Church history, which we have so rapidly passed over; but to do so would defeat our object, which is to be brief, and so, within the reach of the many. Our sketch, we trust, will suffice for this purpose. It will be refreshing, to the ecclesiastical reader, to turn away from the sickening aspect of the Church every where else at this period, and, for a while, fix his eye here. It will be refreshing to him, while, wherever else he looks, he has to weep over a declining church, to see her here in her primitive growth and first love. While, on the vast theatre of the Roman world he beholds corruption and decay, from various causes, laying fast hold of her vitals, it will be a relief to him to see her here still youthful, vigorous, and flourishing. Yes, while in the east and in the west, he fearfully contemplates the mass of the heathen, under the smiles of the imperial favour, thronging in upon the church, more from fashion than conviction, more from the prospect of gain, or the fear of loss, than from the native influence of the religion of Jesus; while he dolefully marks how the church is being *literally* secularized; how she is coming rapidly down to the low level of the world; how wealth and lordliness and avarice, pride, ambition, and strife, are corrupting and debasing the higher orders of her sons; and all orders are sinking apace into indolence or apathy,—or contending with one another for jurisdictions and precedencies; or wasting in vain jangling and idle disputation for a form or ceremony, or a superstition, that zeal and energy which should have been devoted to the preaching of the gospel and the culture of piety; and how, awfully to aggravate the evil,—while the heads of the church are being carried from one end of the empire to the other, gravely to determine upon some solemn trifle "light as air,"—innumerable swarms of savages are rushing in like a deluge over the face of Christendom, desolating the fairest regions of the church, and either utterly extinguishing the light of the gospel, or blighting its truths with the deadly shade of their barbarism :—oh, is it not a relief to turn to our lonely and sequestered isle, and see how all here is activity and energy

and spiritual effect? unity, harmony, and love; apostolic plainness and primitive simplicity,—at least, a happy ignorance of, if not a studied aversion to, that growing mass of superstitious ceremony and shewy ritualism, which every where else is darkening the Gospel of Jesus, and hiding its lovely features from the view of the ignorant and the perishing? And to notice but one contrast more, is it not most cheering to observe that, while in every other province of Christendom, the RELIGION OF RELICS, and a religion to the pious dead—to the departed saints and the Virgin—are overspreading the church, and supplanting THE RELIGION OF JESUS; while there is a growing rage for this new worship; while magnificent temples are every where rising to the honour of these new deities; and while a persuasion is every where laying hold of the hearts of men, that the individuals are most safe who are most devoted to their service; and that the kingdoms, and provinces, and cities, and towns, and villages, where they are most honoured with temples and festivals, are the most secure from every kind of evil—is it not, I say, most cheering to observe here, that so little thought have they of any religion of bones and ashes, that the greatest saints are buried, like Patrick, in so obscure a grave, that, at a subsequent age, when that taint comes in, it is not known where their bones lie; and that, though in every page almost of Irish Church history of this period, we read of the erecting of churches, and the founding of monasteries, yet, not in one single instance do we read of a church or a monastery being dedicated to, or named after, a single departed saint of the Roman calendar, no not even to the Virgin Mother."

Such was the early Irish Church. Patrick, Colombkil, Colombanus, Sedulius, Colman, Joannes Scotus, Claudius Scotus, and a host of others—such were her worthies. Now, where are the writers or teachers whom our church produced during her thralldom to Rome, to be compared with these? Let her annals be consulted from the twelfth to the fifteenth century, and they will be found almost a blank in theology and literature, unredeemed by a single name which posterity has thought worth preserving from oblivion. We have, no doubt, legends and fictions in abundance, which, in the absence of scriptural light, glittered like so many stars in the ecclesiastical

firmament, but only proved, by their very conspicuity, that the true light was not there. The dogmas of papal Rome had supplanted the word of God, and the doctrines of the early church; and a defence of the abominations thus introduced constituted the chief business of the divines who were the hirelings of a foreign master, and who, when they were not employed in the vindication of heresy, were generally engaged in the concoction of treason. And it was not until the Reformation began to dawn upon the world, and to put to flight the figments of papal superstition, that a race of able and learned men again made their appearance, worthy of being compared with the saints and the sages of old, and who not only illustrated and adorned the generation in which they lived, but will continue throughout all time to afford delight and instruction to the remotest posterity. Brown, archbishop of Dublin, by whom, in the reign of Edward the Sixth, the English Liturgy was substituted for the Romish mass, and whose predictive description of the future opponents of the reformed doctrines has almost the character of prophecy; Bale, the pious and venerable bishop of Ossory, who resembled the apostles themselves, both in the severity of his persecutions for the faith, and in the fortitude with which they were endured; Walsh, the originator of, and who gave the initiative, to the wise project of translating the Scriptures and the Liturgy into the Irish language, and which he was only prevented from completing by the dagger of an assassin, which deprived the good bishop of life; Ussher, whose praise is in all the churches, and whose learning, various and profound, has shed so much light upon the early ecclesiastical history of Ireland; Bedel, whose sainted character won the reverence even of the wild and fanatical bigots to whose rudeness and atrocity he became a victim; Jeremy Taylor, the sweet-souled bishop of Down, whose "Dissuasive Against Popery" still remains the completest armoury against the papal superstitions; Bramhall, whose wise and moderating mind was so useful, at a critical emergency, in preserving harmony between the united churches; Leslie, whose "Short way with the Deists" has never yet re-

ceived a reply—a work to which the infidel Middleton is said to have spent ten years in endeavouring to frame a plausible answer; these constitute but a very imperfect specimen of the array of great names of which the reformed church in Ireland may boast; and that during a period of severe trial and persecution, when the sword was seldom sheathed, and there was an almost universal wreck of ecclesiastical property. And yet, we venture to say, that it is an array of which she has no reason to feel ashamed; and that not only can nothing corresponding be produced in the annals of the popish church in this country, but that her records present, in that respect, almost a perfect contrast. Not that bullies and cozeners were wanting to her who made a stir in their day, and laboured, by sleight, and fraud, and subterfuge, "to make the worse appear the better reason." But where are they now? Who inquires about them? What have they left behind which the world regards as valuable? While time lasts, Ussher, and Taylor, and Leslie will be deemed worthy of perpetual remembrance, and men will resort to them for information and instruction, even as pilgrims visit a venerated shrine. But Parsons, and Saunders, and the rest, what note have they, beyond that which has been left by their connexion with a pestilent theology, and their activity in seditious intrigues which brought them within the range of criminal justice? *They* are the *truly* CATHOLIC writers, by whom the boundaries of our knowledge are enlarged, and whom all nations, and kindreds, and languages, through all time, are delighted to honour. And they, *the sectarians*, who are not known beyond the circle of the faction to which they belong, and whose insect existence is terminated when the sting has been discharged by which they hope to accomplish their little purposes of hatred or vengeance.

Shall we again hear any insolent coxcomb in the House of Commons ask, where are the worthies of the Church of Ireland?

But space would fail us to enumerate even a tithe of the eminent men who lived and wrote for the instruction of posterity even since the glorious revolution. Have the contumelious disparagers of our worth and learning

ever heard of such a person as Bishop Berkeley? But Europe has heard of him; the world has heard of him; and while letters endure, his immortal works will be treasured in everlasting remembrance. If there be an honest man amongst the vilifiers of the Irish Church, we would commend to his attentive consideration the modest queries of this illustrious prelate, in one of which he asks, whether a country is likely to be the worse for having a large revenue in the hands of one who is pledged by duty to lead a moral and a Christian life; and whether the possessor of such an income is a less worthy or useful member of society, because he wears a black coat rather than a blue one? Has he ever heard of Archbishop King, the author of the great work, "*De origine mali*," a prelate noted not only for his transcendent intellect, but for a wise devotedness to his spiritual duties, and by whom a spirit of tempered zeal was excited in behalf of our establishment, which not only largely contributed to its usefulness, but led to the munificent and beneficent endowment of some of the most invaluable of our charitable institutions. Of Swift we shall not speak, to whose exertions the Irish Church was indebted for "the first fruits," the consent of the queen to their appropriation for Irish ecclesiastical objects having been obtained by his influence with the Harley administration. Percy and Parnell are names of which any country might feel proud, and both were lights and ornaments of the Church of Ireland. Skelton, the able vindicator of one of the most fundamental doctrines of our holy religion, was a divine who reflected honour upon the body to which he belonged, and whose works attest the piety and the erudition by which he was distinguished. Leland, the accomplished scholar, the enlightened critic, and the able historian; Hales, whose great work on chronology is itself an encyclopædia of divinity; Burrowes, one of the most eloquent of our divines; Graves, whose work upon the Pentateuch so powerfully indicates the genuineness and the authenticity of the Mosaic history; Magee, whose works upon atonement will continue to the end of time an enduring monument of the extent and

variety of his learning, and the vigour of his reason; Kirwan, the immortal preacher, who brandished, to use the eloquent language of Grattan, the thunder of one world [to arouse the apathy of another, and before whom, as he reasoned like one inspired, "of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come," like Felix of old, the representative of royalty trembled; Jebb, who was equally distinguished for ardent piety and solid learning, and to whom we are indebted for "the remains" of the late Dr. Phelan, a work which indicates the very highest order of mind; Dunn, the most seraphic of our pulpit orators, who combined the richness of Massillon with the sweetness and the tenderness of Paschal; Mathias, and Roe, Bomanerges in their generation, to whose awakening appeals so many have been indebted for a saving knowledge of the everlasting Gospel; these are but a few of that illustrious band, who may be described, under our venerable establishment, as the servants and soldiers of their divine master. Were they workmen of whom we have need to feel ashamed? Will not their names rebuke the conceited ignorance and the upstart arrogance which could presume to fling contumely upon the church to which they belonged, and to deride it as the nurse of spiritual laziness, and the foe to intellectual improvement?

But Maynooth—what has that done? It has been established now for fifty years, and we demand where are its fruits? Where are its works of learning? Where are its eminent men? Where are its enlightened teachers? Where are its sound divines? The return, if a true one, must be a blank. Its fruits are a large supply of those who are truly called by the member for Newcastle, the most factious, the most ignorant, and the most bigoted clergy in Europe. Not one work of merit, and scarcely a single individual who is fitted to take rank amongst literary men, can be pointed out as the result of an experiment by which the wisdom of the wise has been so signally confounded. What will be said for this? That its professors had not leisure? But their offices must be perfect sinecures compared with the labours of the fellows of our university. That they were not sufficiently

endowed? Our fellows are not by any means so well provided for by *endowment*, considering that *they* are all unmarried men. The endowment provision for a junior fellow of our college is not, we believe, any thing more than his rooms, his commons, and about forty pounds a year. What he has over and above is derived from his labours as a tutor, for which, considering the value of the instruction he imparts, he is but very poorly requited. And what have been their labours? They have educated the Irish community. All that is respectable in Irish society refer to them their intellectual improvement. Ask Mr. Shiel to whom he is indebted for the discipline and the acquisitions which render him so distinguished. We know that he will refer much to the Jesuits at Stonyhurst, and we are very willing to admit that they laid a good classical foundation. But was it to Maynooth he went to complete his studies? No. He entered our university—not assuredly that he valued the religion of the former less, but that he valued the refinement and the learning of the latter more.

But if a want of wealth was the cause why Maynooth has been so barren of all intellectual excellence, why was it suffered to continue in a state of poverty? Was it that the Roman Catholic community, which is both numerous and wealthy, were indifferent about it? Was it that, whilst money was forthcoming for every purpose of seditious agitation, they were utterly indifferent about providing suitably for the decent maintenance of the trainers and instructors of their future clergy? We believe that such was actually the case. The gentry and the monied classes are every day becoming more and more indisposed to make any very great sacrifice which might prove their attachment to the old superstition. The instances are rare indeed in which they encourage their sons to enter the priesthood. That truly draws, and must continue to draw its supplies from the lowest class. The poverty of Maynooth never so touched their consciences as to cause them to open their purses for any substantial augmentation to its endowment. And, for them, it might have quietly died from mere inanition, if government had not most unwisely and

most gratuitously taken the burden of its maintenance upon itself. And what is the lesson to be derived from this? That, left to itself, popery was rapidly losing ground in Ireland. If the methodists made no provision for their ministry—if the Free Church in Scotland, having spurned state endowments, made no suitable provision for theirs, what would be said? Would it not be said that they cared very little for that form of worship which they pretended to profess? And would *their* indifference about it constitute any reason for a zeal on the part of the state to keep it alive, when, humanly speaking, it must so soon become extinguished? Now this is just what has been done, and what is about to be done more extensively, for Maynooth and for popery in Ireland. The monied Roman Catholics say, in that most intelligible of all modes of communicating their sentiments, we care nothing about Maynooth; let the Protestant government support it. And upon this most satisfactory hint the government quietly take up the burden which the Roman Catholics have so coolly laid down, and determine that they shall have, without money and without price, that which they would be unwilling to procure at any sacrifice by which their sincerity might be tested. We deliberately say that the annals of the world do not present a stronger instance of folly or of infatuation.

But if Maynooth has not been felt as an intellectual institute, it has not been without its influence in another way. Without it the steam could scarcely be kept up, which is indispensable for the purposes of those who are working for the dismemberment of the empire. It has furnished, if not a learned, a political and an agitating priesthood, who are the great promoters and organizers of repeal societies, and without whose countenance and co-operation the great agitator would feel himself like Sampson without his hair. It has been felt in another way. It has been felt as planting a hedge of thorns around the Roman gentry, by which much will be done to deter them from straying beyond the limits of their communion. Are any of them disposed to give entertainment to ideas of separation, despising the presumption and loathing the vulgarity of

their spiritual guides, and feeling that a mass in an unknown tongue is a most unscriptural substitute for "a reasonable service," they find themselves directly at issue, not with the pastor, but with the demagogue; and the man who could not command their respect for one single moment, if he only appeared in his priestly character, is quite a different personage when he takes the attitude of a popular advocate, and denounces any defection from orthodoxy as a shameful abandonment of the rights of the people.

Let us suppose that Mr. Sheil or Mr. O'Connell were convinced to-morrow of the orthodoxy and the excellence of the Established Church, dare they avow or act upon such convictions? Not without foregoing every hope of again representing their old constituents in parliament. Mr. O'Connell must make up his mind to sacrifice about twenty thousand a year; and Mr. Shiel that prospect of office and emolument which, amongst the chances and changes of political affairs, from his position as a public man, he may confidently entertain. And if such be the case with them, what must be the case of hundreds of others who possess so much less power of contending against the sacerdotal adversaries who would stir up every angry passion against them because of their base desertion of what would be called the cause of God and of the Irish people. There are hundreds, nay, thousands, kept in a state of constrained subjection to a system which they inwardly loathe. And in proportion as the priests are strengthened in their position, and rendered independent of them, will be the tyranny which they will exercise in coercing an outward conformity with the doctrine of their church, in cases where growing intelligence has caused all real attachment to it to be abandoned. Were it not for this, the movement in Germany is not at present more conspicuous than would be a similar movement in Ireland. There is no part of the country in which the people are not athirst for knowledge, and in which numbers are not found who secretly and earnestly desire the

word of everlasting life. But the attitude the priesthood are enabled to take, give to that body something little short of the power of inquisitors over them. They dare not rebel against their authority; all their worldly prospects, and even their personal safety, depend upon keeping on good terms with those who are now selected by government as the chosen dispensers of ministerial favours,* while they are regarded by the demagogues as the captains and adjutants who marshal and discipline the squadrons of repeal. "Any factious opposition to the behests of such a body would be attended with no little danger; and our English brethren may depend upon it that nothing enables popery to maintain its present position in this country, but the tyranny which they themselves enable its priesthood to exercise over the timid minds and the reluctant consciences of those who would otherwise but too gladly escape from their domination."

"Popery, entire popery, and nothing but popery," is now the cry. In their desire to conciliate, our accommodating government have become even more Romanist than the Romanists themselves. O'Connell, we have heard it stated, has privately complained that they are going too fast for him. It is not enough that error is tolerated—it must be taught; and lest the teachers should fail to inspire their flocks with proper respect, their condition must be raised and their circumstances improved, so that they may teach as those having authority. Their college has been enlarged, and additional colleges are to be instituted, with a view, as it is stated, of giving the Roman Catholics the same advantages as the Protestants possess in the Dublin university. But does any sane individual imagine that any thing can thus be done for diffusing a knowledge of the arts and sciences? Irish popery installed in academic dignity, and delivering lectures which have for their object the enlargement and the cultivation of the human mind! Alas! what a fearful delusion it is, when men deliberately thus put darkness for light. The black sun in Indian mythology is no inapt

* It is reported, and we believe with good reason, that to Dr. Murray's recommendation, Mr. Theobald M'Kenna is indebted for his appointment as first clerk in the castle—a most confidential situation.

similitude for popery as it at present exists in Ireland. It is the source of darkness and error, and the prolific parent of crime and misery; nor can any augmentation of it ever produce any other effects than those which it has always hitherto produced, namely, hatred of England and her religion, and a vehement determination to shake off her yoke and recover the national independence.

It is difficult at present to say how far the religion of Rome is valued on its own account, or as a lever for overthrowing the authority of England. There are those who regard it for its own sake, as well as those who value it for its instrumentality in what it may accomplish; and the minister is blind who cannot see that his friendly offices for its benefit will only be tolerated when it is clearly understood that they can have no effect in changing its character, mitigating its spirit, or diverting its plighted partizans from the strenuous prosecution of their ulterior objects.

But our subject is at present more properly the uses and the purposes of the Established Church. We have, we trust, vindicated its claims to usefulness by exhibiting the number of its converts, and its claim to literary eminence by even the very imperfect enumeration we have given of the great men whom it has produced. Let us now view it in another aspect, namely, the benignant attitude it has been enabled, when well administered, to take towards those who were without the fold of its communion, but who were not, on that account, less the objects of its tenderest solicitude, when its aid was demanded for averting or mitigating any visitation of calamity to which they become subject. Did our space permit, we would be able to show that there is not a part of Ireland in which, at one period or another, our church was not the good Samaritan towards those who were alien from it in the faith, and did not endeavour to resemble its heavenly master, who sends his rain upon the just and the unjust, and makes his sun to shine upon the evil and the good.

We have before us a life of the late

Archbishop of Tuam, Dr. Trench, written by one of his clergy, Dr. Sirr,* from which we shall borrow largely—but not more largely, we venture to flatter ourselves, than our readers of all descriptions will approve. And we do so for the twofold purpose of showing what advantages a church like ours possesses in attracting into its service men of the highest rank, all whose worldly advantages are made subservient to an efficacious ministration of the Gospel; and how benignantly its influence has been felt even by those whose deeply rooted and hereditary prejudices have taught them to speak the most bitter things against it.

When his grace was appointed to the bishoprick of Elphin, his first care was to provide, at his own expense, medicine and medical attendance for the poor, and that without respect of persons, except that the greatest attention should be paid to those who were most in need of it. The following is a portion of the letter which he wrote upon the subject to the Rev. William Armstrong, the discreet and indefatigable curate of Sligo:—

“I have not as yet procured a person to superintend my little dispensary. A poor man with whom I had nearly agreed, unfortunately lost his senses, and I have since written to Dublin to endeavour to get a fit person. However, it would much more please me if I could arrange with a man recommended by you. The establishment in question will entirely belong to myself, and in order to prevent the interference of any other person, I will not accept of any aid from the county or from any individual. I shall expect that punctual attendance be given upon every day in the week, from twelve o'clock, to all the poor incapable of procuring advice or medicine at their own cost, within the town of Elphin and three miles round, till such time as there may be no patients to be relieved. I shall expect that *deliberate* advice be given, and such medicines administered as may appear requisite, and that always the utmost *tenderness, patience, temper, and humanity*, and a hearty interest in the poor persons' cases should be manifested. I shall expect when any poor persons are incapable of resorting to the dispensary, visits may be made, and advice and medicine

* Memoir of the last Archbishop of Tuam, the Hon. and Most Rev. Power Le Poer Trench and his Dioceses. By J. D. Sirr, D.D. 8vo. Dublin and London. 1845.

afforded to them at their own houses, and that every effort be made to introduce vaccine inoculation among the children of the poor. In short, I shall expect the utmost attention and zeal in the gentleman superintending my little private dispensary, in every branch of the establishment."

Now we pause to ask the reader, can anything be more beautiful than the tenderness and the single-mindedness with which this good man entered upon his episcopal labours? There is now no longer a resident bishop at Elphin. It is one of the suppressed sees, and the emoluments go into the hands of the ecclesiastical commissioners; but, we ask, are the poor of all denominations, and without respect of creed, likely to be better attended by whoever may be now the possessor of the see-house, than they were when this apostolic man was settled amongst them, and made his presence felt by the warmth and the diffusiveness of his melting charity? But we must proceed. The medical attendant was appointed; a Mr. Feeney, who seems to have been just such a person as the bishop wanted. He himself visited the dispensary every day, at one o'clock, took the greatest interest in the cases of the poor, and inquired minutely whether all their wants were attended to, and whether it was in his power to do anything further for their relief. His directions to Mr. Feeney were these:—"You know, doctor, that in your capacity as medical attendant, you will have an opportunity, from visiting them at their own homes, of ascertaining their wants. If they should stand in need of blankets, or other covering for their beds, let me know. If wine, or other nourishment, is required, in certain cases, send an order to my housekeeper, and it shall be attended to."

We think that so far it will be allowed that this Christian prelate was an ornament to his calling, adorning the doctrine of Christ his Saviour in all things. But let us proceed. The good physician continued to discharge his arduous duties with unabated zeal, to the great advantage of the neighbourhood; the bishop ably seconding him in his work of mercy, and continuing to pay his salary punctually to the day it became due; until, in the

year 1817, owing to a variety of causes, he failed to obtain his rents from his tenants, and was left, to a great extent, without the means of meeting his ordinary household expenses. The doctor had no thought of making any application to him upon the subject, knowing that there must be some good cause for the delay, and perfectly prepared to await his lordship's perfect convenience, when he received the following playful note, which assuredly speaks volumes for the benevolent cordiality of his nature:—

"You literally have been the horse that lived, and now, please God, you shall have grass. My rents are so deplorably paid, that I have not money to pay my weekly expenditure. However, this evening brought me a larger sum than for a long time I have had of my own; and for fear I should not for a long time get any more, I now enclose you one hundred and thirty-five pounds. This will pay your salary up to the 7th of August next, and the remaining ten pounds I beg you will accept for your attendance on —."

Surely the writer of such a note could scarcely fail to secure to himself the love and the admiration of all around him. It is one of those little traits which, more than a set and systematic course of action, serve to exhibit character, and disclose to us what is in a man, when he himself has least thought of revealing the hidden and perennial springs of his beneficence.

The summer of 1817 was a very severe one. Provisions became very scarce and dear, and the destitute poor flocked to Elphin, in great numbers, from the adjoining counties. The good bishop had his out-offices fitted up as a soup-kitchen for their accommodation, and throughout the whole season he had women employed in making large oatmeal cakes, which were distributed freely to all who had need—a measure of charity which, an eye-witness observes, kept many from starvation. But with poverty came sickness; and as the danger of infection was great, from the tribes of beggars who came from various quarters, carrying disease with them, no one would admit them into their houses, and they were consequently obliged to lie in the fields. Dr. Trench could not witness an evil of this kind without attempting to find a remedy.

He took an untenanted house near the church, had the rooms cleaned out, ordered a quantity of fresh straw to be formed into beds, and as many as applied were received into this little hospital, and had all their wants attended to, with the utmost skill and care, until the good physician himself fell a victim to the fatal malady which he laboured so assiduously to arrest in its destructive progress. We will now suffer his widow to tell the remainder of the story in her own words:—

“The concern of the bishop and his family for the death of Mr. Feeney was very sincere. They felt for the great loss I sustained, in being deprived of my only earthly prop, with five children, the eldest only eleven years of age, and the youngest twelve months. The bereavement was so sudden, that I was for some time incapable of thinking or acting. I did not know how I could provide for my poor children, now quite dependent on my exertions for support. His lordship, hearing from Mr. Smith that I had determined on returning to Sligo to my mother, said, he would not allow me to remove, and directed inquiries to be made what course I would pursue, provided means were supplied to me for commencing business. My wishes were explained to the bishop, and approved of. As soon as I conveniently could, I prepared to visit Dublin, and the evening before I set off, Mr. Smith handed me a letter from his lordship, enclosing me two hundred pounds. My mother accompanied me to Dublin, to assist in the selection of goods for the light fancy business I had intended to commence. During my absence in Dublin, of about a fortnight, I found, on my return, my house had undergone the most complete alteration. The private surgery of my dear husband was changed into an open front shop; every thing was in a state of great forwardness, nearly all ready by the time the goods arrived, and all at the expense of his lordship. I commenced business, December 10, 1817, the principal fair day in Elphin. I had entered on a new scene of life, and felt very dejected; but I had a powerful stimulant to urge me to exertion; my children had only me now to look to; I persevered, and, thank God, he enabled me, in a miraculous way, to meet all their wants. As soon as I was established in my little business, I received a visit from his lordship, and I think I can yet recollect with what satisfaction he looked around at the arrangements I had made: he gave me kind words of

encouragement, and would not bear me express *thankfulness*, which my heart was full of, but asked to see my children, and prayed God to bless them.”

Such was Dr. Trench—the courteous, the gentle, the modest, the indefatigable friend of the poor and the distressed! Is it possible to contemplate his whole conduct towards this poor widow, without a feeling of exalted love and veneration? His tender solicitude for her interest—the wisdom, the promptitude, and the delicacy of his benevolence—do they not seem less properly human charity, than angelical ministrations? But the time was near at hand when his sympathy with human suffering was to be more severely tested.

He was settled in Tuam, as archbishop, when the West of Ireland was visited by the dreadful famine of 1822. Ireland should never forget the noble contributions of the charitable in England on that trying occasion. But before the calamity was extensively known, or any distant aid could arrive, the archbishop, who foresaw what was approaching, by the purchase of a vast stock of meal, made a sort of anticipatory provision against it, and many were thus rescued from starvation. When, however, large funds had been procured, he was universally looked up to, by all classes, as one by whose wisdom and experience the disposal of the public bounty might be best directed. The following is an extract from a letter which he wrote to the London Tavern Committee:—

“We divide a district of two miles round this town into two classes; the one, from a total want of employment, entirely destitute of any means to procure subsistence for themselves and families at any price; the other, able to procure provisions at reduced prices. By a census taken of these two classes, the former amounted to 2,027, the latter to 2,047. Besides this, there is a third class, consisting of large families from other distressed counties, particularly Mayo, who are sojourning, others passing and repassing through the town, seeking food.”

On the day this letter was written, a public meeting was called at Tuam, to take into consideration the best means of succouring the famishing population. The subscriptions of all the

gentry who attended amounted, taken together, to £460, and his grace immediately contributed an equal sum from his own purse; and assured the meeting that he would continue to act upon the same principle as long as the distress endured, "and would, as their subscriptions flowed in, or increased, double the amount from time to time;"—a pledge which, it is needless to say, he abundantly redeemed. All this was without any discontinuance of his previously mentioned private charities. He allowed no public money to be applied for the relief of distress in the town of Tuam, taking the whole responsibility upon himself. The soup-kitchen and the supply of oaten-bread still continued on the same liberal scale as before, he himself and his whole family taking an active part in the daily distribution. *And on Fridays, when the poor creatures were forbidden by their priests to partake of the soup, his grace had a supply of milk procured for them.*

Fever, the usual concomitant of starvation, soon made its appearance. And when the archbishop heard that a number of poor creatures were lying sick in the fields, exposed to all the inclemency of the weather, he proceeded with a horse and cart, in which straw was placed for a bed, and helped them with his own hands into the vehicle, which conveyed them to a house which he had hired for their use as a temporary hospital, employing nurses, providing necessaries, and doing all that in him lay to remove their sickness and relieve their destitution. The following is an extract from a letter which he wrote to the London Tavern Committee on the 8th of June, after having visited many of the distressed districts:—

"In my progress from place to place, I travelled through hundreds and thousands of weak, emaciated, unfed human creatures, just kept alive, and no more. I saw people at Newport who had come fifteen miles to receive four quarts of oatmeal, for one week, for the supply of a family. . . . In short, sir, if thousands are not immediately sent into these counties, particularly to Mayo and the West of Galway, without fear of contradiction, I say, large proportions must die! It is now become so bad, that it would be folly to talk of immediate employment. The people in

general are too weak to work, and must be fed and strengthened gradually before employment could be available. If our government has not sufficient funds to relieve this most extraordinary demand, I hope they will again apply to parliament for a liberal supply. There is no time to discuss the matter; our case cannot be met by ordinary rules and reasonings. If we are not supplied we must die: if we are promptly supplied many may yet be saved. I SHALL LIVE AMONG THESE FAMISHING PEOPLE TILL THE SUMMER IS OVER, WHEN I PRAY THE LORD MAY BLESS US WITH A PLENTIFUL HARVEST; FOR ALTHOUGH I CAN DO THEM NO GOOD, I THINK IT CHEERS THEM TO SEE ONE ANXIOUSLY INQUIRING ABOUT THEM, AND IT ENCOURAGES THE GENTLEMEN (WHO, INDEED, IN MOST PARTS, ARE DOING THEIR DUTY WELL) TO GO ON IN THIS WORK OF MERCY."

Can the reader imagine any more beautiful exemplification of Christian benevolence than is here exhibited? During the whole summer the good archbishop thus continued to labour for the temporal benefit of his fellow-creatures of a different creed, declining no sacrifice by which their sufferings might be alleviated, and exposing himself daily and hourly to the danger of catching himself the dreadful malady to which so many were falling victims. We ask, could such devotedness be witnessed without winning for him "golden opinions" on the part even of the most inveterate of those who might have previously regarded him with a rancorous hatred, as the professor of an heretical religion? No. It was impossible. All ranks were loud in their demonstrations of respect and gratitude, for the services thus rendered to the cause of humanity; and the following resolution, which was passed at a meeting of which the Roman Catholic archbishop was in the chair, gave no exaggerated expressions to the sentiments entertained towards his grace by all who had an opportunity of witnessing the more than heroic zeal by which he was distinguished in the cause of Christian charity:—

"That the judicious, efficient, and unwearied exertions of his Grace the Archbishop of Tuam in the cause of charity, call forth our warmest sentiments of admiration; and we now beg to offer him the humble tribute of our

sincere gratitude, hoping that the benignity of his character, and his active and well-directed beneficence, (qualities worthy of our emulation), may long continue to shed their influence over us.

"OLIVER KELLY, Chairman."

This is, surely, testimony that is beyond suspicion. Will any one contemplate the working of the Irish Church in this instance, without feeling that, in a temporal sense, it conferred upon these sorely visited districts a benefit beyond all price? Were the revenues well or ill employed which thus enabled this good prelate to set an example which, happily, was extensively imitated, and to exhibit a worth by which confidence was inspired in distant quarters in the work of benevolence which was going on, and those munificent contributions were produced by which, providentially, the plague was stayed? But a more touching testimony to his grace's unwearied benevolence remains to be noticed. It was on the part of the peasantry, who felt as though he was specially sent by heaven to be on this occasion their stay and their deliverer from the calamities by which they were surrounded:—

"They discovered that it was the purpose of his steward to begin reaping his grace's corn-fields, then ready for the sickle, on a particular morning. They resolved to anticipate the appointed reapers. When the steward arrived with his own labourers, he was met by an immense concourse, all supplied with reaping-hooks, marshalled under several overseers elected by themselves, and preceded by a piper, who headed the procession. They instantly set to work, and with a hearty good will cut down and stooked all the corn in an incredibly short time, not suffering either the steward or the men he had engaged for the work to interfere. A poor blind man was amongst the most active of the crowd, not, indeed, in reaping, but in binding up the sheaves, and forming them into stooks. In the midst of the scene, the archbishop suddenly arrived from Galway, and hearing of this remarkable demonstration of good will, he ordered some barrels of beer to be brought out into the fields for their refreshment. I have been given to understand that they even declined partaking of any of the beverage then provided for them, in order to avoid even any appearance of receiving any recom-

pense for their unsolicited and gratuitous services."

Yes; he could not help it. Without any asking—yea, with an earnest desire to avoid all ostentatious parade of his beneficence—this good man had his reward. "When the eye saw him, then it blessed him; when the ear heard him, it gave witness unto him; because he delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him; and the blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon him, and he made the widow's heart to sing for joy."

Perhaps, however, the most remarkable of all the testimonies to his grace's unwearied exertions on this occasion, is to be found in the dedication of a sermon to him by a Roman Catholic priest. The priest who thus creditably distinguished himself was the Rev. T. E. Gill. The discourse was preached and published in Galway for the relief of the sick poor. The dedication is as follows:—

"To the Hon. and Most Rev. Power Le Poer Trench, Lord Archbishop of Tuam.

"My Lord,—Your exertions in these distracted times claim the tribute of a people's thanks. Without distinction of creed, you have lent a willing ear to the cry of the poor, and a liberal hand to their alarming necessities. Truly was called, in his day, the father of his country. You, my lord, in our days, have acquired a name, combining in its signification the noblest qualities of our nature—the *father of the fatherless*; it is engraved on our hearts—it is impressed on our memories—it can never be forgotten. Entering then into the universal feeling, I take the liberty of inscribing to your grace my feeble efforts in the same great cause, and of subscribing myself, with the liveliest admiration of your virtues, your grace's most obedient humble servant,

"THE AUTHOR.

"Galway, Aug. 24, 1822."

And now, why have we dwelt at so much length upon this case of exalted Christian benevolence? Is it because such cases are so rare, and that Dr. Trench stood in contrast to many of his brother bishops in his exertions and sacrifices during this appalling season? By no means. Few of them were called upon to act as he then

acted ; but we believe there were many who, if the same necessity arose in their dioceses, would not be slow to take a lead in the good work of arousing public sympathy, and doing all that in them lay to avert or mitigate the evil. No. We state the case to show what the Church of Ireland may do to win the respect and the confidence of its bitterest enemies. We state the case to show how evil may be overcome of good, and how a single individual may be placed in a position which renders him a source of blessing and benefaction to all around him. Upon the government the appointment of our prelates depends. We fearlessly assert that they may always have an opportunity of selecting for that high office individuals by whom, as in the case before us, it may be dignified and adorned. And woe betide them when, from secular or political motives, an appointment not the very best is made. Nothing but an honest attention to the rule "*detur digniori*" is wanting to secure for the Established Church in Ireland the respect and even the affection of the great body of the people.

Nor let it be thought a matter of little importance that our church attracts into its service men of the very highest rank and of the most cultivated minds. Such, when properly influenced by a spirit of godliness, are always the most efficient promoters of true religion amongst the people. Their worldly advantages are thus turned to the account of Christianity, and a tone is imparted to society by their influence, by which its whole character is most beneficially affected. "Whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report," are regarded with increased estimation, when it is seen how they are valued by one whose station and circumstances entitle him to respect and consideration. And what would be resented as presumption in the case of one lowly born, would be received, when coming from the highly-bred or the highly-gifted, with a deference which must cause it to sink into men's minds until it operates upon their conduct. When bread is thus cast upon the waters, we find it after many days.

And what is it which renders our

church thus congenial to the loftiest, the most generous, the most highly cultivated, and the purest minds ? It is not only the soundness of her articles of faith, which identify her with the church as it came out of the hands of the apostles, but the depth, the comprehensiveness, the elevation, and the simplicity of those devotional services in which her members are privileged to join, and by the use of which they feel themselves in communion, as it were, with the best and holiest men that ever lived in the world. This it is which gives to our establishment a suitableness to the times in which we live, which belongs to no other recognized form of Christianity ; and which, if only it be properly administered, will cause it to win its way amongst the educated and the spiritually-minded, until its gentle but prevailing authority is admitted by all to whom scriptural truth is dear ; and its influence becomes co-extensive with refinement and civilization.

It is an old and stale remark, that the blessings we possess are never valued until they have ceased to be our own. Like time, "we take no note of them but by their loss." But most emphatically is this true in the case of political and religious institutions. To possess, as we do, a Church Establishment, combining all the elements of ecclesiastical usefulness and dignity, venerable for its antiquity, and valuable as maintaining all the essentials of Christian truth, under forms the most impressive and captivating to minds of every class, from the humblest to the most enlightened ; an establishment which possesses, as it were, a self-regulating power of meeting all the requirements of the age, so that the profoundest thinkers may be profitably engaged by its simple and elevating services, while little children may be attracted and edified by the peaceful purity and piety which breathe in all its innumerable formularies ; an establishment which is not the growth of yesterday, which is not dependent upon parliamentary caprice, but takes its station amongst the settled institutions of the realm, and is subsisted from funds which, as far as they go, should render its ministers as independent as any landed proprietors in the kingdom ; an establishment the title of which to its possessions will be held

inviolable as long as our rulers respect the maxim of giving unto "Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and unto God the things which are God's;" an establishment which thus presents attractions to the highly-born, the dignified, and the honourable to enter into its ministry, who oftentimes consecrate all their worldly advantages to the service of God, and but value their costly possessions and their human endowments as they are subservient to the acquisition of heavenly treasures—"the inheritance incorruptible that passeth not away;" an establishment illustrated and adorned, in every age, by characters such as that of the good archbishop, of whose piety and labours of love our readers have already seen edifying memorials; to possess this great blessing, this priceless good, and yet to be insensible to its value, does indicate a state of national blindness for which it is difficult to find an appropriate name. But to conspire against it, to undermine it, to cripple its resources, disparage its character, and be madly bent upon its overthrow, and *that* for the purpose of substituting in its room a system almost in all respects its opposite—gloomy, narrow, and unenlightened—opposed to scriptural truth, and uncongenial with cultivated mind—a system which had its origin in the darkness of superstition, and can only live and flourish in the decay of reason—this does indicate a perversity of purpose, and an amount either of phrenzied folly or of deliberate wickedness, which is, to the reflecting mind, the most astounding and inexplicable of all things in this age of wonders!

Strange and portentous anomaly in legislation! just when our church was most deserving to live, it is doomed to die! Just when its excellencies were beginning to be appreciated, and its influence to be extended, government, and that, too, a Conservative government, have pre-resolved to shed a blight upon it, under which, unless counteracted by a higher power, it must utterly perish! This will be regarded by the future annalist as the most extraordinary departure not only from high principle, but from sound policy, that ever disgraced a British administration. While our church might be regarded, comparatively, as an incubus upon the country, while it was used as a storehouse of patronage, and its

high places filled by careless or inefficient ministers, it was to be upheld with a high hand. No measure could be too strong for maintaining its rights and privileges—no language could be too high for setting forth its pretensions. And now, when a statement so opposite may be truly made—when the church, despite discouragement and difficulty, is not only maintaining its influence, but extending its limits, and winning for itself, by a sanctified energy, respect and admiration—now, when, for the first time, the masses of the Romanists are becoming interpenetrated by its spirit, and nothing more is needed than the ordinary protection of the law, and an honest dispensation of patronage, to enable it to become, in reality, not only the church of the state, but the church of the people—heavy blows and great discouragements are the need which it receives at the hands of our rulers! Not rulers who felt that its spirit opposed a serious obstacle to their accession to power, and who, as they were never trusted as its friends, were pleased to regard it as their enemy—but rulers who may be truly said to owe the possession of office, at the present moment, to the efforts and sacrifices made by the clergy for the diffusion and prevalence of the principles for which the public believed that they were contending! And their reward is now to see the deliberate adoption of the views and the projects of their enemies! They find that they were contending for their destroyers, not their preservers. They find that what Lord John Russell did not venture even to contemplate as a practical measure, Sir Robert Peel hopes soon to render "an accomplished fact;" and that the new scheme of ministerial policy requires that the Established Church, the great bond of British connexion, shall be abased, and that popery, the great power for the disruption of that connexion, shall be exalted!

Let the following statement, which we extract from Mr. Colquhoun's admirable pamphlet, entitled "The Ministerial Policy in Ireland," be deeply pondered:—

"The effect of the Maynooth bill on the political power of the Romish bishops in Ireland deserves a remark. The idea of adding to the power of the

bench of bishops in England has been strenuously resisted by the government, and Lord Stanley tells us that both parties will oppose the addition of a bishop to those now in the House of Lords. I certainly could not have imagined that such a circumstance would either derange the balance of parties, or endanger the constitution. The bishops of the Church of England are not chargeable with designs hostile to the state.

"But, thus sensitive to any fraction of influence added to our own church, what is our conduct towards a church which is our rival or our enemy, which, in the search for repeal, seeks to dismember the empire? The whole patronage of Maynooth is vested in the twenty-nine Romish bishops. Besides professors, there are 500 students, with bursaries of £28 per annum each. To these add the Dunboync students, now raised to £40. Say 600 bursaries of £28, and as the students remain four years, there are annually 150 vacancies. That is, the state allows the bishops to give away £16,800 of the public revenue. They annually have to distribute places worth £4,200 a-year. As each place binds in gratitude the connexions of the student, and in hope the friends of the many aspirants, I leave any one to calculate what influence the bishops must exercise among the Irish electors. And as in a contested county or borough they may concentrate for a year or two the patronage shared among them, I ask, if any Secretary of the Treasury has any means at his disposal equivalent to these? And this patronage is used to return repealers, England bribing men to vote for its dismemberment."

Now, the spirit of the body thus aggrandized, what is that? It is that of men who have become invested with power, without being divested of prejudices and vulgarity, and who will seize upon the possession of the influence thus put into their hands, for the purpose of wreaking their hatred and malice upon a long-envied political rival. The Romish Church in Ireland will baffle the calculations of the most sagacious observers, if she do not realize all that may be conceived of the inveterate malignity of Hagar brought back from the wilderness, and made supreme mistress in the household from which she had been so ignominiously ejected. Woe betide the humbled wife, when the termagant mistress thus obtains the upper hand. When a triumph thus unexpected and

thus undeserved has been achieved, no moderation will be observed. All her former slights and injuries will be remembered; and her very unfitness for the position which she has been so surprisingly called to occupy, will only serve to exasperate the deadly rancour with which she must regard one whose claims and whose character rebuke her arrogance and expose her pretensions.

We quote again from Mr. Colquhoun's pamphlet, which is a summary of his speeches delivered in the last session, during the progress of the Maynooth bill. Hear what he says as to the probable working of that college, after it has been replenished by the new endowments:—

"The result of your system must be (as it is) to attract to the college the very dregs of the people, and to deter from it every man of better education and more liberal mind. Such is the fact. The hon. baronet, the member for Louth, tried to explain it; he tried to show why the higher classes of Roman Catholics sent no scholars to Maynooth:—he has failed. In Prussia, where the payment is not greater, the sons of gentlemen enter the Romish Church. Why do they not do so in Ireland? I should like to see the Roman Catholic gentleman—I would go a long way to see him—who should tell me that he, brought up in the accomplishments and liberal tastes of our social life, would send his son to be drilled in the bigoted notions and monastic discipline of such an establishment—excellent, indeed, for its end, to imprint upon men such a character as the Irish priest exhibits, but from which I am sure every liberal Roman Catholic would revolt; he would repudiate the idea of sending his son to a seminary, the professors of which, badly educated themselves, give a bad literary and bad mathematical education. (Hear, from Sir James Graham.) I will first finish my sentence, and then dispose of the argument expressed in the cheer of my right honourable friend. Yes, so bad an education, that the professor of mathematics declared to the Commissioners that he was not acquainted with the sixth book of Euclid. (Hear, from Mr. Ward.) I perfectly understand the argument of the honourable gentleman. I know what is meant by both him and by my right honourable friend. They mean, that if you raise the endowment of the professors, if you give them, as by the bill you propose to do, higher salaries, you will secure the services of

superior men. Is this the mode in which they dispose of all the influences of public opinion? Only pay men well, and they will work well! Why, then, are there so many grammar-schools, both in England and in Ireland, where the masters are paid well, and do nothing? (Mr. Milnes: 'We have a better chance.') So this is the doctrine of my honourable friend, the member for Pomfret. We are to pay £25,000 per annum for the *chance* of a better education! Very dear, if you had the *certainty*; but £25,000 for the *chance*—and what a chance! All experience tells us, that when you surround an institution with secrecy, when you shut out its proceedings from the daylight of opinion, and cover them with the shroud of concealment, abuses are sure to arise, and the very object of your endowment to be frustrated. No, sir; if you will have a college cut off from all public knowledge of its proceedings, from the intercommunion of different classes, you will have, and you deserve to have, ignorance, and bigotry, and a perversion of public objects for narrow and mischievous ends."

There are in England, many good men, who suffer themselves to be persuaded, that the case of the Irish Church is now hopeless; and who would fain believe, that whatever happens to us, no evil can come nigh them, and that their own church, anchored as it is in the affections of the people, will continue to ride in safety from the storm, by which ours may be overwhelmed. We believe this to be a grave delusion. We do not think that they sufficiently estimate the new power in parliament which would be called into existence, when the vast majority, more than three-fourths of the Irish members were determined repealers; nor do they heedfully take into account the chances and changes in political affairs, which would give to the combination of parties, which might then be formed, a fearful predominance over that interest upon which they must depend for their church's preservation. The battle which is now fought at a distance, would then be brought nigh them, even to their doors; and they would find that they had abandoned their strongest ground of defence, when they departed from the principle which would have pledged them to a strenuous defence of the sister establishment in Ireland.

The contest is between knowledge and ignorance—between Scriptural

truth, and Romish delusion; and this, again, resolves itself into a contest between anarchy and order—between loyalty and treason. It is our belief, that upon the result of this contest will depend, not merely tranquillity here, but security to the British empire. Let the zealots and the anarchists succeed, and the balance of constitutional rule will be destroyed. England will herself become a prey to the factions to whom we shall have been so unwisely and so cruelly abandoned; and the time may not be distant, when the country which would have proved her stay, may be amongst the most formidable of her assailants. Let better views and better principles prevail, and all may be yet be well. Let truth be respected—let religion be upheld—let law be enforced—let life and property be maintained,—let this be done in a spirit of righteous determination—in which clemency blends with justice—a justice which may not be characterized as vindictive, and a clemency which cannot be ascribed to fear, and we venture to predict, that before twelve calendar months' elapse, it would be no idle boast to talk of the tranquillity of Ireland. The agitator might fret and pine—the priests might plot and anathematize, but their worst violence would only be "sound and fury, signifying nothing," when confronted by a union of all the property, the worth, and the respectability in the country, to which would be joined a vast mass of the well-meaning and peacefully disposed of the humbler classes, to whom, it is very well known, that agitation is distasteful; who are only kept in their false position by an abandonment, on the part of government, of their highest function, and who would rejoice at any opportunity of escaping from the tyranny and the exactions of the priests and the demagogues, if only it could be accomplished with safety to their lives. Alas! how painful is it to know, that government are themselves the parties to whom the present deplorable condition of Ireland is to be attributed, and that the remedies which they are bent upon employing, must only aggravate the evil! We may say of Irish agitation what the Roman satirist said of fortune, "*Nullum nomen habes—si sit prudentia nobis. Nos, nos, inquam, facimus Deam, caeloque locamus.*"

LETTER FROM HENRY HALLAM, ESQ.

24, Wilton Crescent, London, November 6th 1845.

SIR—I beg to acknowledge your letter addressed to me on the 25th ult., inclosing a printed proof of one since inserted in the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE for the present month, in which you remonstrate with me against the exclusion of Henry de Londres, Archbishop of Dublin, from the number of eighteen barons who took a distinguished part, or from their rank may be supposed to have done so, in obtaining the Great Charter of King John. Let me begin by what is personal to ourselves, that I am fully sensible of the courteous and delicate manner in which you have touched this subject, as well as of the learning and ability with which you have brought forward the character of Henry de Londres.

It would give me very great pain, as I am sure would be felt also by every member of the commission to which I have the honour to belong, to be supposed capable of casting the least slight on the Irish nation, or on eminent men of past times, in whose glory their country is interested. Though I cannot clearly understand, why those whose chief business it has been to represent the connection of Ireland with the English crown as one of mere oppression and bondage, should pretend to care about the admission or exclusion of an Anglo-Norman prelate, the case is very different with the truly loyal Irish; and I request leave to offer to you, and through you to them, my explanation of the circumstances, or, if you please, my apology for them, which have occasioned your complaint.

The new House of Lords contains eighteen niches, at a considerable height, and not large enough to admit statues, which could not be well seen, except in front. They were, therefore, not designed for superior works of art, nor for memorials of illustrious men. It was suggested by his Royal Highness Prince Albert, that the barons of Magna Charta, being the peerage of England in that age, would very naturally be placed in a chamber appropriated to the nobility who may be called their successors. This appeared a happy and constitutional idea, and was adopted by the commission. Whether by appointment or of my own accord, I do not remember, it happened that I looked over such books as lay in my way, for the purpose of selecting eighteen names out of that baronage. I did not attach any paramount importance to the selection, considering the character of the intended statues to be full as much decorative as commemorative; and so far as commemorative, respecting rather the collective number than single persons. The majority in fact have no historical recollections attached to their names at all. In an event, however, to which the power of the sword had so much contributed, it seemed but natural that the effigies of mailed warriors should be preferred to those of ecclesiastics, though the last should not be excluded. Fifteen, therefore, were selected from the nobles, twelve holding the rank of earl, three of lower degree. Three names remained to be chosen. As to Archbishop Langton, there could be no doubt; and then came the unlucky question about the Archbishop of Dublin. And I confess that it did appear to me, that in the circumstances of the Anglo-Irish colony in the reign of John, we could hardly say that Henry de Londres, whose great merits you have very properly dwelt upon, (and I must confess that, not having read Leland for many years, they had escaped my recollection,) stood on an equal footing, in an English compact between the king and his barons, with a bishop of London. If the ecclesiastical rank had been the same, I do not think this could have been a matter of any doubt; and in a temporal transaction I did not see that this ought to have decisive weight. I might also add, that the bishop of London held by barony of the crown, and all who possessed that see had been duly summoned to great councils. Whatever privilege of this kind may have been enjoyed by Henry de Londres himself, if indeed he ever did sit in a council, it cannot be maintained that the archbishops of Dublin were entitled to a writ of summons. This may be called too technical a view; but it will serve at least to show that

I was not influenced by the most latent feeling of disrespect to Ireland. That Ireland, in her relation to the English constitution, was not, in the reign of John, of so great importance as she is at present, is an historical fact of which surely she has no cause to be ashamed.

I must now, however, fairly acknowledge that, considering the distinguished character of Henry de Londres, and his recorded share in advising the Great Charter, considering also still more the wishes which many, in common with yourself, probably entertain, it would give me great pleasure, speaking of course only as an individual, to see him installed in his niche by the side of Stephen Langton. In this case it rather appears to me that he should not exclude the Bishop of London, but be substituted for the Master of the Knights Templars, whom I mentioned in my letter to the commissioners, not without hesitation in my own mind as to his constitutional pretensions to such a preference, but with a view to the variety of costume which might distinguish him from the barons. This is a proof that I was rather looking to artistic effect than to historical commemoration.

Permit me to request that you will be the medium of communicating to the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE this answer to the letter which you have addressed to me in its pages.

I have the honour, sir, to remain with great respect, your most obedient servant,

HENRY HALLAM.

To Samuel Ferguson, Esq. Dublin.

[This is frank and candid, and what might have been expected from a scholar whose reputation could afford the admission of an oversight.—Ed.]

A SONG OF A PLEASANT OLD WOODMAN, AND HIS WIFE JOAN, AT A
CHRISTMAS FIRE.

BY F. F. PALMER.

Come! Jock o' the wood, my jolly old man! get up and bar the door!—
The feathery sleet, with frosty feet is dancing on the moor;
With whoop and a call, in every hall, the Christmas sports abound,
And ditties are sung, and the sweet bells rung, the simple village round.
Untether and fling the curtain down, and cuddle in the screen—
You shall be the king of the feast, and I will be the queen.
And we'll drink good rest! to the merry old times! we'll chirrup of kith
and kin,

(The nut brown ale I brewed myself, before the frost came in.)
So bow to the rule of reverend yule, in sunshine and in storm,
And thrust your shoulder next to mine, to keep your old wife warm.

Gaffer! my joy! how many a time, we ne'er shall see again,
I pressed my chubby cheek to thine, at yonder glistening pane,
And beckoned you in, to the sanded floor, with infant love and glee,
And lured you with your blushing face, to laugh along with me;
I twined your locks with the dingle-flowers, whilst wild berries you prest
Unto my lips, then sank to sleep upon my baby breast.
My mother stayed her whispering wheel, and gave us kisses sweet,
She loved so much to hear the sound of little dancing feet;
Look up, my dear old charming chuck! and never turn askew!
You're not ashamed of me I trust!—I'm never ashamed of you!

Oh weren't we glad, what fun we had! at yonder village school!
And how I screamed to see you stand, a Dunce!—upon the stool—
And how we gambolled in the lanes, on many a breezy morn,
And how you kept my kirtle wide, and dragged it from the thorn!—

And how we went, with coat and hood, to sing the carols round—
Sitting before the vicarage door, at moonlight we were found,
And will and nill! they dragged us in, and maffé us dither and stare,
To have to sing our songs again, before the lady's chair,
Your gatherings all you gave to me, full twelve-pence was the gain,
And you kissed me under the sycamore tree, and *I* kissed *you* again.

Loud waved the flame in the winter's wind, the winking glades were red,
My mother nursed the baby dear, my father was in bed,
When, oh for shame! that night you came, with mistletoe boughs to call,
With bungling words (and "a lame excuse, is worse than none at all;")
And aye we sat in the brave old screen, and aye we looked and sighed
Alack! our simple hands were free, our cunning hearts were tied.
Mother she brewed the buttered quart, and bade us drink it up;
But aye, you looked at me and sighed, and aye, looked in the cup.
You never nestle so near to me—or play such antics now!—
You always drink your measure up. God bless your dainty brow!

Think of the gay December time, you took me for your bride!
Up and down the bells were swung; I never left your side,
So proud of me as your loving bride, you called me pink and rose,
And we danced beneath a holly-bough, in all our Sunday clothes.
Lord bless me! how you twirled me round and made my colour rise!
And I can't tell which were brightest then, your buckles or your eyes.
The squire he gave a thumping goose, your rival sent a curse,
My lady sent a silver pound, tied in a silken purse;—
Heaven forgive your wicked face, and all your youthful sins,
Next Christmas eve, the parson came, and blessed our lovely twins.

Soon, soon the honey-moon unwilling was to bide,
Father and mother went to dust, our pretty children died;
A famine came, the labouring men committed crime for bread,
You hinted *once* of doing so; I wished that *you* were dead;
"Struggle on bravely!" still I cried. You did my dear! and won,
Twas bitter strife well ended, and fortune well begun,
We'd a cow and a nag, a pig and a cot, and hearty children three,
And merry we danced each first of May, around the hawthorn-tree;
Ah! then came happy Christmases, they almost drove us mad,
The cradle always squeaking—the children always glad.

We're grey old people, Jock o' the wood! but grieving wont avail,
We've seen our youngers settled, so, we'll sit and drink our ale.
Come! take your fiddle from over-head, and never you whisper nay,
I'll shew you the lilt I danced for you, upon our wedding-day,
I've got the same blue kirtle on, the same red kerchief too,
And you've the self-same smiling face, which looks "as good as new,"
Strike up! strike up! my lithesome lad, twang out a lusty strain!
I'll foot it, on the Christmas hearth, around and round again;
There's music! music! in my heart and mirth upon my tongue,
You never played so well before—I never felt so young.

Give me a kiss? you Jock o' my heart! as sweet as love can tell!
Give me a *dozen*, you Jock o' my heart! dost love thy old wife well?
You bring the tears into my eyes, burn my heart-strings too.
But why should I weep? sweet lad of my love! Let's drink a drop
with you!

For my cup is out, and I think I hear, or the wind talks over the moor,
There's some one tittering, yirking, whispering, joking at the door.
Sure it must be our children's sons, coming with wonted rhymes
To sing a carol round the hearth, and wish us *happy* times!
I guess they've heard our silliness. I'll sit me down and spin—
Jock! hide the fiddle on the rack, and let the darlings in!

PROTESTANT UNION.

At last, it appears, a decisive move has been made by Protestants in Ireland—a move towards the occupancy of a position in which their interests can be defended. We wish them God speed in the enterprise, and will not admit of a disheartening fear that it is “too late.” No; we are persuaded that there is yet energy enough in Irish Protestantism to recover its losses, and notwithstanding all the efforts of calumny and faction, we are confident opinion in England may yet be righted. We wait, however, in much anxiety to see how the initiation on the part of the nobility and gentry of Ulster will be followed up. They seem to hold out a frank offer to their brethren in the provinces where Protestantism seems less prosperous: very much depends on the manner in which the offer is entertained. Indeed, we do not think it rashness to affirm that the fate of Ireland, or at least of British connection, is dependent on it.

It is scarcely necessary to offer proof, that since the act of legislative union was passed, there never was a season of more peril and difficulty in Ireland than that through which we are passing. The purposes openly proclaimed by the party which seeks to effect a change in our government, are more pernicious than would have been in former days suspected, and a machinery more potent and more extended than ever before existed, is in vigorous and incessant action to carry the ruinous designs into effect. Thus far, we believe, it will be acknowledged, the danger is unusually great. The purpose avowed by the repeal association, although legal, and perhaps constitutional, has all the evil for which treason is dreaded and punished, and the confederacy to effect this purpose, consisting as it does of the great mass of Irish Roman Catholics, ecclesiastical and lay, is undeniably the most formidable that ever showed itself at a time of peace, openly aiming at a result which must effect the dismemberment of the empire.

What have we, on the other hand, of compensation? Is there hope in the policy of a government like ours?—not, we would say, even for Great

Britain—assuredly there is none for Protestants in Ireland. To us it would seem as if the unnatural mother of whom we recently read in some foreign periodical, was no unfair type of our administration, so far as Irish interests are concerned. Pursued by wolves, the wretched woman cast out of the vehicle in which she rode, one by one, the group of which each one called her mother, and still the ravenous pursuit staid not until she reached her desolate home childless, and there we know not whether it was the beasts of prey, or an outraged husband who ended her worthless existence. It is thus one by one our craven administration is casting away every principle it was bound to cherish, divesting itself of every title to respect or love, and with as little rational prospect of conciliating the faction to which it surrenders, as that wretched woman could have had of pacifying the beasts of blood, while there was a victim to be devoured and an appetite to be gratified. A ministry like ours, which has added to its demerits in 1829, the measures of the last session of parliament, cannot be relied on for the maintenance of any principle which it may find a brief convenience in abandoning. We do not desire its dissolution or overthrow, but with equal frankness we confess that its acts and professions have caused us to entertain the thought of such a result without the uneasiness which once accompanied it. We do not desire, nor do we dread, as we once did, the retirement of Sir Robert Peel; but seeing that the days are evil, and that worse may be at hand, we most earnestly desire that the Protestants of Ireland should be prepared for them.

There are, we have the modesty to acknowledge, Protestants in Ireland, conservative Protestants, too, who do not sympathise with us in our views and apprehensions, but rather expect that the line of policy which Sir Robert Peel's government is pursuing will ultimately lead to good. Some of these “optimists” hold the opinion that feud and faction will ultimately be appeased among us—they see that the material interests of the country are

making prosperous progress—they feel that such interests are those in which wise men like themselves should feel the liveliest concern; their feelings beget hopes in their own likeness—hopes that what seems to them so reasonable will in due time be realised, and that however rival sects may for a time compete for the mastery, the people will, if necessary, forsake their contending priests, and all worship, in amity or amicable competition, before the only altar at which hearts really bow—the altar of wealth. Reasoners of this stamp imagine that the church establishment is the one obstacle to the happy result they look for. Sir Robert Peel, they think, mistook when he persisted in maintaining such an impediment. He sees clearly now, they say. He finds that manum has its jealousies, and will not remunerate a divided worship. The minister, they hope, will entitle himself to a recompense, and all will be tranquillity in Ireland as soon as the sole surviving national acknowledgment of God has been discontinued.

There are other expectants whose hopes are kindled at a different source, although perhaps not more assuring. These, like the dissuasive and dilatory Athenians, who used to salute one another in the public places with the carrion croak, "is Philip dead—has he a mortal malady," see the acts of the minister in connection with the funeral thoughts they gloat on. "Wait," they say—judge nothing before the time—O'Connell is an overmatch for Peel, but O'Connell is not immortal. Let Peel just for three or four years or sessions of parliament tide over the discomforts of his position—let him compromise, concede, conciliate for a while—there will be ample time to do justice as soon as O'Connell is dead.

We confess this post obit policy does not suit our taste. Demosthenes, perhaps, inspired us with a distaste for it, or at least, confirmed us in the weakness. The feeble, or those who are precluded from action, may, perhaps, comfort helplessness or bondage by such a hope—it is utterly disgraceful to the vigorous and free. Nor do we think that the policy of forbearance on so unworthy grounds, has a hope that compensates its paltriness. It misled the Greeks of ancient days—it may mislead their modern copyists;

and although John O'Connell may not prove an Alexander, he may live to see the hopes founded on his father's demise, as abortive as were those which the Athenians cherished respecting the death of Philip—nay, in this railway age of ours, the "Liberator" himself may not much overstep the ordinary limits assigned to human life, and may mock at the discomfiture of the political legacy hunters who expected that at his death he would have bequeathed peace to the country—

"Plerumque recortus
Scriba ex Quinquetro corvum deludit hiantem
Captatorque dabit rixus Nasica Corano."

It is, in truth, not a little surprising that the species of expectation which was felt as a reproach, and which a consummate master of the agencies by which the heart of a people is roused and wrung, used as a reproach when addressing the inhabitants of a single city, plainly and greatly overmatched in war, shall be avowed and all but paraded in his defence by apologists of Sir Robert Peel. We are free to confess, that we do not see in the train attendant on the *Liberator*, one in whom he is likely, in all his merits and defects, to live again. But this is no admission that he may not have an efficient successor. We remember when the world would have held it a matter of very easy accomplishment to find for Mr. O'Connell many an equal in the body to which he belonged; and we see no reason to congratulate the waiters for his demise, on the trust that there may not be found among his survivors some one or more competent to finish the work he will have begun, and will have left it as their task to accomplish. Let Mr. O'Connell succeed in obtaining what we are persuaded he aims at—a great enlargement in the number of Irish representatives, and it will demand but very inferior powers to effect a repeal of the Union in its worst form, and with the worst attendant consequences.

We have been, we apprehend, the first, or among the first, to express a fear that it is in the senate of Great Britain, and not in the field, the act of legislative union can be repealed. We have long contemplated the probability of such a calamity, and we must avow, that the progress of events has but rendered our apprehensions more serious, and our trust in the

firmness of British senators more unsatisfactory and insecure. We have now no human hope except in the Irish Protestants, and we give them warning that if they are untrue to themselves, there will soon be very few in England to care for them.

We beg of them, well to ponder the truth we are about to utter: the government of Sir Robert Peel has knowingly or unconsciously conceded the principle on which the repeal of the Union is dependent.* When the ministers of the crown admitted population as the basis on which an electoral constituency was to be erected—when they pronounced it a defect that there was not a due proportion between the voters and the people—when they refused to carry out Lord Stanley's Registration Bill, and threatened to bring in another on the avowed principle that, in virtue of an extended population, the sphere of the franchised must be widened, they conceded, in substance, Mr. O'Connell's argument, that the eight millions of the Irish people are not adequately represented in the imperial parliament by one hundred and five members. Apply the population principle to constituencies, and you cannot complain that it is applied to representatives.

It is the misfortune or the mischief of Sir Robert Peel's concessions, that they generally involve the admission of some principle of which they are imperfect and defective exponents, and that thus they necessitate supplemental concessions. It is also his misfortune, that too many of his concessions are yielded to the cravings of an expediency which is not, and is not consistent with, principle. No man can say where such concessions may lead. The expediency of the moment may be impolicy as respects the year; and the minister may achieve some temporary advantage by yielding a point on which his country's permanent interests and honour rested. A yielding minister should have, even among his followers, if they are patriots, vigilant and severe observers of his conduct. They should be always watchful, always ready to advise and to withstand as well as to assist. Their adversaries strive to profit by compressing the plastic materials of which he is composed; his supporters are to blame for the ruin of their cause, if they do not render their leader the service of re-

sisting where otherwise he, and they with him, must be overpowered.

It is for this reason we are well pleased to learn that the Irish Protestants are organizing their strength in an extended union. We hope it will become co-extensive with the people; and we do not scruple to utter an earnest admonition, humble as we feel ourselves to be, that they who refuse to co-operate in so good a cause, may soon have much reason to lament their culpable indifference. We will, for a moment, suppose the appeal made to Irish Protestantism unsuccessful. We will suppose Ulster left alone, and that the Protestants of the North, having vainly invited their brethren in other parts of Ireland to unite with them, strong in the confidence of numbers and high spirit, renounce the idea of a formal union, or merely adopt that form which is already in existence—is such a state of things that in which any wise man would desire to meet the perils of a Whig or Radical administration?—is the contingency very improbable that we may have such perils to meet after the next general election? If we have, and if Protestants in Ireland are found helpless as they are now, there is nothing short of repeal which the repeal party may not obtain; and we know enough to be aware, that the concessions they are likely to demand will involve much detriment, if not ruin, to our Protestant interests.

But, perhaps, we may ensure Sir Robert Peel's maintenance of power, by abstaining from any attempt at political combination? He may take offence at our union, and throw up his office in disgust. He may find the difficulty of governing Ireland, increased by our union, and give up the task from conscious inability. The repeal confederacy may become stimulated to more daring exertion by seeing Protestants awaking out of their supineness—Are these reasons or such as these, cogent, to discourage wronged and menaced men from uniting. Ought we continue inactive for the sake of propitiating a minister whom such considerations would influence to desert his post? Do we owe so much to the Repealers—are we so bound to their clemency—so prostrate before their power—so wholly at their mercy, that we should voluntarily remain

helpless to have a claim on their precarious forbearance?

But, admitting that reasons like these should not dissuade from union, an adversary may ask what good argument is there to recommend it—what hope have we to offer that union will bring us good. "We should rather make history the vehicle of such instruction than assume to ourselves the office of imparting it. For the advantages of union we would refer to the history of Ulster at the close of the last century—we would refer to the success attendant on the institution of Conservative clubs in times much more recent. Evil as are the days on which we have fallen, those through which our ancestors struggled were more calamitous, and that they did not perish in them was, humanly speaking, ascribable to the protection which they found in union. Menaced, assaulted, oppressed, as the loyal Protestants were in various parts of Ulster where Defenders and United Irishmen almost rivalled each other in atrocities of which good subjects were the victims, it was not until Protestants united for their own defence, that the government to which they rendered true allegiance took thought of them. In those dreary days, the loyal Protestants were few. Co-religionists were against them in one form of organization. Roman Catholics in another, and the government which ought to have afforded them protection, was negligent or ignorant of its duty. It seemed to be a time in which the land was abandoned to the turbulent and daring, and in which government had abdicated its functions. It was at such a time, in the most disturbed part of Ireland, the much maligned Orange Institution was formed, and for the benefits derivable from that union, we need only refer to the state of Ulster before and after its formation. He who compares the Ulster of 1795, (in the autumn of which the first Orange lodge was instituted) and of many years preceding, with the Ulster of the last forty-eight years, dating from the period at which the Orange affiliation was completed, will scarcely ask what benefits may be found in union. The advantages, we believe, are not less manifest as they were exhibited in the later Conservative associations. We need but allude to

the Carlton Club as one form in which such unions proved their efficiency, by putting out of power the ministry over which Mr. O'Connell bore sway, to replace it by another, which, for want of an efficient Protestant union, seems lapsing into a state of subservency to the same influence and dictation. In a word, Protestant union, in the last century, saved Ireland, through God's blessing, from anarchy and devastation; recently, Protestant union, delivered the empire from the O'Connell-Melbourne administration, and now, owing to the want of Protestant union, the Peel cabinet seems to show itself bent on carrying out, in its most offensive details, the policy of the government it superseded.

While we advocate with whatever power we have, and we confess it to be but small—in comparison of our wishes but weakness, the idea of Protestant union, we are reconciled to it only by a persuasion that it is indispensably necessary. Much rather would we see the people of this country, one, remembering the difference of their creeds only when proceeding to their respective acts or offices of worship, and at other times and occasions only remembering that all should be one in the bonds of charity, that all were to be disciples of Him who made "love to one another" the distinguishing characteristic by which they should be known—much rather would we recognise community in the principles which all Christian professors hold, than estrangement in the matters in which they differ. But we are not left free to follow these dictates of our heart, the confederacy which "would make our country a wilderness," will not permit us to do so—and the minister who said in the measure of 1829 "let religious distinctions be effaced" and who has said in the measures and professions of 1845—"let religious distinctions be restored," commands the Protestants to remember that the state pronounces them a distinct and separate portion of the people—a portion distinguished in order to its being degraded. Is this more than the truth? Was it not the avowed principle of "Emancipation" that religious distinctions should be obliterated in order that the profession of the creed of Rome should not dis-

qualify for official station—and is not the policy of the present administration in making the profession of that creed a ground of preference, the revival of religious distinctions in such a form and spirit, as to render them an injury and an insult to the Protestants of Ireland? How is it possible, under such circumstances, to forget that we are a distinct portion of the Irish people—how is it possible, if we feel as men, and would act as wise men, to refrain longer from “taking close order” and organizing ourselves into a compact brotherhood?

Nor is it in the distribution of patronage only, or in the appropriation of the public funds, Protestants are taught to feel that they are the disfavoured party; the same stern truth is proclaimed to them by due form of law. What constituted Orange processions an offence during that period of eight or nine years which has recently expired? The letter of a penal statute. What constitutes the adoption of signs and pass-words by the Orange body an offence? The same rigid authority—the letter of a severe act of parliament. Is there any thing morally wrong, any thing really prejudicial to the well being of individuals or the state in these prohibited customs? Assuredly Sir Robert Peel will hardly say that there is. He who defended Orangeism and Orangemen in the year 1814, in the language made use of by the right honourable baronet, cannot possibly account the Orange confederation or its observances immoral. Why then should he hold them illegal? Perhaps he finds them inconvenient—perhaps he esteems them, under existing circumstances, hurtful to the interests of the country. Is this a sufficient defence and justification for pronouncing them an offence, for creating a new crime, and for punishing, by imprisonment or transportation, honest and peaceful contrivances for personal protection, or the public commemoration of a great national deliverance? Is the opinion of the minister, if such be his opinion, his justification for adhering to a policy which holds “exuberance of loyalty” as a species of “petty treason,” and visits it with little less than capital punishment? Let it be so—let it be admitted that because Roman Catholics felt or affected anger at cer-

tain public commemorations, it was right to pronounce Orangeism an indictable offence. We ask only this—is the legislation just, is the policy impartial, which embarrasses loyal Protestants in their upright and conservative associations, and which leaves unfettered, and taking into account the whole circumstances of the case, we might say favours and encourages, that baleful confederacy which, in the guarded language of the premier, would make Great Britain a fourth-rate power, and Ireland a savage wilderness? On what sustainable plea can it be defended as equal justice to pronounce Orangeism illegal, and to abstain from pronouncing the object of the repeal confederacy treasonable? Is legislation incompetent to characterize thus the objects of such a body? Was Sir Robert Peel too feebly supported in parliament to obtain a law by which it could be effectually put down? The state of parties in both houses, and the records of our statute books furnish answers to both these questions. Were many of the *treasons created* subsequently to the statute of Edward the Third, more pernicious to the sovereign or the country than the avowed designs and well-known practices of the repeal confederacy? It is unnecessary to give the answer. Let the reader peruse only a single chapter of Blackstone, and a report of even one day's proceedings at Conciliation Hall, and he will not need further information that British law has in various instances stigmatized as treason offences less prejudicial to the interests of the country than the project of repeal.

“Jura inventa metu injusti fateare necesse est
Tempera si fastosque velle evolucere mundi.”

But if you desire to learn the wisdom of legislature from the course which has been recently pursued towards Ireland, you will be disposed to affirm that the principle which

“dat veniam corvis vexat censura columbas

is that of which the policy of Sir Robert Peel is the apt and alarming exponent. There is an old proverb not the less applicable to the affairs of life that bears it the name of one whose wisdom was given him from above—

“He that justifieth the wicked,

and he that condemneth the just, even they both are abomination to the Lord."

We commend this truth to the serious attention of the Cabinet which condemns the righteous exertions of loyal Irish Protestants, and "justifieth," by refraining to legislate against it, the Repeal confederacy and its pernicious system of agitation.

And to the Protestants of Ireland thus wronged and endangered, we earnestly recommend that they be not slow to take their own cause in hand. We trust the "alliance" which we have seen announced as in process of formation will soon be in efficient action. It will be, we hope, a society which will neither supersede, nor become identified with, any existing confederation, but will be ready to co-operate with, and to advise and assist all, whether societies or individuals, who desire to effect good by the adoption of good means. Especially we desire that it shall exert itself to instruct, and we may add, to right public opinion in England. Too long have calumnies been in circulation by which Irish Protestantism has been defamed. There are cases in which slander may be lived down; the falsehoods of which we have to complain, are too active and too pernicious in their operation, to admit of extinction by that slow process, which has in other cases been found effectual. Irish Protestants must labour to make their cause understood, and their worth known. For this purpose they must collect and

concentrate their strength. It is a great advantage to be sure of success if truth prevail—they who have such an advantage should improve it by giving truth a voice which it can speak by. The evils we labour under now, arise out of anomalies which admit of being corrected. The law pronounces us a part of the British people, and through our own supineness, as well as by the energetic exertion of our adversaries, the love of that people of whom we form a part, has grown cold to us. It is yet recoverable if we be but faithful to a great and pressing duty.

The next parliament chosen for Great Britain will exhibit a phenomenon upon which attention must be fixed. There will be a strong body of Irish members in the House of Commons, who aim at a dismemberment of the empire, and these will be sent into the legislature by that party upon which the minister bestows power and favours to the utmost extent that is permitted him. There will be a minority, perhaps, who are staunch friends to British connection, and these will be sent by that body which the minister has set himself to discountenance and depress. There will be an opportunity to make known to England the spirit which prevails in the contemplated Protestant alliance. Let it be the prayer and exertion of every man who loves his religion and his country that the opportunity be not neglected.

THE DIDACTIC IRISH NOVELISTS—CARLETON, MRS. HALL.*

WE have quite an inundation of didactic tales—a vicious kind of literature in which we are sorry to see the abilities of writers like Mr. Carleton and Mrs. Hall misapplied. Whether the object be to sustain particular views in political, economical, or theological matters, the necessity for exaggeration and want of candour in all these compositions is the same. Men of straw must be set up, that those on the other part may overthrow them; and, as the reader in search of agreeable excitement will not be satisfied without a signal overthrow, the writer usually bundles up his shewn combatants so loosely and awkwardly that they fall to pieces almost at a touch, and we rise from the ridiculous contest with an equal sense of the weakness of the fiction, and of the disingenuousness of the author.

Argumentative compositions ought always to set forth the adverse proposition, whatever it may be, in the form and context given to it by the adversary. Any other mode of dealing with an argument is suspicious; and the suspicion of foul play, which candid minds invariably conceive in such cases, is almost always confirmed by reference to the reasoning really put forward on the other side. Preachers, lecturers, and controversialists of all denominations, are too open to censure in this respect.† But, if such practices are reprehensible in argumentative discourses, they are pre-eminently odious in works of the imagi-

nation. It is a base thing to entrap a reader, by an agreeably-written love-scene or exciting adventure,* into the admission of a dogma which, if fairly stated side by side with the adverse proposition, would depend, for its admission or rejection, on its being found agreeable or otherwise, not to the imagination, but to the judgment. And even the palliation of agreeable writing is rarely found to any considerable extent in such compositions. Everything being bent to the preconceived purpose of advocating one side of the question, the presence of constraint cannot be concealed, and the writer never seems, because he can never feel, at liberty to indulge the impulse of a free genius. Sycophancy can be shewn to a party or a class, as well as to an individual; and the compositions of those who, instead of seeking to inculcate independent views, write for the opinions already inculcated on a party or on a class by others, while they are necessarily attended with the constraint, exhibit also the peculiar subserviency which distinguishes the conversation of a poor companion. Mr. D'Israeli, forming his own opinions, and writing a didactic novel for the purpose of setting them forth to the public, whom he seeks to bring over to his peculiar views, must, as we have seen from the nature of his undertaking, have recourse to exaggeration, and deal with men of straw; but, writing, to produce new convictions, not to flatter opinions already formed,

* Art Maguire; or, the Broken Pledge. By William Carleton. Dublin: James Duffy. 1845.

† Rody the Rover; or, the Ribbonman. By William Carleton. Dublin: James Duffy. 1845.

Parra Sastha; or, the History of Paddy Go-easy and his wife Nancy. By William Carleton. Dublin: James Duffy. 1845.

The Whiteboy; a Story of Ireland in 1822. By Mrs. S. C. Hall. In Two Volumes. London: Chapman and Hall. 1845.

† Among the many honourable exceptions who, nevertheless, adorn our chairs and pulpits, the present Archbishop of Dublin deserves the credit due to a most scrupulous adherence to the rules of argumentative justice, though it must be owned, he sometimes carries that primary one which we have just enunciated, to an untoward length, when the consciousness of his prowess incites his candour to set up, not men of straw, but men of iron, whom he afterwards beats about the head to little purpose.

his work, however disingenuous and constrained, will at least have the merit of not being sycophantic. Not so, unhappily, the two principal of these recent efforts of Mr. Carleton. They are didactic in style, and written to meet the pre-existing views of a particular class of readers. They are consequently affected with the characteristics annexed to their double purpose, and are at once exaggerated and subservient.

"Art Maguire, or the Broken Pledge," is a tale for the Teetotallers, dedicated to the Rev. Mr. Mathew. It makes little, if any, pretence to extend the boundaries of either rational temperance or total abstinence, but seems written solely with a view to meet the pre-existing opinions, and to confirm the already established sentiments of the class to whom, in fact, through their so-called apostle, it is dedicated. We use the word teetotalism with reluctance; for we would wish to employ a term corresponding to the greatness and importance of the movement which has taken place among us, and we feel that this slang importation from a vulgar people is unfit for, and unworthy of its subject-matter, developed on the grand scale, and with the beneficial consequences which distinguish the Temperance reformation in Ireland. The good effects are manifest. Decency and comfort are very generally seen, in place of the physical and moral wretchedness which so frequently attended the use of ardent spirits among the lower classes in this country. In the better classes, also, like instances might be occasionally pointed out; but the main operation has been on the bulk of the populace, and on them it has wrought a change unquestionably and signally for the better.

Yet great as is the good, we would not have purchased it, nor, were the movement to be acted over again, would we now purchase it at the price, in increased superstition and decreased self-reliance, paid for it by the people. It was a movement as essentially fanatical as any of the moral epidemics which have affected society from the days of the Flagellants and *Convulsionnaires* to the present time. The vast majority of those who, in such prodigious multitudes, rushed to make their renunciations at the feet of Mr.

Mathew, did so in the belief of his being gifted with supernatural powers, and of a divine blessing proceeding from his hand as the equivalent for their vows. His faint equivocal denials of miraculous pretension never met the eyes or understandings of the blind, the lame, and the epileptic, who, if the Saviour himself had returned to earth, could hardly have been carried to his presence in greater numbers, or with greater confidence of being healed; and multitudes of whom departed from under his hand, after it had made its superstitious signs over their disordered organs, proclaiming themselves, in the delirium of a new religious drunkenness, restored to sight, to the use of their limbs, and to the wholesome enjoyment of all their bodily organs,—their crutches cast away, their guides dismissed, their sores disregarded,—and whose example, (although next day the poor wretches themselves were worse than ever, in the deplorable re-action of moral and physical excess), stimulated not only all the multitudes who witnessed their temporary show of relief, but other multitudes in new places of assembly, and other crowds of sick and decrepit people, to abandon themselves to the same new form of intoxication, till the whole populace of the three southern archdioceses were drunk with the very abnegation of drunkenness.

Into the northern archdiocese, presided over by the Roman Catholic Archbishop Crolly, a man of a prudent and resolute mind, and who, in the recent conflict between the advocates of separate and mixed education, has suffered an honourable persecution in the maintenance of liberal opinion, this frenzy, so far as it depended on the presence of Mr. Mathew, was not permitted to enter. What the motive for its exclusion may have been, whether the danger of popular collisions, or the indisposition of the clergy to submit themselves to additional self-denial, or the use which had already begun to be made of the movement for seditious purposes, or the invalidity of the vow itself, as being inconsistent with the authentic doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church, we are not in a position to say; but it would appear most probable that the last was the main objection.

For it is unquestionable that the total abstinence vow, in the great majority of cases in which it has been administered, is invalid, according to the recognised teaching of the Roman Catholic schools of divinity. By all the doctors, from St. Thomas to Dens, a vow is thus defined—"a promise made to God of something for the better in the power of the promiser to perform," (S. Thom. art. 2). If it be not of something for the better (*de meliori bono*), it is so wholly void, that God, it is said, cannot accept it, (*non acceptatur a Deo*, Dens de Virt. No. 90.) so that to make the Mathewite vow in general, or in any other case than that of confirmed habits of drunkenness, a valid one, it is essential to affirm that the condition of total abstinence from spirituous stimulants is a better good than any condition of their use, except for medical or sacramental purposes.

But if this be so, Mahomet was a wiser lawgiver than Christ, which we need hardly say is a proposition not to be admitted by any Christian divine.

On this, as well as on the ground of want of deliberation, there is hardly one pledge out of a hundred that could be said by a Roman Catholic divine to be a valid vow. In all cases of persons whose habits had before been temperate, such as the multitude of youths and females who have pledged themselves, it is palpably null and void, according to the Roman Catholic doctrine—so absolutely so, that, as we have observed, the divines of that church do not hesitate to declare God's utter inability to accept it. Nevertheless we have no desire to see these persons abandon their pledge (we do not say "break," for that which never bound cannot well be said to be broken), for we entertain but little expectation of their acquiring enough of knowledge to know the reason of its nullity, and we believe that an abandonment of it, on any other ground than full knowledge of the reason why it is invalid, would be attended with much unhappiness and loss of self-respect to the parties.

We repeat, therefore, if the movement were to be acted over again, we would not purchase even the existing amelioration at the cost of imposing questionable vows upon the people through the agency of an ignorance and a superstitious credulity which must ne-

cessarily remain with, and qualify the good that they have been instrumental in creating. To these evils of the system is also to be added that loss of self-reliance which every man who trusts to external forms and formularies for keeping him in the right path, must experience, and which, so long as the Mathewite medal is regarded as an amulet, must continue to mix its ingredient of evil in the good which it accompanies.

This good also has been much exaggerated. The improved condition of the Irish populace is owing, to a great extent, to the improved system of our police. Habits of peacefulness and order, except where every exertion for the national improvement has been counteracted by Ribbonism, have been impressed both in town and country by the constant presence of those whose duty it is to protect the peaceable and to bring the turbulent to punishment. In the aggregate of improvement, Sir Robert Peel divides the credit with Mr. Mathew to a considerable extent, while in the instrumentality employed, he has had recourse to nothing but what is agreeable to reason and to all authority, divine and human.

And this further consideration ought to be borne in mind, that the old evils attendant both on the abuse of ardent spirits, and on the imperfections of our unreformed police, have been unreasonably heaped on the former cause; for there is no doubt that were the Irish populace fully reconciled to the condition of peaceful citizens, and occupied in lucrative industry, they might consume twice as much even of ardent spirits as they ever have done, without in any way deranging the frame, or retarding the progress of society; for the Scotch, a people of the same race, and in no way naturally more disposed to peaceful pursuits, have for centuries being in the habit of consuming more than twice as much spirits as the Irish ever did, even in their most dissipated days; yet during that time their country has been making a continuous advance in tranquillity, in wealth, and in all the arts of life.

We desire to see the day when the peasantry of Ireland will be able to participate in the moderate enjoyment of all the good things of life vouchsafed to people of their condition else-

where by the beneficent Deity; but in the enjoyment of stimulating liquors we would rather see them follow the example of the Germanic family, by using the malt liquors proper to their climate in the form of beer, than that of the Scotch and more northern nations, who consume them in their less desirable condition of ardent spirits.

But the despotic formulas at present in use prohibit the one as much as the other; and if we would see the people admitted to the enjoyment of even the most moderate comforts of this kind, we must place ourselves as much in opposition to Mr. Mathew and his system, as if we desired to see our countrymen emulate the Scotch in their most dangerous indulgences. We therefore have no choice, in expressing our desire that the people should have temperate enjoyment, but to dissent from the whole principle of teetotalism, with all its agencies of vows, formulas, and amulets.

In these views we dissent from all that class for whom Mr. Cartleton's "Art Maguire" has been written; but a difference of opinion is no reason why we should look either on the people themselves with any want of affection, or esteem as friends and neighbours—God forbid!—or on their book with any peculiar disfavour as a literary composition.

From the very nature of the work, it was impossible for Mr. Cartleton to excite much curiosity or interest in the fortunes of his hero. "Art Maguire, or the Broken Pledge, dedicated to Father Mathew," tells the story on the title page. The hero must necessarily become a drunkard, be reformed, and finally fall from his obligation. The reader perceives this in the first leaf of the book as plainly as when he has read it through. The detail of Maguire's progress in debasement is merely distressing: no genius could elevate it into claims even on a tender pity. Every thing necessarily partakes of the painful and debasing. To restore him again to self-respect, decency, and prosperity, by the patent and expeditious process of passing him under the hand of Father Mathew, affords no room for any of the pleasing hopes, fears, and excitements which a reader loves to experience, in accompanying his hero through the events

of any well constructed story. "We shall have Art begging in the streets by and bye," says the reader: he finds him begging there, without doubt; and having seen him to the lowest step of the ladder, says, "we may now expect Father Mathew to appear on the stage." That reverend gentleman is introduced *selon les regles*, goes through his formula, and the reader, again communing with himself, says, "Now we are to see Art beginning to prosper again." Prosperity, be sure, is not behind-hand, and as soon as the blessings annexed to the Mathewite pledge have exhibited themselves to an extent commensurate with the popular belief in its efficacy, Reader, with a weary groan, makes his last prophecy—"Now, then, he is to break his pledge and go to the—!" and he breaks his pledge and goes, so far at least as his temporal interests are concerned, to the — accordingly.

To give interest to a plot so bald and jejune, required a very strong effort of genius, and notwithstanding its being put to such grievous disadvantages, Mr. Cartleton's genius has succeeded in imparting a really considerable amount of interest to his story; not indeed in any of his distressing or revolting pictures of drunkenness, neither in any of his didactic passages, which are invariably tedious, whether delivered in his own person, or by deputation through the medium of sermonizing carpenters or such like members of his exhortatory chorus; but in the love and fidelity of poor Margaret Murray, the drunkard's wife, who in many respects, is not unworthy to take her place among the graceful and delightful daughters of his youthful imagination. He has no where written with greater purity, than in his description of Margaret, when first introduced to us, young, happy, and beloved.

"Margaret was a girl whom it was almost impossible to know and not to love. Though then but seventeen, her figure was full, rich, and beautifully formed. Her abundant hair was black and glossy as ebony, and her skin, which threw a lustre like ivory itself, had—not the whiteness of snow—but a whiteness a thousand times more natural—a whiteness that was fresh, ra-

diant, and spotless. She was arch and full of spirits, but her humour—for she possessed it in abundance—was so artless, joyous, and innocent, that the heart was taken with it before one had time for reflection. Added, however, to this charming vivacity of temperament were many admirable virtues, and a fund of deep and fervent feeling, which, even at that early period of her life, had made her name beloved by every one in the parish, especially the poor and destitute. The fact is, she was her father's favourite daughter, and he could deny her nothing. The admirable girl was conscious of this, but instead of availing herself of his affection for her in a way that many—nay, we may say, most—would have done, for purposes of dress or vanity, she became an interceding angel for the poor and destitute; and closely as Murray loved money, yet it is due to him to say, that, on these occasions, she was generally successful. Indeed, he was so far from being insensible to his daughter's noble virtues, that he felt pride in reflecting that she possessed them, and gave aid ten times from that feeling for once that he did from a more exalted one. Such was Margaret Murray, and such, we are happy to say—for we know it—are thousands of the peasant girls of our country."

Contrasted with this sweet picture of a good and happy girl, the sad reverse presents itself of Margaret, wooed, won, and reduced to misery by her drunken husband—a dismal picture, dreadfully true, and only redeemed from being shocking, by the pathetic sentiment, with which love and patience invest even its most frightful features.

"One evening about this time, Margaret was sitting upon a small hassock of straw, that had been made for little Art, when he began to walk. It was winter, and there was no fire; a neighbour, however, had out of charity lent her a few dipped rushes, that they might not be in utter darkness. One of these was stuck against the wall, for they had no candlestick; and oh what a pitiable and melancholy spectacle did its dim and feeble light present! There she sat, the young, virtuous, charitable, and lovely Margaret of the early portion of our narrative, surrounded by her almost naked children—herself with such thin and scanty covering as would wring any heart but to know it. Where now was her beauty? Where her mirth, cheerfulness, and all her light-

ness of heart? Where? Let her ask that husband who once loved her so well, but who loved his own vile excesses and headlong propensities better. There, however, she sat, with a tattered cap on, through the rents of which her raven hair, once so beautiful and glossy, came out in tattered elf-locks, and hung down about her thin and wasted neck. Her face was pale and ghastly as death; her eyes were without fire—full of langour—full of sorrow; and alas, beneath one of them, was too visible by its discoloration, the foul mark of her husband's brutality. To this had their love, their tenderness, their affection come; and by what? Alas! by the curse of liquor—the demon of drunkenness—and want of manly resolution. She sat, as we have said, upon the little hassock, whilst shivering on her bosom was a sickly looking child, about a year old, to whom she was vainly endeavouring to communicate some of her own natural warmth. The others, three in number, were grouped together for the same reason; for poor little Atty—who, though so very young, was his mother's only support, and hope, and consolation—sat with an arm about each, in order, as well; he could, to keep off the cold—the night being stormy and bitter. Margaret sat rocking herself too and fro, as those do who indulge in sorrow, and crooning for her infant the sweet old air of '*Tha ma cullha's na dhusha me*,' or '*I am asleep and don't awaken me!*'—a tender but melancholy air, which had something peculiarly touching in it, on the occasion, in question.

"'Ah,' she said, 'I am asleep and don't waken me; if it wasn't for *your sakes*, darlins, it's I that long to be in that sleep that we will never waken from; but sure, lost in misery as we are, what could yez do without me still?'

"'What do you mane, mammy?' said Atty; 'sure doesn't every body that goes to sleep waken out of it?'

"'No, darlin'; there's a sleep that nobody wakens from.'

"'Dat quare sleep, mammy,' said a little one. 'Oh but me's could, mammy; will we eva have blankets?'

"The question, though simple, opened up the cheerless, the terrible future to her view. She closed her eyes, put her hands on them, as if she strove to shut it out, and shivered as much at the apprehension of what was before her, as with the chilly blasts that swept through the windowless house.

"'I hope so, dear,' she replied; 'for God is good.'

"And will he get us blankets, mammy?"

"Yes, darlin', I hope so."

"Mo id rady he'd get us sometin' to ait fust, mammy; I'm starvin' wid hungry;" and the poor child began to cry for food."

It would be doing great injustice to the *genius* which unquestionably breaks out in frequent manifestations throughout this tale, to say that there are not many passages of equal or superior merit at hand for citation by any friendly critic: but, striking and numerous as such passages are, in detached parts of the story, we cannot but feel that as a whole "Art Maguire" drags a slow length of unprofitable commonplaces, which we fear are too destitute of vivacity ever to recommend themselves either to rustic or to refined readers.

Speaking, on a former occasion, of Mr. Carleton's happier exercises of his genius, we observed that to be perfectly successful, he ought to remove himself a hundred miles away from the desire to please: we may now add that he had need to keep at an equal distance from the desire to instruct; for his true province is that of the poet evolving unpremeditated creations of beauty, not that either of the wit or of the philosopher, and still less this rashly invaded domain of the didactic economist, a field necessarily circumscribed for even the best talents in that department, but to a genius like his a positive prison, in which it is impossible for him to move with either strength or freedom.

The shifts to which he has resorted in preserving the necessary tone of reverence towards the Roman Catholic clergy, on the one hand, and in depicting with sufficient exaggeration the debasement of the people, for whose moral condition the priesthood are responsible, from the use of ardent spirits, on the other, sufficiently attest the uneasiness of his position. Without a degree of subserviency to the theological prejudices of the populace, the book would fail of reaching those for whose special instruction it is intended: without an excessive exaggeration of the debased condition of the populace prior to the Mathewite movement, it would fail in its proposed moral lesson after having reached them. In this dilemma what is to be

done? The people must be shewn to have been brutalized; yet the priesthood who have had the direction of their morals, during all the time of that deteriorating process, must still be treated as the best and wisest of popular instructors. It is a hard case for a man so earnestly desirous of playing the part of Mentor. If Mr. Carleton had made a juster estimate of his powers in that character, he probably would not have bid so high. As it is, he pays the price of gratifying his ambition to be a teacher, or rather to re-echo the teaching of others, by some literary genuflections which are worth preserving as evidence of the lengths to which false conceptions of their proper calling, will sometimes carry intellectual men. After a powerful and even poetic exposition of the universal debasement of the people, and of the sudden dissipation of the darkness and horror of their long night of intemperance, before the bright advent of the genius of Tectotalism, we have the following passage.

"Now we are willing to give all possible credit, and praise, and honor to Father Mathew; but we do not hesitate to say, that even he would have failed in being, as he is, the great visible exponent of this admirable principle, unless there has been other kindred principles in the Irishman's heart, which recognised and clung to it. In other words, it is unquestionable, that had the religious and moral feelings of the Irish people been neglected, the principle of temperance would never have taken such deep root in the heart of the nation as it has done. Nay, it *could* not; for does not every man of common sense know, that good moral principles seldom grow in a bad moral soil, until it is cultivated for their reception. It is, therefore, certainly a proof that the Roman Catholic priesthood of Ireland had not neglected the religious principles of the people. It may, I know, and it has been called a superstitious contagion; but however that may be, so long as we have such contagions among us, we will readily pardon the superstition. Let superstition always assume a shape of such beneficence and virtue to man, and we shall not quarrel with her for retaining the name. Such a contagion could never be found among any people in whom there did not exist predisposing qualities, ready to embrace and nurture the good which came with it."

"Our argument, we know, may be

met by saying that its chief influence was exerted on those whose habits of dissipation, immorality, and irreligion kept them aloof from the religious instruction of the priest. But to those who know the Irish heart, it is not necessary to say that many a man addicted to drink is far from being free from the impressions of religion, or uninfluenced by many a generous and noble virtue. Neither does it follow that every such man has been neglected by his priest, or left unadmonished of the consequences which attend his evil habit. But how did it happen, according to that argument, that it was this very class of persons—the habitual, or the frequent, or the occasional drunkard—that first welcomed the spirit of temperance, and availed themselves of its blessings? If there had not been the buried seeds of neglected instruction lying in their hearts, it is very improbable that they would have welcomed and embraced the principle as they did. On the other hand, it is much more likely that they would have fled from, and avoided a spirit which deprived them of the gratification of their ruling and darling passion. Evil and good, we know, do not so readily associate."

A similar alacrity in devising excuses for whatever could be deemed censurable in the personal part enacted by Mr. Mathew, exhibits itself in a mode of accounting for the miraculous powers imputed to that gentleman, almost as comical as it is courageous. Speaking of the great Ballykeeran temperance meeting at which his hero takes the pledge, Mr. Carleton thus throws himself into the breach, with an excuse for the miracles, in which we confess ourselves at a loss whether most to admire his devotedness, his ingenuity, or his valiant disregard of the adverse facts.

"Of course, it is not to be supposed that among such a vast multitude of people there were not, as there always is, a great number of those vagabond imposters who go about from place to place, for the purpose of extorting charity from the simple and credulous, especially when under the influence of liquor. All this class hated the temperance movement, because they knew right well that sobriety in the people was their greatest enemy; the lame, the blind, the maimed, the deaf, and the dumb, were there in strong muster, and with their characteristic ingenuity did everything in their power, under the pretence of zeal and religious enthu-

siasm, to throw discredit upon the whole proceedings. It was this vile crew, who, by having recourse to mock miracles, fancied, they could turn the matter into derision and contempt, and who by affecting to be cured of their complaints with a view of having their own imposture, when detected, imputed to want of power in Father Mathew;—it was this vile crew, we say, that first circulated the notion that he could perform miracles. Unfortunately, many of the ignorant among the people did in the beginning believe that he possessed this power, until he himself with his characteristic candour disclaimed it. For a short time the idea of this slightly injured the cause, and afforded to its enemies some silly and senseless arguments, which, in lieu of better, they were glad to bring against it."

At the same time that we thus freely animadvert on the defects of the class of works to which "Art Maguire" belongs, and point out the illustrations of these generic vices which abound throughout the details of the work itself, it is impossible not to respect the feeling in which this particular tale has been conceived, or to abstain from wishing it a general circulation: for, now that the people have placed themselves in a position from which they cannot honorably recede, without the acquisition of an un hoped for amount of intelligence, it may possibly do good to keep before them lively pictures of the evils from which they have escaped; and it is so far, creditable to Mr. Carleton, that in all the exaggerations necessarily attending on the delineation of such scenes, he has had recourse to nothing illegitimate otherwise than in degree. He may have carried the respect due to the Roman Catholic clergy to the verge of sycophancy; he may have imputed to the general use, all the evils of the abuse, of spirituous stimulants; he may occasionally have been tedious in his desire to be impressive; but he has nowhere availed himself either of the sectarian prejudices, or of the superstitious hopes or terrors of the people. The breach of Art Maguire's pledge is attended with no divine vengeance; his medal never assumes the character of an amulet; and no unkind word against any creed or party, except indeed against the opponents of Teetotalism, disfigures the generally humane and well-intended page.

We are painfully obliged to stint, if not to shut up altogether, our measure of praise when we come to Mr. Carleton's next volume. "Rody the Rover or the Ribbonman" forms one of Mr. Duffy's shilling series; and, as the design of Mr. Duffy's publications invites the attention of a particular class, even more than that of Mr. Carleton's independent series, of which Art Maguire forms the first volume, so all the vices annexed to the sycophantic school are here in stronger and more offensive development. Written for the purpose of making Ribbonism hateful, Rody the Rover stoops to the worst prejudices of the people by representing it as the creature of their rulers:—a monstrous charge, manifestly and preposterously untrue; ungrateful towards any government affording Her Majesty's subjects the ordinary protection of life and property, and bearing all the appearance of having been introduced in subserviency to a vicious pre-disposition among the class for whom the book has been written, to believe as much as possible to the prejudice of those who are placed in authority over them.

If we said that the book directly charges the parentage of the Ribbon system on the government itself, we would do no more than state what we are persuaded must be the resulting impression on the minds of nine out of every ten of those who read it. Mr. Carleton, however, most positively denies that such was his intention in writing the volume, and insists that such in fact is not the purport of what he has written. We give his denial from the public papers, which it is but just to preserve along with the expression of our own opinion.

"RODY THE ROVER.

"To the Editor of Saunders's News-Letter.

"SIR—Although I have been always reluctant to obtrude myself upon public notice, except through the medium of our national literature, yet I beg upon the present occasion to make an observation or two, with your permission, in connexion with that literature and myself.

"I have heard from many sources that a very general impression exists that in my last volume but one, to wit, "Rody the Rover," I have deliberately connected the vile Ribbon system, against which that work was written, and to

which I am told it has already done such serious damage, with the government of the country. Now, I most unhesitatingly contradict and deny this, and say that no honest person who has ever read the book could arrive at any such conclusion; in fact there is no assertion of the kind in it. That I spoke harshly of government for encouraging the spy and detective system I admit; but, in doing this, I only exercised a legitimate right—a right which every honest man and sincere lover of true liberty should exercise so long as government shall continue to keep such an odious and unconstitutional body in its employment.

"I have only to conclude by saying that it is more in compliance with the solicitations of my friends, than from any wish to stand either well or ill with government that I take the trouble to disclaim motives which I never entertained, and which were imputed to me by my enemies.

"I beg, sir, to subscribe myself, with much respect, your faithful servant,

"W. CARLETON.

"Clontarf Crescent, Nov. 5, 1845."

We are quite satisfied with Mr. Carleton's denial of the intention to impute this conspiracy against the law, to those whose duty it is to see the law administered; but we totally differ from him when he asserts that such is not the effect of the writing as it stands. The plot of Rody the Rover is simply this:—Mr. Ogle, a rich, vulgar man, desires to obtain a seat on the magisterial bench. He communicates his desire to Sharpe, a justice of the peace having influence with the government, and backs his application with five hundred pounds in hand, and the promise of five hundred more on obtaining the commission. Sharpe is a member of an official conspiracy, presided over by some one who is described as a castle-hack and lawyer, and who, for their own purposes, have created and spread the Ribbon system, in order, (singular expedient) by keeping the country in a state of disturbance, to keep themselves in power. Rody the Rover, a profligate fellow of good address, is thereupon employed by Sharpe to sow the seeds of Ribbonism in Ogle's neighbourhood, in order that Ogle may exhibit sufficient zeal, not in suppressing, but in fomenting and bringing the popular discontent to a head, to entitle him to the favor of the government, which he accordingly

obtains. Such is the series of awkward and preposterous devices by which the odium of the Ribbon conspiracy is, in fact, (however it may be in intention) transferred from its guilty originators to the detested gentry and rulers of the country. All that we have stated may be seen more at large by any one who will take the trouble to read the chapter entitled "A peep behind the Scenes." The actors here are in that class of life which Mr. Carleton has always failed in depicting; and we ~~are~~ not do either his reputation or our own pages the injustice of extracting their absurdly-written speeches, but content ourselves with the letter of the official correspondent, from which alone the impression we have adverted to would naturally enough, nay almost unavoidably, result.

"Dublin Castle.

(Private.)

"My dear sir—In reply to yours of the 10th, I beg to say, that although there has been at present no outbreak in the district of Ballybracken, yet the government have reason to believe that the seeds of a popular commotion are shooting into a rapid growth in that part of the country—a circumstance which unfortunately is not peculiar to that immediate locality. At present the government are in communication with a gentleman who is admirably qualified to develop this pernicious system of conspiracy against law, life, and property, which it seems is there gaining strength. Should it be crushed or suppressed without any outbreak of popular violence, it is not likely that your friend, Mr. Ogle, can now succeed in getting an appointment to the Bench, although I admit that his claims, as proprietor of the mines in that neighbourhood, are certainly strong. If, however, on the contrary, the peace of that district should become disturbed, it is likely—perhaps certain, notwithstanding a good deal of opposition from certain quarters, that he will be appointed. Government have received very valuable instructions from your neighbour, Mr. Sharpe, on this particular subject—a subject which no man seems to understand so well, or can trace so successfully. I think you had better consult him, as I know of scarcely any person who possesses more substantial influence with government, nor who has rendered, greater or more important, or more honourable services to it and the country at large. Of course, I cannot violate official secrecy

by being more communicative, and must therefore conclude by assuring you, that I am, my dear sir, very sincerely yours,

"THOMAS J. TUNNEY."

"Christopher Forde, Esq."

The only salvo which we can observe throughout the volume, is in the subsequent scene, where Sharpe, being left alone, pronounces a sententious soliloquy, which it is but justice to Mr. Carleton to give in corroboration, so far as it will go, of the denial contained in his letter.

"Now," proceeded he, continuing his soliloquy after the servant had gone, "people would say, if I could be discovered, that I am one of those men who trade upon the crimes and sufferings of the people. Granted, and a good trade I find it. But am I the first that has done so? Am I the first that has, by the means of emissaries and informers, first corrupted them, and afterwards won the confidence of an unsuspecting government, by pretended discoveries of the very principles which we have ourselves secretly implanted among them? No, I am not the first, and I will not be the last; for so long as the aforesaid people shall be sensible enough to take the bait, there will be always plenty of those who fish in troubled waters to give it to them. When the people despise the admonitions of their own clergy, and of their best and truest friends, I don't see any great harm in taking them into our hands, and turning them, at their expense, to our account. As for part, I'm not afraid of discovery; take care, as I do, that the instruments I work with, though right well adapted to my purposes, are so infamous, that any charge or treachery against me or any one on their part, would be accepted by the world."

This is a very feeble and insufficient exculpation, where the whole tendency of the plot, and of the language of the parties engaged, is to saddle the parentage of Ribbonism on men in office, whom the reader never thinks of distinguishing from the government itself; and the imputation is just as untrue and scandalous with respect to men in office, as distinguished from the cabinet at large, as it is when taken in its full ostensible application to the whole government. Individual policemen, indeed, have sometimes affected to reveal conspiracies of their own creation, and have been punished

as often as detected; and if Rody the Rover were such a character, the piece would not be so very objectionable, although in any story founded on individual villainy of that kind, we would require that the writer should, in candour, apprise his readers of the existence already, among the people, of a conspiracy organised by themselves, and the extension only of which into a particular locality he should impute to his particular villain. But, to suppress the fact of any Ribbonism being in existence, except such as is insinuated to have had its origin in the castle of Dublin, is altogether monstrous and intolerable.

We would by no means desire to see Mr. Carleton or any other writer exhibit a want of respect for the religion of any section of Christians, but his assumption of a sanctimonious tone in reference to that of his expected readers, is really *de trop*. Too much pudding, it is said, will choke a dog; and this continual reference to "first mass," "second mass," "twelve o'clock mass," and all the other varieties of that significant ceremony, in every picture of Ireland as she ought to be, is quite too unctuous for any but the most wide-throated devotees to swallow. Take, for example, this picture of the manners of the people in the reformed village of Ballybracken.

"Molly—'Jemmy, will you look out, *achora*, an' try if you can see Kitty comin' round the corner o' the road from first mass. Isn't it a great blessin' that she's able to take care o' the two young ones while I'm at the chapel?"

"'Throth it is, Molly; it's herself that's the *sonsy*, handy crathur, goin' through the house so quiet and sweet-tempered, that you'd never know she's in it. An' how regular the crathur attends early mass, and how punctual she goes to her duty at Christmas an' Aither. Oh, no wonder she'd have the grace o' God, an' that there 'ud be a blessin', as there is, upon every thing she puts her hand to."

"'Throth an' there is that, then."

"'Begad, Molly, you have my shirt as white as a burned bone, and my blay stockings for summer looks beautiful; altogether I'm a great turn out—eh?"

"Take care now, don't take all wid you: maybe here's as nate a consarn as yours any day. Fasten these hooks, will you, between my shoulders. Sorra one o' the new gown but's a beauty all

out; and although Sally Shape did not over much like it, I knew it 'ud make up well. Arra didn't the chidre, the crathurs, look clane an' dacent goin' to the catechiz class before mass?"

"'Didnt they?"

"'Especially poor Barney, afther his sickness. Throth he has a complexion that the son of a lord mightn't be ashamed of."

"'Ah, Molly, there's nothin' like the schoolin'; an' you don't know the comfort I feel when I considher that they're gettin' [the larnin'.] I never look at a book, or a piece of writin', that I don't feel my heart cut becase I don't know a letter of it."

"'Well, but isn't it a great thing to us both that the crathurs can read us sich knowledgable advice—that's the wrong hook, man; there, that'll do—sich knowledgable advice out o' them little books, taichin' us what to do, an' what we ought *not* to do; how to keep our houses clane an' nate, inside an' out; how we're always to be doin' something that's useful; how we're to be sober an' punctual—up early an' down late; an' above all things, not to neglect our *religious duties*."

"'Ay indeed, Molly; an' to respect ourselves, an' to avoid bad company, an' above all things, to have nothin' to do with these saicret societies, or ribbonism in any shape. Eh—why here's Kitty! Arra, Kitty dear, where wor you this minute when I went to see if you wor comin'?"

"'Why, as I passed the garden, I thought I might as well cut a couple o' heads of cabbages to boil wid the bacon, as to be goin' back agin for them."

"'Bedad that pig, Molly,' exclaims the husband, looking towards the chimney corner, where it hung in *fat* slitches of bacon, 'that last pig turned out famously; but I knew it would cut up well.'

"'Well, sorra one, Jemmy, but it went hard wid *me* an' Barney to ait the kidney. That I mayn't sin, but in spite o' what Father Hayes said, I was afraid there would grow a kidney out of both our cheeks, an' hang there as long as we lived."

"'Hut, woman, there's many anould piece o' nonsense that'll be sent a *shaughran* as well as that. Well, are you ready to start? I can tell you we'll have very little time to spare for the twelve o'clock mass."

"'I'm jist bringin' this little bottle to fetch home a sup o' holy wather to keep in the house. Come now, in the name o' God. Kitty, alanna, put down the dinner about twelve, jist when the shadow of the gavel reaches the white-

thorn; an' above all things, achora, don't let them crathurs too near the fire. You'll find a dhrink for little Mummy in the green jug, there on the middle shelf, an' warm it, acushla, in the skillet, for a cowl'd dhrink doesn't agree wid him.'

"Each then, comfortably dressed, clean, and easy in mind, proceeded with a serious but cheerful spirit, to worship God with thankfulness of heart, and to place themselves, with renewed faith, under his Almighty protection."

From the misrepresentations and subservient compliances of Rody the Rover, we turn with relief even to the coarse and hurried pages of "Parra Sastha," the last of Mr. Carleton's works, and for the imperfections of which he has the amply sufficient excuse of having been called on to write it on a very few days' notice. We sympathise fully with him, and with the Irish people, in deploring the untimely death of the able and sincere man whose place he was thus suddenly called on to supply; and, considering the urgency of the occasion, and the shock which Mr. Davis's death gave to all who enjoyed his personal acquaintance, we would willingly make much larger allowances than, in fact, are called for; Parra Sastha, although very coarse and much exaggerated, being really written for one of the most meritorious purposes possible. It is designed to be, in some measure, an Irish "Cottagers of Glenburnie." The lively little Scottish tale is said to have exercised a very wholesome influence in reforming the slut-tish habits of the lower classes of that country. It unquestionably had the effect of directing the attention of the better classes to efforts for the preservation of cleanliness and decency among the populace, though we doubt whether it ever operated immediately on the cottagers themselves. In this view, we could sincerely desire that Mr. Carleton's tale had stronger attractions for the better sort of readers; for we fear its prevailing coarseness must prove a barrier to its reception among persons of even a moderate degree of refinement; and, that it will effect its object by operating directly on the people themselves, we do not think at all likely. The picture of Parra Sastha's condition of sloth and dirt before his marriage to the reforming Nancy, is too offensive not to

be resented by the humble reader, who, even in the most squalid cabin, will feel a degree of indignation at seeing himself and his neighbours held up as filthier in their habits than they actually are. We hope both this and the *Ribbonman* may reach new editions, that some amendment may be made, in justice to the government on the one hand, in justice to the people themselves on the other; and, even as much as for the sake of either, in justice to Mr. Carleton himself, whose fine genius it is lamentable to see perverted and debased in passages such as we have censured.

The light of genius breaks out in Parra Sastha much more naturally than in either of its companion pieces. It was written, as we have said, in a hurry; and the author has not had time to consider how what he desired to say, would affect this or that question, or be received by this or that class of readers. He has acted on the unpremeditated suggestions of a free fancy, and, if he were not so coarse, would really be most humorous and entertaining. Yet, owing to the prevailing blemish, we are unable to select a single passage, truthful and humorous as many of them are, which would not compromise both us and him; for there is nothing in criticism more true than this, that in fiction it is as important to know what to omit in our imitations, of actual life, as what to retain.

We have discharged a distasteful duty towards Mr. Carleton. Formerly we had the pleasant task of celebrating his almost unmixed praises. We would willingly be engaged in the same agreeable occupation again, if he would enable us. Let us hope that these recent pieces, while they indicate a reviving vigour, and exhibit singular diligence and activity, are but the harsh first-runnings of a new overflow of genius, which will presently flow forth upon us, in the same strength and purity, that still delight the world in "Tubber Derg," and the "Poor Scholar."

We now turn to a work of a more ambitious character, Mrs. Hall's novel, of "the Whiteboy, a story of Ireland in 1822;" a work, however, which belongs essentially to the same school, written didactically, for the existing opinions of the class among whom

it is designed to circulate, and as little exempt from the vices inherent in that style of composition, as any of the three which we have already passed in review. The class for whose behoof Mrs. Hall has taken up the pen, are that numerous body of respectable English people, who may justly be described as possessing much wealth, little knowledge, good intentions, and large self-esteem. They read in their newspapers, and vicious ephemeral literature, of the Irish, as poor and barbarous; they are sincerely desirous to befriend us, and find a complacent satisfaction in the belief, that unless with their assistance, we are altogether incapable of befriending ourselves; good, vain, poor people, to whom nothing is more agreeable than that form of flattery which consists in suggesting comparisons to their own advantage. Mrs. Hall has taken their measure with an accurate eye; and, although it might be easy to suggest a more dignified employment for an Irish lady, than that of suiting the peculiar tastes of those who delight in flattering themselves with the belief that the Irish are so greatly their inferiors, it must be owned that she has done so with as much delicacy towards her own country, as the temper of the London literary market admits. Few female writers possess the genius to create opinion, and when we find even men like Carleton satisfied to write for the opinions of others, we must be tender in our censure of Mrs. Hall, whose genius never aspired beyond catering gracefully for pre-existing tastes, when she falls in with the foible of the day in the city where she resides, and even at some cost to the character of her country, gratifies the vanity in enlisting the benevolence and good will of our English fellow-subjects.

Still, palliate the thing as we may, it is wrong towards both parties. The people of England cannot afford to have their ignorance of this part of the united kingdom increased by representations, however flattering, of their own superiority; for vanity and ignorance have ever been the parents of weakness; and the people of Ireland are much too intelligent not to see, and much too spirited not to resent any disposition to humiliate them for the

aggrandisement in self-esteem of those whom they daily find to be no more than their equals in any of the pursuits of life, whether practical or intellectual.

The "Whiteboy" is a tale of agrarian disturbance in the south of Ireland, into the midst of which the genius of tranquillity and improvement is introduced, in the person of a young English gentleman, who infuses a portion of good sense (only to be found, it would seem, on the eastern side of the Irish channel) into the agitated masses of society, sufficient, in the twinkling of an eye, to leaven the whole with peace and prosperity. How, exactly, the improvement is produced does not appear; but after the usual series of adventures, love passages, battles, burnings, and other such bribes to the imagination to put up with the interspersed economic reflections, some general allusions to drainage and cottage allotments induce us to believe that something of this kind must have constituted the *modus operandi* of our sensible and benevolent visitant. It is, we own, somewhat tantalizing to be told of such great benefits conferred by means so simple as the importation of an English gentleman of no particular ability, yet to be left entirely in the dark as to the *quo modo*.

The noblemen and gentlemen who have been in the habit of sitting on the grand jury of the county of Cork, will probably be surprised at the picture of their manners considered suitable as a foil to the qualities of Mr. Spenser. The scene is a meeting of the magistracy at Macroom.

"It is always much easier to get a number of Irish country gentlemen together for amusement than for the dispatch of business—*mere business*; and though the lives and properties of many were at stake, yet the meeting bore too close an affinity to abstract thought to be very interesting to the majority, who gradually strolled off to inspect the kennels, bet upon some favorite horse in 'the master's' stables, or dip a line in the beautiful river Sullane that waters the domain, or for any other purpose that might wile them away from serious occupation.

"Edward was surprised to perceive that those who lingered in the dining-room were much more full of mirth and mischief, than care or concern; and

more ready to jest than to look grave, upon the state of the country. They all, however, shook him cordially by the hand, and it was his fault, but not theirs if he did not feel as much at home with them in five minutes as he would have done with his own countrymen in as many months.

"Before the entire party—who, after various messengers had been dispatched for them, came dropping in by twos and threes—were assembled, he took occasion to tell his host of the outrage he had witnessed on the road.

"My dear Sir," exclaimed one who was amusing himself by tossing fragments of oaten bread into a dog's mouth, 'the fact is, you are new to the country, and do not understand our ways.'

"Edward turned so abruptly round on the speaker, while his deep intelligent eye inquired, more eloquently than words could have done, the meaning of what he had said, that the dean laid his hand on his arm.

"The fellow, depend upon it, deserved what he got, or he would not have got it," added the speaker.

"But his life has been taken, Sir," replied Edward; 'and surely the military are not suffered to rough ride through a country, and butcher whom they please.'

"Really, Sir," said a blustering, burly, jovial-looking squire in top boots, a blue coat and buff waistcoat, 'Really, Sir, where we have so much to investigate that is important, I cannot see the use of occupying time about what is not—bothering and confusing one thing with another.'

"Easy, easy, my good friend," interrupted as jovial and good-tempered 'a spark of the Emerald' as any in the hall. 'Easy, I say. From the notes Mr. Spencer made on the spot, which our reverend friend the dean has just shewn me I'm thinking it's one of my tenants that's shot, and one that never was a gale behind; and I must have it seen into immediately.'

"But, Sir," observed Edward, 'what does it matter whose tenant he was—he was a man and a subject.'

"A Papist rebel, I'll go bail," interrupted a voice.

"Well, Sir," said Edward, 'and if he was, he had as good a right to the protection afforded by the laws of his country as either you or I—he had a right to a fair trial.'

"Bathershin!" exclaimed the same rough and thundering voice.

"I do not understand what the gentleman means," observed Edward, with a look of inquiry to the dean, who only smiled.

"What do you mean by calling a tenant of mine a 'Papist rebel?' said the gentleman who was, with Dean Graves, looking over Mr. Spencer's notes.

"What I say," replied the county colossus, as, striding forward from amid a group who indulged in the bad habit of standing round the fire, or the fire-place, he marched across the room, and looked the querist full in the face, 'A Papist rebel, I'll go bail,' he repeated, 'and as to such a fellow having a right to a fair trial, or a trial of any kind, I deny it in toto. A trial! Cock a Papist up with a fair trial indeed! If I had my own will and way, I'd soon quiet the country: I'd shoot 'em like so many rats!'

"I dare say you would," observed the person he addressed, and who seemed rather to shrink from coming in contact with one who appeared to Edward half giant half savage; 'but you wouldn't like a good paying tenant of your own to be shot, Mr. O'Driscoll.'

"It shall certainly be investigated," repeated Edward; and his quiet, calm, determined tone had a peculiarly clear and impressive sound, following, as it did, the rolling thunder of the giant's brogue, and the sharp clamour of the eager speaking of the past minute. 'I ask not concerning any man's faith——' &c. &c.

The Dean, it must be known, is the only wise man in the county of Cork, barring Edward Spenser. He plays no very active part in the plot, but is always at hand (having no parishioners) with discreet remarks, such as the following:—

"Such eager anticipation seems rather of Irish imagination than of English calculation." vol. I, p. 24.

"You must take into account the quick beatings of our hearts, and our universal habit of exaggeration." p. 28.

"Remember what I told you of Irish exaggeration." p. 29.

"They (the Irish) define nothing; an Irishman's faith is equal to his feeling, and his feeling to his faith." p. 30.

"The Irish character, constitution, feeling, principle, call it what you will, admits of no medium thoughts,—no deliberative reasonings." p. 227.

The reader may imagine what an Arcadia Cork must have been prior to the advent of these two Solons. Singular, that in all the veering and changing of English modes of account-

ing for the ills of Ireland, ascribing them sometimes to Popery, sometimes to Protestantism, now to the turbulent people, now to the truculent landlords, anon to the cruel agents, (the latest scapegoats of the season) they pertinaciously adhere at all events to the persuasion that we are by some physiological necessity so much their inferiors, that, if left to ourselves, we never could emerge from some obscurely surmised depths of barbarism in which they are told twice a day by their newspapers, and fondly believe that we are sunk; while in point of fact, the Irish people, throughout all parts of the country, and in all the pursuits of life, are prospering rapidly by their own exertions, thinking and acting for themselves, and in many of the highest intellectual pursuits, bidding fair to be the leading people of the united kingdom.

The attention of Mrs. Hall's English readers, although conciliated by these objectionable *bonuses* on their self-esteem, is nevertheless directed, in the main, to what is just and benevolent; and our modest dean, however offensive is his excess of self-abasement before the genius of English excellence, not unfrequently combines good feeling with reasonably good advice. Take the following conversation between him and the lord:—

"'I dare say,' said he, at length, 'that what you observe is quite true, and perhaps we deserve it should be so. We have protected a party and not a people. I have often heard my poor uncle say as much.'

"'You are right in that opinion,' observed Mr. Graves; 'whatever party has been dominant in England, has, to a certain extent, protected that nearest to itself in Ireland; but as the peasantry, the very, very poor have no party, no covenant with their country, the population of Ireland have had only occasional friends. Strangers frequently. Like yourself, come among us, with generous and large desires of usefulness, and kindly and extensive sympathies, but, insensibly drawn into the vortex of party, they either become accustomed to the misery which at first appalled them, or are so overwhelmed by its extent that they turn away altogether from the voice of the weeper, and in the common cry of want of care and providence in a population who, even when able to obtain employment, have only existed on what, in your country, would have

caused a hundred rebellions, under the name of starvations.'

"Neither spoke for some moments, and then Mr. Graves resumed—'let me,' he said, 'again caution you against harsh judging in any case. Do not suffer the Orange party of the North to persuade you that their warmer brethren of the South are all violent and bigoted; nor the Roman Catholics of the South to impress you with the idea that the Orangemen of the North are all bitter and fierce destroyers.'

And again—

"Fancy the impolicy of leaving a highly sensitive and imaginative people to brood, with misery and want for their companions, over the wildly, but truly chronicled tales of former greatness—wrenched from them by force or fraud. If they had been drawn into active life—if they found their labour sufficiently productive to afford them subsistence—if efforts had been made to elevate and not depress them in the scale of human-kind, such memories would have faded into fables, or have been in a greater degree lost, as they must be, where existing realities demand perpetual thought, instead of romancing over an old man's tale. We all seek something to cling to in this world—something to raise us above the tides and currents of life; the poor Englishman clings to his comforts; the poor Irishman might have done the same if he had had them to cling to; but ragged, tattered, the shivering wreck of the past, his foot still on his native heath, the music of his native land ringing in his ears, the history of his country graven on his heart; those in whom he trusts whispering disquieting advice—the advice his restless, ardent, and faithful nature best loves to hear; the only marvel is, that instead of occasional outbursts—the festering indications of unhealthy constitutions—the disease has not been more universal and more deadly. Think, my dear Sir, of these things; think, as I have so often found it necessary to do, lest my heart should harden; think, not so much of what, under the excitement and influence of dangerous men, the people do, as of what for a long series of years they have forborne to do."

All this is wise enough and very well intended; but it is quite idle to suppose that the complex problem of Irish politics is to be solved by even a much greater amount of wisdom expressing itself through the medium

of characters in a romance. General professions of tolerance and patriotism are in every body's mouth in real life, as well as in these fictions, and in both they seem equally inefficacious for the production of corresponding actions. Dean Graves advises well, but does nothing. And indeed what could he do? seeing that it is nearly as difficult a task, and as exclusively reserved for mighty minds to make fictitious characters act with propriety in a given state of social affairs, as for men themselves to act up to the occasion in real life. Therefore it is that Mr. Carleton and Mrs. Hall, both feeling how inadequate they would be personally to do any thing in solving the vast political problem which they set before their imaginations, abstain from showing, or even attempting to show *how* the principles they desire to inculcate are to be carried out in practice, dwelling with painful and ostentatious minuteness on the contrasted scenes of social disorganization, poverty, and vice, on the one hand, and of social regeneration, wealth, and virtue, on the other, but passing over the whole transition period with a speed which leaves nothing behind it save the empirical formulas of teetotalism, or the inane generalities and commonplaces of mere liberal sentiment. This does no good politically, and only spoils the effect of their pieces as legitimate novels addressing the heart and the fancy.

According to the taste of the day, Mrs. Hall has an oppressive middleman and methodist for the villain of her tale,—Abel Richards: the people burn his house and the heroine gives him shelter; he uses the information which comes to his ears while under her protection to denounce her brother to justice; drives the young man and his associates into rebellion, and is at last despatched by a foster brother of his victim. We confess we are tired of foster brothers, banshees, and the whole "*a cushlu*" school. They form a very thin and unsuitable covering for the angular figure of the didactic genius. If used at all they ought to be thrown over the unembarrassed movements of the free children of fancy. But we have had quite too much of them in any case; and only wonder that people of ability are not tired of writing "*Cathleen, ma vourneen*," and

"*Paddy, ma boghal*." However, we suppose Mrs. Hall could not be easy till she had given her English friends an Irish novel suitable to their expectations, and now that she has accomplished her purpose, we heartily desire that she may change her *style*, and be less vernacular, as well as less oracular, whenever she does us the favor to make Irish affairs her subject again.

A lady writer can hardly expect to be at home in Grand Jury rooms: but in household affairs no one can rival Mrs. Hall; and in depicting the condition of Mr. Spencer's establishment the night before her hero's arrival, we must give her credit for powers as humorous as graphic, and must further own that the exaggeration of the picture is not much more than allowable, and such as all of us are bound to accept with good humour.

"When Mrs. Myler had clearly ascertained that the young master was in Ireland, and might be home that very night, she repaired to the housekeeper's room, and after sundry inefficient attempts succeeded in forcing the bell to ring—which it did at last, in a rapid, unnatural manner. Mat went on talking and musing, and then talking again—heedless of the flapping of bare feet along the passages, and the throwing open of doors, until the handles rang again; nor did he heed the exclamations or the tones of inquiry, or the electrical dictations of the housekeeper, who was guilty of the folly of expecting a disorganised Irish household to fall into order at once; quite forgetting that she herself had been almost as neglectful of her duties to the best rooms, as the servants had been of theirs."

"It's asy talking for you, Mrs. Myler, Ma'am," expostulated the cook, "to talk of my killing turkeys to hang. Faix, it's the fox, bad cess to him, that hung the last of the turkey-hens over his showlder this very morning; they're grown as tame as *nagurs*, the ugly devils, since the fever thinned the country, and such of the poor boys as are left alive haven't strength to throw as much as a stone after them; Bran has never left Miss Ellen since she took ill, and the poor tarrier's not worth a *traneen*; the hens are walking 'ottomies, for Mr. Carey wouldn't give us a grain of oats, to save our lives; and he cramming the ould coach-horses up to folly, and not a puff in 'em. I wish I'd had the luck not to let Miss Ellen see the beautiful pair of duty ducks the Widdy Murphy

brought this morning, along wid a basket full of chickens; but she turned 'em off, saying, she wanted 'em worse herself than we did; and sign by it, the widdy sould them to a Cork joulter for eightpence a couple in the avenue, under the sight of my own eyes, and the lovely ducks for tenpence—the ducks war so fat, that the widdy kep' the sun off 'em for fear they would 'turn to an oil! There's no use, Mrs. Myler, in expecting me to cook dinner for the young mas-ther. I'll not turn my back on any girl in the country for cookery, biled, roast, briled, or even sally-lunn, or slim-cake, but I can't cook out o' nothing.'

" 'There are some hams and a tongue in the saw-dust, dry-packed,' said Mrs. Myler, whose increasing bewilderment lowered her voice.

" 'There was—and good right I have to know it—I went hunting everywhere for the weary cat and her kittens; and, maybe, she and her black brood didn't riddle mee hands, and they soft out of the first scald of mee praskeens and tidy aprons; and bee the same token, Mrs. Myler, it's often yo promised mee new rowlers; and we haven't so much as a shreed left—since the time the cows broke into the drying-ground, and we ating our bit of dinner, and swallowed bodily the last holland sheets; it was a judgment upon you, Mrs. Myler, Ma'am; so long as ye'd suffer us to dry the clothes on the furze bushes the sunny side of the meadow, the never a thing came across 'em; but you must have a north bleach green, with props and poles in it like a gallows green.—Small blame to the poor cattle to come and look at such an unnatural thing.'

" 'But the hams, Molly?' said Mrs. Myler.

" 'Sure the cat made her bed beside 'em; and betwixt herself and the jumpers, they didn't lave as much as would trap a mouse.'

" 'There's something broke the few bottles of sherry left after the poor mas-ter's funeral;' said the old butler; 'but there's a quarter cask of claret, and another of Madeira—not touched.'

" 'And the whiskey, Morty?' inquired Mrs. Myler.

" 'The ground's mighty soft under the cask of rale Cork,' replied Morty, with a very grave face, 'so I'm thinking it has leaked a little.'

" 'Oh, Morty, Morty!' ejaculated Mrs. Myler.'

" 'Oh, as I'm a living sinner! death before dishonour!' answered the pompous old butler. 'I'd scorn it Ma'am; and it under my care.'

" 'The Lord look down upon us!' ejaculated the housemaid, 'the rain has been beating in through all parts of the roof, and to save the beds I put them top another, so they're all soaked through.'

We do not think Mrs. Hall much more successful in the heroic than in the official portions of her tale: but in all matters of description her pen overflows with excellencies. Nothing could be desired fresher, fairer, or more alive with all delightful elemental influences, than her pictures of external nature; but it is almost superfluous to say that in a tale addressing itself to the judgment and to the feelings, these passages however excellent, are merely accessory and of small account, compared with the moral impressions made by the deeds and sentiments of the actors.

Mrs. Hall has, during the whole of her literary life deserved and maintained the character of one of our best-meaning and most kindly-disposed writers; and, although we do not think the "Whiteboy" will add to her renown for political ability, it certainly will detract nothing from that reputation which ought to be infinitely more a source of pride to her, than any success however great, in rivalling the harsh and masculine efforts of the economic novelists; a task for which indeed her heart is too warm, and all her affections quite too social and domestic; and we trust for her own sake as well as for that of legitimate literature that they may long continue so.

INDEX TO VOLUME XXVI.

- Æsthetical Condition*, the, of England, 420.
- Anthologia Germanica*, No. XX.—Simrock's Poems, 30; No. XXI.—The later German Poets—Heine, Freiligrath, Ruckert, Prutz, Werner, Chamisso, Zedlitz, 283.
- Apple*, an, and a Spinning-wheel, a Ballad in a Dream, 625.
- Ardagh*, the Dean of, Ireland and her Church, reviewed, 346, 379.
- Ariosto*, 186, 381.
- Arndt*, Schill, 150.
- Barry*, Michael Joseph, Ireland as she was, as she is, and as she shall be, Repeal Prize Essay, reviewed, 61.
- Beranger*, Songs from, *Le Tailleur et la Fee*, 240; *Adieu Chansons*, 241.
- Blackletter Recreations*—the Irish Statutes, 537.
- Blackwater* in Munster, the—Irish Rivers, No. I., 317, 431.
- Brother Klaus*, 175.
- Brown*, William, New Zealand and its Aborigines, reviewed, 405.
- Campbell*, Calder, a Plea for Illusion, 495.
- Carleton*, William, Art Maguire, or the Broken Pledge, reviewed, 737; Rody the Rover, or the Ribbonman, reviewed, 737; Parra Sastha, or the History of Paddy Go-Easy, and his wife Nancy, 737.
- Chamisso*, a Melancholy History, 295.
- Clerical Absentees*, Irish Statutes, 545.
- Cock and Anchor*, the, a Chronicle of old Dublin City, reviewed, 607.
- Coleridge*, S. T., the Stranger Minstrel, 112.
- Costello*, Dudley, a Tour through the Valley of the Meuse, with the Legends of the Walloon country and the Ardennes, reviewed, 298.
- Cotter's Birthday*, the, by I. Nevay, 368.
- Crisis*, the, of 1845; a Letter to Sir R. Peel, Bart., by the Editor of "The Northern Herald," reviewed, 61.
- Daunt*, W. J. O'Neill, Ireland and her Agitators, reviewed, 61.
- De Londres*, Archbishop, his Claim to a Niche in the new House of Lords—Mr. Ferguson's Letter, 628; Mr. Hallam's Reply, 728.
- Devil*, the, how he spoke Truth, and shamed a Priest, 185.
- Dieffenbach*, Ernest, M.D. Travels in New Zealand, reviewed, 405.
- Dismissal*, the, of Mr. Watson, 375.
- Drummond*, Henry, Esq., Letter on the Payment of the Roman Catholic Clergy, to Sir Robert H. Inglis, Bart. M.P., reviewed, 61.
- Earle*, Augustus, Narrative of Nine Months' Residence in New Zealand, reviewed, 405.
- Ecstasy*, 181.
- England*, the *Æsthetical Condition* of, 420.
- Ferguson*, Samuel, Letter to Henry Hallam, Esq. on the Claims of Archbishop de Londres to a Niche in the new House of Lords, 628.
- Fernow*, Carl Ludwig, Raphael's Tapestries, 668.
- Foye*, M. W., The Early Irish Church; or a Sketch of its History and Doctrine, received, 713.
- Freiligrath*, the Execution of Diego Leon, 288.
- Gallery of Illustrious Irishmen*.—No. XV.—William Magee, Archbishop of Dublin, 480.
- Gentlemen and Vagabonds*—Irish Statutes, 548.
- German Catholic Church*, the, 513.
- German Oak*, Stray Leaflets from the, Seventh Drift, 145.
- Gillfillan*, Robert, Birthday Recollections, 113.
- Godkin*, Rev. J. the Rights of Ireland, Repeal Prize Essay, reviewed, 61.
- Gray*, the late Mrs. James, Poetical Remains, No. III.—The Progress of a Soul, 212; A Tale of True Love, 214; To a Young Friend, 215; The White Rose, 216; A Song, 216; Sonnet, to Isabel, 217; Fragment, 217; Withered Trees, 218; To the Green Isle Farewell, 219; The Bridegroom

- to his Bride, 219; A Scene from Real Life, 220; To Death, 221;—No. IV.—The Wife's Last Vigil, 394; Language, 397; To Ellen (living), 398; To Ellen (dead), 398; The Sleeping Babe, 399; Evening Thoughts, 400; The Garden, a Thought, 400; The Gipsy Mother, 401; To a Canary Bird, 402; The Scent of Flowers, 403; The Summer's Flight, 403; Shadows of Death, 404;—No. V.—Icilia, 684; The Gifted, 688; A Song, 688; The Spirit-tryst, 689; The Mother's Faith, 689; The Eclipsed Moon, 690; The Remembrance of a Dream, 690; The Bracelet, 691; Alethe's Doom, 692; The Rainbow seen in Town, 692; Lines addressed to a Child, 693; The Absent Ones, 694.
- Hall, Mrs. S. C., The Whiteboy; a Story of Ireland in 1822, reviewed, 737.
- Hallam, Henry, Esq. Letter from, on the claims of Archbishop De Londres, 728.
- Heine, H., to George Herwegh, 284; Lament of a Young Old-Germanist, 284; My Tour through the Fatherland, Chapter III., 286.
- Highlands, a Month in the, 463.
- Hill, Lord, Life of, by the Rev. Edwin Sidney, reviewed, 46.
- India, Travelling in, 563.
- Ireland and her Church, 346, 379, 713.
- Ireland, her Evils and Remedies, 61.
- Ireland, the Quarterly Review, Letter of Ofellus, 243.
- Irish Dress and Customs—Irish Statutes, 537.
- Irish Protestants, How should they Meet their present Dangers? 114; their Duties—Peel and "The Standard," 601.
- Irish Rivers, No. I.—The Blackwater in Munster, 315, 431.
- Italian Poets, No. III.—Tasso, Part II., 80; No. IV.—Ariosto, 186; No. V.—Ariosto, Part II., 581.
- Jerusalem, 266.
- Khidder, 236.
- King's Title, the—Irish Statutes, 543.
- Lament, the, by Florence, 111.
- Last Lay, the, of the Minstrel, 448.
- Lisbon, Narrative of a pedestrian journey from, to Oporto and Braga, 635.
- Luck, the, of Lynhurst, 362.
- McCulloch's Treatise on the Principles and Practical Influence of Taxation and the Funding System, reviewed, 1.
- Magee, William, Archbishop of Dublin—Gallery of Illustrious Irishmen, No. XV., 490.
- Maidens, the two, 201.
- Marriage and Fostering—Irish Statutes, 542.
- Mephistopheles, a night with, 570.
- Minstrel, Last Lay of the, 448.
- Miscellanea Mystica—Brother Klaus, 175; Ecstasy, 181; How the Devil spoke truth and shamed a Priest, 185.
- Money Matters, or Stories of Gold, No. 1. The Treasure-Box, 223.
- Napier, Major-General W. F. P.—The Conquest of Scinde, with some Introductory Passages in the Life of Major-General Sir C. J. Napier, reviewed, 100.
- Narrative of a Trial for Witchcraft, 26.
- Nevay, I., The Cotter's Birthday, 368.
- New Zealand, 405.
- Night, a, with Mephistopheles, 570.
- Ofellus, Letter of, to the Editor of the Quarterly Review, 213; to the Editor of the Dublin University Magazine, 253.
- O'Gorman's Practice of Angling, particularly as regards Ireland, reviewed, 153.
- Our Portrait Gallery, No. XXXVII.—Dr. Whitley Stokes, 202.
- Outpost Bugle, the, 494.
- Palmer, F. P., Song of a pleasant old Woodman and his wife Joan, at a Christmas Fire, 729.
- Parting, the, by Florence, 110.
- Peel and the Standard, 601.
- Peel, Sir Robert, his Policy towards Ireland, 243, 253, 601.
- Peel, Sir Robert, and the Protestants of Ireland, 496.
- Platen-Hallermund, the Conqueror and the Captive, 148.
- Poetry—The Knight of the Swan, from the German of Simrock, 30; The Fisherman, from the same, 37; Love and Blindness, from the same, 38; The Death of Poesy, from the same, 39; The Queen of the Nixies, a Ballad, from the same, 40; The Sunken Treasure, from the same, 42; The Mysterious Mask, from the same, 43; The Modern Ulysses, from the same, 45; The Parting, 110; The Lament, 111; A Stranger-minstrel, a Poem, by S. T. Coleridge, 112; Birthday Recollections, by Robert Gilfillan, 113; The Last Words of the Pastor of Drottning, from the German of Stoeber, 145; The Conqueror and the Captive, from the German of Count v. Platen-Hallermund, 148; The Treasure of Treasures, from the German of Stoeber, 149; Schill, from the German of Arndt, 150; The Way-faring Tree, from the German of Sel-

Whiteboy, a Story of Ireland in 1822, by Mrs. S. C. Hall, 737.

Rinuocini, Nunziata di Monsignor Gio. Battista, in Irlanda, reviewed, 137.

Ruckert, the Cathedral of Cologne, 290.

Saverne, Madame de, 656.

Schilling, the Last Words of the Pastor of Drottning, 145.

Scintilla, the Conquest of, 100.

Selber, the Waving Tree, 151.

Sidney, Rev. Edwin, the Life of Lord Hill, late Commander of the Forces, reviewed, 46.

Simrock, Karl Joseph, the Knight of the Swan, 30; The Fisherman, 37; Love and Blindness, 38; The Death of Poesy, 39; The Queen of the Nixies, 40; The Sunken Treasure, 42; The Mysterious Mask, 43; The Modern Ulysses, 45.

Slavery—Irish Statutes, 544.

Sonnet—Ely Cathedral, 242.

Stanton, Alderman, Reasons for a Repeal of the Legislative Union between Great Britain and Ireland, Repeal Prize Essay, reviewed, 61.

Stöcker, the Treasure of Treasures, 149.

Stokes, Dr. Whitley, Our Portrait Gallery, No. XXXVII., 202.

Stray Leaflets from the German Oak—Seventh Drift, 145.

Tasso, 80.

Tirawley, the Welshmen of, 308.

Travelling in India, 563.

Treasure Box, the, 223.

Wakefield, Edward Jermingham, Adventures in New Zealand, reviewed, 405.

Wall, Rev. Doctor, F.T.C.D., Letter to the Editor, 110.

Walpole, Horace, Memoirs of the Reign of George III., edited by Sir Denis Le Marchant, vols. III. and IV., reviewed, 327.

Watson, Mr., the dismissal of, 375.

Welshmen, the, of Tirawley, 308.

Werner, the Coming Time, 291.

Whytecots, the, a Leaf from the Census of 1841, 451, 550, 696.

Wilkes, Charles, Narrative of the United States' Exploring Expedition, reviewed, 405.

Williams, Rev. George, the Holy City, or Historical and Topographical Notices of Jerusalem, reviewed, 266.

Wills, Rev. James, Dramatic Sketches and other Poems, reviewed, 168.

Witchcraft, Narrative of a Trial for, 26.

Woodroffe, Sophia, Letty, and other Poems, reviewed, 20.

Zedlitz, Baron, the Midnight Review, 296.

END OF VOLUME XXVI.

TO THE BINDER.

Portrait of Dr. Whitley Stokes to face page 202.

ber, 151; The two Maidens, 201; Progress of a Soul, by the late Mrs. James Gray, 212; A Tale of True Love, by the same, 214; Top Young Friend, by the same, 215; The White Rose, by the same, 216; A Song, by the same, 216; Sonnet—to Isabel, by the same, 217; Fragment, by the same, 217; Withered Trees, by the same, 218; To the Green Isle farewell, by the same, 219; The Bridegroom to his Bride, 219; A Scene from Real Life, by the same, 220; To Death, by the same, 221; Khidder, 236; Songs from Beranger, "Le Tailleur et la Fée," "Adieu Chansons," 240; Sonnet, 242; To George Herwegh, from the German of Heine, 284; Lament of a young Old Germanist, from the same, 284; My Tour through the Fatherland, chapter III., from the same, 286; The Execution of Diego Leon, from the German of Freiligrath, 288; The Cathedral of Cologne, from the German of Rückert, 290; A Scene off the Coast of Bretagne, from the German of Prutz, 291; The Coming Time, from the German of Werr, 294; A Melancholy History, from the German of Chamisso, 295; The Midnight Review, from the German of Zedlitz, 296; The Welshmen of Tirawley, 308; The Cotter's Birthday, by I. Nevay, 368; The Last Lay of the Minstrel, 448; The Outpost Bugle, 494; A Plea for Illusion, by Calder Campbell, 495; An Apple and a Spinning-wheel, a Ballad in a Dream, 625; Icilia, by Mrs. James Gray, 684; The Gifted, by the same, 688; A Song, by the same, 688; The Spirit Tryst, by the same, 689; The Mother's Faith, by the same, 689; The Eclipsed Moon, by the same, 690; The Remembrance of a Dream, by the same, 690; The Bracelet, by the same, 691; Alethe's Doom, by the same, 692; The Rainbow seen in Town, by the same, 692; Lines addressed to a Child, by the same, 693; The Absent Ones, by the same, 694; Song of a pleasant old Woodman and his wife Joan, at a Christmas Fire, by F. P. Palmer, 729.

Portugal as it is—Narrative of a Pedestrian Journey from Lisbon to Oporto and Braga in the spring of 1845, 635.

Protestant Union, 731.

Prutz, R. E., A Scene off the Coast of Bretagne, 291.

Raphael's Tapestries, by Carl Ludwig Fernow, 668.

Recollections of the Gifted, 160.

Reviews—A Treatise on the Principles and Practical Influence of Taxation and the Funding System, by J. R.

M'Culloch, Esq., 1; Lethe, and other Poems, by Sophia Woodroffe, 20; The Life of Lord Hill, late Commander of the Forces, by the Rev. Edwin Sidney, 46; Ireland and her Agitators, by Wm. J. O'Neill Daunt, 61; First Repeal Prize Essay—Ireland as she was, as she is, and as she shall be, by Michael Joseph Barry, Esq., 61; Second Repeal Prize Essay—Reasons for a Repeal of the Legislative Union between Great Britain and Ireland, by Alderman Staunton, 61; Third Repeal Prize Essay—the Rights of Ireland, by the Rev. J. Godkin, 61; Letter on the Payment of the Roman Catholic Clergy, by Henry Drummond, Esq., 61; The Crisis of 1845—a Letter to Sir Robert Peel, Bart., by the Editor of the Northern Herald, 61; The Conquest of Scinde, with some introductory passages in the life of Major-General Sir Charles James Napier, by Major-General W. F. P. Napier, 100; Nunziatura in Irlanda di Monsignor Gio. Battista Rinuccini, Arcivescovo di Fermo, 127; The Practice of Angling, particularly as regards Ireland, by O'Gorman, 153; Dramatic Sketches and other Poems, by the Rev. James Wills, A.M., 168; The Holy City, or Historical and Topographical Notices of Jerusalem, by the Rev. George Williams, A.M., 266; A Tour through the Valley of the Meuse, with the legends of the Walloon country and the Ardennes, by Dudley Costello, 298; Memoirs of the Reign of King George III., by Horace Walpole, now first published from the original MSS., edited, with Notes, by Sir D. Le Marchant, Bart., vols. III. and IV., 327; Ireland and her Church, by the Dean of Ardagh, 346, 379; Narrative of Nine Months' Residence in New Zealand, by Augustus Earle, Esq., 405; New Zealand and its Aborigines, by William Brown, 405; Adventures in New Zealand, by Edward Jerningham Wakefield, Esq., 405; Travels in New Zealand, by Ernest Dieffenbach, M.D., 405; Narrative of the United States' Exploring Expedition, by Charles Wilkes, U.S.N., Commander of the Expedition, 405; The Cock and Anchor, being a Chronicle of old Dublin City, 607; The Early Irish Church; or a Sketch of its History and Doctrine, by the Rev. M. W. Foye, 713; Art Maguire, or the Broken Pledge, by William Carleton, 737; Roddy the Rover, or the Ribbonman, by William Carleton, 737; Parra Saatha, or the History of Paddy Go-Easy, and his wife Nancy, by William Carleton, 737; The

